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### CONTENTS.

	Page
OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. XXVI.—THE DINNER-PARTY AT MOUNT-BROWN. CHAP. XXVII.—THE RACE-BALL. CHAP. XXVIII.—THE INN FIRE. CHAP. XXIX.—THE DUEL. CHAP. XXX.—A COUNTRY DOCTOR. CHAP. XXXI.—THE LETTER-BAG. CHAP. XXXII.—BOB MANON AND THE WIDOW. CHAP. XXXIII.—THE PRIEST'S GIG . . . . .	1
NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—No. V. A NUT FOR "GENTLEMAN JOCKS"—A NUT FOR YOUNGER SONS—A NUT FOR THE PENAL CODE—A NUT FOR THE OLD— A NUT FOR "THE ART UNION"—A NUT FOR THE RAILROAD . . . . .	31
SONG.—BY ROBERT GILFILLAN . . . . .	39
POEMS BY THE LATE ROBERT CHARLES WELSH, ESQ. . . . .	40
HAND-BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF PAINTING . . . . .	47
LINES SUGGESTED BY SEEING, IN A CHURCHYARD, A FLOWER GROWING OUT OF A SKULL . . . . .	56
CARL STELLING—THE PAINTER OF DRESDEN. BY THE EDITOR . . . . .	59
MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.—CONCLUDING ARTICLE . . . . .	75
THE MEDICAL CHARITIES OF IRELAND . . . . .	88
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. XXXII.—ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR ROBERT STEFFORD, G.C.B., &c., with an Etching . . . . .	102
MAN AND THE BIBLE . . . . .	109
SKETCHES OF PUBLIC MEN. No. I.—SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT . . . . .	117
THE SUB-EDITOR'S SNUGGERY . . . . .	123

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OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE DINNER-PARTY AT MOUNT-BROWN.

I AWOKE refreshed after half-an-hour's doze, and then every circumstance of the whole day was clear and palpable before me. I remembered each minute particular, and could bring to my mind all the details of the race itself, notwithstanding the excitement they had passed in, and the rapidity with which they succeeded each other.

My first thought was to visit poor Joe, and creeping stealthily to his room, I opened the door. The poor fellow was fast asleep, his features had already become coloured with fever, and a red hectic spot on either cheek told that the work of mischief had begun; yet still his sleep was tranquil, and a half smile curled his bloodless lips. On his bed his old hunting-cap was placed, a bow of white and green ribbons—the colours I wore—fastened gaudily in the front; upon this, doubtless, he had been gazing to the last moment of his waking. I now stole noiselessly back and began a letter to O'Grady, whose anxiety as to the result would, I knew, be considerable.

It was not without pride, I confess, that I narrated the events of the day; yet when I came to that part of my letter in which Joe was to be mentioned, I could not avoid a sense of shame in acknowledging the cruel contrast between *my* conduct and *his* gratitude. I did not attempt to theorize upon what he had done; for I

felt that O'Grady's better knowledge of his countrymen would teach him to sound the depths of a motive, the surface of which I could but skim. I told him frankly, that the more I saw of Ireland, the less I found I knew about it: so much of sterling good seemed blended with unsettled notions and unfixed opinions—such warmth of heart, such frank cordiality, with such traits of suspicion and distrust, that I could make nothing of them. Either, thought I, these people are born to present the anomaly of all that is most opposite and contradictory in human nature, or else the fairest gifts that ever graced manhood have been perverted and abused by mismanagement and misguidance.

I had just finished my letter when Bob Mahon drove up, his honest face radiant with smiles and good-humour.

"Well, Hinton," cried he, "the whole thing is properly settled—the money is paid over, and if you are writing to O'Grady, you may mention, that he can draw on the Limerick bank, at sight if he pleases: there's time enough, however, for all this; so get up beside me; we've only half an hour to do our five miles, and dress for dinner."

I took my place beside the major, and as we flew fast through the air, the cool breeze and his enlivening conversation rallied and refreshed me. Such was our pace, we had ten mi-



nutes to spare, as we entered a dark avenue of tall beech trees, and a few seconds after arrived at the door of a large, old-fashioned-looking manor-house, on the steps of which stood Hugh Dillon himself, in all the plenitude of a white waistcoat and black silk tights. While he hurried me to a dressing-room he overwhelmed me with felicitations on the result of the day. "You'll think it strange, Mr. Hinton," said he, "that I should congratulate you, knowing that Mr. Burke is a kind of relation of mine—but I have heard so much of your kindness to my niece, Louisa, that I cannot but rejoice in your success."

"I should rather," said I, "for many reasons, had it been more legitimately obtained; and, indeed, were I not acting for another, I doubt how far I should feel justified in considering myself a winner."

"My dear sir," interrupted Dillon, "the laws of racing are imperative in the matter; besides, had you waved your right, all who backed you must have lost their money."

"For that matter," said I laughing, "the number of my supporters was tolerably limited."

"No matter for that: and even if you had not a single bet upon you, Ulick's conduct, in the beginning, deserved little favour at your hands."

"I confess," said I, "that there you have touched on the saving clause to my feeling of shame. Had Mr. Burke conducted himself in a different spirit towards my friend and myself, I should feel sorely puzzled this minute."

"Quite right,—quite right," said Dillon; "and now try if you can't make as much haste with your toilet, as you did over the clover field."

Within a quarter of an hour I made my appearance in the drawing-room, now crowded with company, the faces of many among whom I remembered having seen in the morning. Mr. Dillon was a widower, but his daughters—three fine, tall, handsome-looking girls—did the honours. While I was making my bows to them, Miss Bellew came forward, and with an eye bright with pleasure held out her hand towards me.

"I told you, Mr. Hinton, we should meet in the west. Have I been as

good a prophetess in saying that you would like it?"

"If it afforded me but this one minute," said I, in a half whisper.

"Dinner," said the servant; and at the same moment that scene of pleasant confusion ensued that precludes the formal descent of a party to the dining-room.

The host had gracefully tucked a large lady under his arm, beside whose towering proportion he looked pretty much like what architects call "a lean-to," superadded to a great building. He turned his eye towards me to "go and do likewise," with a significant glance at a heaving mass of bugles and ostrich feathers, that sat panting on a sofa. I parried the stroke, however, by drawing Miss Bellew's arm within mine, while I resigned the post of honour to my little friend, the major.

The dinner passed off like all other dinners: there was the same routine of eating and drinking, and pretty much the same ritual of table-talk. As a kind of commentary on the superiority of natural gifts over the affected and imitated graces of society, I could not help remarking, that those things which figured on the table, of homely origin, were actually luxurious, while the exotic resources of the cookery were, in every instance, miserable failures. Thus the fish was excellent, and the mutton perfect, while the *fricandeau* was atrocious, and the *petits patés* execrable.

Should my taste be criticised, that with a lovely girl beside me, for whom I already felt a strong attachment, I could thus set myself to criticise the *cuisine*, in lieu of any other more agreeable occupation, let my apology be, that my reflection was an *apropos*, called forth by comparing Louisa Bellew with her cousins, the Dillons. I have said they were handsome girls; they were more—they were beautiful; they had all that fine pencilling of the eyebrow, that deep, square orbit, so characteristically Irish, and which gives an expression to the eye, whatever be its colour, of inexpressible softness: their voices, too, albeit the accent was provincial, were soft and musical, and their manners quiet and lady-like; yet, somehow they stood immeasurably apart from her.

I have already ventured on one illustration from the cookery, may I take another from the cellar? How often in wines of the same vintage, of even the same cask, do we find one bottle, whose bouquet is more aromatic, whose flavour is richer, whose colour is more purely brilliant. There seems to be no reason why this should be so, nor is the secret appreciable to our senses; however, the fact is incontestible. So among women: you meet some half-dozen in an evening party, equally beautiful, equally lovely, yet will there be found one among the number, towards whom, without any assignable cause, more eyes are turned, and more looks bent; around whose chair more men are found to linger, and in whose slightest word some cunning charm seems ever mingled. Why is this so? I confess I cannot tell you, but trust me for the fact. If, however, it will satisfy you that I adduce an illustration—Louisa Bellew was one of these. With all the advantages of a cultivated mind, she possessed that fearlessness that only girls really innocent of worldly trickery and deceit, ever have; and thus, while her conversation ranged far beyond the limits the cold ordeal of fashion would prescribe to a London beauty, the artless enthusiasm of her manner was absolutely captivating.

In Dublin, the most marked feature about her was an air of lofty pride and hauteur, by which, in the mixed society of Rooney's house, was she alone enabled to repel the obtrusive and impertinent attentions it was the habit of the place to practise. Surrounded by those who resorted there for a lounge, it was a matter of no common difficulty for her, a young and timid girl, to assert her own position, and exact the respect that was her due. Here, however, in her uncle's house, it was quite different. Relieved from all performance of a part, she was natural, graceful, and easy; and her spirits, untrammelled by the dread of misconstruction, took their own free and happy flight, without fear and without reproach.

When we returned to the drawing-room, seated beside her, I entered into an explanation of all my proceedings since my arrival in the country, and had the satisfaction to perceive, that not only did she approve of

every thing I had done, but, assuming a warmer interest than I could credit in my fortunes, she counselled me respecting the future. Supposing that my success might induce me to further trials of my horsemanship, she cautioned me about being drawn into any matches or wagers.

"My cousin, Ulick," said she, "is one of those who rarely let a prey escape them. I speak frankly to you, for I know I may do so; therefore, I would beseech you to take care of him, and, above all things, do not come into collision with him. I have told you, Mr. Hinton, that I wish you to know my father: for this object it is essential you should have no misunderstanding with my cousin; for although his whole conduct through life, has been such as to grieve and afflict him, yet the feeling for his only sister's child has sustained him against all the rumours and reports that have reached him, and even against his own convictions."

"You have, indeed," said I, "suggested a strong reason for keeping well with your cousin: my heart is not only bent on being known to your father, but, if I dare hope it, on being liked by him also."

"Yes, yes," said she, quickly, blushing while she spoke, "I am sure he'll like you—and I know you'll like him. Our house, perhaps I should tell you, is not a gay one: we lead a secluded and retired life, and this has had its effect upon my poor father, giving a semblance of discontent—only a semblance, though—to a nature, mild, manly, and benevolent."

She paused an instant, and, as if fearing that she had been led away to speak of things she should not have touched upon, added, with a more lively tone—

"Still, we may contrive to amuse you: you shall have plenty of fishing and coursing, the best shooting in the west, and, as for scenery, I'll answer for it you are not disappointed."

While we chatted thus, the time rolled on, and at last, the clock on the mantel-piece apprized us that it was time to set out for the ball. This, as it may be believed, was any thing but a promise of pleasure to me. With Louisa Bellew beside me, talking in a tone of confidential intimacy she had never ventured on before, I would

have given worlds to have remained where I was ; however, the thing was impossible ; the ball—the ball ! passed from lip to lip, and already the carriages were assembled before the door, and cloaks, hoods, and mantles were distributed on all sides.

Resolving, at all events, to secure Miss Bellew as my fellow-traveller, I took her arm to lead her down stairs.

"Holloa, Hinton," cried the major, "you're coming with me—ain't you?" I got up a tremendous fit of cough-

ing, as I stammered out an apology about night-air, &c.

"Ah, true, my poor fellow," said the simple-hearted Bob, "you must take care of yourself—this has been a severe day's work for you."

"With such a heavy cold," said Louisa, laughing, as her bright eyes sparkled with fun, "perhaps you'll take a seat in our carriage."

I pressed her arm gently, and whispering my assent, assisted her in, and placed myself beside her.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—THE RACE-BALL.

FAST as had been the pace in the major's tax-cart, it seemed to me as though the miles flew much more quickly by, as I returned to the town ; how indeed they passed I cannot well say, but from the moment that I quitted Mr. Dillon's house to that of my arrival in Loughrea, there seemed to be but one brief delightful moment. I have already said that Miss Bellew's manner was quite changed ; and, as I assisted her from the carriage, I could not but mark the flashing brilliancy of her eye and the sparkling animation of her features lending, as they did, an added loveliness to her beauty.

"Am I to dance with you, Mr. Hinton?" said she, laughingly, as I led her on the stairs. "If so, pray be civil enough to ask me at once ; otherwise, I must accept the first partner that offers himself."

"How very stupid I have been ! Will you, pray, let me have the honour?"

"Yes, yes—you shall have the honour ; but, now that I think of it, you mustn't ask me a second time : we country folk are very prudish about these things ; and, as you are the lion of the party, I should get into a sad scrape were I to appear to monopolize you."

"But you surely will have compassion on me," said I in a tone of affected bashfulness. "You know I am a stranger here—neither known to, nor by any one save you."

"*Ah, trève de modestie !*" said she, coquettishly. "My cousins will be quite delighted, and, indeed, you owe them some amende already."

"As how?" said I ; "what have I done?"

"Rather, what have you left undone? I'll tell you. You have not come to the ball in your fine uniform, with your aiguillette and your showy feathers, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of your dignity, as aide-camp. Learn, that in the west we love the infantry, doat on the dragoons, but we adore the staff. Now, a child would find it as difficult to recognise a plump gentleman with a star on his breast as a king, as we western ladies would, to believe in the military features of a person habited in quiet black. You should, at least, have some symbol of your calling. A little bit of moustache like a Frenchman—a foreign order at your button-hole—your arm in a sling, from a wound as it were—even a pair of brass spurs would redeem you. Poor Mary here won't believe that you wear a great sword, and are the most warlike-looking person imaginable on occasions."

"Dearest Louisa, how silly you are!" said her cousin, blushing deeply. "Pray, Mr. Hinton, what do you think of the rooms?"

This question happily recalled me to myself ; for up to that very moment, forgetful of every thing save my fair companion, I had not noticed our entrance into the ball-room, around which we were promenading with slow steps. I now looked up, and discovered that we were in the town-hall, the great room of which building was generally reserved for occasions like the present. Nothing could be more simple than the decorations of the apartment. The walls, which were whitewashed, were tastefully ornamented with strings and wreathes of flowers suspended between the iron chandeliers, while over the

chimney-piece were displayed the colours of the marching regiment then quartered in the town: indeed, to do them justice, the garrison were the main contributors to the pleasures of the evening. By *them* were the garlands so gracefully disposed; by *them* were the rat-holes and other dangerous crevices in the floor caulked with oakum; *their* band was now blowing "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia" alternately for the last hour, and *their* officers, in all the splendour of scarlet, were parading the room, breaking the men's hearts with envy and the women's with admiration.

O'Grady was quite right—it is worth while being a soldier in Ireland; and, if such be the case in the capital, how much more true is it in Connaught? Would that some minute anatomist of human feeling could demonstrate that delicate fibre in an Irishwoman's heart that vibrates so responsively to every thing in the army-list! In this happy land you need no nitrous oxyde to promote the high spirits of your party; I had rather have a sub in a marching regiment, than a whole gasometer full of it. How often have I watched the sleepy eye of languid loveliness brighten up! how often have I seen features almost plain in their character assume a kind of beauty, as some red-coat drew near! Don't tell me of your insurrection acts, of your nightly outrages, your outbreaks, and your burnings, as a reason for keeping a large military force in Ireland; nothing of the kind! A very different object, indeed, is the reason—Ireland is garrisoned to please the ladies. The war-office is the most gallant of public bodies, and, with a true appreciation of the daughters of the west, it inundates the land with red-coats. These observations were forced upon me as I looked about the room, and saw on every side how completely the gallant seventy-something had cut out the country gentry. Poor fellows! you are great people at the assizes—you are strong men at a road-sessions—but you're mighty small folk indeed before your wives and daughters when looked at to the music of "Paddy Carey," and by the light of two hundred and fifty mutton candles.

The country-dance was at length formed, and poor Mr. Harkin, the master of the ceremonies and Cory-

phæus in ordinary of Loughrea, had, by dint of scarce less fatigue than I experienced in my steeple-chase, by running hither and thither, imploring, beseeching, wheedling, coaxing, and even cursing, at length succeeded in assembling sixty-four souls in a double file upon the floor. Poor fellow! never was there a more disorderly force. Nobody would keep his own place, but was always trying to get above his neighbour. In vain did he tell the men to stand at their own side. Alas! they thought that side their own where the ladies were also. Then the band added to his miseries, for scarcely had he told them to play "The Wind that shakes the Barley," when some changed it to "The Priest in his Boots," and afterwards to "The Dead-march in Saul." These were heavy afflictions; for be it known that he could not give way, as other men would in such circumstances, to a good outbreak of passion; for Mr. Harkin was a public functionary, who, like all other functionaries, had a character to sustain before the world. When kings are angry—we are told by Shakspeare, Schiller, and others—that they rant it in good royal style. Now, when a dancing-master is excited by passion, he never loses sight of the unities. If he flies down the floor to chide the little fat man that is talking so loud, he contrives to do it with a step, a spring, and a hop, to the time of one, two, three. Is there a confusion in the figure, he advances to rectify it with a *chassé-rigadoon*. Does Mr. Somebody turn his toes too much out, or is Miss So-and-so holding her petticoats too high, he fugles the correction in his own person—first imitating the deformity he would expose, and then displaying the perfection he would point to.

On the evening in question, this gentleman afforded me by far the most of the amusement of the ball; nearly half the company had been in time of yore his pupils, or were actually so at the very moment; so, that independent of his cares as conductor of the festivities, he had also the *amour propre* of one who saw his own triumphs reflected in the success of his disciples.

At last the dances were arranged. A certain kind of order was established in the party, and Mr. Harkin, standing in the fifth position, with all his fingers

expanded, gave three symbolic claps of his hand, and cried out, "begin!" Away went the band at once, and down the middle I flew with my partner, to the measure of a quick country-dance, that no human legs could keep time to. Two others quickly followed, more succeeding them, like wave after wave—nothing was too fat, nothing too short, nothing too long to dance. There they were, as ill-paired as though, instead of treading a merry measure, they had been linked in the very bonds of matrimony—old and young, the dwarf and the brodignag, the plump and the lean, each laughing at the eccentricities of his neighbour, and happily indifferent to the mirth he himself afforded. By-the-bye, what a glorious thing it would be, if we could carry out this principle of self-esteem into all our reciprocity-treaties, and, while we enjoyed what we derived from others, be unconscious of the loss we sustained ourselves!

Unlike our English performance, the dance here was as free-and-easy a thing as needs be. Down the middle you went, holding, mayhap squeezing, your partner's hand, laughing, joking, flirting, venturing occasionally on many a bolder flight than at other times you could have dared; for there was no time for the lady to be angry as she tripped along to "The Hare in the Corn;" and, besides, but little wisdom could be expected from a man, while performing more antics than Punch in a pantomime. With all this, there was a running fire of questions, replies, and recognitions from every one you passed:—"That's it, captain: push along—begad, you're doing it well!"—"Don't forget to-morrow!"—"Hands round!"—"Hasn't she a leg of her own!"—"Keep it up!"—"This way!—turn, Miss Malone!"—"You'll come to breakfast."—"How are ye, Joe?" &c.

Scarcely was the set concluded, when Miss Bellew was engaged by another partner; while I, at her suggestion, invited her cousin Mary to become mine. The ball-room was now crowded with people: the mirth and fun grew fast and furious; the country-dance occupied the whole length of the room, and round the walls were disposed tables for whist or loo, where the elders amused themselves with as much pleasure, and not less noise.

I fear that I gave my fair partner but a poor impression of an aid-de-camp's gallantry—answering at random, speaking vaguely and without coherence, my eyes fixed on Miss Bellew, delighted when by chance I could catch a look from her, and fretful and impatient when she smiled at some remark of her partner. In fact, love has as many stages as a fever, and I was in that acute period of the malady when the feeling of devotion, growing every moment stronger, is chequered by a doubt lest the object of your affections should really be indifferent to you—thus suggesting all the torturing agonies of jealousy to your distracted mind. At such times as these, a man can scarcely be very agreeable even to the girl he loves; but he is a confounded bore to a chance acquaintance. So, indeed, did poor Mary Dillon seem to think; and as, at the conclusion of the dance, I resigned her hand to a Lieutenant Somebody, with pink cheeks, black eyebrows, and a most martial air, I saw she looked upon her escape as a direct mercy from Providence. Just at this moment, Mr. Dillon, who had only been waiting for the propitious moment to pounce upon me, seized me by the arm, and led me down the room. There was a charming woman dying to know me in one corner;—the best cock-shooting in Ireland wished to make my acquaintance in another;—thirty thousand pounds, and a nice little property in Leitrim, was sighing for me near the fire;—and three old ladies, the "gros bonnets" of the land, had kept the fourth place at the whist-table vacant for *my* sake, and were at length growing impatient at my absence.

*Non sunt mea verba*, good reader. Such was Mr. Dillon's representation to me, as he hurried me along, presenting me as he went to every one we met—a ceremony in which I soon learned to perform my part respectably, by merely repeating a formula I had adopted for my guidance—"Delighted to know you, Mr. Burke," or, "Charmed to make your acquaintance, Mrs. French;" for as nine-tenths of the men were called by the one, and nearly all the ladies by the other appellation, I seldom blundered in my addresses.

The evening wore on, but the vigour of the party seemed unabated. The



fatigues of fashionable life seemed to be as little known in Ireland as its apathy and its *ennui*. Poor, benighted people! you appear to enjoy society, not as a refuge for your own weariness, not as an escape-valve for your own vapours, but really as a source of pleasurable emotions—an occasion for drawing closer the bonds of intimacy, for being agreeable to your friends, and for making yourselves happy. Alas! you have much to learn in this respect; you know not yet how preferable is the languid look of *blasé* beauty, to the brilliant eye and glowing cheek of happy girlhood; you know not how superior is the cutting sarcasm, the whispered equivoque, to the kind welcome and the affectionate greeting; and while enjoying the pleasure of meeting your friends, you absolutely forget to be critical upon their characters or their costume.

What a pity it is that good-nature is underbred, and good feeling is vulgarity; for after all, while I contrasted the tone of every thing around me with the supercilious cant and unimpassioned coldness of London manners, I could not but confess to myself that the difference was great and the interval enormous. To which side my own heart inclined, it needed not my affection for Louisa Bellew to tell me; yes, I had seen enough of life to learn how far are the real gifts of worth and excellence preferable to the adventitious polish of high society. While these thoughts rushed through my mind, another flashed across it—what, if my lady-mother were here! What, if my proud cousin! how would her dark eyes brighten, as some absurd or ludicrous feature of the company would suggest its “mot” of malice, or its speech of sarcasm! how would their air, their carriage, their deportment, appear in *her* sight! I could picture to myself the cold scorn of her manner towards the men, the insulting courtesy of her demeanour to the women; the affected “*naïveté*” with which she would question them as to their every-day habits and habitudes, their usages and their wants, as though she were inquiring into the manners and customs of the South-Sea islanders! I could imagine the ineffable scorn with which she would receive what were meant to be kind and polite attentions; and I could fashion to my-

self her look, her manner, and her voice, when escaping, as she would call it, from her “*Nuit parmi les sauvages* :” she would caricature every trait, every feature of the party, converting into food for laughter their frank and hospitable bearing, and making their very warmth of heart the groundwork of a sarcasm!

The ball continued with unabated vigour, and as, in obedience to Miss Bellew’s request, I could not again ask her to dance, I myself felt little inclination to seek for another partner. The practice of the place seemed, however, as imperatively to exclude idleness as the discipline of a man-of-war. If you were not dancing you ought to be playing cards, making love, drinking negus, or exchanging good stories with some motherly fat old lady—too heavy for a reel, too stupid for loo. In this dilemma I cut into a round game, which I remember often to have seen at Rooney’s, technically called, speculation. A few minutes before, and I was fancying to myself what my mother would think of all this; and now, as I drew my chair to the table, I muttered a prayer to my own heart that she might never hear of my doings. How strange it is that we would much rather be detected in some overt-act of vice, than caught in any ludicrous situation or absurd position! I could look my friends and family steadily enough in the face, while standing amid all the black-legs of Epsom and the swindlers at Ascot, exchanging with them the courtesies of life, and talking on terms of easy and familiar intercourse; yet would I rather have been seen with the veriest pickpocket in fashionable life, than seated amid that respectable and irreproachable party who shook their sides with laughter, around the card-table.

Truly, it was a merry game, and well suited for a novice, as it required no teaching. Each person had his three cards dealt him, one of which was displayed to the company in rotation. Did this happen to be a knave, or some other equally reproachful character, the owner was mulcted to the sum of five pence; and he must indeed have had a miser’s heart who could regret a penalty so provocative of mirth! Often as the event took place, the fun never seemed to grow

old; and from the exuberance of the delight, and the unceasing flow of the laughter, I began to wonder within myself if these same cards had not some secret and symbolic meaning, unknown to the neophyte. But the drollery did not end here: you might sell your luck, and put up your hand to auction. This led to innumerable droll allusions and dry jokes, and in fact, if ever a game was contrived to make one's sides ache, this was it.

A few sedate and sober people there were, who, with bent brow and pursed-up lip, watched the whole proceeding; they were the secret police of the card-table; it was in vain to attempt to conceal your luckless knave from their prying eyes; with the glance of a tax-collector they pounced upon the defaulter, and made him pay; rarely or never smiling themselves, they really felt all the eagerness, all the excitement of gambling; and I question if, after all, their hard looks and stern features were not the best fun of the whole.

After about two hours thus occupied, during which I had won the esteem and affection of several elderly ladies, by the equanimity and high-mindedness with which I bore up against the loss of two whole baskets of counters, amounting to the sum of four-and-sixpence, I felt my shoulder gently touched, and at the same moment Bob Mahon whispered in my ear—

"The Dillons are going; and he wants to speak a word with you: so give me your cards, and slip away."

Resigning my place to the major, whose advent was received with evident signs of dissatisfaction, inasmuch as he was a shrewd player, I hurried through the room to find out Dillon.

"Ah! here he is," said Miss Bellew to her uncle, while she pointed to me. "How provoking to go away so early: isn't it, Mr. Hinton?"

"You doubtless feel it so," said I, with something of pique in my manner; "your evening has been so agreeably passed."

"And yours too, if I am to judge from the laughter of your card-table. I am sure I never heard so noisy a party. Well, Mary, does he consent?"

"No: papa is still obstinate; and the carriage is ordered. He says, we shall have so much gaiety this week, that we must go home early to-night."

"There! there! now be good girls; get on your muffling, and let us be off. Ah! Mr. Hinton!—the very man I wanted. Will you do us the very great favour of coming over for a few days to Mount Brown? We shall have the partridge-shooting after to-morrow, and I think I can show you some sport. May I send in for you in the morning? what hour will suit you? You will not refuse me, I trust?"

"I need not say, my dear sir, how obliged I feel for, and with what pleasure I should accept your kind invitation; but the truth is, I've come away without leave of absence: the duke may return any day, and I shall be in a sad scrape."

"Do you think, a few days——?"

A look from Louisa Bellew, at this moment, came most powerfully in aid of her uncle's eloquence.

I hesitated, and looked uncertain how to answer.

"There, girls! now is your time; he is half persuaded to do a kind thing. Do, try and convince him the whole way. Come, Mary! Fanny! Louisa!"

A second look from Miss Bellew decided the matter; and as a flush of pleasure coloured my cheek, I shook Dillon warmly by the hand, and promised to accept his invitation.

"That is like a really good fellow," said the little man, with a face sparkling with pleasure. "Now, what say you, if we drive over for you about two o'clock? The girls are coming in to make some purchases, and we shall all drive out together."

This arrangement, so very palatable to me, was agreed upon, and I now took Miss Bellew's arm to lead her to the carriage. On descending to the hall, a delay of a few minutes ensued, but the number of vehicles prevented the carriage coming up. The weather appeared to have changed; and it was now raining heavily, and blowing a perfect storm.

As the fitful gusts of wind howled along the dark corridors of the old building, dashing the rain upon our faces even where we stood, I drew my fair companion closer to my side, and held her cloak more firmly round her. What a moment was that! her arm rested on mine; her very tresses were blown each moment across my cheek. I know not what I said, but I felt that



in the tones of my voice, they were the utterings of my heart that fell from my lips. I had not remembered that Mr. Dillon had already placed his daughters in the carriage, and was calling to us loudly to follow.

"No, no; I pray you not," said Louisa, in reply to I know not what. "Don't you hear my uncle?"

In her anxiety to press forward, she had slightly disengaged her arm from mine as she spoke. At this instant a man rushed forward, and catching her hand, drew it rudely within his arm, calling out as he did so—

"Never fear, Louisa; you shall not be insulted while your cousin is here to protect you."

She sprang round to reply.—"You are mistaken, Ulick! It is Mr. Hinton!" She could say no more; for he lifted her into the carriage, and, closing the door with a loud bang, desired the coachman to drive on.

Stupified with amazement, I stood still and motionless. My first impulse was to strike him to the ground; for although a younger and a weaker man, I felt within me at the moment the strength to do it. My next thought was of Louisa's warning not to quarrel with her cousin. The struggle was indeed a severe one, but I gained the victory over my passion. Unable, however, to quit the spot, I stood with my arms folded, and my eyes rivetted upon him. He returned my stare; and with a sneer of insufferable insolence passed me by, and walked up stairs. Not a word was spoken on either side; but there are moments in one's life, in which a look or passing glance rivets an undying hate. Such an one did we exchange, and nothing that the tongue could speak, could compass that secret instinct by which we ratified our enmity.

With slow uncertain steps I mounted the stairs: some strange fascination led me, as it were, to dog his steps; and although in my heart I prayed that no collision should ever come between us, yet I could not resist the headlong impulse to follow, and to watch him. Like that unexplained temptation that leads the gazer over some lofty precipice to move on step by step yet nearer to the brink, conscious of his danger, yet unable to recede; so did I track this man from

place to place, following him as he passed from one group to the other of his friends, till at length he seated himself at a table, around which a number of persons were engaged in noisy and boisterous conversation; he filled a tumbler to the brim with wine, and drinking it off at a draught, refilled again.

"You are thirsty, Ulick," said some one.

"Thirsty! On fire, by G——. You'll not believe me when I tell you—I can't do it; no, by heaven! there is nothing in the way of provocation——"

As he said thus much, some lady passing near induced him to drop his voice, and the remainder of the sentence was inaudible to me. Hitherto I had been standing beside his chair; I now moved round to the opposite side of the table, and, with my arms folded, and my eyes firmly fixed, stood straight before him. For an instant or two he did not remark me, as he continued to speak with his head bent downwards. Suddenly lifting up his eyes, he started—pushed his chair slightly back from the table——

"And look!—see!" cried he, as with outstretched finger he pointed towards me—"see! if he isn't there again!"

Then suddenly changing the tone of his voice to one of affected softness he continued, addressing me—

"I have been explaining, sir, as well as my poor powers will permit, the excessive pains I have taken to persuade you to prove yourself a gentleman: one half the trouble you have put me to, would have told an Irish gentleman what was looked for at his hands; you appear, however, to be the best-tempered fellows in the world at your side of the channel.—Come, now, boys! if any man likes a bet, I'll wager ten guineas that even this won't ruffle his amiable nature. Pass the sherry here, Godfrey! Is that a clean glass beside you?"

So saying, he took the decanter, and leisurely filling the glass, stood up as if to present it; but when he attained the erect position, he looked me fixedly for a second, and then dashed the wine in my face. A roar of laughter burst around me, but I saw nor heard no more. The moment before, and my head was cool, my senses clear, my

faculties unclouded ; but now, as if derangement had fallen upon me, I could see nothing but looks of mockery

and scorn, and hear nothing save the discordant laugh, and the jarring accent of derision.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII—THE INN FIRE.

How I escaped from that room, and by what means I found myself in the street, I know not. My first impulse was to tear off my cravat, that I might breathe more freely : still a sense of suffocation oppressed me, and I felt stunned and stupified.

"Come along, Hinton—rouse yourself, my boy. See, your coat is drenched with rain," said a friendly voice behind me ; while, grasping me forcibly by the arm, the major led me forward.

"What have I done ?" cried I, struggling to get free. "Tell me—oh, tell me! have I done wrong? Have I committed any dreadful thing? There is an aching pain here—here in my forehead, as though—I dare not speak my shame."

"Nothing of the kind, my boy," said Mahon: "you've conducted yourself admirably. Matt Keane saw it all, and he says he never witnessed anything finer—and he's no bad judge, let me tell you. So, there now, be satisfied, and take off your wet clothes."

There was something imperative in the tone in which he spoke ; besides, the major was one of those people who somehow or other always contrive to have their own way in the world ; so that I yielded at once, feeling, too, that any opposition would only defer my chance of an explanation.

While I was thus occupied in my inner room, I could overhear my friend without, engaged in the preparation of a little supper, mingling an occasional soliloquy with the simmering of the grilled bone that browned upon the fire. The clink of glasses and plates, and all the evidences of punch-making, breaking every now and then amid such reflections as these:—

"A mighty ugly business—nothing for it but meeting him—poor lad, they'll say we murdered him among us—oh, he's far too young for Galway. Holloa, Hinton, are you ready? Now you look something reasonable : and when we've eaten a bit, we'll talk this matter over coolly and sensibly : and to make your mind easy, I may tell

you at once, I have arranged a meeting for you with Burke at five to-morrow morning."

I grasped his hand convulsively within mine, as a gleam of savage satisfaction shot through me.

"Yes, yes," said he, as if replying to my look : "it's all as it ought to be. Even his own friends are indignant at his conduct ; and indeed I may say it's the first time a stranger has met with such in our country."

"I can believe it well, major," said I ; "for unless from the individual in question, I have met with nothing but kindness and good feeling amongst you : he indeed would seem an exception to his countrymen."

"Therefore the sooner you shoot him the better. But I wish I could see Father Tom."

"*Adest, domine*," cried the priest, at the same moment, as he entered the room : throwing his wet great-coat into a corner, and giving himself a shake a Newfoundland dog might have envied. "Isn't this pretty work, Bob?" said he, turning to his cousin with a look of indignant reproach : "he is not twenty-four hours in the town, and you've got him into a fight already ; and sure it's my own fault, that ever brought you together. *Nec fortunam nec gratiam habes*—no indeed, you have neither luck nor grace. *Mauvaise tête*, as the French say—always in trouble. Arrah, don't be talking to me at all, at all—reach me over the spirits—sorra better I ever saw you !—disturbing me out of my virtuous dreams at two in the morning. True enough, *dic mihi societatem tuam*—; but little I thought he'd be getting you shot before you left the place."

I endeavoured to pacify the good priest as well as I was able ; the major, too, made every explanation, but what between his being called out of bed, his anger at getting wet, and his cousin's well-known character for affairs of this nature, it was not before he had swallowed his second tumbler of punch that he would "listen to rayson."

"Well, well, if it is so, God's will be done," said he with a sigh. "*Un bon coup d'épée*, as we used to say formerly, is beautiful treatment for bad blood—and maybe you're going to fight with pistols; oh, murder, them dreadful things!"

"I begin to suspect," said the major, sily, "that Father Tom's afraid if you shoot Ulick, he'll never get that fifty pounds he won—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*—eh, Tom?"

"Ah, the spalpeen," said the priest with a deep groan, "didn't he do me out of that money already."

"How so, father," said I, scarce able to repress my laughter at the expression of his face.

"I was coming down the main street yesterday evening, with Dr. Plunkett, the bishop, beside me, discoursing a little theology, and looking as pious and respectable as may be, when that villain Burke came running out of a shop, and pulling out his pocket-book, cried—

"Wait a bit, Father Tom; you know I'm a little in your debt about that race, and as you're a sporting character, it's only fair to book up at once."

"What is this I hear, Father Loftus?" says the bishop.

"Oh, my lord," says I, "he's a *jocosus puer*—a humbugging bla-guard; a *farceur*, your reverence, and that's the way he's always cutting his jokes upon the people."

"And so he does not owe you this money?" said the bishop, looking mighty hard at us both.

"Not a farthing of it, my lord."

"That's comfortable, any how," says Burke, putting up his pocket-book—"and faith, my lord," said he with a wink, "I wish I had a loan of you for an hour or two every settling day, for troth you're a trump," and with that he went off laughing, 'till ye'd have thought he'd split his sides, and I am sure I wish he had."

I don't think Mr. Burke himself could have laughed louder or longer at his scheme, than did we in hearing it. The priest at length joined in the mirth, and I could perceive, as the punch made more inroads upon him, and the evening wore on, that his holy horror of duelling was gradually melting away before the warmth of his Hibernian propensities. Like a wet sponge passed across

the surface of a dark picture, bringing forth from the gloom many a figure and feature indistinct before, and displaying touches of light not hitherto appreciable, so whiskey seems to exercise some strange power of displaying its votaries in all their breadth of character, divesting them of the adventitious clothes in which position or profession has invested them: thus a tipsy Irishman stands forth in the exuberance of his nationality, *Hibernicus Hibernior*. Forgetting all his moral declamation on duelling, oblivious of his late indignation against his cousin, he rubbed his hands pleasantly, and related story after story of his own early experiences, some of them not a little amusing.

The major, however, seemed not fully to enjoy the priest's anecdotal powers, but sipped his glass with a grave and sententious air.

"Very true, Tom," said he at length, breaking silence; "you have seen a fair share of these things for a man of your cloth; but where's the man living—show him to me, I say—that has had my experience, either as principal or second: haven't I had my four men out in the same morning?"

"Why, I confess," said I, meekly, "that does seem an extravagant allowance."

"Clear waste, downright profusion, *du luxe, mon cher*, nothing else," observed Father Tom. Meanwhile, the major rolled his eyes fearfully at me, and fidgetted in his chair with impatience to be asked for his story, and as I myself had some curiosity on the subject, I begged him to relate it.

"Tom, here, doesn't like a story at supper," said the major pompously; for, perceiving our attitude of attention, he resolved on being a little tyrannical before telling it.

The priest made immediate submission; and, silyly hinting that his objection only lay against stories he had been hearing for the last thirty years, said he could listen to the narration in question with much pleasure.

"You shall have it, then," said the major, as he squared himself in his chair, and thus began:—

"You have never been in Castle Connel, Hinton? Well, there is a wide bleak line of country there, that stretches away to the westward, with nothing but large round-backed moun-

tains, low boggy swamps, with here and there a miserable mud hovel, surrounded by, maybe, half an acre of lumpers, or bad oats; a few small streams struggle through this on their way to the Shannon, but they are brown and dirty as the soil they traverse; and the very fish that swim in them are brown and smutty also.

"In the very heart of this wild country, I took it into my head to build a house. A strange notion it was, for there was no neighbourhood and no sporting; but somehow, I had taken a dislike to mixed society some time before that, and I found it convenient to live somewhat in retirement;—so that, if the partridges were not in abundance about me, neither were the process-servers; and the truth was, I kept a much sharper look-out for the sub-sheriff than I did for the snipe.

"Of course, as I was over head and ears in debt, my notion was to build something very considerable and imposing; and, to be sure, I had a fine portico, and a flight of steps leading up to it; and there were ten windows in front, and a grand balustrade at the top; and, faith, taking it all in all, the building was so strong, the walls so thick, the windows so narrow, and the stones so black, that my cousin, Darcy Mahon, called it Newgate; and not a bad name either—and the devil another it ever went by: and even that same had its advantages; for when the creditors used to read that at the top of my letters, they'd say—'Poor devil! he has enough on his hands: there's no use troubling him any more.' Well, big as Newgate looked from without, it had not much accommodation when you got inside. There was, 'tis true, a fine hall, all flagged; and out of it, you entered what ought to have been the dinner-room, thirty-eight feet by seven-and-twenty, but which was used for herding sheep in the winter. On the right hand, there was a cozy little breakfast-room, just about the size of this we are in. At the back of the hall, but concealed by a pair of folding-doors, there was a grand staircase of old Irish oak, that ought to have led up to a great suite of bed-rooms; but it only conducted to one, a little crib I had for myself. The remainder were never plaistered nor floored; and, indeed, in one of them, that was over the big drawing-room, the joists were

never laid, which was all the better, for it was there we used to keep our hay and straw.

"Now, at the time I mention, the harvest was not brought in, and instead of its being full, as it used to be, it was mighty low;—so that, when you opened the door above stairs, instead of finding the hay up beside you, it was about fourteen feet down beneath you.

"I can't help boring you with all these details: first, because they are essential to my story; and next, because, being a young man, and a foreigner to boot, it may lead you to a little better understanding of some of our national customs. Of all the partialities we Irish have after lush and the ladies, I believe our ruling passion is to build a big house, spend every shilling we have, or that we have not, as the case may be, in getting it half finished, and then live in a corner of it, 'just for grandeur,' as a body may say. It's a droll notion, after all; but show me the county in Ireland that hasn't at least six specimens of what I mention.

"Newgate was a beautiful one; and although the sheep lived in the parlour, and the cows were kept in the blue drawing-room, Darby Whaley slept in the boudoir, and two bull dogs and a buck goat kept house in the library—faith, upon the outside it looked very imposing; and not one that saw it from the high road to Ennis—and you could see it for twelve miles in every direction—didn't say—'That Mahon must be a snug fellow: look what a beautiful place he has of it there!' Little they knew that it was safer to go up to the 'Reeks' than my grand staircase, and it was like rope-dancing to pass from one room to the other.

"Well, it was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a dark louring day in December, that I was treading homewards in no very good humour; for except a brace and a half of snipe, and a gray plover, I had met with nothing the whole day. The night was falling fast; so I began to hurry on as quickly as I could, when I heard a loud shout behind me, and a voice called out—

"'It's Bob Mahon, boys! By the hill of Scariff, we are in luck!'

"I turned about, and what should I see but a parcel of fellows in red coats—they were the blazers. There was

Dan Lambert, Tom Burke, Harry Eyre, Joe M'Mahon, and the rest of them—fourteen souls in all. They had come down to draw a cover of Stephen Blake's about ten miles from me; but, in the strange mountain country, they lost the dogs—they lost their way and their temper; in truth, to all appearance, they lost every thing but their appetites. Their horses were dead beat too, and they looked as miserable a crew as ever you set eyes on.

“‘Isn't it lucky, Bob, that we found you at home?’ said Lambert.

“‘They told us you were away,’ says Burke.

“‘Some said you were grown so pious, that you never went out, except on Sundays,’ added old Harry, with a grin.

“‘Begad,’ said I, ‘as to the luck, I won't say much for it; for here's all I can give you for your dinner;’ and so I pulled out the four birds and shook them at them; ‘and as to the piety, troth, maybe, you'd like to keep a fast with as devoted a son of the church as myself.’

“‘But isn't that Newgate up there?’ said one.

“‘That same.’

“‘And you don't mean to say that such a house as that hasn't a good larder and a fine cellar?’

“‘You're right,’ said I, ‘and they're both full at this very moment—the one with seed-potatoes, and the other with Whitehaven coals.’

“‘Have you got any bacon?’ said Mahon.

“‘Oh, yes,’ said I; ‘there's bacon.’

“‘And eggs?’ said another.

“‘For the matter of that, you might swim in batter.’

“‘Come, come,’ said Dan Lambert, ‘we're not so badly off after all.’

“‘Is there whiskey?’ cried Eyre.

“‘Sixty-three gallons, that never paid the king six-pence!’

“As I said this, they gave three cheers, you'd have heard a mile off.

“After about twenty minutes' walking, we got up to the house, and when poor Darby opened the door, I thought he'd faint; for, you see, the red coats made him think it was the army, coming to take me away; and he was for running off to raise the country, when I caught him by the neck.

“‘It's the blazers, you old fool,’ said I. ‘The gentlemen are come to dine here.’

“‘Hurroo!’ said he, clapping his hands on his knees, there must be great distress entirely, down about Nenagh and them parts, or they'd never think of coming up here for a bit to eat.’

“‘Which way lie the stables, Bob?’ said Burke.

“‘Leave all that to Darby,’ said I; for you see, he had only to whistle and bring up as many people as he liked—and so he did too; and as there was room for a cavalry regiment, the horses were soon bedded down and comfortable; and in ten minutes' time we were all sitting pleasantly round a big fire, waiting for the rashers and eggs.

“‘Now, if you'd like to wash your hands before dinner, Lambert, come along with me.’

“‘By all means,’ said he.

“The others were standing up too; but I observed, that as the house was large, and the ways of it unknown to them, it was better to wait 'till I'd come back for them.

“‘This was a real piece of good luck, Bob,’ said Dan, as he followed me up stairs: ‘capital quarters we've fallen into; and what a snug bed-room ye have here.’

“‘Yes,’ said I, carelessly; ‘it's one of the small rooms; there are eight like this, and five large ones, plainly furnished, as you see; but for the present you know ——’

“‘Oh, begad! I wish for nothing better. Let me sleep here—the other fellows may care for your four posters with satin hangings.’

“‘Well,’ said I, ‘if you are really not joking, I may tell you that the room is one of the warmest in the house’—and this was telling no lie.

“‘Here I'll sleep,’ said he, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and giving the bed a most affectionate look. ‘And now let us join the rest.’

“When I brought Dan down, I took up Burke, and after him M'Mahon, and so on to the last; but every time I entered the parlour, I found them all bestowing immense praises on my house, and each fellow ready to bet he had got the best bed-room.

“Dinner soon made its appearance; for if the cookery was not very perfect,



it was at least wonderfully expeditious. There were two men cutting rashers, two more frying them in the pan, and another did nothing but break the eggs—Darby running from the parlour to the kitchen and back again, as hard as he could trot.

“Do you know now, that many a time since, when I have been giving venison, and Burgundy, and claret, enough to swim a life-boat in, I often thought it was a cruel waste of money—for the fellows weren't half as pleasant as they were that evening on bacon and whiskey!

“I've a theory on that subject, Hinton, I'll talk to you more about another time; I'll only observe now, that I'm sure we all over-feed our company. I've tried both plans; and my honest experience is, that as far as regards conviviality, fun, and good-fellowship, it is a great mistake to provide too well for your guests. There is something heroic in eating your mutton-chop, or your leg of a turkey, among jolly fellows; there is a kind of reflective flattery about it that tells you you have been invited for your drollery, and not for your digestion; and that your jokes, and not your flattery, have been your recommendation. Lord bless you! I've laughed more over red herrings and potteen, than I ever expect to do again over turtle and tokay.

“My guests were, to do them justice, a good illustration of my theory. A pleasanter and a merrier party never sat down together. We had good songs, good stories, plenty of laughing, and plenty of drink; until at last poor Darby became so over-powered, by the fumes of the hot water I suppose, that he was obliged to be carried up to bed, and so we were compelled to boil the kettle in the parlour. This, I think, precipitated matters; for by some mistake, they put punch into it instead of water, and the more you tried to weaken the liquor, it was only the more tipsy you were getting.

“About two o'clock, five of the party were under the table, three more were nodding backwards and forwards, like insane pendulums, and the rest were mighty noisy, and now and then rather disposed to be quarrelsome.

“‘Bob,’ said Lambert to me, in a

whisper, ‘if it's the same thing to you, I'll slip away, and get into bed.’

“‘Of course, if you won't take any thing more. Just make yourself at home; and as you don't know the way here—follow me!’

“‘I'm afraid,’ said he, ‘I'd not find my way alone.’

“‘I think,’ said I, ‘it's very likely. But, come along!’

“I walked up stairs before him; but instead of turning to the left, I went the other way, till I came to the door of the large room, that I have told you already was over the big drawing-room. Just as I put my hand on the lock, I contrived to blow out the candle, as if it was the wind.

“‘What a draught there is here,’ said I; ‘but just step in, and I'll go for a light.’

“He did as he was bid; but instead of finding himself on my beautiful little carpet, down he went fourteen feet into the hay at the bottom. I looked down after him for a minute or two, and then called out—

“‘As I am doing the honours of Newgate, the least I could do was to show you the drop. Good night, Dan! but let me advise you to get a little farther from the door, as there are more coming.’

“Well, sir, when they missed Dan and me out of the room, two or three more stood up, and declared for bed also. The first I took up was Ffrench, of Green Park; for indeed he wasn't a cute fellow at the best of times; and if it wasn't that the hay was so low, he'd never have guessed it was not a feather-bed till he woke in the morning. Well, down he went. Then came Eyre! Then Joe Mabon—two-and-twenty stone—no less! Lord pity them!—this was a great shock entirely! But when I opened the door for Tom Burke, upon my conscience, you'd think it was Pandemonium they had down there. They were fighting like devils, and roaring with all their might.

“Good night, Tom,’ said I, pushing Burke forward. ‘It's the cows you hear underneath.’

“‘Cows!’ said he. ‘If they're cows, begad, they must have got at that sixty-three gallons of potteen you talked of, for they're all drunk.’

“With that, he snatched the candle out of my hand, and looked down into

the pit. Never was such a sight seen before or since. Dan was pitching into poor Ffrench, who, thinking he had an enemy before him, was hitting out manfully at an old turf-creel, that rocked and creaked at every blow, as he called out—

“‘I’ll smash you! I’ll dinge your ribs for you, you infernal scoundrel!’

“Eyre was struggling in the hay, thinking he was swimming for his life; and poor Joe Mahon was patting him on the head, and saying, ‘Poor fellow! good dog!’ for he thought it was Towser, the bull-terrier, that was prowling round the calves of his legs.

“‘If they don’t get tired, there ’ill not be a man of them alive by morning!’ said Tom, as he closed the door. ‘And now, if you’ll allow me to sleep on the carpet, I’ll take it as a favour.’

“By this time they were all quiet in the parlour; so I lent Tom a couple of blankets and a bolster, and, having locked my door, went to bed with an easy mind and a quiet conscience. To be sure, now and then a cry would burst forth, as if they were killing somebody below stairs, but I soon fell asleep and heard no more of them.

“By daybreak next morning they made their escape; and when I was trying to awake at half-past ten, I found Colonel M’Morris, of the Mayo, with a message from the whole four.

“‘A bad business, this, Captain Mahon,’ said he; ‘my friends have been shockingly treated.’

“‘It’s mighty hard,’ said I, ‘to

want to shoot me, because I hadn’t fourteen feather-beds in the house.’

“‘They will be the laugh of the whole country, sir.’

“‘Troth!’ said I, ‘if the country is not in very low spirits, I think they will.’

“‘There’s not a man of them can see!—their eyes are actually closed up!’

“‘The Lord be praised!’ said I. ‘It’s not likely they’ll hit me.’

“But to make a short story of it; out we went. Tom Burke was my friend; I could scarce hold my pistol with laughing; for such faces no man ever looked at. But for self-preservation sake, I thought it best to hit one of them; so I just pinked Ffrench a little under the skirt of the coat.

“‘Come, Lambert!’ said the colonel, ‘it’s your turn now.’

“‘Wasn’t that Lambert,’ said I, ‘that I hit?’

“‘No,’ said he, ‘that was Ffrench.’

“‘Begad, I’m sorry for it. Ffrench, my dear fellow, excuse me; for you see you’re all so like each other about the eyes this morning——’

“With this there was a roar of laughing from them all, in which, I assure you, Lambert took not a very prominent part; for somehow, he didn’t fancy my polite inquiries after him; and so we all shook hands, and left the ground as good friends as ever, though to this hour the name of Newgate brings less pleasant recollections to their minds, than if their fathers had been hanged at its prototype.”

#### CHAPTER XXIX.—THE DUEL.

WHEN morning broke I started up and opened the window. It was one of those bright and beauteous day-breaks which would seem to be the compensation a northern climate possesses for its want of the azure sky of noon and the silver moonlight of night, the gifts of happier climes.

The pink hue of the sky was gradually replacing the paler tints, like a deep blush mantling the cheek of beauty; the lark was singing high in heaven, and the deep note of the blackbird came mellowed from the leafy grove; the cattle were still at rest, and seemed half unwilling to

break the tranquil stillness of the scene, as they lay breathing the balmy odours from the wild flowers that grew around them. Such was the picture that lay on one side of me; on the other was the long street of a little town, on which yet the shadows of night were sleeping; the windows were closed; not a smoke-wreath rose from any chimney, but all was still and peaceful.

In my little parlour I found the good priest and the major fast asleep in their chairs, pretty much in the same attitudes I had left them in some hours before. The fire had died



away; the square decanter of whiskey was emptied to its last drop, and the kettle lay pensively on one side, like some shipwrecked craft, high and dry upon the shore. I looked at my watch; it was but four o'clock. Our meeting was appointed for half-past five; so I crept noiselessly back to my room, not sorry to have half-an-hour to myself of undisturbed reflection. When I had finished my dressing, I threw up the sash and sprang out into the garden. It was a wild, uncultivated spot, but still there was something of beauty in those old trees whose rich blossoms scented the air, while the rank weeds of many a gay and gaudy hue shot up luxuriantly about their trunks—the pink marsh-mallow and the taper foxglove mingling their colours with the sprayey meadow-sweet and the wild sweet-brier. There was an air of solitude in the neglect around me that seemed to suit the habit of my soul; and I strolled along from one walk to another, lost in my own thoughts.

There were many things at a moment like that, I would fain have written—fain have said; but so it is, in the wealth of our emotions we can give nothing; and I could not bring myself to write to my friends, even to say farewell. Although I felt that in every stage of this proceeding I had nothing to reproach myself with, this duel being thrust on me by one who had singled me out for his hatred, yet I saw, as its result, nothing but the wreck of all my hopes. Already had *she* intimated how strong was her father's attachment to his nephew, and with an expressive fear cautioned me against any collision with him. How vain are all our efforts, how fruitless are all our endeavours to struggle against the current of our fate! We may stem for a short time the full tide of fortune—we may breast, with courage high and spirit fierce, the rough

billows as they break upon us, but we are certain to succumb in the end. With some men failure is a question of fear—some want the persevering courage to drag on amid trials and difficulties—and some are deficient in the temper which, subduing our actions to a law, governs and presides over every moment of our lives, rendering us, even in our periods of excitement and irritation, amenable to the guidance of our reason.

This was my case; and I felt that, notwithstanding all my wishes to avoid a quarrel with Burke, yet in my heart a lurking spirit urged me to seek him out and offer him defiance. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I suddenly heard a voice which somehow seemed half familiar to my ear. I listened: it came from a room of which the window was partly open. I now remembered that poor Joe lay in that part of the house, and the next moment I knew it to be his. Placing a ladder against the wall, I crept quietly up till I could peep into the room. The poor fellow was alone—sitting up in his bed, with his hunting-cap on, an old whip in his hand, which he flourished from time to time with no small energy; his cheek was flushed; and his eye, prominent and flashing, denoted the access of high fever. It was evident that his faculties, clouded as they were even in their happiest moments, were now under the wilder influence of delirium. He was speaking rapidly to himself in a quick under-tone, calling the dogs by name, caressing this one, scolding that; and then, bursting forth into a loud tallyho! his face glowed with an ecstatic pleasure, and he broke forth into a rude chant, the words of which I have never forgotten, for as he sung them in a voice of wild and touching sweetness, they seemed the very outpourings of his poor simple heart.

“ I never yet owned a horse or hound,  
I never was lord of a foot of ground;  
Yet few are richer, I will be bound,  
Than me of a hunting morning.

“ I'm far better off nor him that pays,  
For though I've no money, I live at my ease,  
With hunting and shooting whenever I please,  
And a tally-heigh-ho in the morning.

"As I go on foot, I don't lose my sate,  
As I take the gaps, I don't brake a gate;  
And if I'm not first, why I'm seldom late,  
With my tally-heigh-ho in the morning.

"And there's not a man, be he high or low,  
In the parts down here, or wherever you go,  
That doesn't like poor Tipperary Joe,  
With his tally-heigh-ho in the morning."

A loud view holloa followed this wild chant, and then the poor fellow, as if exhausted by his efforts, sank back in the bed, muttering to himself, in a low broken voice, but with a look so happy, and a smile so tranquil, he seemed more a thing to envy, than one to commiserate and pity.

"I say, Hinton," shouted the major from the window of my bed-room, "what the deuce are you doing up that ladder there? not serenading Mrs. Doolan, I hope. Are you aware it is five o'clock?"

I descended with all haste, and joining my friend, took his arm, and set out towards the *rendezvous*.

"I didn't order the horses," said Mahon, "for the rumour of such a thing as this always gets abroad through one's servants."

"Ah, yes," said I, "and then you have the police."

"The police!" repeated he, laughing; "not a bit of it, my boy: don't forget you're in glorious old Ireland, where no one ever thinks of spoiling a fair fight. It is possible the magistrate might issue his warrant if you would not come up to time, but for any thing else——"

"Well," said I, "that certainly does afford me another glimpse of your habits. How far have we to go, major?"

"You remember the grass field below the sunk fence, to the left of the mill?"

"Where the stream runs?"

"Exactly, that's the spot. It was old Pigott chose it, and no man is a better judge of these things. By-the-bye, it is very lucky that Burke should have pitched upon a gentleman for his friend—I mean a real gentleman,—for there are plenty of his acquaintances, who, under that name, would rob the mail."

Thus chatting as we went, Mahon informed me that Pigott was an old half-pay colonel, whose principal oc-

cupation for thirteen years had been what the French would call "*to assist*" at affairs of honour. Even the major himself looked up to him as a last appeal in a disputed or a difficult point; and many a reserved case was kept for his opinion, with the same ceremonious observance as a knotty point of law for the consideration of the twelve judges. Crossing the little rivulet near the mill, we held on by a small by-path which brought us over the starting ground of the steeple-chase, by the scene of part of my preceding day's exploits. While I was examining with some curiosity the ground cut up and trod by the horses' feet, and looking at the spot where he had taken the fence, the sharp sound of two pistol-shots quickly aroused me, and I eagerly asked what it was.

"Snapping the pistols," said Mahon. "Ah, by-the-bye, all this kind of thing is new to you: never mind; put a careless, half-indifferent kind of face on the matter. Do you take snuff? It doesn't signify; put your hands in your pockets, and hum 'Tatter Jack Walsh!'"

As I supposed there was no specific charm in the melody he alluded to, nor if there had been, had I any time to acquire it, I consoled myself by observing the first part of his direction, and strolled after him into the field, with a *nonchalance* only perhaps a little too perfect.

Mr. Burke and his friends, to the number of about a dozen persons, were already assembled; and were one to judge from their loud talking and hearty laughter as we came forward, it would seem difficult to believe the occasion that brought them there; so, at least, I thought. Not so, however, the major; for, with a hop, step, and a jump, performed by about the shortest pair of legs in the barony, he sprang into the midst of the party, with some droll observation on the benefits of early rising, which once

more called forth their merriment. Seating myself on a large moss-covered stone, I waited patiently for the preliminaries to be settled. As I threw my eye among the group, I perceived that Burke was not there; but on turning my head, I remarked two men walking arm-in-arm on the opposite side of the hedge. As they paced to and fro, I could see, by the violence of his gesticulations and the energy of his manner, that one was Burke. It seemed as though his companion was endeavouring to reason with, and dissuade him from some course of proceeding he appeared bent on following; but there was a savage earnestness in his manner that would not admit of persuasion; and at last, as if wearied and vexed by his friend's importunities, he broke rudely from him, and springing over the fence, called out—

"Pigott, are you aware it is past six?" Then pulling out his watch, he added, "I must be in Ballinasloe by eleven o'clock."

"If you speak another word, sir," said the old colonel, with an air of offended dignity, "I leave the ground. Major Mahon, a word if you please?"

They walked apart from the rest for a few seconds, and then the colonel, throwing his glove upon the grass, proceeded to step off the ground with a military precision and formality, that I am sure, at any other time, would have highly amused me.

After a slight demur from the major, to which I could perceive the colonel readily yielded, a walking-stick was stuck at either end of the measured distance, while the two seconds, placing themselves beside them, looked at each other with very great satisfaction, and mutually agreed it was a sweet spot.

"Would you like to look at these?" said Pigott, taking up the pistols from where they lay on the grass.

"Ah, I know them well," replied the major, laughing; "these were poor Tom Casey's, and a better fellow, and a handier with his iron, never snapped a trigger. These are ours, colonel;" presenting, as he spoke, two splendid-looking Mortimers, in all the brilliancy of their maiden freshness. A look of contempt from the colonel, and a most expressive shrug of his shoulders, was his reply.

"Begad, I think so," said Mahon, as if appreciating the gesture; "I had rather have that old tool with the cracked stock—not but this is a very sweet instrument and elegantly balanced in the hand."

"We are ready now," said Pigott; "bring up your man, major."

As I started up to obey the summons, a slight bustle near attracted me. Two or three of Burke's friends were endeavouring as it were to pacify and subdue him; but his passion knew no bounds, and as he broke from them, he said in a voice perfectly audible where I stood, "Won't I, by G——; then I'll tell you, if I don't shoot him——"

"Sir," said the colonel, turning on him a look of passionate indignation, "if it were not that you were here to answer the appeal of wounded honour, I'd leave you to your fate this moment; as it is, another such expression as that you've used, and I abandon you on the spot."

Doggedly and without speaking, Burke drew his hat far down upon his eyes, and took the place marked out for him.

"Mr. Hinton," said the colonel, as he touched his hat with most courteous politeness, "will you have the goodness to stand there."

Mahon, meanwhile, handed each man his pistol, and, whispering in my ear, "aim low," retired.

"The word, gentlemen," said the colonel, "will be, one, two, three. Mr. Hinton, pray observe, I beg of you, you'll not reserve your fire after I say three." With his eyes fixed upon us, he walked back about ten paces. "Are you ready—are you both ready?"

"Yes, yes," said Burke, impatiently.

"Yes," said I.

"One, two, three."

I lifted my pistol at the second word, and as the last dropped from the colonel's lips, one loud report rang through the air, and both pistols went off together. A quick, sharp pang shot through my cheek, as though it had been seared by a hot instrument. I put up my hand, but the ball had only touched the flesh, and a few drops of blood were all the damage. Not so Burke; my ball had entered above the hip, and already his trousers were stained with blood, and notwithstand-

ing his endeavours, he could not stand up straight.

"Is he hit, Pigott?" cried he, in a voice harsh from agony. "Is he hit, I say?"

"Only grazed," said I tranquilly, as I wiped the stain from my face.

"Another pistol quick. Do you hear me, Pigott?"

"We are not the arbiters in this case," replied the colonel coolly. "Major Mahon, is your friend satisfied?"

"Perfectly satisfied on our own account," said the major; "but if the gentleman desires another shot——"

"I do, I do," screamed Burke, as writhing with pain, he pressed both hands to his side, from which the blood,

now gushing in torrents, formed a pool about his feet. "Be quick there, Pigott, I am getting faint." He staggered forward as he spoke, his face pale and his lips parted; then, suddenly clutching his pistol by the barrel, he fixed his eyes steadily on me, while with a curse he hurled the weapon at my head, and fell senseless to the earth. His aim was true, for straight between the eyes the weapon struck me, and felled me to the ground. Although stunned for the moment, I could hear the cry of horror and indignant shame that broke from the by-standers; but the next instant a dreamy confusion came over me, and I became unconscious of what was passing around.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

SHOULD my reader feel any interest concerning that portion of my history which immediately followed the events of my last chapter, I believe I must refer him to Mrs. Doolan, the amiable hostess of the Bonaveen Arms. She could probably satisfy any curious inquiry as to the confusion produced in her establishment by the lively sallies of Tipperary Joe in one quarter, and the more riotous madness of myself in another. The fact is, good reader, my head was an English one; and although its contents were gradually acclimating themselves to the habits of the country, the external shell had not assumed that proper thickness and due power of resistance which Irish heads would appear to be gifted with. In plain words, the injury had brought on delirium.

It was somewhere in the third week after this unlucky morning, that I found myself lying in my bed, with a wet cloth upon my temples; while over my whole frame was spread that depressing sense of great debility, more difficult to bear than acute bodily suffering. Although unable to speak, I could distinctly hear the conversation about me, and recognise the voices of both Father Tom and the major as they conversed with a third party, whom I afterwards learned was the Galen of Loughrea. Dr. Mopin, surgeon of the Roscommon militia, had been for forty years the terror of the sick of the surrounding country; for,

independent of a naturally harsh and disagreeable manner, he had a certain slang and sneering way of addressing his patients, that was perfectly shocking. Amusing himself the while at their expense, by suggesting the various unhappy and miserable consequences that might follow on their illness, he appeared to take a diabolical pleasure in the terror he was capable of eliciting.

There was something almost amusing in the infernal ingenuity he had acquired in this species of torture. There was no stage of your illness, no phase of your constitution, no character, no condition of your malady, that was not the immediate forerunner of one or more afflicting calamities. Were you getting weaker, it was the way they always died out; did you gain strength, it was a rally before death; were you despondent, it was best for you to know your state; were you sanguine, he would rebuke your good spirits, and suggest the propriety of a priest. However, with all these qualifications people put up with him, and as he had a certain kind of rude skill, and never stuck at a bold method, he obtained the best practice of the country, and a wide-spread reputation.

"Well," said Father Tom, in a low voice—"well, doctor, what do you think of him this evening?"

"What do I think of him? Just what I thought before—congestion of the membranes. This is the low stage

he is in now : I wouldn't be surprised if he'd get a little better in a few days, and then go off like the rest of them."

"Go off! eh? Now you don't mean——?"

"Don't I?—Maybe not. The ould story—coma, convulsions, and death."

"Damn the fellow," said the major, in a muttered voice, "I feel as if I was in a well. But I say, doctor, what are we to do?"

"Any thing you plase ; they say his family is mighty respectable, and have plenty of money ; I hope so ; for here am I coming three times a-day, and maybe when he dies it will be a mourning ring they'll be sending me instead of my fee. He was a dissipated chap I am sure : look at the circles under his eyes !"

"Ay, ay," said the priest, "but they only came since his illness."

"So much the worse," added the invincible doctor, "that's always a symptom that the base of the brain is attacked."

"And what happens then?" said the major.

"Oh, he might recover ; I knew a man once get over it, and he is alive now, and in Swift's Hospital."

"Mad?" said the priest.

"Mad as a March hare," grinned the doctor ; "he thinks himself the Post-office clock, and chimes all the hours and half-hours day and night."

"The heavens be about us!" said Father Tom, crossing himself piously. "I had rather be dead than that."

"When did you see Burke?" inquired the major, wishing to change the conversation.

"About an hour ago ; he is going fast."

"Why I thought he was better," said Father Tom ; "they told me he eat a bit of chicken, and took a little wine and water."

"Ay, so he did ; I bid them give him whatever he liked, as his time was so short : so, after all, maybe it is as well for this young chap here not to get over it."

"How so?" said the major : "what do you mean by that?"

"Just, that it is as good to die of a brain fever as be hanged, and it won't shock the family."

"I'd break his neck," muttered Bob Mahon, "if there was another doctor within forty miles."

Of all his patients, Tipperary Joe was the only one of whom he spoke without disparagement : whether that the poor fellow's indifference to his powers of terrorizing had awed or conciliated him, I know not ; but he expressed himself favourably regarding his case and his prospects of recovery.

"Them chaps always recover," drawled out the doctor in a dolorous cadence.

"Is it true," said the major, with a malicious grin—"is it true that he changed all the splints and bandages to the sound leg, and that you didn't discover the mistake for a week afterwards?—Mary Doolan told me."

"Mrs. Doolan," said the doctor, "ought to be thinking of her own misfortunes, and with an acute inflammation of the pericardium, she might be making her sowl."

"She ill?—that fine, fat, comfortable-looking woman!"

"Ay, just so, they're always fat, and have a sleepy look about the eyes just like yourself. Do you ever bleed at the nose?"

"Never without a blow on it. Come, come, I know you well, doctor ; you shall not terrify me."

"You're right not to fret, for it will take you off suddenly, with a giddiness in your head, and a rolling in your eyes, and a choking feel about your throat——"

"Stop, and be d——d to you," said the major, as he cleared his voice a couple of times, and loosed the tie of his cravat. "This room is oppressively hot."

"I protest to God," said Father Tom, "my heart is in my mouth, and there isn't a bone in my body that's not aching."

"I don't wonder," chimed in the doctor ; "you are another of them, and you are a surprising man to go on so long. Sure, it is two years ago I warned your niece, that when she saw you fall down, she must open a vein in your neck, if it was only with a carving knife."

"The saints in heaven forbid!" said the priest, cutting the sign of the cross in the air : "it's maybe the jugular she'd cut."

"No," drawled out the doctor, "she needn't go so deep ; and if her hand doesn't shake, there won't be



much danger. Good evening to you both."

So saying with his knees bent, and his hands crossed under the skirts of his coat, he sneaked out of the room; while the others, overcome with fear, shame, and dismay, sat silently, looking misery itself, at each side of the table.

"That fellow would kill a regiment," said the major at length. "Come, Tom, let's have a little punch, I've a kind of trembling over me."

"Not a drop of any thing stronger than water will cross my lips this blessed night. Do you know, Bob, I think this place doesn't agree with me; I wish I was back in Murranakilty: the mountain air, and regular habits of life, that's the thing for me."

"We are none of us abstemious enough," said the major; "and then, we bachelors—to be sure you have your niece."

"Whisht!" said the priest; "how do you know who is listening? I vow to God I am quite alarmed at his telling that to Mary; some night or other, if I take a little too much, she'll maybe try her anatomy upon me."

This unhappy reflection seemed to weigh upon the good priest's mind, and set him a mumbling certain Latin offices between his teeth for a quarter of an hour.

"I wish," said the major, "Hinton was able to read his letters, for here is a whole bundle of them—some from England, some from the castle, and some marked 'on his majesty's service.'"

"I'll wait another week any how for him," said the priest. "To go back to Dublin in the state he is now, would be the ruin of him, after the shake he has got: the dissipation, the dining out, and all the devilment, would destroy him entirely; but a few week's peace and quietness up at Murranakilty, will make him as sound as a bell."

"You are right, Tom, you are right," said the major: "the poor fellow mustn't be lost for the want of a little care; and now that Dillon has gone, there is no one here to look after

him. Let us go down and see if the post is in: I think a walk would do us good."

Assenting to this proposition, the priest bent over me mournfully for a moment, shook his head, and, having muttered a blessing, walked out of the room with the major, leaving me in silence to think over all I had overheard.

Whether it was that youth suggested the hope, or that I more quickly imbibed an appreciation of the doctor's character from being the looker-on at the game, I am not exactly sure; but certainly I felt little depressed by his gloomy forebodings respecting me, and greatly lightened at my heart by the good news of poor Tipperary Joe.

Of all the circumstances which attended my illness, the one that most impressed me was the warm, affectionate solicitude of my two friends—the priest and his cousin. There was something of kindness and good feeling in their care of me, that spoke rather of a long friendship than of the weaker ties of chance and passing acquaintance. Again I thought of home, and while I asked myself if the events which beset my path in Ireland could possibly have happened to me there, I could not but acknowledge that if they had so, I could scarcely have hoped to have suddenly conjured up such faithful and benevolent friends, with no other claim, nor other recommendation, save that of being a stranger.

The casual observation concerning my letters, had, by stimulating my curiosity, awakened my dormant energy; and, by a great effort, I stretched out my hand to the little bell beside my bed, and rang it. The summons was answered by the bare-legged girl who acted as waiter in the inn. When she had sufficiently recovered from her astonishment to comprehend my request, I persuaded her to place a candle beside me, and having given me the packet of letters that lay on the chimney-piece, I desired her on no account to admit any one, but say that I had fallen into a sound sleep, and should not be disturbed.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE LETTER-BAG.

THE package of letters was a large one of all sizes; from all quarters they came; some from home; some from

my brother officers of the Guards; some from the Castle; and even one from O'Grady.

The first I opened was a short note from Horton, the private secretary to the viceroy: this informed me that Major Mahon had written a statement to the duke of all the circumstances attending my duel; and that his grace had not only expressed himself highly satisfied with my conduct, but had ordered a very polite reply to be addressed to the major, thanking him for his great kindness, and saying with what pleasure he found that a member of his staff had fallen into such good hands.

"His grace desires me to add," continued the writer, "that you need only consult your own health and convenience with respect to your return to duty; and, in fact, your leave of absence is perfectly discretionary."

My mind relieved of a weighty load by the contents of this letter, I recovered my strength already so far, that I sat up in bed to peruse the others. My next was from my father; it ran thus:—

"DEAR JACK—Your friend Major Mahon, to whom I write by this post, will deliver this letter to you when he deems fit. He has been most good-natured in conveying to me a narrative of your late doings; and I cannot express how grateful we all are to him for the truly friendly part he has taken towards you. After the strictest scrutiny, for I confess to you I feared lest the major's might be too partial an account, I rejoice to say that your conduct meets with my entire approbation. An older and a wiser head might, it is possible, have avoided some of the difficulties you have met with; but this I will add, that once in trouble, no one could have shown better temper, nor a more befitting spirit than you did. While I say this, my dear Jack, understand me clearly, that I speak of you as a young inexperienced man, thrown, at his very outset of life, not only among strangers, but in a country where, as I remarked to you at first, every thing was different from those in your own. You have now shown yourself equal to any circumstances in which you may be placed; I therefore not only expect that you will meet with fewer embarrassments in future, but that should they arise, I shall have the satisfaction of finding your character and your

habits will be as much your safeguard against insult, as your readiness to resent any, will be sure and certain.

"I have seen the duke several times, and he expresses himself as much pleased with you. From what he mentions, I can collect that you are well satisfied with Ireland, and therefore I do not wish to remove you from it. At the same time, bear in mind, that by active service alone can you ever attain to, or merit, rank in the army; and that hitherto you have only been a soldier by name."

After some further words of advice respecting the future, and some few details of family matters, he concluded by entrusting to my mother the mention of what she herself professed to think lay more in her peculiar province.

As usual, her letter opened with some meteorological observations upon the climate of England for the preceding six weeks; then followed a journal of her own health, whose increasing delicacy, and the imperative necessity of being near Doctor Y——, rendered a journey to Ireland too dangerous to think of.

"Yes, my dearest boy," wrote she, "nothing but this would keep me from you a moment; however, I am much relieved at learning that you are now rapidly recovering, and hope soon to hear of your return to Dublin. It is a very dreadful thing to think of, but perhaps, upon the whole, it is better that you did kill this Mr. Burke. De Grammont tells me that a *mauvaise tête* like that must be shot sooner or later. It makes me nervous to dwell on this odious topic, so that I shall pass on to something else. The horrid little man that brought your letters, and who calls himself a servant of Captain O'Grady, insisted on seeing me yesterday; I never was more shocked in my life. From what he says, I gather that he may be looked on as rather a favourable specimen of the natives: they must, indeed, be a very frightful people. And although he assured me he would do me no injury, I made Thomas stay in the room the entire time, and told Chubbs to give the alarm to the police if he heard the slightest noise: the creature, however, did nothing, and I have quite recovered from my fear already. What a picture, my dear boy, did he present

to me of your conduct and habits. Your intimacy with that odious family I mentioned in my last, seems the root of all your misfortunes. Why will such people thrust themselves forward? What do they mean by inviting you to their frightful parties? Have they not their own peculiar horrors? not but I must confess that they are more excusable than you; and I cannot conceive how you could so soon have forgotten the lessons instilled into you from your earliest years. As your poor dear grandfather, the admiral, used to say, a vulgar acquaintance is a shifting sand: you can never tell where you won't meet it; always at the most inopportune moment; and then, if you remark, your underbred people are never content with a quiet recognition, but they must always indulge in a detestable cordiality there is no escaping from. Oh, John, John, when at ten years of age, you made the banker's son at Northampton hold your stirrup as you mounted your pony, I never thought I should have this reproach to make you. The little fiend who calls himself Corny something, also mentions your continued familiarity with the young woman I spoke of before; what her intentions are, is perfectly clear, and should she accomplish her object, your position in society and future fortune might possibly procure her large damages; but pause, my dear boy, before you go any further. I do not speak of the moral features of the case, for you are of an age to judge of them yourself; but think, I beseech you, of the difficulties it will throw around your path in life, and the obstacles it will oppose to your success. There is poor Lord Henry Effingham, and since that foolish business with the clergyman's wife or daughter, where somebody went mad, and some one else drowned or shot himself, they have never given him any appointment whatever. The world is a frightful and unforgiving thing, as poor Lord Henry knows, therefore beware!

"The more I think of it, the more strongly do I feel the force of my first impressions respecting Ireland; and were it not that we so constantly hear of battles and bloodshed in the Peninsula, I should even prefer your being there. There would seem to be an unhappy destiny over every thing be-

longing to me: my poor dear father, the admiral, had a life of hardship, almost unrewarded, for eleven years; he commanded a guard-ship in the *Nore*: many a night have I seen him when I was a little girl, come home dripping with wet, and perfectly insensible, from the stimulants he was obliged to resort to, and be carried in that state to his bed; and after all this, he didn't get his blue ribbon till he was near sixty.

"De Vere is constantly with us, and is, I remark, attentive to your cousin Julia: this is not of so much consequence, as I hear that her chancery suit is taking an unhappy turn; should it be otherwise, your interests will, of course, be looked to. De Vere is most amusing, and has a great deal of wit: but for him and the count we should be quite dreary, as the season is over, and we can't leave town for at least three weeks." The epistle concluded with a general summing up of its contents, and an affectionate entreaty to bear in mind her caution regarding the Rooneys. "Once more, my dear boy, remember that vulgar people are a part of our trials in this life; as that delightful man, the dean of St. George's, says, they are snares for our feet; and their subservient admiration of us is a dangerous and subtle temptation. Read this letter again, and believe me, my dearest John, your affectionate and unhappy mother,"

"CHARLOTTE HINTON."

I shall not perform so undutiful a task as to play the critic on my excellent mother's letter. There were, it is true, many new views in life presented to me by its perusal, and I should feel sadly puzzled, were I to say at which I was more amused or shocked—at the strictness of her manners, and the laxity of her morals; but I confess, that the part which most outraged me of all, was the eulogy on Lord Dudley de Vere's conversational gifts; but a few short months before, and it is possible I should not only have credited, but concurred in the opinion. Brief, however, as had been the interval, it had shown me much of life; it had brought me into acquaintance, and even intimacy, with some of the brightest spirits of the day; it had taught me to discriminate between the unmeaning jargon of conventional gossip, and



the charm of a society where force of reasoning, warmth of eloquence, and brilliancy of wit contested for the palm. It had made me feel that the intellectual gifts reserved in other countries for the personal advancement of their owner, by their public and ostentatious display, can be made the ornament and the delight of the convivial board, the elegant accompaniment to the hours of happy intercourse, and the strongest bond of social union.

So gradually had this change of opinion crept over me I did not recognise in myself the conversion, and, indeed, had it not been for my mother's observations on Lord Dudley, I could not have credited how far my convictions had gone round. I could now understand the measurement by which Irishmen were estimated in the London world. I could see that if such a character as De Vere had a reputation for ability, how totally impossible it was for those who appreciated him to prize the great and varied gifts of such men as Grattan, and Curran, and many more.

Lost in such thoughts, I forgot for some moments that O'Grady's letter lay open before me. It was dated, Chatham, and written the night before he sailed. The first few lines showed me that he knew nothing of my duel, having only received my own letter with an account of the steeple-chase. He wrote in high spirits. The commander-in-chief had been most kind to him, appointing him to a vacant majority, not, as he anticipated, in the forty-first, but in the ninth Light Dragoons.

"I am anxiously looking out for Corny," said he, "and a great letter-bag from Ireland, the only bit of news from which, except your own, is, that the Rooneys have gone into deep mourning, themselves and their whole house. Various rumours are afloat as to whether any money speculations of Paul's may have suggested the propriety of retrenchment, or whether there may not have been a death in the royal family of O'Toole. Look to this for me, Hinton; for even in Portugal I shall preserve the memory of that capital house, its excellent cuisine—its charming hostess. Cultivate them, my dear Jack, for your sake and for mine. One Rembrandt is as

good as a gallery: so sit down before them and make a study of the family."

The letter concluded as it began, by hearty thanks for the service I had rendered him, begging me to accept of Modirideroo as a *souvenir* of his friendship; and in a postscript, to write which the letter had evidently been re-opened, was a warning to me against any chance collision with Ulick Burke.

"Not, my dear boy, because he is a dead shot, although that same is something, but that a quarrel with him could scarcely be reputable in its commencement, and must be bad whatever the result."

After some further cautioning on this matter, the justice of which was tolerably evident from my own experience, O'Grady concluded with a hurried postscript—

"Corny has not yet arrived, and we have received our orders for embarkation within twenty-four hours. I begin half to despair of his being here in time. Should this be the case, will you, my dear Hinton, look after the old villain for me, at least until I write to you again on the subject?"

While I was yet pondering on these last few lines, I perceived that a card had fallen from my father's letter. I took it up, and what was my astonishment to find that it contained a correct likeness of Corny Delany, drawn with a pen, underneath which was written, in my cousin Julia's hand, the following few lines:—

"The dear old thing has waited three days, and I think I have at length caught something like him. Dear Jack, if the master be only equal to the man, we shall never forgive you for not letting us see him. Yours,  
"JULIA."

This, of course, explained the secret of Corny's delay. My cousin, with her habitual wilfulness, preferring the indulgence of a caprice to any thing resembling a duty; and I now had little doubt upon my mind that O'Grady's fears were well founded, and that he had been obliged to sail without his follower.

The exertion it cost me to read my letters, and the excitement produced by their perusal, fatigued and exhausted me, and as I sank back

upon my pillow, I closed my eyes and fell sound asleep, not to awake until late on the following day; but strange enough, when I did so, it was with a head clear and faculties collected—my mind refreshed with rest, unbroken by a single dream: and so restored did I feel, that, save in the debility from a long confinement to bed, I

was unconscious of any sense of malady.

From this hour my recovery dated. Advancing every day with rapid steps, my strength increased; and, before a week elapsed, I so far regained my lost health, that I could move about my chamber, and even lay plans for my departure.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.—BOB MAHON AND THE WIDOW.

It was about eight or ten days after the events I have mentioned, when Father Tom Loftus, whose care and attention to me had been unceasing throughout, came in to inform me that all the preparations for our journey were properly made, and that by the following morning at sunrise we should be on the road.

I confess that I looked forward to my departure with anxiety. The dreary monotony of the day, spent in either perambulating my little room, or in a short walk up and down before the inn door, had done more to depress and dispirit me than even the previous illness. The good priest, it is true, came often to see me, but then there were hours spent quite alone, without the solace of a book, or the sight of even a newspaper. I knew the face of every man, woman, and child in the village. I could tell their haunts, their habits, and their occupations—even the very hours of the tedious day were marked in my mind by various little incidents, that seemed to recur with unbroken precision; and if, when the pale apothecary disappeared from over the half-door of his shop, I knew that he was engaged at his one-o'clock dinner, so the clink of the old ladies' pattens, as they passed to an evening tea, told me that the day was waning, when the town-clock should strike seven. There was nothing to break the monotonous jog-trot of daily life, save the appearance of a few raw subalterns, who, from some cause or other, less noticed than others of the regiment by the neighbouring gentry, strolled about the town, quizzing and laughing at the humble towns-folk, and endeavouring, by looks of most questionable gallantry, to impress the female population with a sense of their merits.

After all, mankind is pretty much

the same in every country and every age. Some men ambitioning the credit of virtues, the very garb of which they know not; others, and a large class, too, seeking for the reputation of vices the world palliates with the appellation of fashionable. We laugh at the old courtier of Louis XIV.'s time, who, in the flattery of the age he lived in, preferred being called a '*scélérat*,' an *infâme scélérat*, that, by the excesses he professed, the vicious habits of the sovereign might seem less striking; and yet we see the very same thing under our own eyes every day we live. But to return.

There was nothing to delay me longer at Loughrea. Poor Joe was so nearly recovered that in a few days more, it was hoped, he might leave his bed. He was in kind hands, however, and I had taken every precaution that he should want for nothing in my absence. I listened, then, with pleasure to Father Tom's detail of all his preparations; and, although I knew not whither we were going, nor how long the journey was likely to prove, yet I looked forward to it with pleasure, and only longed for the hour of setting out.

As the evening drew near, I looked anxiously out for the good father's coming. He had promised to come in early with Major Mahon, whom I had not seen for the two days previous: the major being deeply engaged in consultations with his lawyer regarding an approaching trial at the assizes. Although I could gather from his manner, as well as from the priest's, that something of moment impended, yet as neither of them more than alluded to the circumstance, I knew nothing of what was going forward.

It was eight o'clock when Father Tom made his appearance. He came

alone; and by his flurried look and excited manner, I saw there was something wrong.

"What is it, father?" said I. "Where is the major?"

"Och, confound him! they have taken him at last," said he, wiping his forehead with agitation.

"Taken him?" said I. "Why, was he hiding?"

"Hiding! to be sure he was hiding, and masquerading, and disguising himself; but faith those Clare fellows, there's no coming up to them; they have such practice in their own county, they would take the devil himself, if there was a writ out against him. And, to be sure, it was a clever trick they played old Bob."

Here the good priest took such a fit of laughing, that he was obliged to wipe his eyes.

"May I never," said he, "if it wasn't a good turn they played him, after what he did himself."

"Come, father, let's hear it."

"This was the way of it. Maybe you never remarked—of course you didn't, for you were only up there a couple of times—that opposite Bob's lodgings there was a mighty sweet-looking crature, a widow-woman; she was dressed in very discreet black, and had a sorrowful look about her, that somehow or other, I think, made her even more interesting."

"'I'd like to know that widow,' said Bob; 'for now that the fellows have a warrant against me, I could spend my days so pleasantly over there, comforting and consoling her.'"

"'Whisht,' said I, 'don't you see that she is in grief.'"

"'Not so much in grief,' said he, 'but she lets down two beautiful braids of her brown hair under her widow's cap; and whenever you see that, Father Tom, take my word for it, the game is not up.'"

"I believe there was some reason in what he said, for the last time I went up to see him, he had the window open, and he was playing 'planxty Kelly,' with all his might, on an old fiddle; and the widow would come now and then to the window, to draw the little muslin curtain, or she would open it to give a halfpenny to the beggars; or she would hold out her hand to see if it was raining—and a beautiful lily-white hand it was; but all the

time, you see, it was only exchanging looks they were. Bob was a little ashamed when he saw me in the room, but he soon recovered.

"'A very charming woman that Mrs. Moriarty is,' said he, closing the window. 'It's a cruel pity that her fortune is all in the Grand Canal—I mean canal debentures. But indeed it comes pretty much to the same thing.'"

"And so he went on raving about the widow; for by this time he knew all about it. Her maiden-name was Cassidy, and her father a distiller; and, in fact, Bob was quite delighted with his beautiful neighbour. At last I bid him good-bye, promising to call for him at eight o'clock, to come over here to you; for you see there was a back-door to the house, that led into a small alley, by which Mahon used to make his escape in the evening. He was sitting, it seems, at his window, looking out for the widow, who, for some cause or other, hadn't made her appearance the entire of the day. There he sat, with his hand on his heart, and a heavenly smile upon him for a good hour, sipping a little whiskey and water between times, to keep up his courage.

"'She must be out,' said Bob to himself. 'She's gone to pass the day somewhere. I hope she doesn't know any of those impudent vagabonds up at the barracks. Maybe, after all, it's sick she is.'"

"While he was ruminating this way, who should he see turn the corner but the widow herself. There she was, coming along, in deep weeds, with her maid after her, a fine slashing-looking figure, rather taller than he thought, and lustier every way; but it was the first time he saw her in the streets. As she got near to her door, Bob stood up to make a polite bow. Just as he did so, the widow slipped her foot, and fell down on the flags with a loud scream. The maid ran up, endeavouring to assist her, but she couldn't stir; and as she placed her hand on her leg, Bob perceived at once she had sprained her ankle. Without waiting for his hat he sprung down stairs, and rushed across the street.

"'Mrs. Moriarty, my angel!' said Bob, putting his arm round her waist, 'won't you permit me to assist you?'"

"She clasped his hand with fervent gratitude, while the maid, putting her hand into her reticule, seemed fumbling for a handkerchief.

" 'I am a stranger to you, ma'am,' said Bob; 'but if Major Mahon, of the Roscommon ——'

" 'The very man we want,' said the maid, pulling a writ out of the reticule: for a devil a thing else they were but two bailiffs from Ennis.

" 'The very man we want,' said the bailiffs.

" 'I am caught!' said Bob.

" 'The devil a doubt of it.'

"At the same moment the window opened overhead, and the beautiful widow looked out to see what was the matter.

" 'Good evening to you, ma'am,' says Bob; 'and I'd like to pay my respects, if I wasn't particularly engaged to these ladies here.' And with that he gave an arm to each of them, and led them down the street, as if it was his mother and sister.

"The poor major," said I. "And where is he now?"

"On his way to Ennis in a post-chaise, for it seems the ladies had a hundred pounds for their capture. Ah, poor Bob! But there is no use fretting; besides it would be sympathy thrown away, for he'll give them the slip before long. And now, captain, are you ready for the road? I have got a peremptory letter from the bishop, and must be back in Murranakilty as soon as I can."

"My dear father, I am at your disposal. I believe we can do no more for poor Joe; and as to Mr. Burke—and, by-the-bye, how is he?"

"Getting better, they say; but I believe you've spoiled a very lucrative source of his income. He was the best jumper in the west of Ireland; and they tell me you've lamed him for life. He is down at Milltown or Kilkee, or somewhere on the coast; but sure we'll have time enough to talk of these things as we go along. I'll be with you by seven o'clock. We must start early, and get to Portumna before night."

Having promised implicit obedience to the worthy priest's directions, be they what they might, I pledged myself to make up my baggage in the smallest possible space, and have breakfast ready for him before starting. After

a few other observations and some suggestions as to the kind of equipment he deemed suitable to the road, he took his leave, and I sat down alone to a little quiet reckoning with myself as to the past, the present, and the future.

From my short experience of Ireland, the only thing approaching to an abstract principle I could attain to, was the utter vanity, the perfect impossibility of any man's determining on a given line of action, or the steady pursuit of any one enterprise. No; the inevitable course of fate seems to have chosen this happy island to exhibit its phenomena—whether your days be passed in love or war—or your evenings in drink or devotion, not yours be the glory: for there would seem to be a kind of headlong influence at work, impelling one ever forward. Acquaintances grow up, ripen, and even bear fruit, before in other lands their roots would have caught the earth: by them your tastes are regulated, your habits controlled, your actions fashioned. You may not, it is true, lisp in the *patois* of blarney. You may weed your phraseology of its tropes and figures, but trust me, that if you live Ireland—if you like the people, and who does not?—and if you are liked by them, and who would not be?—then, do I say, you will find yourself, without knowing or perceiving it, going the pace with the natives,—courtship, fun, frolic, and devilment, filling up every hour of your day, and no inconsiderable portion of your night also. One grand feature of the country seemed to me, that no matter what particular extravagance you were addicted to—no matter what strange or absurd passion to do, or seem something remarkable—you were certain of always finding some one to sympathize with, if not actually to follow you. Nothing is too strange, nothing too ridiculous, nothing too convivial, nothing too daring for Paddy. With one intuitive bound he springs into your confidence and enters into your plans. Only be open with him, conceal nothing, and he's yours heart and hand; ready to endorse your bill, to carry off a young lady, or carry a message—to burn a house for a joke, or jeopardy his neck for mere pastime—to go to the world's end to serve you, and, on his return, shoot you after-

wards out of downright good nature. As for myself, I might have lived in England to the age of Methuselah, and yet never have seen as much of life as in the few months spent in Ireland. Society in other lands seems a kind of freemasonry, where, for lack of every real or important secret, men substitute signs and pass-words, as if to throw the charm of mystery where, after all, nothing lies concealed; but in Ireland, where national character runs in a deep or hidden channel, with cross currents and back water ever turning and winding—where all the incongruous and discordant elements of what is best and worst seem blended together—there, social intercourse is free, cordial, warm, and benevolent. Men come together disposed to like each other; and what an Irishman is disposed to, he usually has a way of effecting. My brief career had not been without its troubles; but who would not have incurred such, or as

many more, to have evoked such kind interest and such warm friendship? From Phil O'Grady, my first, to Father Tom, my last friend, I had met with nothing but almost brotherly affection; and yet, I could not help acknowledging to myself that, but six short months before, I would have recoiled from the friendship of the one and the acquaintance of the other, as something to lower and degrade me. Not only would the outward observances of their manner have deterred me, but, in their very warm and earnest proffers of good-nature, I would have seen cause for suspecting and avoiding them. Thank heaven, I now knew better, and felt deeper. How this revolution became effected in me, I am not myself aware; perhaps—I only say perhaps—Miss Bellew had a share in effecting it.

Such were some of my thoughts as I betook myself to bed, and soon after to sleep.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.—THE PRIEST'S GIG.

I AM by no means certain that the prejudices of my English education were sufficiently overcome to prevent my feeling a kind of tingling of shame, as I took my place beside Father Tom Loftus in his gig. Early as it was, there were still some people about; and I cast a hurried glance around, to see if our equipage was not as much a matter of amusement to them as of affliction to me.

When Father Tom first spoke of his "dennet," I innocently pictured to myself something resembling the indigenous productions of Loughrea. "A little heavy or so," thought I; "strong for country roads—mayhap somewhat clumsy in the springs, and not over refined about the shafts." Heaven help my ignorance! I never fancied a vehicle whose component parts were two stout poles, surmounting a pair of low wheels, high above which was suspended, on two lofty C springs, the body of an ancient buggy; the lining of a bright scarlet, a little faded and dimmed by time, bordered by a lace of the most gaudy pattern; a flaming coat of arms, with splendid blazonry and magnificent quarterings, ornamented each panel of this strange-looking tub, into which,

for default of steps, you mounted by a ladder.

"Eh, father," said I, "what have we here? This is surely not the ——"

"Ay, captain," said the good priest, as a smile of proud satisfaction curled his lip, "that's 'the convaniency;' and a pleasanter and an easier never did man sit in—a little heavy, to be sure; but then one can always walk up the hills, and if they're very stiff ones entirely, why it's only throwing out the ballast."

"The ballast! what do you mean?"

"Just there," said he, pointing with his whip to some three or four huge pieces of limestone rock that lay in the bottom of the gig: "there's seven, maybe eight stone weight, every pound of it."

"And for heaven's sake," said I, "why do you carry that mass of rubbish along with you?"

"I'll just tell you then. The road has holes in it you could bury your father in, and when the convaniency gets into one of them, she has a way of springing up into the air, that if you're not watching, is sure to pitch you out—maybe into the bog at the side—maybe on the beast's back: I was once actually thrown into a public-



house window, where there was a great deal of fun going on, and the bishop came by before I extricated myself. I assure you I had hard work to explain it to his satisfaction." There was a lurking drollery in his eye, as he said these last few words, that left me to the full as much puzzled about the accident as his worthy diocesan. "But look at the springs," he continued, there's metal for you! and do you mind the shape of the body? it's for all the world like the ancient *curriculum*. And look at Bathershin himself—the ould varmint! sure he's classical too—hasn't he a Roman nose? and ain't I a Roman myself? So get up, captain—*ascendite ad currum*—get into the shay. And now for the *dock an dhurras*—the stirrup-cup, Mrs. Doolan—that's the darlin'. Ah, there's nothing like it!—

' Sit mihi lagena,  
Ad summum plena.'

Here, captain, take a pull—beautiful milk punch!"

Draining the goblet to the bottom, which I confess was no unpleasant task, I pledged my kind hostess, who, curtseying deeply, refilled the vessel for Father Tom.

"That's it, Mary; froth it up, acushla. Hand it here, my darling—my blessing on ye."

As he spoke, the worthy father deposited the reins at his feet, and lifted the cup with both hands to his mouth; when suddenly the little window over the inn door was burst open, and a loud tallyho was shouted out, in accents the wildest I ever listened to. I had barely time to catch the merry features of poor Tipperary Joe, when the priest's horse, more accustomed to the hunting-field than the high-road, caught up the welcome sound, gave a wild toss of his head, cocked up his tail, and, with a hearty bang of both hind legs against the front of the chariot, set off down the street as if the devil were after him. Feeling himself at liberty, as well as favoured by the ground, which was all down hill, the pace was really terrific. It was some time before I could gather up the reins, as Father Tom, jug and all, had been thrown at the first shock on his knees, to the bottom of the convanieney, where, half-suffocated by fright and

the milk punch that went wrong with him, he bellowed and coughed with all his might.

"Howld him tight—ugh, ugh, ugh! not too hard—don't chuck him for the love of—ugh, ugh uh! the reins is rotten, and the traces no better—ugh, ugh, uh! Bad luck to the villains, why didn't they catch his head?—and the *stultus execrabilis*—the damned fool! how he yelled!"

Almost fainting with laughter, I pulled my best at the old horse, not, however, neglecting the priest's caution about the frailty of the harness. This, however, was not the only difficulty I had to contend with, for the curriculum participating in the galloping action of the horse, swung upwards and downwards, backwards and forwards, and from one side to the other—all at once too—in a manner so perfectly addling, that it was not before we reached the first turnpike that I succeeded in arresting our progress. Here a short halt was necessary for the priest to recover himself, and examine whether either his bones or any portion of the harness had given way: both had happily been found proof against mishaps, and drew from the reverend father strong encomiums upon their merits; and after a brief delay, we resumed our road, but at a much more orderly and becoming pace than before.

Once more *en route*, I bethought me it was high time to inquire about the direction we were about to travel, and the probable length of our journey; for I confess I was sadly ignorant as to the geography of the land we were travelling, and the only point I attempted to keep in view was the number of miles we were distant from the capital. The priest's reply was, however, any thing but instructive to me, consisting merely of a long catalogue of names, in which the syllables "kill," "whack," "nock," "shock," and "bally," jostled and elbowed each other in the rudest fashion imaginable; the only intelligible portion of his description being, that a blue mountain scarcely perceptible in the horizon lay about half way between us and Murranakilty.

My attention was not, however, permitted to dwell on these matters; for my companion had already begun a narrative of the events which had oc-

curred during my illness. The Dillons, I found, had left for Dublin, soon after my mishap. Louisa Bellew returned to her father: and Mr. Burke, whose wound had turned out a more serious affair than was at first supposed, was still confined to his bed, and a lameness for life anticipated as the inevitable result of the injury.

"Sir Simon, for once in his life," said the priest, "has taken a correct view of his nephew's character; and has, now that all danger to life is past, written him a severe letter, reflecting on his conduct. Poor Sir Simon! his life has been one tissue of trial and disappointment throughout. Every buttress that supported his venerable house giving way, one by one, the ruin seems to threaten total downfall, ere the old man exchange the home of his fathers for his last narrow rest beside them in the church-yard. Betrayed on every hand, wronged, and ruined, he seems merely to linger on in life; like the stern-timbers of some mighty wreck, that marks the spot where once the goodly vessel perished, and are now the beacon of the quicksand to others. You know the sad story, of course, that I chiefly alluded to——"

"No: I am completely ignorant of the family history," said I.

The priest blushed deeply, as his dark eyebrows met in a heavy frown: then turning hastily towards me, he said, in a voice whose thick, low utterance bespoke his agitation——

"Do not ask me, I beseech you, to speak further of what—had I been more collected—I had never alluded to! An unhappy duel, the consequence of a still more unhappy event, has blasted every hope in life for my poor friend. I thought—that is, I feared—lest the story might have reached you. As I find this is not so, you will spare

my recurring to that, the bare recollection of which comes like a dark cloud over the happiest day of my existence. Promise me this, or I shall not forgive myself."

I readily gave the pledge he required, and we pursued our road—not, however, as before, but each sunk in his own reflections—silent, reserved, and thoughtful.

"In about four days," said Father Tom, at last breaking the silence, "perhaps five, we'll be drawing near Murranakilty." He then proceeded, at more length, to inform me of the various counties through which we were to pass, detailing with great accuracy the several seats we should see, the remarkable places, the ruined churches, the old castles, and even the very fox covers that lay on our route. And although my ignorance was but little enlightened by the catalogue of hard names that fell as glibly from his tongue as Italian from a Roman, yet I was both entertained and pleased with the many stories he told: some of them legends of by-gone days; some of them the more touching and truth-dealing records of what had happened in his own time. Could I have borrowed any portion of his narrative powers—were I able to present, in his strong, but simple language, any of the curious scenes he mentioned, I should perhaps venture on relating to my reader one of his stories; but when I think how much of the interest depended on his quaint and homely, but ever-forcible manner, as pointing with his whip to some ruined house with blackened walls and fallen chimneys, he told some narrative of rapine and of murder, I feel how much the force of reality added power to a story that in repetition might be weak and ineffective.

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## NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. V.

"The world's my filbert which with my crackers I will open."

*Shakspeare.*

"Hard texts are *nuts* (I will not call them cheaters,) Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters ; Open the shells, and you shall have the meat : They here are brought for you to crack and eat."

*John Bunyan.*

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
And the lawyer beknives the divine ;  
And the statesman, because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade's as honest as mine."

*Beggar's Opera.*

A Nut for "Gentleman Jocks"—A Nut for Younger Sons—A Nut for the Penal Code—A Nut for the Old—A Nut for "the Art Union"—A Nut for the Railroad.

A NUT FOR "GENTLEMAN JOCKS."  
"THE Honourable Fitzroy Shuffleton," I quote *The Morning Post*, "who rode Bees-wing, came in a winner amid deafening cheers. Never was a race better contested ; and although, when passing the distance-post, the Langar colt seemed to have the best of it, yet such was Mr. Shuffleton's tact and jockeyship, that he shot a-head in advance of his adversary, and came in first." I omit the passages descriptive of the peculiar cleverness displayed by this gifted gentleman. I omit also that glorious outbreak of newspaper eloquence, in which the delight of his friends is expressed—the tears of joy from his sisters—the cambric handkerchiefs that floated in the air—the innumerable and reiterated cries of "Well done !—he's a trump !—the right sort !" &c. &c., so profusely employed by the crowd, because I am fully satisfied with what general approbation such proofs of ability are witnessed.

We are a great nation, and nowhere is our greatness more conspicuous than in the education of our youth. The young Frenchman seems to fulfil his destiny, when, having drawn on a pair of the most tight-fitting kid gloves, of that precise shade of colour so approved of by Madame Laffarge, he saunters forth on the Boulevard de Gand, or lounges in the *coulisse* of the opera. The German, whose contempt not only extends to glove-leather, but

clean hands, betakes himself early in life to the way he should go, and from which, to do him justice, he never shows any inclination to depart. A meerschaum some three feet long, and a tobacco-bag like a school-boy's satchel, supply his wants in life. The dreamy visions of the unreal woes, and the still more unreal greatness of his country, form the pabulum for his thoughts ; and he has no other ambition, for some half dozen years of his life, than to boast his utter indifference to kings and clean water. Now, we manage matters somewhat better. Our young men, from the very outset of their career, are admirable jockeys ; and if by any fatality, like the dreadful revolution of France, our nobles should be compelled to emigrate from their native land, instead of teaching mathematics and music, the small sword and quadrilles, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we supply stable-boys to the whole of Europe.

Whatever other people may say or think, I put a great value on this equestrian taste. I speak not here of the manly nature of horse exercise—of the noble and vigorous pursuits of the hunting-field. No ; I direct my observations solely to the heroes of Ascot and Epsom—of Doncaster and Goodwood. I only speak of those whose pleasure it is to read no book save the Racing Calendar, and frequent no lounge but Tattersall's ; who esteem the stripes of a racing-jacket more honourable



than the ribbon of the Bath, and look to a well-timed "hustle" or "a shake" as the climax of human ability. These are fine fellows, and I prize them. But if it be not only praiseworthy, but pleasant, to ride for the Duke's cup at Goodwood, or the Corinthian's at the Curragh, why not extend the sphere of the utility, and become as amiable in private as they are conspicuous in public life?

We have seen them in silk jackets of various hues, with leathers and tops of most accurate fitting, turn out amid the pelting of a most pitiless storm, to ride some three miles of spongy turf, at the hazard of their necks, and the almost certainty of a rheumatic fever; and why, donning the same or some similar costume, will they not perform the office of postillion, when their fathers, or, mayhap, some venerated aunt, is returning by the north road to an antiquated mansion in Yorkshire? The pace, to be sure, is not so fast—but it compensates in safety what it loses in speed—the assemblage around is not so numerous, or the excitement so great; but filial tenderness is a nobler motive than the acclamations of a mob. In fact, the parallel presents all the advantages on one side; and the jockey is as inferior to the postillion as the fitful glare of an *ignis-fatuus* is to the steady brilliancy of a gas-lamp.

An Englishman has a natural pride in the navy of his country—our wooden walls are a glorious boast; but perhaps, after all, there is nothing more captivating in the whole detail of the service, than the fact that even the highest and the noblest in the land has no royal road to its promotion, but, beginning at the very humblest step, he must work his way through every grade and every rank, like his comrades around him. Many there are now living who remember Prince William, as he was called—late William the Fourth, of glorious memory—sitting in the stern seats of a gig, his worn jacket and weather-beaten hat attesting that even the son of a king had no immunity from the hardships of the sea. This is a proud thought for Englishmen, and well suited to gratify their inherent loyalty and their sturdy independence. Now, might we not advantageously extend the influence of such examples, by the suggestion I have thrown out above. If a foreigner

be now struck by hearing, as he walks through the dock-yard at Plymouth, that the little middy who touches his hat with such obsequious politeness, is the Marquis of ———, or the Earl of ———, with some fifty thousand per annum, how much more astonished will he be on learning that he owes the rapidity with which he traversed the last stage to his having been driven by Lord Wilton—or that the lengthy proportions, so dexterously gathered up in the saddle, belong to an ex-ambassador from St. Petersburg. How surprised would he feel, too, that instead of the low habits and coarse tastes he would look for in that condition in life, he would now see elegant and accomplished gentlemen, sipping a glass of curaçoa at the end of a stage; or, mayhap, offering a pinch of snuff from a box worth five hundred guineas. What a fascinating conception would he form of our country from such examples as this! and how insensibly would not only the polished taste and the high-bred depravity of the better classes be disseminated through the country; but by an admirable reciprocity, the coarsest vices of the lowest would be introduced among the highest in the land. The race-course has done much for this, but the road would do far more. Slang is now but the language of the *elite*—it would then become the vulgar tongue; and, in fact, there is no predicting the amount of national benefit likely to arise from an amalgamation of all ranks in society, where the bond of union is so honourable in its nature. Cultivate, then, ye youth of England—ye scions of the Tudors and the Plantagenets—with all the blood of all the Howards in your veins—cultivate the race-course—study the stable—read the Racing Calendar. What are the precepts of Bacon or the learning of Boyle compared to the pedigree of Grey Momus, or the reason that Tramp "is wrong?" "A dark horse" is a far more interesting subject of inquiry than an eclipse of the moon, and a judge of pace a much more exalted individual than a judge of assize.

#### A NUT FOR YOUNGER SONS.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, in his amusing book, "Cakes and Ale," quotes an exquisite essay written to prove the suf-

iciency of thirty pounds a-year for all a man's daily wants and comforts—allowing at least five shillings a quarter for the conversion of the Jews—and in which every outlay is so nicely calculated, that it must be wilful eccentricity if the pauper gentleman, at the end of the year, either owes a shilling or has one. To say the least of it, this is close shaving; and as I detest experimental philosophy, I'd rather not try it. At the same time, in this age of general glut, when all professions are overstocked—when you might pave the strand with parsons' skulls, and thatch your barn with the surplus of the college of physicians; when there are neither waste lands to till and give us ague and typhus, nor war to thin us—what are we to do? The subdivision of labour in every walk in life has been carried to its utmost limits: if it take nine tailors to make a man, it takes nine men to make a needle. Even in the learned professions, as they are called, this system is carried out; and as you have a lawyer for equity, another for the Common Pleas, a third for the Old Bailey, &c. so your doctor, now-a-days, has split up his art, and one man takes charge of your teeth, another has the eye department, another the ear, a fourth looks after your corns; so that, in fact, the complex machinery of your structure strikes you as admirably adapted to give employment to an ingenious and anxious population, who, until our present civilization, never dreamed of morselling out mankind for their benefit.

As to commerce, our late experiences have chiefly pointed to the pleasure of trading with nations who won't pay their debts,—like the Yankees. There is, then, little encouragement in that quarter. What then remains I scarcely know. The united services are pleasant, but poor things by way of a provision for life. Coach-driving, that admirable refuge for the destitute, has been smashed by the rail-roads—and there is a kind of prejudice against a man of family sweeping the crossings. For my own part, I lean to something dignified and respectable—something that does not compromise “the cloth,” and which, without being absolutely a sinecure, never exacts any undue or extraordinary exertion,—driving a

hearse, for instance,—even this, however, is greatly run upon; and the cholera, at its departure, threw very many out of employment. However, the question is, what can a man of small means do with his son? Short whist is a very snug thing—if a man have natural gifts,—that happy conformation of the fingers, that ample range of vision, that takes in every thing around. But I must not suppose these by any means general—and I legislate for the mass. The turf has, also, the same difficulties,—so has toad-eating,—indeed these three walks might be included among the learned professions.

As to railroads, I'm sick of hearing of them for the last three years. Every family in the empire has at least one civil engineer within its precincts; and I'm confident, if their sides were as hard as their skulls, you could make sleepers for the whole grand junction by merely decimating the unemployed.

Tax-collecting does, to be sure, offer some little prospect; but that won't last. Indeed, the very working of the process will limit the advantages of this opening,—gradually converting all the payers into paupers. Now I have meditated long and anxiously on the subject, conversing with others whose opportunities of knowing the world were considerable, but never could I find that ingenuity opened any new path, without its being so instantaneously overstocked that competition alone denied every chance of success.

One man of original genius I did, indeed, come upon, and his career had been eminently successful. He was a Belgian physician, who, having in vain attempted all the ordinary modes of obtaining practice, collected together the little residue of his fortune, and sailed for Barbadoes, where he struck out for himself the following singularly new and original plan: He purchased all the disabled, sick, and ailing negroes that he could find,—every poor fellow whose case seemed past hope, but yet to his critical eye was still curable, these he bought up;—they were, of course, dead bargains. The masters were delighted to get rid of them,—they were actually “eating their heads off;” but the doctor knew, that though they looked

somewhat "groggy," still there was a "go" in them yet.

By care, skill, and good management they recovered under his hands, and frequently were resold to the original proprietor, who was totally unconscious that the sleek and shining nigger before him had been the poor, decrepid, sickly creature of some weeks before.

The humanity of this proceeding is self-evident: a word need not be said more on that subject. But it was no less profitable than merciful: the originator of the plan retired from business with a large fortune, amassed, too, in an inconceivably short space of time. The shrewdest proprietor of a fast coach never could throw a more critical eye over a new wheeler nor a broken-down leader, than did he on the object of his professional skill; detecting at a glance the extent of his ailments, and calculating, with a Babbage-like accuracy, the cost of keep, physic, and attendance, and retting them off, in his mind, against the probable price of the sound man. What consummate skill was here! Not merely, like Brodie or Crampton, anticipating the possible recovery of the patient, but estimating the extent of the restoration—the time it would take—ay, the very number of basins of chicken broth and barley-gruel that he would devour, *ad interim*. This was the cleverest physician I ever knew. The present altered condition of West Indian property has, however, closed this opening to fortune, in which, after all, nothing short of first-rate ability could have ensured success.

N. B.—I have just read over the preceding "nut" to my old friend Mr. Synnet, of Mulloglass, whose deep knowledge of the world makes him no mean critic on such a subject. His words are these:—

"There is some truth in what you remark—the world is too full of us. There is, however, a very nice walk in life much neglected."

"And what may that be?" said I, eagerly.

"The mortgagee," replied he, sententiously.

"I don't perfectly comprehend."

"Well, well! what I mean is this: suppose, now, you have only a couple of thousand pounds to leave your son

—maybe you have not more than a single thousand;—now, my advice is, not to squander your fortune in any such absurdity as a learned profession, a commission in the line, or any other miserable existence, but just look about you, in the west of Ireland, for the fellow that has the best house, the best cellar, the best cook, and the best stable. He is sure to want money, and will be delighted to get a loan. Lend it to him:—make hard terms, of course. For this—as you are never to be paid—the obligation of your forbearance will be the greater. Now mark me, from the day the deed is signed, you have snug quarters in Galway, not only in your friend's house, but among all his relations—Blakes, Burkes, Bodkins, Kirwans, &c. to no end; you have the run of the whole concern—the best of living, great drink, and hunting in abundance. You must talk of the loan now and then, just to jog their memory; but be always 'too much the gentleman' to ask for your money; and it will even go hard, but from sheer popularity, they'll make you member for the county. This is the only new thing, in the way of a career, I know of, and I have great pleasure in throwing out the suggestion for the benefit of younger sons."

#### A NUT FOR THE PENAL CODE.

It has often struck me that the monotony of occupation is a heavier infliction than the monotony of reflection. The same dull round of duty, which, while it demands a certain amount of labour, excludes all opportunity of thought, making man no better than the piston of a steam-engine, is a very frightful and debasing process. Whereas, however much there may be of suffering in solitude, our minds are not imprisoned;—our thoughts, unchained and unfettered, stroll far away to pleasant pasturages: we cross the broad blue sea, and tread the ferny mountain side; and live once more the sunny hours of boyhood; or we build up in imagination a peaceful and happy future.

That the power of fancy and the play of genius are not interrupted by the still solitude of the prison, I need only quote Cervantes, whose immortal work was accomplished during

the tedious hours of a captivity, unrelieved by one office of friendship, uncheered by one solitary ray of hope.

Taking this view of the matter, it will be at once perceived how much more severe a penalty solitary confinement must be, to the man of narrow mind and limited resources of thought, than to him of cultivated understanding and wider range of mental exercise. In the one case, it is a punishment of the most terrific kind—and nothing can equal that awful lethargy of the soul, that wraps a man as in a garment, shrouding him from the bright world without, and leaving him nought save the darkness of his gloomy nature to brood over. In the other, there is something soothing amid all the melancholy of the state, in the unbroken soaring of thought, that, lifting man above the cares and collisions of daily life, bear him far away to the rich paradise of his mind-made treasures—peopling space with images of beauty—and leave him to dream away existence amid the scenes and features he loved to gaze on.

Now, to turn for the moment from this picture, let us consider whether our government is wise in this universal application of a punishment, which, while it operates so severely in one case, may really be regarded as a boon in the other.

The healthy peasant, who rises with the sun, and breathes the free air of his native hills, may and will feel all the infliction of confinement, which, while it chains his limbs, stagnates his faculties. Not so the sedentary and solitary man of letters. Your cell becomes *his* study: the window may be somewhat narrower—the lattice, that was wont to open to the climbing honeysuckle, may now be barred with its iron stanchions; but he soon forgets this. “His mind to him a palace is,” wherein he dwells at peace. Now, to put them on something of a par, I have a suggestion to make the legislature, which I shall condense as briefly as possible. Never sentence your man of education, whatever his offence, to solitary confinement; but condemn him to dine out, in Dublin, for seven or fourteen years—or, in murder cases, for the term of his natural life. For slight offences, a week’s dinners, and a few evening parties might be sufficient—while old offenders, and bad cases,

might be sent to the north side of the city.

It may be objected to this—that insanity, which so often occurs in the one case, would supervene in the other; but I rather think not. My own experience could show many elderly people of both sexes, long inured to this state, who have only fallen into a sullen and apathetic fatuity; but who, bating deafness and a look of dogged stupidity, are still reasoning beings—what they once were, it is hard to say.

But I take the man who, for some infraction of the law, is suddenly carried away from his home and friends—the man of mind, of reading, and reflection. Imagine him, day after day, beholding the everlasting saddle of mutton—the eternal three chickens, with the tongue in the midst of them; the same travesty of French cookery that pervades the side-dishes—the hot sherry, the sour moselle: think of him, eating out his days through these, unchanged, unchangeable—with the same *cortege* of lawyers and lawyers’ wives—doctors, male and female—surgeons, subalterns, and, mayhap, attorneys: think of the old jokes he has been hearing from childhood still ringing in his ears, accompanied by the same laugh which he has tracked from its burst in boyhood to its last cackle in dotage: behold him, as he sits amid the same young ladies, in pink and blue, and the same elderly ones, in scarlet and purple; see him, as he watches every sign and password that have marked these dinners for the long term of his sentence, and say if his punishment be not indeed severe.

Then think how edifying the very example of his suffering, as, with pale cheek and lustreless eye—silent, sad, and lonely—he sits there! How powerfully such a warning must speak to others, who, from accident or misfortune, may be momentarily thrown in his society.

The suggestion, I own, will demand a much more ample detail, and considerable modification. Among other precautions, for instance, more than one convict should not be admitted to any table, lest they might fraternize together, and become independent of the company in mutual intercourse, &c.

These may all, however, be carefully considered hereafter: the principle is

the only thing I would insist on for the present, and now leave the matter in the hands of our rulers.

#### A NUT FOR THE OLD.

OF all the virtues which grace and adorn the inhabitants of these islands, I know of none which can in anywise be compared with the deep and profound veneration we show to old age. Not content with paying it that deference and respect so essentially its due, we go even further, and by a courteous adulation would impose upon it the notion, that years have not detracted from the gifts which were so conspicuous in youth, and that the winter of life is as full of promise and performance, as the most budding hours of spring-time.

Walk through the halls of Greenwich and Chelsea—or, if the excursion be too far for you, as a Dubliner, stroll down to the Old Man's Hospital, and cast your eyes on those venerable "fogies," as they are sometimes irreverently called, and look with what a critical and studious politeness the state has invested every detail of their daily life. Not fed, housed, or clothed like the "debris" of humanity, to whom the mere necessities of existence were meted out, but actually a species of flattering illusion is woven around them. They are dressed in a uniform; wear a strange, quaint military costume; are officered and inspected like soldiers; mount guard; answer roll-call, and mess as of yore.

They are permitted, from time to time, to clean and burnish pieces of ordnance, old, time-worn, and useless as themselves, and are marched certain short and suitable distances to and from their dining-hall, with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." I like all this. There is something of good and kindly feeling in perpetuating the delusion that has lasted for so many years of life, and making the very resting-place of their meritorious services recall to them the details of those duties, for the performance of which they have reaped their country's gratitude.

The same amiable feeling, the same grateful spirit of respect, would seem, from time to time, to actuate the different governments that wield our

destinies, in their promotions to the upper house.

Some old, feeble, partizan of the ministry, who has worn himself to a skeleton by late sittings; dried, like a potted herring, by committee labour; hoarse with fifty years' cheering of his party, and deaf from the cries of "divide" and "adjourn" that have been ringing in his ears for the last cycle of his existence, is selected for promotion to the peerage. He was eloquent in his day, too, perhaps; but that day is gone by. His speech upon a great question was once a momentous event, but now his vote is mumbled in tones scarce audible.—Gratefully mindful of his "has been," his party provide him with an asylum, where the residue of his days may be passed in peace and pleasantness.

Careful not to break the spell that has bound him to life, they surround him with some semblance of his former state, suited in all respects to his age, his decrepitude, and his debility; they pour water upon the leaves of his politics, and give him a weak and pleasant beverage, that can never irritate his nerves, nor destroy his slumbers. Some insignificant bills—some unimportant appeals—some stray fragments that fall from the tables of sturdier politicians, are his daily diet; and he dozes away the remainder of life, happy and contented in the simple and beautiful delusion that he is legislating and ruling—just as warrantable the while, as his compeer of Chelsea, in deeming his mock parades the forced marches of the Peninsula, and his Sunday guards, the dispositions for a Toulouse or a Waterloo.

#### A NUT FOR THE ART UNION.

THE battle between the "big and little-endians" in Gulliver, was nothing to the fight between the Destructives and Conservatives of the Irish Art Union, a few days since—the former party deciding that the engraved plate of Mr. Burton's picture should be broken up; the latter protesting against the Vandalism of destroying a first-rate work of art, and preventing the full triumph of the artist's genius, in the circulation of a print so creditable to himself and to his country.

The great argument of the Destructives was this:—We are the devoted



friend of art—we love it—we glory in it—we cherish it: yea, we even give a guinea a-year a-piece for the encouragement of a society established for its protection and promotion;—this society pledging themselves that we shall have in return—what think ye?—the immortal honour of raising a school of painting in our native country?—the conscientious sense of a high-souled patriotism?—the prospect of future estimation at the hands of a posterity who are to benefit by our labours? Not at all: nothing of all this. We are far too great materialists for such shadowy pleasures; we are to receive a plate, whose value is in the direct ratio of its rarity, “which shall certainly be of more than the amount of our subscription,” and, maybe, of five times that sum. The fewer the copies issued, the rarer (*i. e.*, the dearer) each impression. We are the friends of art—therefore, we say, smash the copperplate, destroy every vestige of the graver’s art, we are supplied, and heaven knows to what price these engravings may not subsequently rise!

Now, I like these people. There is something bold, something masterly, something decided, in their coming forward and fighting the battle on its true grounds. There is no absurd affectation about the circulation of a clever picture disseminating in remote and scarce-visited districts the knowledge of a great man and a great work; there is no prosy nonsense about encouraging the genius of our own country, and showing with pride to her prouder sister, that we are not unworthy to contend in the race with her. Nothing of this.—They resolve themselves, by an open and candid admission, into a committee of print-sellers, and they cry with one voice—“No freetrade in ‘The Blind Girl’—no sliding-scale—no fixed duty—nothing save absolute, actual prohibition!”

It is with pride I confess myself of this party: perish art! down with painting! to the ground with every effort of native genius! but keep up the price of our engraving, which, with the rapid development of Mr. Burton’s talent, may yet reach ten, nay, twenty guineas for an impression. But in the midst of my enthusiasm a still small voice of fear is whispering ever:—Mayhap this gifted

man may live to eclipse the triumphs of his youthful genius: it may be, that as he advances in life, his talents, matured by study and cultivation, may ascend to still higher flights, and this, his early work, be merely the beacon-light that attracted men in the outset of his career, and only be esteemed as the first throes of his intellect. What is to be done in this case? It is true we have suppressed “The Blind Girl;” we have smashed *that* plate; but how shall we prevent him from prosecuting those studies that already are leading him to the first rank of his profession? Disgust at our treatment may do much; but yet, his mission may suggest higher thoughts than are assailable by us and our measures. I fear, now, that but one course is open; and it is with sorrow I confess, that however indisposed to the shedding of blood, however unsuited by my nature and habits to murderous deeds, I see nothing for us, but—to burke Mr. Burton.

By accepting this suggestion, not only will the engravings, but the picture itself attain an increased value. If dead men are not novelists, neither are they painters; and Mr. Burton, it is expected, will prove no exception to the rule. Get rid of him, then, at once, and by all means. Let this resolution be brought forward at the next general meeting, by any leader of the Destructive party, and I pledge myself to second and defend it by every argument used with such force and eloquence for the destruction of the copperplate. I am sure the talented gentleman himself will, when he is put in possession of our motives, offer no opposition to so natural a desire on our part, but will afford every facility in his power for being, as the war-cry of the party has it, “broken up and destroyed.”

#### A NUT FOR THE RAILROAD.

If the wise Calif who studied mankind by sitting on the bridge at Bagdad, had lived in our country, and in our times, he doubtless would have become a subscriber to the Kingstown railway. There, for the moderate sum of some ten or twelve pounds per annum, he might have indulged his peculiar vein, while wafted pleasantly through the air, and obtained a greater insight into character and individuality inasmuch as the objects of his in-

tigation would be all sitting shots, at least for half an hour. Segur's "Quatre Ages de la Vie" never marked out mankind like the half-hour trains. To the uninitiated and careless observer, the company would appear a mixed and heterogeneous mass of old and young, of both sexes—some sickly, some sulky, some solemn, and some shy. Classification of them would be deemed impossible. Not so, however; for, as to the ignorant the section of a mountain would only present some confused heap of stone and gravel, clay and marl; to the geologist strata of divers kinds, layers of various ages, would appear all indicative of features, and teeming with interests, of which the other knew nothing: so, to the studious observer, this seeming commixture of men, this tangled web of humanity, unravels itself before him, and he reads them with pleasure and with profit.

So thoroughly distinctive are the classes, as marked out by the hour of the day, that very little experience would enable the student to pronounce upon the travellers—while so striking are the features of each class, that "given one second-class traveller, to find out the contents of a train," would be the simplest problem in algebra. As for myself, I never work the equation: the same instinct that enabled Cuvier, when looking at a broken molar tooth, to pronounce upon the habits, the size, the mode of life and private opinions of some antediluvian mammoth, enables me at a glance to say—"This is the apothecaries' train—here we are with the Sandycoves."

You are an early riser—some pleasant proverb about getting a worm for breakfast, instilled into you in childhood, doubtless inciting you; and you hasten down to the station, just in time to be too late for the eight-o'clock train to Dublin. This is provoking; inasmuch as no scrutiny has ever enabled any traveller to pry into the habits and peculiarities of the earlier voyager. Well, you lounge about till the half-after, and then the *conveniency* snorts by, whisks round at the end, takes a breathing canter alone for a few hundred yards, and comes back with a grunt, to resume its old drudgery. A general scramble for places ensues—doors bang—windows are shut and opened—a bell rings—and, snort!

snort! ugh! ugh! away you go. Now—would you believe it?—every man about you, whatever be his age, his size, his features, or complexion, has a little dirty blue bag upon his knees, filled with something. They all know each other—grin, smile, smirk, but don't shake hands—a polite reciprocity—as they are none of the cleanest: cut little dry jokes about places and people unknown, and mix strange phrases here and there through the dialogue, about "*demurrers* and *declarations*, traversing in *prox* and *quo warranto*. You perceive it at once—it is very dreadful; but they are all attorneys. The ways of Providence are, however, inscrutable! and you arrive in safety in Dublin.

Now, I am not about to take you back; for at this hour of the morning you have nothing to reward your curiosity. But, with your leave, we'll start from Kingstown again at nine. Here comes a fresh, jovial-looking set of fellows. They have bushy whiskers, and geraniums in the button-hole of their coats. They are traders of various sorts—men of sugar, soap, and sassafras—Macintoshes, molasses, mouse-traps—train-oil and tabinetz. They have however half an acre of agricultural absurdity, divided into meadow and tillage, near the harbour, and they talk bucolic all the way. Blindfold them all, and set them loose, and you will catch them groping their way down Dame-street in half an hour.

9½.—The housekeeper's train. Fat, middle-aged women, with cotton umbrellas—black stockings with blue *fuz* on them; meek-looking men, officiating as husbands, and an occasional small child, in plaid and the small-pox.

10.—The lawyer's train. Fierce-looking, dictatorial, categorical faces look out of the window at the weather, with the stern glance they are accustomed to bestow on the jury, and stare at the sun in the face, as though to say—"None of your prevarication with *me*; answer me, on your oath, is it to rain or not?"

10½.—The return of the doctors. They have been out on a morning beat, and are going home merry or mournful, as the case may be. Generally the former, as the sad ones take to the third class. These are jocose, droll dogs; the restraint of physic over, they unbend, and chat pleasantly, un-

less there happen to be a sickly gentleman present, when the instinct of the craft is too strong for them; and they talk of their wonderful cures of Mr. Popkins's knee, or Mr. Murphy's elbow, in a manner very edifying.

11.—The men of wit and pleasure. These are, I confess, difficult of detection; but the external signs are very flash waistcoats, and guard chains, black canes, black whiskers, and strong

Dublin accents. A stray governess or two will be found in this train. They travel in pairs, and speak a singular tongue, which a native of Paris might suppose to be Irish.

The heat of the day, not of the climate, God wot, interdicts our following up the investigation further; but, at a future opportunity, I intend to recur to the "down" trains.

O.

SONG—BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

INSCRIBED TO HIS NIECE, MISS MARION LAW GILFILLAN.

My own, my true-loved Marion!  
 No wreath for thee I'll bring;  
 No summer-gathered roses fair,  
 Nor snow-drops of the spring!  
 O! these would quickly fade—for soon  
 The brightest flowers depart;  
 A wreath more lasting I will give—  
 A garland of the heart!

My own, my true-loved Marion!  
 Thy morn of life was gay,  
 Like to a stream that gently flows  
 Along its lovely way!  
 And now, when in thy pride of noon,  
 I mark thee, blooming fair;  
 Be peace and joy still o'er thy path,  
 And sunshine ever there!

My own, my gentle Marion!  
 Though 'tis a world of woe,  
 There's many a golden tint that falls  
 To gild the road we go!  
 And in this chequered vale, to me  
 A light hath round me shone,  
 Since thou cam'st from thine highland home  
 In days long past and gone!

My own, my true-loved Marion!  
 Cold, cold this heart shall be,  
 When I shall cease to love thee still—  
 To cheer and cherish thee!  
 Like ivy round the withered oak  
 Though all things else decay,  
 My love for thee shall still be green,  
 And will not fade away!



## TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR—In forwarding for insertion in *THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE* the following poems of a very dear and departed friend, I am perfectly aware that they must rest their claims for admissibility solely on their own merits; and although I had intended to introduce each one of them with some remarks of my own, yet distrusting my judgment, I shall place them without comment in your hands, to be dealt with as you shall deem fit. Their author was a contributor to your early Numbers, and I recollect one of his little pieces, "The Evening Wind," (published in, I think, your third volume,) attracting favourable notice, and your inviting further communications at his hands, by saying, "You would be *always* glad to hear from R. C. W." Now this encourages me to hope you will not deem what I enclose below the standard of writing in your pages; for my own partiality prevents my passing upon them any cold or unbiassed decision. I am anxious, now that he is gone, to show to others some of the treasures of my friend's gentle and gifted mind (hoping that it will not be contrary to the design of your publication, to preserve these brief records of his—an *Irishman's* genius); and me will it gladden well, if I can thus make for him a memorial from his own sweet musings, and hang a wreath about his early tomb, of flowers which he gathered and gave me himself—

But I check myself. How cold and unechoing doth fall upon the ear of the world the sound of deep, but *private*, grief; and the sorrow of the heart is truly that with which, in nowise, the stranger doth intermeddle! May I hope, however, the following will be preserved in your pages, deriving their insertion altogether from their own intrinsic excellence? *Vergiss die treuen Töchter nicht!*\*

A DREAMER.

[Mr. Welsh was born in 1816: in 1833 he was entered as a Fellow-Commoner in Trinity College, Dublin, where he gained many first-rank prizes and honours; and in 1837 graduated, obtaining a classical moderatorship and gold medal. He was murdered by (it is supposed) some of his own tenants, on the 6th of November, 1841, within a mile of his own house—another victim to the "duties" of "property!"]

## POEMS BY THE LATE ROBERT CHARLES WELSH, ESQUIRE.

"O vous qui me survivrez!—rappelez-vous quelquefois mes vers, mon ame y est empreinte!"—MADAME DE STAEL.

## I.—TO A FRIEND.

"*Animæ dimidium meæ!*"

All worldly dreams decay,  
Like stars that pass away  
When midnight's voice hath flown;  
No crowning glory burneth,  
But back from earth it turneth,  
Unmated and alone.

There is no converse here,  
That changeless doth appear;  
Like blossoms from the tree,  
The joys, a home that find  
Within the care-worn mind,  
Alas! as quickly flee.

---

\* "Forget not the faithful dead!" This line of Theodore Körner's is the motto on the tomb of the warrior-poet at Wöbbelin.

Leaf after leaf doth fade,  
 And dies the summer shade,  
 The bird no longer sings :  
 Thus sad and desolate  
 The unremembered fate  
 Of all delightful things.

But *thou*, my gentle friend,  
 Whose visions heavenward tend,  
 Shall not so vainly die.  
 But birdlike it is thine  
 In heavenly song to shine  
*A presence in the sky !*

## II.—CONTEMPLATION.

"I sat me down . . . and began,  
 Wrapp'd in a fit of pleasing melancholy,  
 To meditate . . .  
 Till Fancy had her fill."—*Comus*.

The shaded hues of parting eve  
 Are fading one by one,  
 Like hopes within the mourner's breast,  
 Ere sorrow's course be run.  
 'Twere vain to tell the magic power  
 Fancy summons at this hour,  
 A feeling not of earth,  
 Gliding with a sweet control  
 Through the melancholy soul—  
 'Tis sure of heavenly birth !  
 The odorous wind a gentle tale  
 Doth whisper to the quiet vale,  
 And murmuring softly sinks to rest  
 Upon the rose's glowing breast :  
 Like radiant banners in the sky,  
 The fleecy clouds reposing lie,  
 All things are bright below—above—  
 All wear the looks of holy love.

I laid me down by a flowing stream,  
 To catch the light of a coming dream ;  
 A flowing stream and a bending tree,  
 That made delightful harmony.  
 The visions of the past  
 Round Memory's saintly throne,  
 A mingled crowd assemble fast,  
 Not voiceless or alone.  
 For many a pleasing thought  
 With deep emotions fraught,  
 Of love, and joy, and tenderness,  
 Awake the fevered mind to bless.  
 The images of vanished years,  
 Their catalogue of smiles and tears,  
 With freshened beauty glow ;  
 And like a dream of yesterday, appears  
 Each form of joy or wo

Earth, ocean, air, and sky,  
 How beautiful ye are !  
 Than all the splendours wealth can buy  
 O *lovelier far !*

All other glories fade away,  
 Like sunbeams from the dancing spray,  
 As colours from the rainbow pass,  
 As shadows from the wavy grass ;  
 Yours are unchanging still—  
 Within the consecrated mind,  
 An everlasting home they find,  
 And hold a secret will.

## III.

“ Was she of spirit race, or was she one  
 Of earth's least earthly daughters ?”—L. E. L.

The Ladye sate beside a monument  
 Of by-gone years, on which in fading signs  
~~Memoranda~~ *Memoranda* lingered, while above  
 Broad banners hung their folds ; the solemn voice  
 Of midnight died amid the giant yews,  
 O'ershadowing the old cathedral aisles ;  
 And the bright host of heaven gazed down on her  
 In mute observance. Motionless she sate ;  
 And like some lovely instrument, o'er which  
 The thin breeze hovers wakening into life  
 A melody so undefinable  
 We know not whence it comes, high feelings rose  
 Within her soul, and all the hidden gifts,  
 The fine endowments, that like rainbow hues  
 Veiled by a summer cloudlet, lay within  
 Her mind's proud temple shrined, now gush'd forth  
 In beauty dominant : for ~~she~~ *she* was one  
 Unconscious of the mystic glory, which  
 Pure as the light of Heaven, burn'd upon  
 The altar of her being. But a voice—  
 A look—a passing sound—nay ! even Earth's  
 Familiar things, unchained the sudden flow  
 Of song, and then the rushing fantasies,  
 The visionings of glory, flashed before  
 Her dazzled view, gilding the airy halls  
 Of Thought with unsubstantial beauty, and  
 Herself with all these bold similitudes  
 Identifying. Might not then she claim  
 Mankind her servitors, so gifted and  
 So glorious ?

## IV.—THE EXILE'S SONG.

“ *Bella patria, amate sponde !  
 Pur vi torno à riveder :  
 Trema in petto e si confonde,  
 L' alma oppressa dal piaoer !*”—MONTI.

Oh ! bear me back to my native shore,  
 O'er the circling ocean's foam ;  
 And ere I die, let me gaze once more  
 On my father's humble home.  
 Oh ! bear me back to the greenwood's shade,  
 To the well-known chestnut tree—  
 To the quiet vale, and the sunny glade,  
 The haunts of my childish glee.

My spirit pines for the breezy hills,  
 Far off in my own bright land ;  
 For the warblings that gush from its lonely rills,  
 And the joyous household band.  
 Kind faces met by the fireside's gleam,  
 When arose the evening hymn :—  
 But their spells are gone, like a passing dream,  
 Their memories vague and dim.

I list to the billows' thundering sound,  
 As their surges break in the bay ;  
 I watch them fringing the cliffs around  
 With a beautiful girdle of spray.  
 But nor bark, nor ship, to the wandering breeze  
 Their cloudlike sails unroll,  
 And the anthem sublime of the swelling seas,  
 Like a death-song thrills my soul.

On the mountain-tops the wild deer springs  
 In happiest freedom by ;  
 And the proud eagle soars on his golden wings  
 To the crystalline dome of the sky ;  
 And the midnight wind unchained sweeps past  
 O'er mount and forest dell—  
 But o'er *me* there's a strange dull feeling cast,  
 With a power I may not quell.

Then bear me back to my native shore,  
 O'er the circling ocean's foam !  
 And ere I die, let me gaze once more  
 On my father's humble home.  
 Oh ! bear me back to the greenwood shade,  
 To the well-known chestnut tree—  
 To the quiet vale, and the sunny glade,  
 The haunts of my childish glee !

#### V.—THE POET.

To the Poet is given a mystic sway,  
 That the spirits of earth and air obey ;  
 Talisman-like let his summons ring  
 And each will a votive offering bring ;  
 At the golden dawn, at the moonlight hour,  
 They yield to the spells of his unseen power,  
 And they waft his soul unto scenes of bliss  
 Too holy and pure for a world like this !

He watcheth the flight of the early bee,  
 As she sings her low song with a quiet glee ;  
 And while breathing the sweets of the scented rose,  
 His spirit would fain with her repose.  
 He loves the old woods where the fountains flow  
 With a dreamy sound to the vale below ;  
 Where the great pines roar in the whirling blast,  
 Like a voice from the pealing thunder cast.  
 And around and above is a solemn shade,  
 As 'twere by the viewless genii made.

Fawnlike he springs from the festal hall  
 With tranc'd eye to gaze on eve's dim fall,  
 When she hastes from her bowers of fragrance down,  
 To wreath her dark locks with a glittering crown.  
 Proudly he lists to the lark's shrill note,  
 As her hymnings divine to the far skies float,  
 And a bird of hope unto him she seems,  
 As he catcheth the light of his glorious dreams.

He roves with the breeze on the distant hill,  
 When the hamlet sleeps in the moonlight still;  
 And the beautiful halcyons calmly rest,  
 Like heavenly shadows on ocean's breast:  
 Then whispers the wind in each murmuring sound  
 That the voices of loved ones are hovering round,  
 And a dovelike joy in his bosom springs,  
 While FANCY unfoldeth her magical wings.

1834.

## VI.—CORINNE.

"Tous ses amis étaient impatients de l'entendre . . . elle accorda sa lyre,  
 et commença d'une voix altérée."

Gay groups are mingling in the festival,  
 Each gayer than the last: rich draperies,  
 Resplendent lights—the dancer's stately tread—  
 And all the pomp and pageantry of pride  
 Hold here voluptuous control. But One!—  
 Round *her* the brilliant crowd stand worshipping  
 In ecstasy of wonder. On her brow  
 She wore a simple wreath of laurel, but  
 The grandeur of that brow! It seemed as 'twere  
 The transcript of some bright Intelligence  
 Too exquisite for human thought: a light  
 From earth unborrowed shone around her pale  
 But intellectual features, upon which  
 As on a sculptured tablet might be traced  
 Symbols of lofty import; instantly—  
 Like sunshine bursting on the solitude  
 Of mountain height—her inspiration woke . . .  
 And breathed a golden beauty o'er her soul.  
 She touched her harp, and as a sudden thought,  
 There rushed upon the air a minstrelsy  
 Of such unutterable character,  
 So thrilling, and so plaintive, that it bowed  
 The heart of each with awe. She sang prophetic  
 Mysteries, and spake of death and dying,  
 And told unto the young and beautiful  
 Lessons of deep solemnity;—that Life  
 Was but a vanity, with all its hopes,  
 And aims, and aspirations; that sorrow  
 And desolation, with humanity  
 Hold constant brotherhood; that promises  
 Of happiest meaning, like forbidden idols  
 Are broken and forgotten;\* and that Man,  
 The shadow of an hour, with all his pride

---

\* "A despised, broken idol."—Jer. xlii. 23.—S.H.

And memories of fame, must wither down  
 To nothingness.  
 A breathless silence reigned  
 Within that gay assembly, and they felt  
 Like burning oracles her passionate  
 Announcements: and with a lowly reverence  
 Unto her consecrated genius paid  
 The tribute of applause.

#### VII.—CHANGES.

“Old TIME is still a flying,  
 And the same flower that smiles to-day,  
 To-morrow will be dying!”—HERRICK.

“Nought may endure but MUTABILITY!”—SHELLEY.

Hast thou watched the Spring, when its hues were seen  
 Arraying the earth in a robe of green;  
 When the chill wind breathes its farewell sigh,  
 And the rainbow shines in the southern sky;  
 When verdure brightens each stately tree,  
 And the sunbeams dance on the waveless sea;  
 When the dewy rose has its early birth,  
 And the forest rings with the voice of mirth?  
 Hast thou watched the golden day decline,  
 When the stars gleam forth with a light divine;  
 When mystic notes in the night-breeze swell,  
 Bidding sorrow and care a deep farewell;  
 And the queenly ship with her snow-white wings  
 Like the rushing eagle onward springs?

Hast thou watched the leaves and flowers decay,  
 When Summer and Spring have passed away;  
 When the rainbow fades from the deep blue sky;  
 When the pines are stripp'd, and the roses die,  
 And the wind through the forest sweeps along,  
 Like the distant wail of a burial song?  
 Hast thou watched the storm-mist gathering fast,  
 When the sea-bird shrieks in the moaning blast;  
 When a fiery halo is over the air,  
 Thrilling the heart with a wild despair;  
 And the queenly ship, in her hour of pride,  
 Goes down with her crew in the eddying tide?

'Tis thus that a blighting sorrow flings  
 Its deadly shade o'er all earthly things;  
 Glowing and bright though our visions be,  
 Yet their end is cold mortality!  
 There's a feeling of mystery dim and strange  
 Link'd to mankind, and it tells of CHANGE:  
 Let but the heart some fond thoughts cherish,  
 Instant it comes, and bids them perish.  
 It speaks to our souls in the sere leaf's fall;  
 Its steps are seen in the courtly hall;  
 You may hear its voice in the lover's tale;  
 It sleeps on the brow of the maiden pale;  
 It dwells in the light of the mother's joy,  
 As she watches the smile of her infant boy.  
 'Tis the doom of the tyrant—the pulse of his power—  
 'Tis a poison that withers our holiest hour.

The voice of the mighty, the deeds of the brave—  
 Oh! dream not of *them*—they're but foam on the wave!  
 The lovely? Alas! like the rose's still bloom,  
 They knew but one home, and that home is the tomb!  
 Sceptres are riven, and kingdoms decay,  
 Like the vapour the morning-sun chaseth away;  
 And for Man—ay! for *Man*—there remaineth alone  
 The mouldering shroud and the funeral stone.

## VIII.

“*Abi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura!*”—PETRARCA.

My spirit clings, I reckon not why,  
 To thoughts unknown before;  
 A fading light the careless glee,  
 In ancient days it wore.  
 The shapeless forms whose multitude  
 Like spectres throng my brain,  
 Bind me to dark unholy dreams  
 As with an iron chain.

I little deem'd I could forget  
 Each old familiar friend;  
 For oh! methought our vows were such  
 Not Time itself could end.  
 A change has passed, and I am now  
 Deserted and alone,  
 Like some tall mountain from whose brow  
 The circling clouds have flown.

There *was* a time I used to love  
 The forest's early green,  
 And watched the roses, blushing where  
 The summer's step had been.  
 There *was* a time, when Beauty's voice  
 Enchantment o'er me flung—  
 Making reality unfelt,  
 As if an angel sung.

But now my heart is as a tomb,  
 Where memory sits entranced:  
 Unheard, unseen, the syren joys  
 That round my footsteps danced.  
 Oft as I view the lovely stars  
 Crowning the midnight sky,  
 My proud soul freed from earthly things  
 Glows with an impulse high:

Then like the deep and measured chime  
 Of some retiring sea,  
 Bright figures move before the clouds  
 In solemn harmony:  
 And as their glorious wings rush by,  
 I breathe a silent prayer  
 To join that band, nor pine beneath  
 The misery of care.

Earth and her homes have passed away,  
 E'en as a summer breath:  
 And now, sublime and sanctified,  
 I wait thy coming, DEATH!

## HAND-BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF PAINTING.\*

THE appearance of this work in an English dress is one of the many indications that there is a counter current setting in, in opposition to the systems of bald utility which so strongly characterise these latter days. The utilitarian philosophy may continue to degrade the feelings and vulgarise the habits of society, and the pursuit of mammon may sap the foundations of our social system, but there are beacons still remaining to light us in the increasing darkness—there are still in the desert fountains of living and flowing waters where the not-yet degraded mind may meet its proper aliment, and indulge its aspirations towards those stores of wealth where the moth corrupts not, neither do thieves break through and steal. The study of the works of the Creator, as shown in “the immensity of worlds and of life,” the knowledge of his gracious purposes towards a fallen race, the history of man, and its illustration by human works, the study of the remains of art which have been bequeathed to us by ages—these are the truly elevating objects of contemplation, placing us, though still clogged with flesh, midway between earth and heaven.

The effect of these studies is obviously to train the mind to the contemplation of the past—to the love of the old; and these are the great counter influences to the downward current to which we have alluded. The admiration and love of the past now shows itself in many ways—in the chairs of science, of literature, and of art, we may observe it. It is this which has revived the study and awakened the love of that Christian architecture which makes the very stones to speak: it is this which has rendered the pursuit of antiquarian knowledge so popular—which has created societies and museums for its special advancement. Though to the

eye of the utilitarian the remains of antiquity—warlike, ecclesiastical, and domestic—have no value beyond that of the metal, iron, bronze, silver, or gold, of which they are rudely fashioned, to minds of another order their price is so great as to be scarcely calculable; for they are witnesses which cannot deceive, bearing evidences to the truth of saints and fathers of the church, and of the sacred and profane historians. They are beings of a former time—they are the organic remains of the social world—they are to history what the fossil is to geology, but with this additional interest, that they tell of man; that while the giant skeletons of a former world speak of a time when there was no man on the earth, these show us the developments of the human mind, its onward strugglings, the rise and decay of empires, and the ebbing and flowing of human power.

Finally, it is this influence which has created a modern school of historical painting in Germany, and even led an Overbeck and a Veit to reproduce the conceptions of the early Christian period, and revive the old but hallowed missal style. In England, Germany, Italy, France, we see the desire towards the past developed in a thousand ways; and all must hail it as showing a healthful reaction against the selfish character and leveling spirit of the day.

But we must turn to the work of Kùgler, for the elegant translation of which we are indebted to a lady, and an Irishwoman, who possesses a knowledge of art attained by few in these or other countries, and a strong conviction of its importance to the well-being of society.

When we find that the work consists of upwards of four hundred closely printed pages, we can estimate the conviction of the importance of the subject to society, which could in-

\* A Hand-book of the History of Painting, from the age of Constantine the Great, to the present time. By Dr. Franz Kùgler. Translated from the German by a lady. In two parts. Part I. The Italian Schools of Painting. Edited, with Notes, by C. J. Eastlake, Esq., R.A. London: John Murray. 1842.



duce a lady of opulent circumstances to undertake such a task for the benefit of her country. The style of the translation is always elegant and often forcible, and the descriptions bring the picture wonderfully before the mind's eye. Take, for example, the description of the Madonna di San Sisto. The author is speaking of those compositions of Raphael in which, where saints are assembled around the madonna, they are placed in reciprocal relation to each other, and not, as in the earlier masters, ranged in simple symmetrical order, or disposed with a view to picturesque effect.

"The most important of this class is the madonna di San Sisto, in the Dresden Gallery. There the Madonna appears as the queen of the heavenly host, in a brilliant glory of countless angel-heads, standing on the clouds, with the eternal Son in her arms; St. Sixtus and St. Barbara kneel at the sides, both of them seem to connect the picture with the real spectators. A curtain drawn back encloses the picture on each side; underneath is a light parapet, on which two beautiful boy-angels lean. The madonna is one of the most wonderful creations of Raphael's pencil; she is at once the exalted and blessed woman of whom the Saviour was born, and the tender earthly virgin whose pure and humble nature was esteemed worthy of so great a destiny. There is something scarcely describable in her countenance; it expresses a timid astonishment at the miracle of her own elevation, and at the same time the freedom and dignity resulting from the consciousness of her divine situation. The child rests naturally but not listlessly in her arms, and looks down upon the world with a serious expression. Never has the loveliness been blended so touchingly with a deep-felt solemn consciousness of the holiest calling, as in the features and countenance of this child. The eye is with difficulty disenchanted from the deep impression produced by these two figures, so as to rest upon the grandeur and dignity of the pope, the lowly devotion of St. Barbara, and the cheerful innocence of the two angel children. This is a rare example of a picture of Raphael's later time, executed entirely by his own hand. No design, no study of the subject, for the guidance of the scholar; no old engraving after such a study, has ever come to light."

We must not here omit to notice Mr. Eastlake, who has added notes princi-

pally from the works of Rumohr, Vasari, and others, which though unquestionably valuable are scarcely sufficient to justify the very prominent appearance of his name in the title-page, before which those of the author and translator hide their diminished heads. Mr. Eastlake's reputation did not require this cheap, but somewhat doubtful addition.

But let us examine the work itself. It is not a hand-book of painting, but of *the history of painting*. It only describes pictures so far as they are subservient to elucidate the history of art. It does not profess to describe particular collections, and those who find fault with it on this score, should be reminded, that accurately-numbered catalogues, which will doubtless answer their purpose, may, for a small fee be had from the janitors of the different galleries. A collection of these, printed in double columns, would, doubtless, be a selling book among those captious cognoscenti. Kugler's book professes to introduce us to a knowledge of the early history and the progress of the art of painting, and the subjects are treated with great clearness and freedom from affectation. Some, because the work is German, will call it transcendental, but this is one of the common-place vulgarisms of the day, and unworthy of notice.

The first book is dedicated to the history of early Christian art.

"The first point of interest for us is the relation which subsisted between the earlier Christian art and that of heathen antiquity. The flourishing period of Grecian art was already past before the establishment of Christianity. To create with the freedom of genius, in the spirit of those great artists, who had made the undying reputation of Athens, was not the privilege of the Roman, or of the Romanized Greek; but the high ideal type, the proportion and relation of forms, the dignified and the noble in attitude and gesture—all this was imitated, again and again imitated, on the whole not without success. By this means the frivolous luxury of the Romans had been stamped with a grandeur and elevation, the source of which must undoubtedly be sought in the true moral essence of Grecian art.

"Thus the Christians found a highly-finished form of imitation, and a very experienced technical skill, of which

they might have availed themselves for creations of their own. But in the peculiar and hostile position which they were forced to assume against the heathen religion and its followers, they at first allowed no representation whatever of holy subjects; and when, in later times, their scruples had ceased, heathen art was already drawing near extinction. The Christians, therefore, first practised the art in the degenerate manner of the latest Roman period—with that manner they still imbibed the last ray of ancient grandeur, at the same time they applied what they adopted, even from the beginning, in a peculiar manner.

“The cause of this determined opposition to the exercise of imitative art, lay not so much in a blind attachment to the Mosaic law, (which could not have been so all-important to the heathen converted to Christianity,) as in the circumstance that art generally was considered as the servant, nay, even as the pillar of idolatry. It became known, as we have seen, only in the degraded condition into which it had sunk, by ministering to a weak and criminal sensuality. It appeared the encourager alike of heathenism and moral depravity. Artists who wrought images of the gods, were regarded as messengers and servants of Satan—baptism was denied them by the church, so long as they adhered to their profession—and excommunication was pronounced against the neophyte who followed the prohibited occupation. Some went so far as purposely to describe the countenance of Christ as mean and repulsive, so that the artist must have despaired of representing it. They justified such views by texts from Scripture—for example, from Isaiah liii. 2, ‘He hath no form or comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.’ It is evident that the art-loving heathen must have bitterly censured such a notion, and many are the controversies on this point, preserved to us from the earliest ages of Christianity.

“But there lives in art a higher element. So long as it has not degenerated into an empty phantom, it sustains and preserves the general sentiment of moral purity, and finds its perfection, in an especial sense, in the mysterious relation of Christianity to the present world. Hence the opposition alluded to could not long continue, and must have ceased even of itself, when in the beginning of the fourth century, Christianity was publicly recognised under Constantine, and its victory over heathenism was no longer doubtful. The great number of works of art which appeared in the first centuries after this

revolution, although they are certainly more remarkable for fulness of meaning than technical completeness, are a clear proof that the creative impulse had hitherto been constrained by external circumstances alone.”

There are three important periods in the history of early Christian art. In the first, previous to the conversion of Constantine, we find those rude, yet simple and solemn representations, in the great catacombs of Rome and Naples—paintings, the result of the devotional spirit; and though executed under the terrors of persecution, displaying, as Kügler remarks, that new and vital principle which was to lead, in future times, to such great results. In the second period, during the reign of Constantine, the frescoes and mosaics of the Basilicas exhibit a higher and bolder style; and in the third, after the fury of the Iconoclasts was spent, and the conventional errors of the Byzantine method resigned, we see art rising to a comparatively high pitch, as in the works of the early Florentine masters, Cimabue and Duccio.

The author passes by the early Christian, or missal style, as some have termed it, perhaps too lightly. We confess a strong predilection to it: Without defending the glaring faults of the Byzantine school, we conceive that there is a character in the style of early Christian art, which cannot be wholly departed from without great loss, at least so far as sacred subjects are concerned. And it is interesting to examine why it is that this style keeps such a hold on the imagination. Why is it that we look on Rubens’ “Descent from the Cross,” with wonder and admiration only, but feel ourselves weeping with the Magdalen of Quentin Matsys, as she stoops over the body of her crucified Redeemer, and wipes the blood from those feet which once, in a happier time, she washed with tears, and wiped with the same golden hair? All the faults of the painting are forgotten—criticism is silent, and intrudes not on the overflow of the heart, and the burst of devotion. Why is it that the holy virgins and angels of the dark ages of painting—the offspring of the cloister and the cell, have, to minds imbued with religious love, more of sanctity than the works of a

Titian, a Domenichino, a Murillo, or a Vandyke? We perceive the artistical errors: the hardness of outline—the bad perspective—the unpleasing backgrounds and landscape—and the manifold and glaring anachronisms—but yet there is something which elevates the work, and harmonises with those high and mysterious objects which it presents to the outward and inward eye.

That the Byzantine painters adopted the style of the earliest Christian art, seems evident. They borrowed it from the mosaics and missal paintings of the earliest period; but according to Kùgler, preserved the mere outward and lifeless form of the fresh and primitive creations; yet as this contained the expression of a sincere and deep feeling, it was capable of receiving a new inspiration, and of guiding the artist into a worthier path.

“The representations of Byzantine art are, for the most part, actual copies of their existing works, handed down from a better time; some of them may be traced back even to classical antiquity, (particularly the representations of allegorical figures,) and not unfrequently contain very significant and clever motives. But the particular knowledge of nature, that is of the human form, is entirely wanting; this is apparent in the drawing of the naked, and in the folds of the drapery, which follow no law of form, but succeed each other in stiff lines, sharp and parallel. The heads do not want character, but the expression is not merely defective—they have in common something of a spectral rigidity, indicating, in its type-like sameness, a dull, servile constraint. The figures are long and meagre in their proportions, and so lifeless in their movements, that they set at defiance even the common law of gravity, and appear to totter on level ground. The grand motives which, in spite of all their defects, appear in many of the Byzantine works, are again wholly wanting, (as in the instance of the Roman mosaics,) in the designs of a later time. In these, the total absence of form and action, and the overloading with tawdry oriental ornaments, betray an utter incapacity for original productions. The representations of later saints belong to this period, and in particular that of the virgin and child. We have also to mention here a mode of representing the crucified Saviour, likewise introduced later, and in itself sufficiently characteristic of Byzantine art. In the examples to

which we refer, he appears as if sinking under his tortures—the head hanging down, the knees relaxed, and the body swollen and swayed to one side; while the Italian pictures of the same subject represent him in an upright position, victorious over bodily suffering.”

It might be expected, that in the pictorial representations of Christ and the Virgin, the artists would be influenced by the opinions of the fathers of the church—and this we find to have been the fact. Thus, Cyril, Tertullian, and Justin, maintained that the Saviour had appeared in an abject form, and without beauty; and the words of Tertullian, “*Si inglorius, si ignobilis, meus erit Christus,*” sufficiently show his conception of the appearance of the Redeemer. Justin declared that the abject form of Christ rendered the mystery of the redemption more sublime; while, on the other hand, St. Augustine, Jerome, and others, held that in his appearance, he stripped himself of his divinity only so far as might permit the gaze of human eyes. Thus, two conceptions of the appearance of Christ were developed: the eastern church depicting him in the most abject, and often disgusting form; while in the west, as Rio remarks, the artists seem to have been led by the eloquence of St. Bernard, who said, that the beauty of Christ surpassed that of angels, and was the admiration and the joy of the heavenly host. We thus see that in the eastern schools, a low conception, added to the total want of originality, stamped the character of art; and these degrading representations may have in part caused that excessive tendency to the allegorical method which, in the seventh century had become so offensive as to require the interference of councils. In 692, the council of Constantinople declared that the Redeemer should be represented in the human form. “*Gratiam et veritatem proponimus—ut ergo quod perfectum est, vel colorum expressionibus omnium oculis subjiciatur, ejus qui tollit peccata mundi, Christi Dei nostri, humana forma characterem etiam in imaginibus deinceps pro veteri agno erigi ac depingi jubemus.*”—Canon 82.

But in Italy, down to the ninth century, we observe the preservation of the earlier Christian style in the church frescoes, mosaics, and illuminated ma-

nuscripts. According to K  gler and others, these paintings exhibit the last ray of the most ancient Christian art ; but that it was ever extinguished, we cannot believe ; nor can we assent to the somewhat flippant remark of Mr. Eastlake, that K  gler's descriptions of the style of imitation, during these singular times, remind him of Walpole's observations on the comparative claims of nations to "antiquity of ignorance."

That the severe and solemn style of the early Christian art was preserved through many centuries is evident. We see it in the illuminated manuscripts of the sixth and seventh century, of which there are few finer examples than that of Columbanus, preserved in the library, Trinity College, Dublin. We find it the prevailing character of the Byzantine school, the artists having not only borrowed the style but the *motives*.\* We see it in the works of the early Italian masters, when the improvement of art had commenced, as in those of Taffi, Cimabue, Giotto, and Gaddi, embracing a period of nearly two centuries. During the same period, we observe it in Germany, as in the works of Van Eyck and William of Cologne, in whose paintings, although so different, the style is preserved. Of the first, or harder manner, the best specimen we have seen is the exquisite Annunciation, by Van Eyck, in the possession of the King of Holland ; and the *Dom bild*, or cathedral picture of Cologne, may well be taken as the finest specimen of the softer style. It is preserved by Durer, in many of his best works ; and we have already spoken of its influence on the mind of Quentin Matsys. If we now return to the Italian painters, we trace it in the best works of the fifteenth century. Lionardo, Perugino, Raphael, in his earlier periods, Francia, and others, all exhibit it ; and it appears to us, that when it was ultimately abandoned, a

character of sensuality was introduced, utterly at variance with the sacred subject, and totally destructive of the influence of the work on the devotional feeling.

A connection obviously exists between this giving up of the conventional Christian style, and the return of taste for classic art. Thus K  gler, in speaking of the genius of Titian, observes, we regret to say, with a certain satisfaction, that—

"The beings he creates seem to have the high consciousness and enjoyment of existence—the bliss of satisfaction, so like, yet so different from the marble idealizations of Grecian antiquity—the air of an harmonious and unruffled existence seem to characterise them all. Hence they produce so grateful an impression on the mind of the spectator—hence they impart so refined and exalted a feeling, although generally but a transcript of familiar and well-known objects, representations of beautiful forms, without reference to spiritual or unearthly conceptions. It is life in its fullest powers—the glorification of earthly existence—the liberation of art from the bonds of ecclesiastical dogmas."

Yet this change, though related to the advance of painting, technically considered, was not to be commended, if the highest object of art is the effect on the devotional feeling. In music, architecture—in sculpture, painting, oratory, or writing,—the grand object is to produce the best effect ; and there are compositions and combinations by human genius which, analytically considered, are defective, but which produce the most ennobling results upon the mind ; and the merit is not so much in the execution of the individual parts as in their combination for a particular end. And with reference to the devotional feeling, who will deny, that the ancient liturgies, the old music, the early architecture, all declare that the nearer we approach the times of a more un-

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\* On this word Mr. Eastlake gives a note :—"It may often be rendered *intention*, but has a fuller meaning. In its ordinary application, and as generally used by the author, it means the principle of action, attitude, and composition in a single figure or group. Thus it has been observed, that in some antique gems, that are defective in execution, the *motives* are frequently fine. Such qualities in this case may have been the result of the artist's feeling, but in servile copies, like those of the Byzantine artists, the *motives* could only belong to the original inventor. In its more extended signification, the term comprehends *invention* generally, as distinguished from execution.



doubting faith, a more intense devotion, the more completely do we find that these holy influences stamped a character on the creations of the day.

We have already proposed the question, why it is that the early style has still such charms and such fitness? Is it from the mere association of ideas—from its relation to other old, sanctified, and beautiful creations? Is there reason to believe a traditional type was handed down?—or is it the result, the natural and necessary offspring of the personification of those objects of adoration, which for centuries engrossed the mind of Christian worshippers; an attempt to represent what had been on the earth, yet partook of heaven—what was in the world, but not of the world; yet whichever of these causes be the true one, or whether all were combined, it is plain that the style must not be forsaken, and the expression of the highest art will be the preservation of the early Christian style, with the deepest feeling and greatest technical skill. Thus we see it in Lionardo's Last Supper—thus it is found in the middle style of Raphael.

After the account of the masters of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we come to the fifth book which treats of the period of the highest development, and decline of the art of painting; and the great masters of the sixteenth century, the giants of the art, are brought before us—Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Corregio—and in the description of their sublime works, the author has exerted his best energies. This is by far the most successful portion of this useful and delightful book. Let us turn to Raphael, to whose personal character we meet the following testimony by the historian Vasari:—

“Among his rare gifts, there was one which especially excites my wonder—I mean that heaven should have granted to him to infuse a spirit among those who lived around him, so contrary to that which is prevalent among professional men. The painters—I do not allude to the humble-minded only, but to those of an ambitious turn, and many of this sort there are—the painters who worked in company with Raphael lived in perfect harmony, as if all bad feelings were extinguished in his presence, and every base, unworthy thought had passed

from their minds. This friendly state of things was never so remarkable as in Raphael's time; it was because the artists were at once subdued by his obliging manners, and by his surpassing merit, but, more than all, by the spell of his natural character, which was so benevolent, so full of affectionate kindness, that not only men, but even the very brutes respected him. It is said that if any painter of his acquaintance asked him for a drawing that could be of use to him, Raphael would leave his work to assist him. He always had a great number of artists employed for him; helping them, and teaching them with the kindness of a father to his children, rather than as a master directing his scholars—for which reason it was observed that he never went to court without being accompanied from his very door by, perhaps, fifty painters, all clever in their way, who had a pleasure in thus attending him to do him honour. In short, he lived as a sovereign rather than as a painter.”

We shall not attempt even an analysis of the history of the wonderful and multitudinous works of Raphael, but content ourselves with extracting the eloquent and instructive description of his last and greatest work, “The Transfiguration.” But let us first, for the sake of contrast, enter the Sistine Chapel, and gaze on “The Last Judgment” of Michael Angelo.

“In his sixtieth year he was invited to undertake his second great work in painting, the Last Judgment, on the end wall of the Sistine Chapel, sixty feet high. He began it at the desire of Clement VII., and finished it within seven years, in the pontificate of Paul III., in the year 1541. If we consider the countless number of figures, the boldness of the conception, the variety of movement and attitude, the masterly drawing, particularly the extraordinary and difficult foreshortenings, this immense work certainly stands alone in the history of art; but in purity and majesty it does not equal the paintings on the ceiling.

“In the upper half of the picture we see the Judge of the world surrounded by the apostles and patriarchs; beyond these, on one side, are the martyrs; on the other, different saints, and a numerous host of the blessed. Above, under the two arches of the vault, two groups of angels bear the different instruments of the passion. Below the Saviour another group of angels, hold-

ing the books of life, sound the trumpets to awaken the dead. On the right is represented the resurrection; and higher, the ascension of the blessed. On the left hell, and the fall of the condemned, who audaciously strive to press upwards to heaven.

"The day of wrath ('dies iræ') is before us—the day, of which the old hymn says—

*'Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando iudex est venturus  
Cuncta strictè discussurus.'*

"The Judge turns in wrath towards the condemned, and raises his right hand, with an expression of rejection and condemnation; beside him, the Virgin veils herself with her drapery, and turns, with a countenance full of anguish, towards the blessed. The martyrs on the left hold up the instruments and proofs of their martyrdom, in accusation of those who had occasioned their temporal death; these the avenging angels drive from the gates of heaven, and fulfil the sentence pronounced against them. Trembling and anxious, the dead rise slowly, as if still fettered by the weight of an earthly nature; the pardoned ascend to the blessed; a mysterious horror pervades even their hosts—no joy, nor peace, nor blessedness are to be found here. It must be admitted that the artist has laid a stress on this view of his subject, and this has produced an unfavourable effect upon the upper half of the picture. We look in vain for the glory of heaven, for beings who bear the stamp of divine holiness, and renunciation of human weakness; every where we meet with the expression of human passion, of human efforts. We see no choir of solemn, tranquil forms, no harmonious unity of clear, grand lines, produced by ideal draperies; instead of these, we find a confused crowd of the most varied movements—naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the characteristics made sacred by a holy tradition. Christ, the principal figure of the whole, wants every attitude but that of the judge: no expression of divine majesty reminds us that it is the Saviour who exercises this office. The upper parts of the composition are in many parts heavy, notwithstanding the masterly boldness of the drawing; obscure, in spite of the separation of the principal and accessory groups; capricious, notwithstanding a grand arrangement of the whole. But granting, for a moment, that these defects exist, still this upper portion, as a whole, has a very impressive effect,

and, at the great distance from which it is seen, some of the defects alluded to are less offensive to the eye. The lower half deserves the highest praise. In these groups, from the languid resuscitation and upraising of the pardoned, &c., to the despair of the condemned, every variety of expression, anxiety, anguish, rage, and despair, is powerfully depicted. In the convulsive struggles of the condemned with the evil demons, the most passionate energy displays itself, and the extraordinary skill of the artist here finds its most appropriate exercise. A peculiar tragic grandeur pervades alike the beings who are given up to despair and their hellish tormentors. This representation of all that is fearful, far from being repulsive, is thus invested with that true moral dignity which is so essential a condition in the higher aims of art.

"The nudity of almost all the figures gave offence even during the life of the artist. Pope Paul IV., who cared little for art, wished to have the painting destroyed; but it was afterwards arranged that Daniele da Volterra, one of Michael Angelo's scholars, should cover some of the most objectionable figures with drapery, which fixed upon him the nickname of 'Il Braghettone.' At a later period the effect of the picture was again injured by a repetition of the same affectation."

We may now examine a picture of a still higher class, "The Transfiguration." The author has been speaking of another work of Raphael—Christ bearing the Cross—in the Museum of Madrid.

"If the picture last described is distinguished, like the compositions for the tapestries, by the dramatic development of an historical event, by the important prominence given to the principal incident, and by grandeur of style, the work now under consideration unites with these qualities a profounder symbolical treatment, which, in the representation of a particular event, expresses a general idea. In this instance it is the depth and power of thought which move the spectator, and which address themselves to him at once, so that he needs no key to explain the meaning of the subject. This picture is divided into two parts, the undermost of which, on account of its mass, is the more important and predominant. On one side are nine of the disciples; on the other a crowd of people pressing towards them, bearing along a boy possessed with a devil. His limbs are fearfully convulsed by demonic power; he is supported by

father, who appears strenuously to implore assistance by words and looks; two women beside him point to the sufferer—the one with earnest entreaties, the other in the front on her knees, with an expression of passionate energy. All are crying aloud, beseeching and stretching out their arms for aid. Among the disciples, who are disposed in different groups, astonishment, horror, and sympathy alternate in various degrees. One, whose youthful countenance expresses the deepest sympathy, turns to the unhappy father, plainly intimating his inability to assist him; another points upwards; a third repeats this gesture. The upper part of the picture is formed by an elevation to represent Mount Tabor. There lie prostrate the three disciples who went up with Christ, dazzled by the divine light; above them, surrounded by a miraculous glory, the Saviour floats in air, in serene beatitude, accompanied by Moses and Elias. The twofold action contained in this picture, to which shallow critics have taken exception, is explained historically and satisfactorily merely by the fact, that the incident of the possessed boy occurred in the absence of Christ; but it explains itself in a still higher sense, when we consider the deeper, universal meaning of the picture. For this purpose it is not even necessary to consult the books of the New Testament for the explanation of the particular incidents; the lower portion represents the calamities and miseries of human life—the rule of demoniac power, the weakness even of the faithful when unassisted, and points to a Power above. Above, in the brightness of divine bliss, undisturbed by the suffering of the lower world, we behold the source of consolation and redemption from evil. Even the judicious liberties dictated by the nature of the art, which displease the confined views of many critics—such as the want of elevation in the mountain, the perspective alteration of the horizon and points of sight for the upper group (in which the figures do not appear foreshortened, as seen from beneath, but perfectly developed, as if in a vision),—give occasion for new and peculiar beauties. In one respect, however, the picture appears to fail: it wants the freer, purer beauty, the simplicity and flow of line (in the drapery especially) which address themselves so directly to the feeling of the spectator; *the work pleases the eye, the understanding, but does not entirely satisfy the soul; in this respect the picture already marks the transition to the later periods of art.* But this passing censure should be considered as only hinted at. Where

such grandeur and depth of thought, such unexampled excellence, have been accomplished (and we have given but a very general outline), it becomes us to offer any approach to criticism with all humility."

We have italicised the above portion of Kùgler's observations, as they show, that even in this glorious work of the Transfiguration, the giving up of the early Christian style is regretted by one who expresses an admiration of subsequent masters for taking the very step which he censures in Raphael.

The compositions for the tapestries, with which the English public are familiar, are admitted to be amongst the greatest works of this gifted man. Seven of the cartoons are preserved in the palace of Hampton Court, many of them are lost, and the tapestries themselves are kept in some rooms of the Vatican. By Raphael's original design they formed two series—the first exhibiting some of the principal passages in the life of St. Peter; the second, those of events from the ministry of St. Paul. Other series of tapestries were also designed by Raphael, which we shall at present pass over; but the following portion of a note of Mr. Eastlake's is too important to be omitted.

"It was before observed, that works of art done under the auspices of the Church of Rome, for the decoration of her temples, may be generally assumed to have reference to either Christ, the Madonna, or the church. With the Acts of the Apostles the history of the church strictly begins, and Raphael selected the acts of St. Peter, those of the apostle of the gentiles, and the death of the first martyr, to illustrate the commencement of her power and of her sufferings: the Coronation of the Virgin might be considered the type of her triumph. The same conditions must be remembered with regard to the smaller subjects from the life of Leo, for, to a Romanist, they represented the history of the reigning successor of St. Peter, and as such were strictly analogous. The associations connected with the original destination of works of art often add to their interest, or at least explain their intention; and it must be admitted, that the associations in this case are peculiarly important or striking: it is indeed but doing justice to the painter to be alive to them. The subject of the Calling of Peter, as we



have seen, was immediately next the altar : whoever recollects in the cartoon the deep humility and devotion in the expression and attitude of St. Peter, kneeling in the boat before Christ, may now also call to mind that at the distance of a few paces the 'head of the church' contemplated this scene from the highest of earthly thrones. These associations may be easily pursued by comparing the situation and import of the various subjects. The authority, the miraculous powers, the duties, and the sacrifices of the church, the propagation of the faith, persecution, martyrdom—such were the warning and inspiring themes which Raphael placed around the papal greatness.

"These associations and allusions would of course be strikingly apparent when the works were in their original situations ; and, indeed, among the merits or recommendations of the cartoons may be reckoned, their being interesting in all places, and to all classes of Christians. But for this circumstance, perhaps, we should not now possess them ; for when the treasures of art, collected by Charles the First, were sold, and such pictures as were deemed 'superstitious' even ordered to be 'forthwith burnt,' (*Journal of the Commons, July 23, 1645,*) the cartoons would hardly have been repurchased by Cromwell, to whom we are indebted for preserving them to the nation, if they could have been considered to come under the proscribed class."

In the works of Raphael painting seems to have attained its highest pitch. Almost contemporaneous with him, lived Coreggio and Titian ; but the seventeenth century produced no worthy successor. Art rapidly declined, and the attempt to establish an eclectic school by the Caracci, was the best evidence that its originality had passed away. It is true, that this school produced many beautiful pictures, but from the very theory which governed its works, too many are deficient in that elemental harmony which is the characteristic of original genius. If mere imitation of a single style or master is to be deprecated, how much more should be the attempt to condense all—compressing their peculiarities of conception, arrangement, colour, and technical execution into a single picture, in the composition of which none of the models of imitation had any part. Eclecticism without exception, is inadmissible in art, and a

picture formed strictly under its rules would not be less ridiculous than a building with Cyclopean doorways, Grecian columns, Gothic arches, Romanesque galleries, and Byzantine cupolas. To decry eclecticism in the abstract would be absurd, as this would be to strike at the root of all progressive improvement ; but though we may avail ourselves of technical advancements, we must not attempt to adopt and combine conceptions ; for it is obvious that this would in the end destroy all effect. Besides, strictly speaking, they are unattainable. No man of great genius can embody his *whole feelings*, his entire conceptions, in any work, whether of the pencil or the chisel—for there is ever in the higher developments of mind, such as the great painters possessed, a something more than can be shown by gross matter. The material productions of genius can only declare a part of the spirit which has created them : and he that supposes that the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael tell the whole history of the workings of their mighty minds, know little indeed of the height and glory of those regions into which the favoured ones of earth are sometimes permitted to soar.

We would be the last to speak slightly of the elder Caracci, the founder of the eclectic school : we admire his modesty, and his clear perception that a blighting influence had fallen upon art, and that his contemporaries, too vain to admit their own incompetence, spent themselves in futile attempts at originality. But his character as a man and an artist only makes it the more important to show his error. It is true, that from this school sprung Domenichino, Guido, Albani, Guercino, and Carlo Dolce, but their works were but the last wavering flame of the expiring lamp. They possessed but little originality, a false sentimentality pervades many of them ; and though the sybils of Domenichino and Guercino, and the exquisite heads of Carlo Dolce cannot fail to inspire pleasure, yet they are little better than specimens of a high class of portrait painting.

Most of the historical and critical writers on painting fall into the common fault of exclusive and excessive subdivision. To the student of art who knows little but what he has

learn in books, the number of the Italian schools, and styles described, must be discouraging. But when he examines pictures chronologically, he will perceive that the various schools, from the early Christian periods to the sixteenth century, exhibit the same leading impulse, and differ principally in technical execution. Christian painting, as we find it in the Umbrian school, was no child of that period, but had a long line of ancestors, of mixed blood and various kingdoms. We find it derived from Rome; modified, degraded, and heathenised by the Byzantines; starting into new life in Florence; freshened by the invigorating breezes from the north of the Alps; and finally growing to maturity in the soil most grateful to it. And as all things have their appointed periods, and as these periods may be hastened by departure from laws established by an infinite intelligence, so the decay of art soon followed on its perfection, and its apparently premature death was caused by the forsaking of that Christian spirit, which, for a thousand years, was its nurse, instructor, and support.

But other causes assisted in the downfall of art. As letters and science advanced, as education became more extended, and as the commercial spirit engrossed so much of the energies of Europe, new avenues to distinction, new channels for the expansive efforts of mind were every day formed. The creation of wealth outstripped the formation of taste; imitation in art took the place of originality, and surreptitious pictures put forward as the real works of the great masters found a readier sale than works of merit, but of a later date. Thus two evils were created, for the painter became a copyist and a deceiver, and the public taste was satisfied with base imitations.

But it might be supposed that the advance of letters and science should have had a beneficial effect on art: we believe the reverse has been the fact, yet more particularly with respect to science. There is a closer connection between letters and art, than between science and art. The palmiest days of painting were those of Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso, of Chaucer, Rabelais, Loyola, Lope di Vega, Spencer, and Shakspeare. There was a mutual feeling of admi-

ration between the poets, and painters, and architects of the Augustan age of painting; the artist often following the inspiration of the poet, and the poet delighting in the works of the painter. Thus in Petrarch's will he bequeathes a picture of the Virgin, by Giotto, to a dear friend—"*In ejus pulchritudinem ignorantes non intelligunt, magistri autem artis stupent.*"

Yet the spread of letters ultimately proved injurious, not only by giving, as we have already noticed, new vents to the energies of mind, but as leading back to a taste for heathen art, and perhaps too, engendering a proud and sceptical spirit, hostile to the progress of Christian art.

The advance of science, however—dating from the seventeenth century—presents a singular contrast to the dawn of letters. It corresponds to the decline of art, to the attempts of the eclectics and the naturalists, and the formation of the Dutch school. In its very nature, too, science is opposed to the progress of art, for in its pursuit the imagination must be kept down—it demands industry, at least as much as genius—its object is not to create, but to observe what is already created, and to form conclusions from ascertained facts, and all this connected with the close relation of each new fact to the purposes of mere utility, must engender feelings opposed to poetry and to art.

A friend has pointed out to us the interesting fact, that many of those parts of Italy which have produced the greatest painters, were in the number of the Etruscan states, and has permitted us to embody the following observations in the present article.

We find the Etrurians far advanced in civilization before the destruction of Troy; and their progress in all humanizing arts, vindicating their claim to be the most favoured nation of antiquity. They were acquainted with letters and physical sciences. They preserved their annals: they had enrolled orders of priests, and a singular and complicated system of religious discipline. Music, architecture, sculpture, painting, engraving of gems, casting of metal, and the art of pottery, were all carried to a high pitch by this extraordinary people. They were a commercial and an aristocratic nation, and there is reason to believe,

acknowledged the influence of women in their social relations. The disseminators of art, they built the walls of Rome nearly eight hundred years before Christ, and, under their king, Tarquinius, erected the Temple of Jupiter, on the Tarpeian Mount. The triumphal arches, the kingly and consular ornaments, the cross and badges of the magistrates, the curule chair, the Etruscan diadem, and all the symbols of sovereignty of the mistress of the world, were borrowed from Etruria.

According to the best authorities, Etruria was comprised in three divisions, of which the most important was that of Tuscany, embracing twelve cities. The second, or circumpadane portion, embraced the plains on both sides of the Po, and extended to the Alps; while the third was to the south of Rome, in the province of Campania, where, according to Strabo, there were also twelve principal cities.

It is interesting to observe, that many of these cities had individual characters with respect to productions of art, and this remark applies principally to the Tuscan settlements. Thus, Tarquinia was celebrated for the engraving of gems; Cortona and Perugia for their bronzes; Volterra for alabaster sarcophagi, and Aretium for its vases.

After the lapse of more than two thousand years, we find Tuscany and other Etruscan states giving birth to the greatest painters, sculptors, engravers, and musicians.

Florence, the capital of Tuscany, produced Taffi, Giotto, and Cimabue, the two Gaddis, Orcagna, and Lionardo da Vinci; Sienna gave birth to Duccio, Simon Memmi, Bartolo, and Guido da Siena; the state of Umbria, Gentile, and the immortal Raphael; Perugia, Perugino; Arezzo, the ancient Aretium, Michael Angelo; and Cortona, Signorelli. So that, if we connect the various cities of Tuscany and Umbria, we have the birth-places, with two exceptions, of all the great masters of Italy. The exceptions are Coreggio and Titian. Coreggio was born in the state of Parma; but this locality was one of the components of northern or circumpadane Etruria, which embraced also Modena, Bologna, and Verona, all celebrated for their works of art. If we exclude the Venetian school, and take the district

bounded on the north by the Po, and having Perugia for its most southern point, including about two degrees, we have in that narrow compass the birth-places of all the great painters of Italy.

An interesting consideration here arises: neither Rome nor Naples can claim a single eminent painter; for the names of Caravaggio, Falconi, and Rosa cannot be mentioned with those of the masters of upper Italy. We find also that the more southern Etrurian states exhibit no evidence of a resuscitation of artistic power; so that the conclusion is suggested, that the influence alluded to was best preserved in districts remote from the immediate influence of Rome. The opinion that Italian painting springs from the Etrurian races, is strengthened by the fact, that the countries more properly Latin, or Oscan, have been so singularly deficient as birth-places of art.

A word on the restoration of art, before we conclude. Nothing seems more improbable than the raising of historical painting to its former pitch, yet we must seek to keep the vital spark from being utterly extinguished, and wait till some combination of circumstances, which cannot be foreseen, may induce its third development. Is this to be done by the art unions? We think that it is by them that it may be done, but certainly not under the present system. The mere purchase of pictures, executed by imperfectly educated, and too often illiterate men, can scarcely assist in elevating art. We cannot encourage painting, as we do the mechanical arts, solely by the consumption of the article produced, and the very facility of disposal may even lead to diminished exertion for further improvement. There must be a higher stimulus for the painter than for the mechanician. To the latter, gain is the natural and sought-for reward; but the painter must be trained to higher longings, and be offered a nobler recompense. His hand and eye may be educated, but if his mind be neglected, he can at best be but a clever copyist. He must be made to feel, that in the exercise of his glorious art, he is to assist in the moral elevation of his species; his mind must be educated, refined, and exalted, and then it will be rare, that the hand and eye will not be the

faithful exponents of the light that is within. We would wish to see our art unions take higher ground; and, without interfering as to their declared intentions, we would desire to see them establishing, on a liberal scale, schools of art in the great capitals of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, which would be open gratuitously to all comers, which would be supplied with the best models and specimens of the old masters, sent from public and private collections,—schools, where the young but needy student would be freely furnished with all the apparatus for drawing, painting, or modelling, and the whole placed under the direction of some eminent artist, who, to a great knowledge of his profession, united an extensive acquaintance with history, and a refined and poetic mind. Can any one doubt, that in this city, such an institution, placed

under the superintendence of a Petrie or a Burton, would be productive of the best results? Funds, too, might be created by the sale of the works of the students, which should be applied to sending them to visit foreign galleries—a measure at once a mark of distinction, an incitement to exertion, and calculated still further to advance the student.

But we must take our leave of this subject, and once more express our conviction that the translation of the book of Kügler, recommended as it is by its accuracy, elegant writing, and perfect clearness, will be productive of the best results, and that it should be the companion of every one who has the happiness to visit the great English and foreign galleries, and a guide-book to the student who wishes to educate himself and elevate his profession.

#### LINES

SUGGESTED BY SEEING, IN A CHURCHYARD, A FLOWER GROWING OUT OF A SKULL.

CONDEMNED, fair flowret, from thy earliest bloom,  
To blossom 'mid the rankness of the tomb,  
By death's cold hand thy tender buds were nursed—  
In the foul grave thy opening petals burst.

'Tis sad to leave thee cradled with the dead,  
And harsh to tear thee from thy native bed:  
To take, or leave thee wasting here thy breath,  
Dooms thee alike to fellowship with death.

Thus, short-lived, withering emblem of man's state,  
Living 'midst death—to die thy certain fate—  
Well dost thou warn us of our destiny—  
Our lot on earth below—mortality.

But in the silent chambers of the tomb  
Springs the fair flowret Hope in lasting bloom.  
Dark, noisome grave, the Christian fears not thee,  
*His* hope is full of immortality.

• • •

## CARL STELLING—THE PAINTER OF DRESDEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in thy Philosophy."—HAMLET.

[Any tourist who may have visited the Dresden Gallery within the last year or two, cannot fail to remember a very striking picture, signed "Carl Stelling, 1836." It represents a procession of Benedictine monks to a holy shrine: they are moving along with downcast heads, through the deep grass. The air of the morning is thick and heavy, so as to obscure some of the figures, and leave the outlines of all hazy and indistinct. The sun, just risen, is faint and lustreless. The loaded atmosphere—the solemn gray tint that pervades the picture—the feeling of stillness, too—all combine to produce a strange and not easily-forgotten impression upon the beholder.

The artist, one of the most gifted men of his age and country, is now a lunatic, in the public hospital of Dresden—his age, not thirty. Some months before symptoms of decided insanity became evident, he related his story to a friend, from whose relation, preserving as nearly as may be the words of the speaker, the following brief story has been written. That strange form of erring intellect, denominated by physicians *monomania*, where the deeply-rooted force of one idea, or one train of thought, has subverted all reasoning faculty, may account for the features of his unhappy history; but true it is, the events which are detailed happened in the order he relates, and many witnesses can still corroborate the testimony he bears to the circumstances, on which his whole story turns.]

THERE are moments in the life of almost every man which seem like years. The mind, suddenly calling up the memory of by-gone days, lives over the early hours of childhood—the bright visions of youth, when all was promise and anticipation—and traverses with a bound the ripe years of manhood, with all their struggles, and cares, and disappointments; and even throws a glance into the dark vista of the future, computing the "to come" from the past; and at such times as these, one feels that he is already old, and that years have gone over him.

Such were to me the few brief moments in which I stood upon the Meissner hill that overhangs my native city. Dresden, the home of my childhood, of my earliest and my dearest friends, lay bathed in the soft moonlight of a summer's eve. There rose the ample dome of the cathedral in all the majesty of its splendid arch, the golden tracery glittering with the night-dew—here, wound the placid Elbe, its thousand eddies through purple and blushing vineyards—its fair surface flashing into momentary brilliancy, as the ripples broke upon the buttresses of that graceful bridge—long accounted the most beautiful in Europe—while from the boat that lay sleeping upon its shadow,

came the rich tones of some manly voices, bearing to my ear the evening hymn of my fatherland. Oh! how strong within the heart of the wanderer in distant lands, is the love of country: how deeply rooted amid all the feelings which the cares and trials of after-life scatter to the wind! It lives on, bringing to our old age the only touch and trace of the bright and verdant feelings of our youth. And oh! how doubly strong this love, when it comes teeming with a flood of long-forgotten scenes—the memory of our first, best friends—the haunts of our boyhood—the feats of youthful daring—and, far more than all, the recollection of that happy home, around whose hearth we met with but looks of kindness and affection, where our sorrows were soothed, our joys shared in. For me, 'tis true, there remained nought of this. The parents who loved me had gone to their dark homes—the friends of my childhood had doubtless forgotten me. Years of absence had left me but the scenes of past happiness—the actors were gone: and thus it was, as I looked down upon the city of my native land; the hour which in solitude and lowness of heart I had longed and prayed for, had at length arrived—that hour which I believed in my heart



would repay me for all the struggles, the cares, the miseries of fourteen years of exile; and now I stood upon that self-same spot, where I had turned to take a farewell look of my native city, which I was leaving poor, unfriended, and unknown, to seek in Italy those opportunities my forlorn condition had denied to me at home. Years of toil and anxiety had followed: the evils of poverty had fallen on me; one by one, the cheerful thoughts and bright fancies of youth deserted me: yet still I struggled on, unshaken in courage. The thought of one day returning to my loved Saxon land, rich in reputation, crowned with success, had sustained and upheld me. And now! that hour was come—my earliest hopes more than realized—my fondest aspirations accomplished. Triumphant over all the difficulties of my hard lot, I returned, bearing with me the well-won spoils of labour and exertion. But, alas! where were they who should rejoice with me, and share my happiness? The very home of my infancy was tenanted by strangers: they knew me not in my poverty—they could not sympathize in my elevation. My heart sickened within me as I thought of my lone and desolate condition; and as the tears coursed fast and faster down my cheeks, how gladly would I have given all the proud triumph of success for one short and sunny hour of boyhood's bright anticipation, shared in by those who loved me.

Oh! how well were it for us if the bright visions of happiness our imaginations picture forth, should ever recede as we advance, and, mirage-like, evade us as we follow! and that we might go down to the grave still thinking that the "morrow" would accomplish the hopes of to-day—as the Indian follows the phantom-barque, ever pursuing, never reaching. The misery of hope deferred never equalled the anguish of expectation gratified, only to ascertain how vain was our prospect of happiness from the long-cherished desire, and how far short reality ever falls of the bright colouring hope lends to our imaginings. In such a frame of deep despondency, I re-entered my native city—no friend to greet, no voice to welcome me.

Happily, however, I was not long left to the indulgence of such regrets; for no sooner was my arrival made known

in the city, than my brother artists waited on me with congratulations; and I learned, for the first time, that the reputation of my successes had reached Saxony, and that my very best picture was at that moment being exhibited in the Dresden Gallery. I was now invited to the houses of the great, and even distinguished by marks of my sovereign's favour. If I walked the streets, I heard my name whispered as I passed. If I appeared in public, some burst of approbation greeted me. In a word, and that ere many days had elapsed, I became the reigning favourite of a city, in which the love of "art" is an inheritance; for, possessed of a gallery second to none in Europe, the Dresdeners have long enjoyed and profited by the opportunity of contemplating all that is excellent in painting; and in their enthusiastic admiration of the fine arts, thought no praise too exalted to bestow on one who had asserted the claim of a Saxon painter among the schools of Italy.

To the full and unmeasured intoxication of the flattery that beset me on every side, I now abandoned myself. At first, indeed, I did so as a relief from the sorrowful and depressing feelings my unfriended solitude suggested; and at last, as the passion crept in upon and grasped my very heart-strings, the love of praise took entire possession of my being, and in a short time the desire for admiration had so completely supplanted every other emotion, that I only lived with enjoyment when surrounded by flattery; and those praises which before I heard with diffidence and distrust, I now looked for as my desert, and claimed as my right. The "spoiled child of fortune," my life was one round of gaiety and excitement. For me, and for my amusement, fetes were given, parties contrived, and entertainments planned; and the charmed circle of royalty was even deserted to frequent the places at which I was expected.

From these circumstances, it may readily be believed how completely I was beset by the temptations of flattery, and how recklessly I hurried along that career of good fortune, which, in my mad infatuation, I deemed would last for ever. I saw my name enrolled among the great ones of my art—myself the friend of the exalted in rank and great in wealth—my very

praise, patronage. Little knew I that such sudden popularity is often as fleeting as it is captivating—that the mass of those who admire and are ever loudest in their praises, are alike indifferent to, and ignorant of, art. Led along by fashion alone, they seemed delighted, because it was the rage to appear so. They visited, because my society was courted by others; and if their knowledge was less, their plaudits were louder, than those of the discriminating few, whose caution and reserve seemed to me the offspring of jealousy and envy.

It is well known to almost all, how, in the society of large cities, some new source of interest or excitement is eagerly sought after, to enliven the dull routine of nightly dissipation, and awaken the palled and jaded appetite of pleasure to some new thrill of amusement. How one succeeds another—and how short-lived are all! The idol of to-day is forgotten to-morrow; and whether the object of momentary attraction be a benefactor of mankind, or some monster of moral deformity, it matters but little; so that for the hour he furnish an article for the fashionable journalist, and a subject of conversation to the “coterie,” the end and aim of his being seems to be perfectly accomplished, and all interest for him as readily transferred to his successor, who or whatever he may be, as though his existence had been as unreal as the spectre of a magic-lantern.

Little did I suppose, when in the full blaze of my popularity, that to such an ordinance of fashion alone I was indebted for the proud eminence I occupied. I was not long destined to enjoy the deception.

It chanced that about three months after my arrival in Dresden, circumstances required my absence from the city for a few days. The occasion which called me detained me beyond the time I had calculated on, and it was not till after a fortnight I reached my home. I had travelled that day from sunrise till late in the evening, being anxious, if possible, to redeem a promise I had made to my friend and patron, Count Lowenstein, to be present at a fete in honour of his sister's birth-day. The weather had been unusually hot and sultry, even for the season; and although I felt much fa-

tigued and jaded, I lost not a moment on my arrival to dress for the fete, over which, calculating on my late career, I deemed my absence would throw a gloom: besides that, I longed once more to drink of that Circean cup of flattery, for which my short absence from the city had given me new zest; and it was with a high-beating heart and fevered brain I hung upon my breast the many crosses and decorations I had been gifted with in my hours of brilliant success.

Lights gleamed brightly from the ample windows of the Lowenstein palace. Numerous equipages stood at the portico. I followed the *chasseur* up the spacious marble steps which led to the antichamber. I stopped one moment before a large mirror, and, almost startled at the brilliancy of my dress, which, a present from my sovereign, I now wore for the first time: with a high-swelling heart and bounding step—for all fatigue was long since forgotten—I approached the door: and, oh! the throb with which I heard my name now, for the first time, announced with the title of “baron,” which his majesty had conferred upon me the day of my departure. That name, which alone had, talisman-like, opened for me the doors of all who were illustrious and exalted in rank—that name, which heard, silenced the hum of voices to break forth the moment after in accents of praise and welcome. Again it rung through the crowded saloon, and I stood within the door. Formerly, when appearing in society, the moment I made my *entrée*, I found myself the centre of a group of friends and admirers, all eagerly pressing forward to pay their homage to the star of fashion. Now, what was my amazement to mark no thrill of pleasure, as of old, animate that vast assembly—not even surprise: group after group passed by me, as though I were unknown, and had no claim to their attention. 'Tis true, I heard some friendly voices and kind inquiries; but I could neither distinguish the words nor the speaker. My brain was in a whirl; for alas! long since had I learned to care less for the language of affection than the voice of the flatterer. I stood thunderstruck and amazed; and it was some minutes before I could, with any appearance of composure, reply to the salutations I met with. Some-



thing must have occurred in my absence to weaken the interest my appearance ever excited; but what could that be? And the assembly, too: had my own baffled hopes lent their gloomy colouring to all around? I certainly thought it far less brilliant than usual—a sad and depressing influence seemed to pervade all the guests, which they appeared vainly to struggle against. Tortured with doubt and disappointment, I hastened through the crowd to where the count was standing, surrounded by his suite. His quick eye instantly perceived me, and, familiarly kissing his hand, he continued to converse with those about him. Up to this moment I had borne all the chilling indifference of manner I met with, from the secret satisfaction that told me in my heart that he, my protector, my friend, would soon vindicate my claim to notice and distinction, and that, in the sunshine of his favour, I should soon receive the attention my heart thirsted for. But now that hope deserted me: the cold distance of his manner chilled me to my very heart's core. Not one word of kind inquiry—no friendly chiding for protracted absence—no warm welcome for my coming. I looked around on every side for some clue to this strange mystery: I felt as if all eyes were upon me, and thought for a moment I could perceive the sneer of gratified malice at my downfall. But no: I was unnoticed and unobserved; and even this hurt me still more. Alas! alas! the few moments of heart-cutting, humbling misery I then endured, too dearly paid for all the selfish gratification I reaped from being the idol of fashion. While I remained thus, the count approached me, and with something like his usual tone of familiarity, said—

“Ah! Carl—you here? You have of course heard of our sad disappointment?”

“No, my lord,” I replied, with some bitterness of tone, “I have scarcely had time, for I have not been yet an hour in Dresden.”

Without noticing either the manner of my answer, or the allusion to my absence, the count continued—

“This evening we were to have had the happiness to have amongst us one who seems to be gifted with some magic power of diffusing delight and

ecstasy on every side where she appears. Those whose hearts were cold to beauty in all others, have yielded to the fascination of hers; and the soul that never before was touched by melody, has thrilled with transport at her heavenly voice. Divine La Mercia! the paragon of beauty and the soul of song: there, there, stands her harp, and here you see her music; but she is absent. Alas! we have only the wand of the magician—the spell is not there.”

In an instant the veil was lifted from my eyes: the whole truth burst on me like a lightning flash—the course of my popularity was run—the sun of my favour had set for ever.

The fatigue of my journey—the heat of the *salon*—the confusion of my mind, and the bitter conflict of my feelings, all conspired to unman me, and I sank upon a sofa. As I sat thus unnoticed—for the tone of the count's manner had divested the few who were previously attentive, of all interest for me,—I overheard the conversation of those around me. But one name was mentioned—but one person seemed to engross every tongue or heart—that was La Mercia. From what I could collect, it appeared that she, a most beautiful and interesting girl, had appeared at the opera a few evenings since, and by the charms of her surpassing beauty, as well as the surprising richness and clearness of her voice, had captivated the whole city, from the palace to the cottage. The enthusiastic repetition of her praises gradually led to regrets for her absence, and surmises as to the cause—while a young nobleman, who had just joined the circle, said:

“Trust me La Mercia would have come if *she* alone were consulted; but I fear that ill-tempered looking old fellow, whom she calls her ‘Tutore,’ has had much to say to this refusal.”

“Yes,” said another, “so late as yesterday evening, at the palace, when she was surrounded by several members of the royal family, eagerly pressing her to repeat a song she had just sung; just as she consented, a look from the ‘Tutore’ shot across the room, and met her eyes—she immediately hesitated, begged to be permitted not to sing, and immediately afterwards withdrew.”

"How strange," said the nobleman who spoke before, "how very strange! It was but a few nights since, at the opera, I witnessed the deference and submission with which she addressed him, and the cold indifference with which he met looks and heard tones that would have made another's heart beat beyond his bosom. It must, indeed, be a strange mystery that unites two beings so every way unlike;—one all beauty and loveliness, and the other the most sarcastic, treacherous-looking wretch ever my eyes beheld."

The deep interest with which I listened to those particulars of my rival,—for such I now felt her to be,—gradually yielded to a sense of my own sunken and degraded condition; and envy, the most baleful and pernicious passion that can agitate the bosom, took entire possession of me; envy of one whose very existence one hour before I was ignorant. I felt that *she—she* had injured me,—robbed me of all for which life and existence was dear. But for *her*, and I should still be the centre of this gay and brilliant assembly, by whom I am already forgotten and neglected: and, with a fiendish malignity, I thought how soon this new idol of a fickle and ungrateful people would fall from the pinnacle from which she had displaced me, and suffer in her own heart the cruel pangs I was then enduring.

I arose from where I had been sitting, my brain maddened with my sudden reverse of fortune, and fled from the saloon to my home. In an agony of grief I threw myself upon my bed, and that night was to me like years of sorrowing and affliction. When morning broke my first resolve was, to leave Dresden for ever; my next to remain, until by applying all my energies to the task, I had accomplished something beyond all my former efforts; and then, spurning the praise and flattery my success would inspire, take a proud farewell of my fickle and ungrateful countrymen. The longer I thought upon, the more was I pleased with this latter resolution, and panted with eagerness for the moment of contemptuous disdain, in which, flinging off the carcases of false friends, I should carry to other lands those talents which my own was unworthy to possess. It

was but a few days before this, the prior of the Augustine monastery had called upon me, to beg I would paint an altar-piece for their chapel: they wished to have a kneeling figure of Mary, to whom the shrine was dedicated; but the subject, being a favourite one of Titian's, had at that time deterred me. Its difficulty was now its charm; and as I pondered over in my mind the features I wished to transfer to my canvas, I suddenly remembered a painting which I had had for some years in my possession, and which, from the surpassing loveliness of the countenance it represented, as well as the beauty of its execution, had long fascinated me. I now reverted to it at once, and opening a secret drawer in my cabinet, took out the picture and placed it before me. It was a small and most beautifully painted enamel, representing two figures—one that of an old and stern-visaged man, upon whose harsh and severe features there played a scowl of deadly hate and scorn: he stood, drawn up to his full height, his hands and arms widely extended before him, as if in the act of performing some mystic or sacred rite over the lovely being who knelt at his feet, in an attitude of the deepest and most reverential supplication; this was a lovely girl, her age scarcely eighteen years: her forehead, fair as alabaster, was shaded by two braids of dark brown hair, which hung back in heavy locks upon her neck and shoulders. Her eyes, of the deepest blue, were upraised and tearful, and the parted lips seemed almost to utter a murmured prayer, as her heaving bosom told some inward anguish; her hands were firmly clasped, but the arms hung powerless before her, and the whole figure conveyed the most perfect abandonment to grief it was possible to conceive. Here were the features, here the very attitude I desired. Could I only succeed in imparting to my Madonna the lovely and sorrow-struck countenance before me, my triumph were certain. I had walked every gallery of Europe, from one end to the other; I had visited every private collection, where a good picture was to be found, yet never had I beheld the same magic power of conveying, in one single scene so much of storied interest as this small picture

displayed. The features of that beautiful girl, too, had the semblance of being copied from the life. There are certain slight and indescribable traits by which a painter will, in almost every case, distinguish when nature, and when only fancy have lent the subject; and here every thing tended to make me believe it to be a portrait. The manner in which I became possessed of it, also, contributed to invest it with a more than common interest in my eyes. The circumstances were these:—When a very young man, and only a short time settled at Rome, whither I had gone to prosecute my studies as a painter, the slender state of my purse had compelled me to take up my residence in one of the less known suburbs of the city. In the same humble dwelling in which I took up my abode there lived an old and paralytic man, whom age and infirmity had rendered bed-ridden for years.

At first, my occupation being entirely without doors, left me but little opportunity to see or know much of him; but when winter closed in, and confined me whole days to the house, my acquaintance with him gradually increased, and, to my great surprise, I discovered in this poverty-struck and decrepid old man, one who possessed the most intimate and critical knowledge of art; every gallery was familiar to him—he knew the history of each celebrated picture, and distinguished originals from their copies by such traits of discernment as evinced the most consummate intimacy with the deepest secrets of colouring, and, in a word, showed himself to be, what I afterwards learned he was, a most accomplished artist; but the circumstances which threw him into his present mean and wretched condition ever remained a mystery. Various little acts of kindness and attention, which I had in my power to bestow, seemed to make a great impression on him, while my own friendless and solitary situation drew me into closer intimacy with one who seemed to have fewer of this world's comforts than myself. To him, therefore, I confided all the circumstances which led me to Rome—my ardent desire for distinction—my longing for eminence in art: while he, by his advice and counsel, which he was well

qualified to afford, directed my studies and encouraged my efforts.

Our acquaintance thus formed rapidly ripened into friendship, and it was with pleasure I hurried from my gayer and more volatile companions to the poor and humble abode, where my old and feeble friend awaited me with impatience.

As the winter advanced, the infirmities of the old painter rapidly gained ground; he became daily weaker, and, by degrees, the calm serenity of his mind, which was his most remarkable trait, yielded to fits of impatience, in which, sometimes, his very reason seemed to struggle for empire: and at such times as these he would drop hints, and give vent to thoughts that were awful and appalling to listen to. It appeared to me that he regarded his present afflicted state, as the dreadful retribution of some real or imaginary crime; for, in addition to the unceasing depression which seized him, his fears of death were incessant, and great beyond measure. Sometimes, the thought that there was no future state would shoot across his mind, and a species of reckless gaiety would follow; but in a moment after, the strong and full conviction of his self-deception would visit him,—and then his agony was frightful to witness. In the sad alternation of these states of hope and fear, in which the former was, if possible, more affecting to witness, weeks rolled on. One night, when recovering from a nervous attack which, by its duration and severity seemed to threaten more fatally than usual, he called me to him, and desired me to bring, from a concealed drawer in his trunk, a small ebony box clasped with silver. I did so. He took it with trembling hands, and placed it beside him on the pillow, while, with a voice scarcely audible from agitation, he whispered me:—

“Leave me, Carl—leave me to myself! There is in this box what may meet no other eye than mine. And oh! would to heaven that its bright lightnings had struck and blighted me, rather than I should ever have looked upon it.”

The energy with which these words were spoken seemed to weary and overcome him, and he was barely able to say:—

"Leave me now, my friend. But stay: ere you go, promise me—swear to me, as you hope—aye, as you hope your death-bed may be not like mine—swear, when all is at rest within this torn and afflicted heart, that you will, with your own hands, place this box within my coffin,—swear to place it there unopened: better far you had not enjoyed the blessed gift of sight, than look upon what it contains. I grow weaker,—promise me this."

"I do," I replied hurriedly. "I promise."

"Swear it," he said; while the large drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and his bloodshot eyes glared upon me like a maniac.

"I swear," said I, anxious to relieve the terrific convulsion which his eagerness brought on; "I swear." And as he lay back slowly upon the bed, I left the room.

When again, after a considerable time, I entered the chamber, he had turned his face towards the wall—his head buried between both his hands; while sobs, which he appeared struggling to controul, burst from him at intervals. The casket lay locked beside him. I took it up, and placed it within my portmanteau; and, not daring to interfere with the course of that sorrow, the cause of which he had not confided to me, I stole noiselessly from the room.

When next I saw him he appeared to be somewhat better; but the feeble powers of life had received a severe shock, and his haggard and broken look showed how much a few hours had hastened the approach of death. That evening he never once alluded to the subject which had agitated him, and bade me "Good night" earlier than usual, wishing to relieve his fatigue by sleep.—I never saw him after.

I had scarcely composed myself to sleep, my mind full of the events of the day, when an express arrived from an English nobleman, who had been my most influential and steadiest friend, requiring me immediately to set out for Naples, to make a picture of his only daughter, ere her body was committed to the earth. She had died of the malaria, and her funeral could not be long delayed. I immediately set out, taking with me the

portmanteau that contained the casket, and such requisites for painting, as I could hurriedly collect. With all my anxiety to return to my old companion, I was unable to leave Naples before the tenth day; I then turned my face homewards, with a heart beating with anxiety, lest his death should have taken place in my absence. The diligence in which I travelled was attacked near Villa Nuova, by banditti. Several of the passengers, being well armed, made resistance, and a dreadful conflict took place. Severely wounded in the side with a stiletto, I remained for dead upon the ground, and lost all remembrance of every thing till the moment I discovered myself a patient in the public hospital of Naples.

Several weeks of fever and delirium had passed over me, and I lay now weak and powerless. By degrees my strength was restored, and as I lay one day, meditating a speedy departure from the hospital, the intendant of the police came to inform me that several articles of value, contained in a portmanteau, bearing my initials, had been discovered near the scene of the late encounter, where they had probably been dropped by the robbers in their flight, and that on my identifying and claiming them as mine, they should be restored to me. Among other things he mentioned the ebony casket. I dared not ask if it were opened, lest my agitation might occasion surprise or suspicion, and promised to inspect them the following morning, and identify such as were my property.

The next day I appeared at the bureau of the police. The portmanteau was produced and unlocked, and the very first thing I set my eyes upon, was the picture. The case had been rudely torn open, and it lay there, exposed to all. My promise—my solemnly pledged oath, came instantly to my mind, and all the awful denunciations the old man had spoken of, as in store for him who should look upon that picture. I was horror-struck and speechless, and only remembered where I was, as the *commissaire*, who stood behind me and looked at it, asked if I was the painter;—I replied not.

"The likeness is, indeed, wonderful," said he.

I started; but immediately recovering myself, said:—

“You must be under some mistake. You could scarcely have seen the person for whom this was intended.” I said this because, from the attentive consideration I had given it, as well as the initials in the corner of the drapery, I perceived it to be one of the most beautifully executed enamels of Julio Romano, and must, at least, have been nearly two centuries old.

“Impossible I can be mistaken,” said he: “that is not only the Comtess D’Alvini herself, but there, and even more like, stands her uncle, “Il Dottore Albretto,” as he was called. Why, I remember as well as though it were but yesterday, though I was only a boy at the time, her marriage, with one of your own profession, too. How can I forget his name! ah, I have it—Antonio Gioventa. By-the-by, they said, too, the union was none of the happiest, and that they separated soon after. But of that I know nothing myself, for they never appeared in Naples after the morning they were married.”

How I longed to make one or two inquiries! but fear prevented me;—fear lest my own ignorance concerning the history of the picture might be discovered, and I confess, too, something like dread, for the evident age of the picture tallied but ill with the account the *commissaire* gave of the characters represented; and I longed for the moment I should put into execution, at least as much of my promise as was yet in my power; putting it up, therefore, with such of my effects as I recognised, I returned to my hotel.

The entire evening I could think of nothing but the story of the *commissaire*. The artist could have been none other than my old friend Nichola Calertio—for by this name I had known him,—and that lovely creature must have been his wife. And what was her fate?—and what could have been the awful mystery that wrapt their history? These thoughts dwelt in my mind, and, framing ten thousand solutions of the secret, I at last sunk into sleep.

The following day I took my departure for Rome. On my arrival what was my horror to discover, that Nichola had died the day after my de-

parture from Naples, and that he had been buried in the strangers’ burial-ground; but in what spot, no one knew—nor had he one left who could point out his grave. Again my oath came to my mind, and I could not divest myself of the thought, that in the series of events which prevented its accomplishment, chance had nothing to do; and that the hand of a guiding Providence had worked these apparent accidents for his own wise ends.

From that hour I guarded, how closely I cannot say, this picture from all human eye; but if I did so, the very impulse which drove me to conceal it from all others, led me to look upon it myself. Like the miser who possesses a hidden treasure, ten thousand times dearer that it is known to him alone, I have sat, hour by hour, in the silent contemplation of it in my chamber; I have studied the features one by one, till I almost thought the figure lived and breathed before me; and often have I left the crowded and brilliant salon, to seek, in the stillness of my own home, the delicious calm and dreamy tranquillity that painting ever inspired me with.

And so it had been my custom, when first I returned to Dresden, to sit for days long, with that picture open before me. As a work of art, it possessed undoubted excellence;—but I could not help feeling that its mysterious history had invested it with an interest altogether deeper and more powerful than the beauty of the execution could alone account for. This habit had been first broken in upon by the numerous and varied occupations my newly-arisen popularity brought upon me; and, amid the labours of the painting-room, and the gay hours of fashionable dissipation, I had been now some weeks without once having seen it, when the events I have just detailed, and my determination to copy from it, brought it again fully to my mind.

The day which followed that long night of misery passed, I know not how. When I awoke from the deep musing my thoughts had fallen into, it was already evening: the sun had set, and a soft twilight was sleeping on all around. I opened my window, and let the cool breeze of the evening blow upon my heated and fevered



brain ; and as I sat thus, lost in reverie, the last traces of daylight gradually faded away, and a thin, crescent-like moon showed itself over the hill of the Meissner. The city lay in deep shadow, and almost in silence ; —the mournful plashing of the river being plainly heard above all other sounds. There is something sad, and almost awful, in the sight of a large and populous city bathed in the silence and sleep of night ; its busy voice hushed, its streets untrodden, or echoing to the tread of a solitary passer-by. To me this was now most welcome. The dreamy melancholy of my mind felt pleasure in the death-like stillness about me, and I wandered forth to enjoy the free air and balmy breeze, upon the bank of the Elbe. After some time I crossed the bridge, and continued my walk through the suburb, intending to return by a beautiful garden which lies on that side of the river. As I approached the Elbe I was struck by the bright glare of light which, proceeding from some building near, illuminated the river nearly the whole way across, displaying upon its glassy surface several boats, in which the people sat, resting on their oars, and scarcely moving in the gentle tide of the stream. I remembered for a moment, and then it occurred to me that the brilliant glare of light proceeded from the villa of Count Lowenstein, which stood upon a small promontory of land, about two miles from Dresden, this being the night of a private *soirée*, to which only his nearest and most intimate friends were ever invited. Report had spoken loudly of the singular beauty of the villa itself, the splendour of its decorations, the richness and taste of its furniture, and indeed around the whole character of the place, and the nature of the entertainments held there, the difficulty of *entrée*, and the secrecy observed by the initiated, had thrown an air of the most romantic interest. To these *soirées*, although honoured by marks of the greatest distinction, and even admitted to the closest intimacy, the count never invited me, and, in the days of my prosperity, it had ever been with a sense of pique I called to mind the circumstance. Thither I now inadvertently bent my steps, and it was only when the nar-

rowness of the path which lay between the hedge of the garden and the river required my caution in walking, that I remembered I must have entered the grounds, and was then actually within a few paces of the villa.—While I stood for a moment, uncertain whether to retreat or advance, I was struck by observing that the boats had gradually and noiselessly approached the bank, a short way from where I was, and, by the attitudes of the figures I could perceive that they were listening most eagerly and attentively. I approached a few steps, till, at the sudden turning of the walk, I found myself beneath the terrace of a splendid saloon, brilliantly lighted, and crowded by numerous and full-dressed guests. The rarest plants and most beautiful exotics stood in jars along the balustrade, diffusing their perfume around, and the cheerful hum of voices was heard in the still night air, as parties walked to and fro upon the balcony. Suddenly the din of voices was hushed, those that were walking stood still, as if spell-bound,—a few seconds of the most perfect silence followed,—then two or three chords of a harp, lightly but tastefully struck,—and then flowed forth a burst of melody, so full, so rich, so swelling, in the recitative of Rossini, “ Oh, patria!—oh, dolce ingrata patria!”—that it filled my heart with transport, and my eyes with tears ; and, to my wounded and broken spirit, there came a holy and delicious calm, as if by some magic spell another had divined my inward sorrow, and in giving it expression, had given it relief.

The recitative over, oh ! with what triumphant gladness came the brilliant “ Aria,” diffusing joy and happiness through every fibre of my frame ; and, as one delicious cadence succeeded another, I felt my heart beat strong and stronger against my side. My sorrow—my deep depressing sorrow, was forgotten—a very heaven of brilliant hopes was opened before me, and peace flowed in upon my soul once more. The singer paused, then came a melting cadence, followed by a thrilling shake,—so low, so plaintive, and so clear, I felt as if the last emotion of happiness fled with it. A silence of a moment followed, and then a thunder of applause flowed in on every side, and the words—“ Divine

*La Mercia!*" burst from every voice around.

I stood amazed and thunderstruck. The quick transition of my feelings had completely overpowered me, and I was only aroused by hearing a voice so near me as to startle me. It was the count who spoke; he stood directly above me, leaning against a pillar of the portico, and supported upon his arm a lady,—but, from her position, I could not catch her features. From his soft, low, and earnest tone of voice, it was plain the nature of his suit was one of heartfelt interest; while the few words she spoke in answer, from their soft tones and foreign accent, left me no doubt they came from *La Mercia*. I crept nearer the balcony, and, concealed behind the balustrades, waited anxiously to catch a glance at her as she passed. The light fell strongly from an open window upon this part of the terrace, and I could perceive, as she came forward, that, disengaging herself from the count's arm, she assumed a more gay and lively manner. She was now within a few feet of where I stood, eagerly waiting for the moment she would turn to enter the salon. She curtsied deeply to some persons in the crowd, and ere I could recover from the effect of the graceful and beautiful attitude she assumed, she turned. Merciful heaven! could it be true? I almost screamed aloud, and but for the hold I took of the balcony should have fallen. The picture was *La Mercia*. The same calm brow—the same melting look—that beautiful outline of neck and throat, and, above all, that lovely contour of head, to see which once was never to forget. She was gone; the guests disappeared one by one from the terrace; the salon became again crowded, and the windows were closed against the now chilling night air; and yet so suddenly all seemed to happen, I could scarcely believe but that still that lovely voice and beauteous form were before me; and I could not help thinking, as I left the spot, that to an excited brain and fevered imagination, the likeness of the picture to *La Mercia* must have been owing in reality, and with slow steps retraced my way homeward.

The next morning early I left Dresden for the Augustine monastery at

Tetchen, and ardently commenced the intended altar-piece, but fearing least the likeness to *La Mercia* might have been real, I did not copy from the painting as I had resolved. For three months I laboured unceasingly, and whether from the perfect occupation of my time, or that the peaceful and tranquil life of the holy men with whom I lived had its influence, I know not, but my mind once more regained its calmness and serenity, and I felt almost happy again.

In this frame of mind I was, when one morning one of the fathers entering my apartment, informed me that my old friend and patron, Count Lowenstein was about to be married. I started, and hurriedly asked to whom, while the deep blush which suffused my cheek told too plainly the interest I took in the answer.

"I know not," said the monk; "but report speaks of her as eminently beautiful."

"Would you recognise the name if you heard it?" I asked.

"I have heard it but once, but think I might remember it again," said he.

"Then it is *La Mercia*," I replied.

"The same—*La Mercia* was the name: and they say a more splendid wedding Dresden has never witnessed than this will be."

I cannot explain why, but never did I feel at any period of my life so completely overcome, as when I listened to this report. Never before had I confessed to myself how I had felt towards *La Mercia*—nor even now could I tell. It was not love. I had never seen her but for a few brief seconds, and yet in my heart she lived—the guiding-star of all my thoughts and aspirations: and though my most sanguine dreams never anticipated my calling her mine, yet I could not bear the thought that she was to belong to another. I resolved at once to set out for Dresden, and if possible see her once before the wedding would take place. I thought it would be a balm to my feelings should I look upon her. Even she was lost to me for ever; and I longed ardently to trace with what calmness I was able how far the likeness with the picture was real or imaginary. With these intentions I left the monastery that evening and returned to Dresden.

When I reached home I learned



that the count had been married and found upon my table a most pressing invitation from him to his *soiree* at the villa that evening. At first I resolved not to accept it. The full measure of my loneliness had never so pressed on me before; for although, in reality, La Mercia was not, nor could ever have been aught to me, yet I felt as if my fate and happiness were, by some inexplicable ties, wound up with hers; and now that tie was to be broken. I had begun to believe that the extraordinary impression she had made upon my mind had entirely suggested the resemblance with the picture, which some chance trait of likeness might have contributed to, and I longed ardently to see her—but then, to see her the bride of another. These conflicting thoughts agitated me during the entire day, and I knew not what to decide on.

When evening came I embarked upon the Elbe, and after a half hour's rowing reached the villa of the count. Lights gleamed from every window; and delicious music was borne on the night wind, that blew gently along the river. Numerous servants in gorgeous liveries passed and re-passed along the spacious verandah, which ran the entire length of the building, carrying fruit, wine, and ices to those who preferred the balmy air and starry sky without to the heat and glitter of the crowded saloon within.

With difficulty I made my way through the dense mass that filled the antechamber, and at length reached one of the reception rooms, scarcely less crowded. On every side I beheld some of the highest persons of the city. Groups of officers in splendid uniforms, ambassadors glittering in orders and crosses, distinguished foreigners, artists, authors, were all mingled together in thick profusion, enjoying the magnificence and splendour which unbounded wealth, guided and directed by the most cultivated taste, could create. Standing in mute admiration of a beautiful figure of Psyche, which seemed fresh from the chisel of Canova, I was roused by a voice addressing me, while at the same moment my shoulder was gently tapped. I turned. It was the count himself.

"Ah, Monsieur le Baron," said he, "*enfin après un an,* as Racine has it, Where have you buried yourself and

all your agreeability these ages past?—but come, I shall not tax your invention for excuses and apologies. Follow me—the countess has heard me frequently speak of you, and longs to make your acquaintance. This way—after me as well as you can."

The friendly tone of the count, as well as its being almost the first time of my being addressed by my new title, brought a deep blush to my cheek, which fortunately was unobserved as I followed him in the crowd. He passed through this room to one still larger, filled with parties playing at several small tables, and thence into an oval saloon, where waltzing was going on; with great difficulty we got through this, and arrived at a curtain of white cloth, fringed at the bottom with deep and massive silver lace; this he drew gently aside, and we entered the boudoir. Upon a small ottoman, over which was thrown a rich Persian shawl, sat the countess.

"Isadora," said the count, as he approached, "Isadora, '*carissima mia,*' this is my friend, Carl Stelling."

She lifted her head from the picture she was showing to a lady beside her, and as her eye beamed fully upon me and her lips parted to address me, I fell fainting to the ground.

"It is, it is," I muttered, as the last ray of consciousness was leaving my whirling brain.

When I recovered the count was standing over me bathing my temples. I looked wildly around. I saw we were still in the boudoir, although all but one or two had departed, and from the window, now opened, there came a cool and refreshing breeze. I looked anxiously around for the countess. She stood at a table, her cheek deadly pale, and I thought her appearance evinced great agitation. I heard her, in a low whisper, ask—

"What can this mean?"

I immediately recovered myself sufficiently to say, that, overcome by the heat of the saloon, in my then weak state, that I felt completely overpowered. But I saw my explanation seemed incomplete, and that some words must have fallen from me which I did not remember. The count, at the same instant putting his lips to my ear, said,

"Carl, this must be explained at another and more fitting moment."

This increased my agitation, for I now perceived that my merely being taken suddenly ill could never have given rise to such a feeling as all around seemed to labour under. Before then I could at all determine how to act, the countess approached me, and in her softest and kindest manner, asked if I were better.

In a moment all my agitations were forgotten; and, indeed, every one of the party seemed to participate, as if by magic, in the balmy influence her few words shed around. Conversation soon resumed its course. For some time the count's manner was constrained and uncertain, but that soon wore away, as the joyous tone and sparkling gaiety of his lovely bride seemed to have their effect upon every one about her, and even I—torn as I was by feelings I could neither trace nor divine—felt, under the mystic spell that so much beauty and grace diffused on every side. With a wonderful tact she alluded at once to such subjects that compelled me, as an artist, to speak—and speak warmly; and seemingly catching the enthusiasm from me, that she herself had created, she spoke of Venice—its thousand recollections—its treasures of art—its rich historical associations—its ancient glory; and then taking up her guitar, played with such tenderness and feeling one of the well-known gondolier *canzonette*, as made the very tears stand in my eyes.

The victory was complete. I forgot the past—I knew no longer where I was. A bright Elysium of bliss had opened before me; and even now, after years of such misery as few have known, I could say that one hour of such intoxicating happiness would be, almost, cheaply bought by even such affliction.

I started from my trance of pleasure on observing that the guests were taking leave. I at once arose, and as she extended her hand to me I felt the blood rush to my face and forehead. I barely dared to touch it with my lips, and retired. I hurried from the villa, and springing into my boat, was soon landed at the bridge of Dresden.

From that time, my visits at the villa were frequent; seldom a week elapsed without my receiving one or two invitations from the count; and at last to such an extent did my inti-

macy proceed, and so superior in attraction was the society there, that for it I deserted all other, and only felt happy when with my kind patrons. During this, by far the most delightful period of my life, I was not entirely free from unhappiness. Sometimes the likeness of the countess to the picture would appear to me so striking, as not to be mistaken. One day particularly, when some sudden intelligence was brought to her that caused momentary alarm for the count's safety, her pale cheek and quivering lip brought the portrait so perfectly before me, that I was unable to speak or offer her advice when she asked my opinion; and then vague and horrid doubts, and a dread of some unknown and unforeseen calamity would flash upon my mind; and those who have experienced how deeply they can be impressed by a presentiment of evil, can tell how little it is in their power to rally their spirits against terrors which take every or any shape. And while I reasoned with myself against what might be mere groundless fear, yet I never could look upon the picture and call to mind the death-bed sorrow of the old artist, without feeling that some dreadful fate was connected with its history, in which, as its mere possessor, I might be involved. Sometimes to such a degree did this anxiety prevail upon me, that I had fully determined to show it to the countess, and either endeavour to trace its history from her, or at once rid myself of all apprehension concerning it. If she disclaimed all knowledge of it; but then, if she really were connected with its story—if, as it was possible, a mother's fate, for the resemblance could warrant such a relationship, were wound up with the story—what right had I, or how could I answer to myself, for the mere satisfaction of my own doubts, to renew the sorrows, and, perhaps, even be the means of publishing to the world the sad detail of forgotten crime or misfortune. Perhaps, however, the picture was not, as I supposed, an antique; it might be an admirable copy: but this idea was relinquished at once—the more I examined the more fully did it corroborate my opinion of its being the work of a master. Such thoughts as these, and they grew upon me daily more and more, embittered the hap-

piest moments of my intercourse with my friends; and often, when the merry laugh and the joyous glee which pervaded our parties at the villa was at the highest, I thought of that picture, and my heart sank at the recollection, and I would hasten to my home to conceal from every eye the terror and anguish these thoughts ever inspired me with.

One evening when dressing for the count's villa I received a *billet*, written in pencil and evidently in haste; it came from himself and informed me that the countess, who had that morning made a short excursion upon the river, had returned home so ill that the entertainment was deferred. I was, however, requested to call the following morning, to take some sketches of Pirna from the villa, which I had long since promised to make for them. So completely had I withdrawn myself from all other society during my great intimacy with Count Lowenstein, that I now felt the *billet* I received left me unable to say where or how I should pass my evening.

In this uncertainty I wandered forth, and without thinking whither my steps led me, it was only on hearing the boatmen ask if I were ready, that I perceived I had strolled to the steps beside the bridge, where I usually took my departure for the villa. Lost in reverie and led captive by habit, I had walked to this spot unconsciously to myself.

I was about to dismiss the boatmen for the night, when a whim seized me to drop on board and visit those small and wooded islands that lie about a league up the river. It was a calm and beautiful night; and in the wild and untrodden solitude of these romantic islands I remained till near midnight.

As we passed the grounds of the count, I ordered the boatmen to land me at a spot remote from the house, whence I could proceed on foot, wishing to make some inquiry for the countess before I returned home. They accordingly put me on shore at a small flight of steps which descended to the water's edge, from a terraced path that ran a considerable distance through the park, and was concealed in its entire length by tall hedges of beech, completely overgrown with

flowering creeping shrubs, and so impenetrable, that even in noon-day, it was impossible for those without to see persons walking within, while the closely-shaven sod effectually prevented footsteps being heard. The moon was up, and nearly at the full, and all beneath me in the richly-ornamented flower-garden was bathed in a sea of mellow light. The marble statues that adorned the walks threw their lengthened shadows at their bases, while their own whiteness seemed purer and fairer than ever. The villa itself, half obscured by trees, seemed, in its tranquil beauty, the very emblem of peace; and as the pillars of the portico threw a deeper shadow, gave a broadness to the effect which struck me as wonderfully beautiful. I gazed around me with momentarily increasing admiration. The gentle murmuring of the leaves agitated by the breeze, and the plash of the river, made the silence around me even more striking. I stood lost in the enjoyment of the delicious repose of the whole scene, when a slight noise upon the gravel walk attracted my attention; I listened, and now distinctly heard footsteps approaching, and also the voices of persons whispering in a low and much suppressed tone. They came nearer, and were now only concealed from my view by the tall hedge, beneath which they walked; and soon the shadow of two figures were cast along the broad walk in the bright moonlight. For a moment they stopped speaking, and then I heard a laugh, in a low and under tone—but such a laugh. My very blood ran chilled back upon my heart as I heard it. Oh, if the fiend himself had given that dreadful and heart-appalling laugh, it could not be more awful. It scarcely died away in the faint echo, ere I heard the sobs, deep and low, of another and far different voice. At this instant the figures emerged from the darkness and stood in the bright moonlight. They stood beside an old and broken pillar, which had once supported a sun-dial, and around whose shaft the clustering ivy had wound itself. They were entirely concealed by large cloaks which enveloped their entire figures, but still I could perceive that one was much larger and more robust than the other. This latter taking a small lamp, which was concealed be-

neath the folds of his cloak, placed it upon the pillar, while at the same instant, the other figure, throwing off the cloak, knelt at his feet. Oh, that reason had left me or that life itself had parted from me ere I should look upon that scene. She—she who knelt and held her suppliant hands was La Mercia; and he—who now divested of his mantle, stood over her—was the dark and awful-looking man of the picture. There they stood. The dresses of both were copied to the life; their looks—oh, heaven! their very looks were pictured as they stood. She spoke: and as she did so, her arms fell powerless before her. he scowled the same horrid scowl of hate and scorn.—My brain was turning; I tried to scream out, my voice failed me—I was mute and powerless; my knees rocked and smote each other; convulsive tremor shook me to the centre, and with a groan of agony I sank fainting to the earth.

The day was breaking ere I came to myself; I arose, all was quiet around me. I walked to the boat—the boatmen were sleeping; I awoke them, and we returned to Dresden. I threw myself upon my bed—my brain seemed stupified and exhausted—I fell into a profound sleep, and woke not till late the following evening. A messenger had brought a note from the count—“The countess is worse.” The note detailed briefly that she had passed a feverish and disturbed night, and that the medical attendants had never left the villa. Was it then but a dream—my dreadful vision of the past night? and had my mind, sorrowing for the affliction of my best friend, conjured up the awful scenes I believed to have witnessed? How could it be otherwise? The *billet* I received told most distinctly that she was confined to her bed, severely, dangerously ill; and of course watched with all the care and attention the most sedulous anxiety could confer. I opened the picture, and then conviction flashed with lightning's rapidity upon me, that it was not delusion—that no dream had brought these images before my mind. “Ah,” I cried, “my friend, my patron, how have I betrayed thee? Why did I not earlier communicate the dreadful story of the picture, and thus guard you against the machina-

tions which the fiend himself surrounded you by. But then what had I to tell—how embody the vague and shadowy doubts that took, even in my own mind, no palpable shape or form?”

That entire day was passed in alternate resolution and abandonment; now determined to hasten to the villa, and disclose to the count every circumstance I had seen, and then, thinking how little such mere suspicion would gain credence; and how unfit the present moment to obtrude upon his breaking and distracted heart, the horrid dread that haunted mine. Towards evening, a messenger arrived, breathless with haste. He brought no note, but merely bade me hasten to the villa, as the count wished to see me with all possible dispatch. I mounted the servant's horse, and in a few minutes reached the place. Servants were running hither and thither distractedly. I asked, eagerly, how was the countess? No one could tell, but all seemed to imply that there was no hope of recovery. I entered the large and spacious hall, and threw myself upon a sofa; and as I looked around upon the splendid hangings, the gilded cornices, and marbled pillars, and thought upon that sorrow such splendour surrounded, my heart sickened. A shadow fell upon the brightly-polished floor. I looked up—a figure stood at the window of the hall, and stared me steadily in the face. The eyes glared wildly, and the dark malignant features were lit up with a scornful scowl of more than human hate and triumph. It was the incarnation of the Evil One exulting over a fallen and lost spirit. A loud shriek rent the air behind me; I dared not turn my eyes from the horrid sight before me. “Oh heavens! it is true—he is, he is the *Tutore*,” I cried, as the features, convulsed for an instant with fiendish triumph, resumed their cold and even more appalling aspect. A threatening gesture from his hand arrested me, as I was about to call aloud. My voice came not, though my lips moved. I could not rise from the seat—a dreadful scream rang through the building—another, and another followed—the figure was gone. At the same moment the count rushed forward—his dress disordered, his hair

falling loosely upon his shoulders—madness, wild insanity in his look. He turned and saw me ; and bursting into a torrent of hysterical laughter, cried out—

“Ha, ha, Carl!—welcome to our abode of pleasure ; here is all gaiety and happiness. What sorrow ever crosses this threshold?” and then, with a sudden revulsion, he stared me fixedly, and said in a low sepulchral voice—“She is dead—dead ! but the time is passing—a few minutes more, and ’twill be too late ; this Carl will explain all. Take this, and this—these papers must be your care—promise me to observe them to the letter ; they were her—her last wishes, and you knew her. Oh, is this a dream? it is too—too horrible to be real. Ah !” said he, after a moment’s pause ; “I am ready !” and springing from me wildly, rushed through the door towards the inner apartments.

I started up and followed him—I knew not which way he took in the corridor ; and as I stood uncertain, a loud report of fire-arms crashed on my ear. I flew to the sick chamber—servants stood gasping and trembling without. I tore open the door ; there lay the count upon the floor, his head rent asunder by the bullets from the pistol his hand still grasped. He had endeavoured to reach the bed, and fell half upon a chair. In the bed lay the still warm corpse of the countess, beautiful as in life. I looked from one to the other ; my seared and stony heart turned to apathy by the horrors I had witnessed, gave no relief to its feeling in tears ; and I spoke not as I slowly left the room.

For two days I spoke not to any one. A dreamy unconsciousness seemed to wrap my faculties, and I felt not the time passing. On the third day, I rallied sufficiently to open the papers the count had entrusted to me. One contained an affectionate farewell to myself, from the count, with a dying bequest ; the other was in a lady’s hand—it bore the countess’s signature ; and here I discovered with surprise and horror, that to the performance of the rash act, by which the count had terminated his existence, he was bound by a solemn oath. I read, and re-read, to assure myself of the fact. It was true. Such was the terrible pro-

mise she extorted from the wretched lover, under the delusive hope of their meeting in another and happier life. Then followed the directions for the funeral, which were minute to a degree. The bodies of both, when confined, were to be placed in a small temple in the garden, near the river ; the key of which was to be sent to a Dominican monk, who lived in an obscure part of the city. By him were the coffins to be closed, which it was strictly enjoined should be done by him alone and unaccompanied, the night before the burial.

All was done, as the wish of the deceased enjoined ; and the key despatched by a trusty servant of my own, to the friar, who appeared to be in expectation of it, and knew its import.

I sat in the lonely and desolate room, which had formerly been mine in the villa of the count ; that long and dreary night the wind poured its mournful wailing through the pine trees in dirgeful memory of him who was no more. From the window of the temple a bright light gleamed till near morning, when it gradually faded away. Thither I repaired at day-break, with the household. All was still—the door lay open—the coffins were closed and screwed down. The friar was gone ; we afterwards found that he had not returned to his lodgings in the city, nor was he ever after seen in Dresden. The bodies were committed to the earth, and I returned to my home alone in the world.

It was several years after this—the awful death of my earliest, best friend—that I arrived in Paris to exhibit, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, a historical picture, upon which I had laboured for years. I must be brief. My picture was exhibited, and my most sanguine expectations surpassed by its success ; and in a few short days the whole scene of my early triumph was re-enacted. Praise and flattery poured in upon me ; and as in Dresden before, so now in Paris I became the fashion and the rage. But how changed was I ! No longer exulting in my success, and buoyant with hopes, I received all the adulation I met with, with cold indifference and apathy.

Among the many attentions which



my popularity had conferred upon me, was an invitation to the Hotel de Rohan. The duke, a most distinguished connoisseur in painting, having seen and applauded my picture, waited on me. Thus bound in duty, I went; and fatigued by the round of soulless gaiety, in what I could no longer feel happy, or even forgetful, I was retiring early, when the duke met me and said—

“Ah, monsieur, I have been looking for you. The Comtesse de Julliard has desired me to present you to her; and when I tell you that she is the most beautiful woman in Paris, I need not say how much you must prize the honour among all the distinctions your talents have earned; come this way.”

I followed mechanically—my heart took no interest in the scene—and I only longed to be once more alone and unobserved. As I walked after the duke, he gave me a short account of the beautiful countess, whom he mentioned as the last descendant of an old and honoured family, supposed to have been long since extinct, when she, a few months before, appeared in Paris, and laid claim to the title. As she possessed unbounded wealth, and had no great favours to ask any where, the

court were charmed with her beauty, and readily admitted her claims, which some were ill-natured enough to say, were perhaps merely assumed without foundation.

I took little interest in the story. My thoughts were far away, as they ever were for many years, from every thing of the present; and 'twas only as I heard the duke announce my name among a group who stood near a sofa, that I remembered why I was there.

The countess sat with her back to us, but rose immediately on hearing my name. I bowed deeply as she stood up; and recovering myself from my obeisance, looked up. Oh! merciful heaven, with what horror I looked.—It was no other than La Mercia. With one loud cry of “'tis she, 'tis she,” I fell fainting to the floor.

Weeks of wild raving and delirium followed. I left Paris—I returned to Dresden. There all reminded me of the past. I fled from my home; and now, after years of wandering in solitary and distant lands, I feel deep in my heart the heavy curse that has followed upon my broken oath, and which has made me an outcast and a broken-hearted wanderer in the world for ever.

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## MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.\*

## CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

LORD WELLINGTON had now achieved a European reputation. In England, in France, in Spain, throughout the Continent, his recent victory had marked him as a consummate master of the art of war. The ministry, by whom from the first he had been timidly, and with misgivings, sustained, now felt in his name a tower of strength, and were themselves in no small degree borne up in public confidence, and confirmed in the resolution to persevere boldly in the course upon which they had entered, by the success which had attended his arms; and the Spanish authorities, whose perverse conduct had been hitherto so much to be deplored, began to see that in him alone was centered any rational hope of the deliverance of Spain, and his influence with them began at length to prevail over the faction and the jealousy by which it had so long been obstructed.

At home, some changes had taken place in the cabinet, occasioned by differences amongst its members, which might, under other circumstances, have been seriously detrimental to the public welfare. Mr. Canning, a brilliant rhetorician, entertained, and expressed to his confidential friends, a conviction that Lord Castlereagh was incompetent to the due discharge of his duties as secretary-at-war and of the colonies; and made it a condition of his continuance in the ministry that that accomplished statesman should be removed. This his determination was, without any desire of his, and, we are told, against his remonstrance, concealed from Lord Castlereagh until after the Walcheren expedition, the disastrous issue of which had filled the public with indignation. Then it was that the arrangements first came to light by which the war minister was to be relieved from the cares of office; and it was by no means unnatural that,

coming upon him, as the whole transaction did, with a very disagreeable surprise, his resentment should have been very great, and he could not be brought to believe that his adversary was actuated purely by public considerations. The result was the retirement of both ministers from the cabinet, after an appeal to the falsely so-called code of honour.

Of Mr. Canning, the historian will write that he was a showy actor upon the stage of public life, very capable of being useful in the forwarding of great designs when acting in strict subordination to a master mind, but without the depth, the capacity, or the temper by which he might be qualified for independent rule in the management of such a mighty and complicated concern as the British empire. Lord Castlereagh, although not a first-rate minister, was as superior to his rival in statesmanship, as his rival was to him in pointed and brilliant declamation. The one was as solid as the other was specious, and was possessed, moreover, of a blandness of courtesy, which, when joined to his well-known determined courage, won for him consideration and respect, even from those by whom, for his principles, he could be but little regarded. During his tenure of office, Lord Wellington received from him the most cordial and encouraging support, and could not but regard the intrigue by which he was displaced, as one which might, by possibility, have a disastrous influence upon the conduct of the war.

But the same straightforward and soldier-like demeanour which secured the attachment of Lord Castlereagh, won, also, for our great commander the confidence of Lord Liverpool, who had now succeeded to the war and colonial office, and entered with a praiseworthy alacrity into the views and

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\* *Life of Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K. G., K. C. B., G. C. H., &c. &c.* By W. H. Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "The Bivouac," &c. &c. In 3 vols. London: A. H. Baily and Co. 1839.



projects of the British general, at a time when he was surrounded by difficulties, and when the slightest coldness on the part of the cabinet would have disabled him from any longer continuing the contest.

It was, doubtless, a mortifying thing to the people of England to see so splendid an armament as that which was sent out to Walcheren, so much worse than thrown away; and the thought was but too natural, that if the troops composing it had been sent to Spain, with such an accession to his force, Lord Wellington would have been enabled to perform far more signal service than he had as yet achieved, and possibly to chase from the Peninsula the invaders. This, indeed, was the topic, by specious declamation upon which the late war-secretary was chiefly galled; and it must, therefore, have been consolatory to his wounded feelings to find that the man best able to judge in such a matter was by no means of opinion, that, had the force which was sent to Holland been destined to Spain, its arrival could, in the then circumstances of the country, have been attended with any advantage. The following is an extract from a despatch addressed to Lord Castlereagh, and bearing date the 25th of August, 1809:—

“Before I quit this part of the subject, it may be satisfactory to you to know that I do not think matters would have been much better, if you had sent your large expedition to Spain, instead of to the Scheldt. You could not have equipped it in Galicia or any where in the north of Spain.

“If we had had sixty thousand men instead of twenty thousand, in *all probability we should not have got to Talavera to fight the battle, for want of means and provisions.* But if we had got to Talavera, we could not have gone farther, and the armies would probably have separated for want of means of subsistence—probably without a battle, but certainly afterwards.

“Besides, you will observe that your forty thousand men, supposing them to be equipped, and means to exist of feeding them, would not compensate for the deficiency of numbers, of composition, and of efficiency in the Spanish armies; and that supposing they had been able to remove the French from Madrid, they could not have removed them from the Peninsula, even in the existing state of the French force.”

How curious to consider, that when all the world were lamenting the misapplication of our resources in that ill-timed and badly-handled expedition, and regretting that it was not sent to Spain, Wellington should have felt that such an increase of his force would be a diminution of his power, and that his movements would only be hampered and his energies paralysed by what, to the ignorant or the unreflecting, would seem the certain means of victory! Such are human affairs! so blindly do we guess even respecting the things that are before us! But how does it bring home to us the difficulties and the embarrassments which he had now, to a great extent, so triumphantly overcome, to know, from his own express acknowledgment, that they would only be multiplied and aggravated by the very means which, humanly speaking, would seem best calculated to remove them!

That the instrument with which Lord Wellington had to work, and by which he had achieved the great successes which had already attended his arms, was one that would be wholly unmanageable in the hands of almost any other man, the following statement, from a despatch, bearing date January 24th, 1810, makes abundantly manifest. He is writing to Lord Liverpool.

“I am concerned to tell you, that, notwithstanding the pains taken by the general and other officers of the army, the conduct of the soldiers is infamous. They behave well, generally, when with their regiments, and under the inspection of their officers and the general officers of the army; but when detached and coming up from hospitals, although invariably under the command of an officer, and always well fed and taken care of, and received as children of the family by the housekeeper in Portugal, they commit every description of outrage. They have never brought up a convoy of money that they have not robbed the chest; nor of shoes, or any other article that could be of use to them, or could produce money that they do not steal something.

“I have never halted the army for two days that I have not been obliged to assemble a general court-martial; and a general court-martial was assembled during the whole time the army was at Badajoz. At this moment there are three general court-martials sitting in Portugal for the trial of soldiers

guilty of wanton murders, (no less than four people have been killed by them since we returned to Portugal,) robberies, thefts, robbing convoys under their charge, &c. &c. I assure you that the military law is not sufficiently strong to keep them in order; and the people of this country have almost universally such an affection for the British nation, that they are unwilling to prosecute these unworthy soldiers, in cold blood, for the injuries they have received from them, at the distance of time which must elapse before the soldier can be brought to trial; although ready enough to complain and prosecute them when smarting under the injury. Then the truth can never be got from themselves. Perjury is as common as robbery and murder; and the consequence of swearing them to tell the truth before a regimental court-martial is, that they invariably commit perjury when examined before a general court-martial, where formerly the sanction of an oath was seldom given to falsehood. But upon the whole of this important subject, I refer you to my letter to Lord Castlereagh, of the 17th of June last. I certainly think the army are improved. They are a better army than they were some months ago. But still these terrible continued outrages give me reason to apprehend that, notwithstanding all the precautions I have taken and shall take, they will slip through my fingers, as they did through Sir John Moore's, when I shall be involved in any nice operation with a powerful enemy in my front."

Such was the state of the army he commanded, and by which, nevertheless, he was enabled not only to maintain his ground against overwhelming masses of the enemy, but to defeat, in succession, the ablest marshals of France, and to frustrate the most formidable combinations which they could form against him;—and this, while he was thwarted in every imaginable way by his ridiculously impracticable allies, blamed by many of his own generals for being cautious overmuch, and suspected by the government at home of being too adventurous and daring. That this latter was a prejudice against which he had to contend, appears from the following extract from a despatch to Lord Liverpool, bearing date April 2nd, 1810:—

"Depend upon it, whatever people may tell you, I am not so desirous as they imagine of fighting desperate bat-

ties; if I was I might fight one any day I please. But I have kept the army for six months in two positions, notwithstanding their own desire, and that of the allies, that I should take advantage of many opportunities which the enemy apparently offered of striking a blow against them; in some of which the single operation would certainly have been successful. But I have looked to the great result of our maintaining our position on the Peninsula, and have not allowed myself to be diverted from it by the wishes of the allies, and probably of some of our own army, that I should interfere more actively in some partial affairs; or by the opinion of others, that we ought to quit the country prematurely; and I have not harassed my troops by marches and counter-marches, in conformity to the enemy's movements. I believe that the world in the Peninsula begin to believe that I am right."

While the French made war support war, and exacted contributions from the country which they occupied, with an unscrupulous and merciless severity, Wellington uniformly paid for such provisions and modes of conveyance as he required, and frequently was without the means of procuring them when they might be had for money; and often, even when money abounded, found that they could not be procured. At Talavera, it was with extreme difficulty that sustenance could be found for the wounded after the battle, by the English, though, when the French, under Victor and Mortier, came to occupy the same quarters, their instincts of spoliation revealed to them previously-undiscovered hoards, upon which they were enabled to subsist their army in abundance for nearly three months; the inhabitants being thus justly punished by seeing the provisions which they withheld from their friends, who would have paid for them, contributing, without any payment, to the subsistence of their enemies.

Sometimes, the apprehended difficulty of conveyance, by which the wounded might be removed to the frontiers of Portugal, was the determining motive with the British general to avoid an action, when a battle might have been delivered with decided success. This it was which withheld him on more than one occasion from striking a blow against

Marmont, who, with all his caution and activity, sometimes presented himself in such an attitude as to invite attack;—and bitter were the heart-burnings of some amongst his own generals which Wellington had to endure, because of the stern self-denial which led him to decline any enhancement of his military renown, which could only be purchased by more than commensurate sufferings and sacrifices on the part of his gallant soldiers. His position was most peculiar. While a single defeat would have proved his ruin, and the ruin of the Spanish cause, it was not always that he could afford even to gain a victory. He had to avail himself of the advantages of a central position, and manage less than fifty thousand men, so as always to be prepared for an antagonist on every side, and to defeat the combinations of two hundred and fifty thousand. It well became him, therefore, to count his cost, before he risked any decisive action; as immediate success in any instance might be tantamount to eventual defeat, and a beaten enemy, who could be suddenly and powerfully reinforced, might prove a most dangerous antagonist to the triumphant force which was crippled in the hour of victory.

Nor were the difficulties of the British general lightened by a change which came over the spirit of the governing authorities in Spain, when the Cortes were convoked, and a spirit of fierce and unmitigated democracy seemed to have taken possession of their councils. The measure was one recommended by the Marquess of Wellesley, who conceived that it would aid in increasing the abhorrence with which the French were regarded in Spain. But his more sagacious brother, while he acknowledged that such an effect was very likely to be produced, clearly foresaw the causes of grave alarm which were latent in a course which brought together minds filled with enthusiasm, but inexperienced in the practical working of popular government, to deliberate upon the present position of Spanish affairs. He thus writes to the marquess, in a letter bearing date 22nd September, 1809:—

“I am very uneasy respecting the part of your note to Don M. de Garay, and

of your despatch, No. 5, which recommended the assembly of the cortes; not that I do not think that the line you have taken on this subject will give great satisfaction in England, but because I fear the cortes may be worse than any thing we have had yet.

“I acknowledge that I have a great dislike to a new popular assembly. Even our own ancient one would be quite unmanageable, and, in these days, would ruin us, if the present generation had not before its eyes the example of the French revolution; and if there were not certain rules and orders for its guidance and government, the knowledge and use of which render safe, and successfully direct, its proceedings.

“But how will all this work in the cortes, in the state in which Spain now is? I declare that if I were in Buonaparte's situation, I should leave the English and the cortes to settle Spain in the best manner they could; and I should entertain very little doubt but that, in a very short space of time, Spain must fall into the hands of France.

“At the same time I must agree with you in thinking, that affairs are now in so desperate a situation, that they cannot be worse; that there is a real want of men of common capacity in Spain, in whose hands any form of government, intended for vigorous action, could be placed with any hope that their powers could be used to the public advantage; and that the cortes, with all their faults, and the dangers attendant upon such an assembly, will have at least this advantage, that they will have the confidence of the country, and the prejudices of their countrymen of the lower class in our favour, and against France; your remark being perfectly well-founded, that there is no prejudice or jealousy of us anywhere in Spain excepting by the government.

“But in order to enjoy common safety under such an assembly as the cortes, the rules and orders for their proceedings and internal government ought to be well defined, and to be, if possible, a part of the constitution of the assembly. Great care should also be taken to protect them from the effects of popular fury in the place of their sitting; but still, with all these precautions, I should prefer a wise Bourbon, if we could find one, for a regent, to the cortes.”

It is needless to particularise the incidents which prove that the warning conveyed in this letter was justified by the results. Suffice it to say that at the present hour Spain is suffering under the evils produced by the extravagance

and the empiricism of the assembly who spent their time in high-sounding discussions of abstract questions respecting popular rights, which ended in the adoption of a constitution founded upon the sovereignty of the people, more wildly democratic than had ever before been realized. The seeds were then sown of that dreadful civil-war, which, up to a very recent period, ravaged the fertile fields of Spain, and the results of which are still apparent in the exhaustion and the unsettlement of that unhappy kingdom.

But upon the measures of the British general, who then felt himself charged with the whole responsibility of the conduct of the war, this new element of discord must needs have produced a very perplexing effect, and materially limited the range of action, upon which, had his allies been of a different stamp, he would have boldly entered. He was like a coachman who is compelled to drive his team in company with an unbroken, restive, and impracticable animal, upon whom it is unsafe to use the whip, while he will not obey the rein, and whose starts and plunges are perpetually causing him difficulty and exposing him to danger. But the high sense of duty which led Lord Wellington to undertake such a task, induced him, under the most unpromising circumstances, to persevere in it; and he now had the satisfaction of seeing that his patient perseverance in well-doing was not unattended with good effects. He saw the efficiency of his own and of the Portuguese troops increasing every day, and such success attending his arms as raised his reputation to a height which enabled him effectually, in the case of the Spaniards, to overrule both the folly of the government and the madness of the people.

Nor is it to be denied that there were counter-balancing circumstances by which he was greatly aided. Amongst the French generals a degree of jealousy and of disunion prevailed, by which, both collectively and individually, they were rendered far less formidable than they must have proved had they been marshalled under the presiding mind which would have kept them in harmonious co-operation. By the operation of the guerilla chiefs, their means of communication were greatly straitened, while vast facilities

were afforded Lord Wellington of learning their most secret movements. The aspect of continental affairs, also, began to brighten. The cloud which loomed, after the battle of Wagram, and when the matrimonial alliance of Buonaparte with the house of Austria seemed to guarantee the perpetuity of his influence over the leading states of Europe, began to give way before that rupture with the north, which again involved the imperial conqueror in a perilous enterprise, requiring all the resources which he had at his command, and rendering it impossible for him to reinforce his Spanish legions. Lord Wellington was thus set at his ease respecting any sudden accession to the numbers of his opponents, and his measures, accordingly, assumed a corresponding boldness; and instead of acting cautiously upon the defensive, he eagerly availed himself of every opportunity which presented itself of striking a blow against the enemy, by which they might be dislodged from their strongest positions, before the arrival of any such additional force as might enable them to take the field with better prospects. The reader may judge of the critical importance of the glorious victory at Salamanca, not only to Spain, but to the whole of Europe, when we tell him, that the news of it reached Napoleon just one week before the battle of Borodino, and that its immediate results were, the evacuation of Madrid, the abandonment of the siege of Cadiz, the deliverance of Andalusia and Castile from military occupation, and the necessity, on the part of the French, for husbanding such resources as they had in Spain, in order to enable them to hold their ground, instead of having a disposable force, by which the emperor might be aided in his mortal conflict. Now it was that the star of Wellington began, decidedly, to rise to the ascendant, and that the halo of victory which had, hitherto, in all her controversies with the continental nations, attended the imperial eagles, began to settle conspicuously upon the standards of the heroic islanders, whose achievements in Spain began to be regarded, both by England and the Continent, as the prelude to the deliverance of Europe.

Lord Wellington was now at Madrid. He had been declared, by the



Cortes, Generalissimo of the Spanish armies, and the regency had conferred upon him the order of the golden fleece. Indeed if popular enthusiasm could avail to remove the annoyances by which he was beset, he would have had no reason to complain,—but, unhappily, the same want of system and energy which hitherto characterized the governing authorities in Spain, still prevailed, and nothing was done which could render the resources of the country fairly available for the public service. Where the French had been living in abundance, we were reduced to want; and no sooner did our necessities compel us to abandon positions where we could no longer subsist, than the French again returned, and lived in abundance. Even the supplies of money, which Lord Wellington had every reason to expect from England, were doled out too scantily, and came too tardily, to be of the use which they might have been, had they been more promptly and liberally afforded. The French plan was, to levy every thing from their enemies. His plan, and from which he never deviated, was, to pay for every thing amongst his friends. And therefore, in his case, any deficiency of pecuniary resources was felt as a want of the sinews of war, which must cause him to forego the most promising prospects of success, and content himself with standing upon his defence, when, had his reasonable requisitions been properly attended to, he might have become the aggressor with great advantage.

The next important work which our general undertook was the siege of Burgos;—and here he failed. The city, although but a third-rate fortress, and half dismantled before he commenced his attack, made a brave resistance; and Wellington was neither possessed of the siege requisites, which would have enabled him to command success, nor had he brought with him the troops from whom the best services might be expected. Crawford was not there. That hero had slept the sleep of the brave at the terrible storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. Picton was not there,—that gallant but choleric man had withdrawn himself from the theatre of hostilities before the battle of Salamanca;—influenced, it is supposed, by a feeling of

disgust that Wellington had chosen to manœuvre, rather than to meet and to match himself with the enemy. The consequence was, that after a heavy loss, we were compelled to retire from the fortress, and to abandon some of our most valuable conquests. Still, upon the whole, the result of the campaign was greatly in favour of the allied armies; and we agree with Mr. Maxwell in thinking, that there is a fearless candour in the following extract from one of Lord Wellington's despatches, in which he vindicates his government from all blame in the matter, which is as honourable to him as a man, as the most brilliant feat of arms could have been creditable to him as a soldier:—

“From what I see in the newspapers I am much afraid that the public will be disappointed at the result of the last campaign, notwithstanding that it is in fact the most successful campaign in all its circumstances, and has produced for the cause more important results than any campaign in which a British army has been engaged for the last century. We have taken by siege Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and Salamanca; and the Retiro surrendered. In the meantime the allies have taken Astorga, Guadalajara, and Consuegra, besides other places taken by Duran and Sir H. Popham. In the months elapsed since January, this army has sent to England little short of 20,000 prisoners, and they have taken and destroyed, or have themselves the use of the enemy's arsenals in Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Valladolid, Madrid, Astorga, Seville, the lines before Cadiz, &c., and upon the whole we have taken and destroyed, or we now possess, little short of 3000 pieces of cannon. The siege of Cadiz has been raised, and all the countries south of the Tagus have been cleared of the enemy.

“We should have retained still greater advantages I think, and should have remained in possession of Castille and Madrid during the winter, if I could have taken Burgos, as I ought early in October, or if Ballesteros had moved upon Alcaraz as he was ordered, instead of intriguing for his own aggrandizement.

“The fault of which I was guilty in the expedition to Burgos was, not that I undertook the operation with inadequate means, but that I took there the most inexperienced instead of the best troops. I left at Madrid the third, fourth, and light divisions, who had been with my-

self always before; and I brought with me that were good the first division, and they were inexperienced. In fact the troops ought to have carried the exterior line by escalade on the first trial on the 22d of September, and if they had we had means sufficient to take the place. They did not take the line, because the field officer who commanded did that which is too common in our army. He paid no attention to his orders, notwithstanding the pains I took in writing them, and in reading and explaining them to him twice over. He made none of the dispositions ordered; and instead of regulating the attack as he ought, he rushed on as if he had been the leader of a forlorn hope, and fell, together with many of those who went with him. He had my instructions in his pocket; and as the French got possession of his body, and were made acquainted with the plan, the attack could never be repeated. When he fell, nobody having received orders what to do, nobody could give any to the troops. I was in the trenches, however, and ordered them to withdraw. Our time and ammunition were then expended, and our guns destroyed in taking this line; than which, at former sieges, we had taken many stronger by assault.

"I see that a disposition already exists to blame the government for the failure of the siege of Burgos. The government had nothing to say to the siege. It was entirely my own act. In regard to means, there were ample means both at Madrid and Santander for the siege of the strongest fortress. That which was wanting at both places was means of transporting ordnance and military stores to the place where it was desirable to use them.

"The people of England, so happy as they are in every respect, so rich in resources of every description, having the use of such excellent roads, &c., will not readily believe that important results here frequently depend upon fifty or sixty mules, more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them; but the fact is so, notwithstanding their incredulity. I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid. — is a gentleman who piques himself upon his overcoming all difficulties. He knows the length of time it took to find transport even for about one hundred barrels of powder and a few hundred thousand rounds of musket ammunition which he sent us. As for the two guns which he endeavoured to send, I was obliged to send our own cattle to draw them; and we felt great inconvenience from the want of those cattle in the subsequent movements of the army."

In the operations of war, success alone is accepted as the test of merit; and retreat is a word of ominous import, from which it is difficult to dissociate calamity and disgrace. But we do not entertain a doubt that we could convince our readers, as we have been convinced ourselves, that some of Lord Wellington's greatest qualities were exhibited during his masterly retreat from Burgos, which filled his friends and admirers at home with alarm for his safety, and his enemies with a hope that his career of victory was at an end, but which only proved to him an occasion for the display of a species of ability which such an emergency alone could have called forth, and which was indispensable to his completeness as a great commander. One little incident we cannot omit to mention, as it illustrates some of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the prudence and vigour by which they were overcome. It is as follows:—

"On the last day of the retreat, when the allies fell back from the Huebra to Rodrigo, the broken surface of country, 'flat, marshy, and scored with water-gullies,' rendered the recession of the columns without loss or confusion a very delicate operation. Lord Wellington had made the necessary arrangements to effect his object; and Napier records the following singular but characteristic occurrence, which the orders of the allied general produced:—

"Knowing that the most direct road was impassable, he had directed the divisions by another road, longer, and apparently more difficult: this seemed such an extraordinary proceeding to some general officers, that, after consulting together, they deemed their commander unfit to conduct the army, and led their troops by what appeared to them the fittest line of retreat! Meanwhile Wellington, who had, before daylight, placed himself at an important point on his own road, waited impatiently for the arrival of the leading division until dawn, and then suspecting something of what had happened, galloped to the other road, and found the would-be commanders stopped by that flood which his arrangements had been made to avoid. The insubordination and the danger to the whole army were alike glaring, yet the practical rebuke was so severe and well-timed, the humiliation so complete, and so deeply felt, that, with one proud sarcastic observa-



tion, indicating contempt more than anger, he led back the troops and drew off all his forces safely. However some confusion and great danger still attended the operation, for even on this road one water-gully was so deep that the light division, which covered the rear, could only pass it man by man over a felled tree; and it was fortunate that Soult, unable to feed his troops a day longer, stopped on the Huebra with his main body, and only sent some cavalry to Tamames. Thus the allies retired unmolested.

"With this occurrence the difficulties of the retreat terminated—the French desisting from their pursuit, and the allies reaching the high grounds near Rodrigo, which afforded plenty of fuel for their bivouacs, while ample supplies were forwarded from the city for their use. Immediate assistance was despatched to succour sick or wounded men who had straggled from the line of march; and the British light cavalry and guerillas of Julian Sanchez succeeded in recovering fifteen hundred of these wanderers, who had escaped the enemy's patrols, and were perishing in the woods from cold and hunger."

But if Wellington retreated, Soult was recalled. If the former was compelled to forego present success, the latter was unable to take advantage of the circumstances which might have enabled him to retrieve the disasters which the French had sustained in the Peninsula; as the reverses of the Russian campaign had now caused Buonaparte to regard the war in Spain as but a secondary object; and instead of supplying the complement of troops that would have been necessary to enable his chiefs to derive any rapid or decisive profit from the present posture of affairs, his ablest and most experienced generals were summoned to attend himself in person, to aid him in this great crisis of his controversy with the uproused nations, in which, even at the peril of his throne, he was about to strike a blow for the dominion of the world.

If the retreat of the British general had been conducted with consummate skill, his advance, when he was again enabled to enter upon forward movements, was not less so.

"By the disposition of his corps, the formation of his magazines, and the false information he ingeniously conveyed to the enemy, he misled the

French generals, who saw so many plans open for his adoption, that it was impossible to guess that which he was most likely to select. He might turn their right by forcing the passage of the Tormes on the Duero—or by Avila and the valley of the Tagus march direct upon Madrid. He might then choose the north for the scene of his operation; or he might move southward, and unite with the Anglo-Sicilian army under Murray. All these plans were probable—all were discussed by Joseph and his generals, but they failed in penetrating Lord Wellington's true designs, and the blow was struck before the quarter where it was first felt had been suspected.

"Immediately before the opening of the campaign some changes had taken place in the disposition of the French corps: D'Armanac, with part of the army of the centre, occupied Valladolid, which the king had made head-quarters; and Villatte, with a division of the army of the south, held the line of Tormes from Alba to Ledesma. Three divisions were on both banks of the Duero, and Reille's cavalry on the Esla; Gazan was at Arevalo, D'Erlon at Segovia, Coroux at Avila, and Leval commanded at Madrid.

"The plan of the allied general was a splendid military conception. Aware that the defences of the Duero had been strengthened, he determined to avoid the danger and delay which would be required in forcing them; and by a fine combination of the Anglo-Portuguese army with that of Galicia, he gained the northern bank of the river, taking in reverse the line of defensive posts on the Duero, and opening to attack the whole right flank of the French army, whose scattered corps were too loosely cantoned to admit of rapid concentration. 'Thus, seventy thousand Portuguese and British, eight thousand Spaniards from Estremadura, and twelve thousand Galicians,—that is to say, ninety thousand fighting men, would be suddenly placed on a new front, and marching abreast against the surprised and separated masses of the enemy, would drive them reflux to the Pyrenees. A grand design, and grandly it was executed! For high in heart and strong of hand, Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter; the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets, and he, the leader, so proud and confident, that in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and waving his hand, cried out 'Farewell, Portugal!'

"Never had a campaign opened with

brighter promise, nor proceeded with more continued success. It seemed indeed 'the march of victory.' Obstacles from which another general might have turned, were no sooner presented than overcome; and with slight loss, the Tormes, the Esla, the Duero, the Carrion, the Pisuerga, and the Arlanzon, were crossed as if they had contained no water. Through a country abounding in positions, and with a surface of great natural strength, the French corps had been driven with all the precipitation that attends a beaten army; and a fortress which unequal means for its reduction had a few months before rendered impregnable, presented nothing but a mass of rubbish, after entailing, like the feast-house of the Philistines, ruin on its possessors. How proud must have been Wellington's feelings as he looked at that place of fallen strength! Once he had receded from its walls—but it was to return with a power of his own creation, that rendered resistance unavailing, and obliged those who had maintained it so well to level its ramparts in despair. 'Dubretton's thundering castle' had disappeared—and that height which an army could not carry was now defenceless as an open village.

"The stand which Joseph had designed to have made at Burgos he hoped now to effect at Miranda, trusting for his security to the Ebro, until the long-expected succours should arrive under Clausel and Foy, and add a reinforcement that would enable him to risk a battle. The army of the centre, accordingly, took post at Haxo—that of Portugal at Espejo and Friars, while that of the south occupied Miranda, covered by the castle of Pancorbo. The king's fancied security was speedily dispelled; for one of Wellington's bold and beautiful conceptions was already in full operation.

"On the 13th the allied army was put in march to gain the sources of the Ebro. The Galicians, with the British left wing crossed the river next day, by the bridges of Rocamunde and San Martin. The centre followed on the 15th, while Sir Rowland Hill passed the right wing over by the Puente de Arenas. Thus the French were suddenly cut off from the sea-coast, and their immediate evacuation of all the ports, excepting Santona and Bilbao, was the result. Portugal no longer was to be the depot for Wellington's supplies; a new base of operations was obtained, and the Tagus was abandoned for the sea-coast of Biscay,

"To gain the road leading to Bilbao from Burgos was now the great object of the allied general. Leaving the sixth

division at Modena de Pomar, for the protection of his stores, Lord Wellington marched with the remainder through one of the most difficult countries that an army had ever traversed. Hill and valley, roaring torrents and dry ravines, every difficulty found in an alpine district—all were met, and all were surmounted. At times, the labour of an hundred soldiers was required to move forward a piece of artillery; at others, the gun was obliged to be dismounted, lowered down a precipice by ropes or swayed up the rugged goatpaths by the united efforts of men and horses judiciously combined. 'Strongly did the rough veteran infantry work their way through those wild but beautiful regions. Six days they toiled unceasingly; on the seventh, swelled by the junction of Longa's division, and all the smaller bands which came trickling from the mountains, they burst like raging streams from every defile, and went foaming into the basin of Vittoria.'

"It can hardly be imagined what additional interest a brilliant operation will acquire by local circumstances, and the character of the country through which the line of march runs. The advance to the Zadorra exhibited, at every point of view, scenery beautiful as diversified. In it there was a singular combination of romantic wildness mingled with exquisite fertility. One while the columns moved through luxurious valleys, intersprinkled with hamlets, vineyards, and flower-gardens; at another, they struggled up mountain ridges, or pressed through alpine passes overhung with toppling cliffs, making it almost difficult to decide whether the rugged chasm which they were traversing had been rifted from the hill-side by an earthquake, or scarped by human hands. If the eye turned downwards, there lay sparkling rivers and sunny dells—above rose naked rocks and splintered precipices; while moving masses of glittering soldiery, now lost, now seen, amid the windings of the route, gave a panoramic character to the whole.

"While this grand operation was in progress, the surprise of the enemy was excited, by finding that the immediate line of their retreat was not only unmolested by the allies, but that a convoy, which it would have required an army to protect, was permitted to retire without endangering a single carriage. The routes left of the great Burgos road were believed by the French generals to be impracticable for the movements of an army; and in this supposition they were confirmed by the reports of the peasantry. Days passed away; the retreat continued unmolested: on the 10th no enemy had appeared, and the

allies, it was concluded, were remaining quietly in their quarters. The apathy of the English general was extraordinary, and prisoners were asked by their French escort, 'Was Lord Wellington asleep?'

"But the astonishment of the enemy was indescribable, when on the evening of the 18th, information reached their head-quarters, announcing the astounding intelligence that the whole of the allied divisions were established on the left bank of the Ebro! The bold and successful operations of the allied general had now seriously endangered the position of the French armies, and, as usual, the generals were at variance in their opinions regarding the course which Joseph should adopt. Reille strongly advised the expediency of marching by the right bank of the Ebro into Navarre, and forming a junction with Suchet. The king, however, still reckoned on being strengthened by Clausel, or by the remainder of Foy's corps, of which Sarrut's division had already joined—and unwilling to abandon his immense convoys, he adopted the fatal resolution of retreating on Vittoria."

For the battle which followed, we must refer our readers to the work before us; as, considering the ground which we have to cover, it would be impossible for us to enter into its details. Suffice it to say, that its plan and its progress was marked by the same ability which characterised every previous step in the course of this campaign, and that its results were such as amply to compensate the British general for all his toils and dangers.

Such a shock had now been given to the French power in Spain, that the evacuation of that country by the invaders, was an event that could not be very distant; and then, the invasion of France, by a combined Spanish and British force, flushed with all the ardour of victory, was contemplated as a glorious finale, by which the hearts of our warriors were cheered, worn down as they were by their glorious but exhausting labours.

By some judicious operations on the east coast of Spain, under Lord William Bentinck, ample employment was given to the large force under the command of Suchet; while the sieges of St. Sebastian and of Pampeluna engaged the attention of the British chief, who would have deemed it pre-

mature to attempt the invasion of France until these fortresses had fallen.

But military were overruled by political considerations. Just at that period, the combination of powers by whom Napoleon was opposed had made such an impression upon the forces of the falling emperor, as led them to entertain the most sanguine expectations of success; and Wellington was strongly urged by his government to plant the British standard upon the French soil, even while one of the fortresses still held out, the reduction of which should, in his own judgment, precede the course which was thus suggested.

Napoleon foresaw the danger. He anticipated, with a shuddering horror, the violation of the sacred territory of France; and Soult, who had been recalled, in his extremity, to aid him in the shock of arms upon the Niemen, was now despatched to take the command of the troops, by whom the clearly-indicated design of the allies was to be anticipated, and the impending disgrace and calamity averted.

We confess to our readers the keen reluctance with which our space compels us to crowd together, or to pass over, the various stirring events which marked the progress of this campaign; but any regular enumeration of them would greatly exceed the limits within which our observations must necessarily be confined. We must, therefore, refer to the work before us for the details, a knowledge of which is indispensable to a just appreciation of the vast military resources of our great commander. Suffice it to say that no difficulties were sufficient to daunt his resolution, or baffle the combinations by which he was prepared to overcome them.

Soult occupied a position, having the river Bidassoa in his front, and a series of rugged defiles and eminences upon his flank and in his rear, all which he had fortified with the utmost care, and from which, to dislodge him, would seem to defy the utmost efforts of strategic skill. If Lord Wellington could look with calm defiance at Massena, from the heights of Torres Vedras, much more did it seem that Soult might have looked scornfully down upon him from the summit of La Rhune; but yet, such was the skilful daring of the British general,

this position, apparently so impregnable, yielded to his attack, and the British soldiers felt themselves triumphant upon the soil of France, when but an hour before, the French marshal would have deemed any such attempt an act of the wildest desperation. This remarkable exploit was performed in this manner :—

“ By the assistance of the Spanish fishermen, Lord Wellington ascertained that below the bridge the river could be forded at low water, and that, too, at three different points. These sands were broad: the tide rose sixteen feet; the whole left bank of the Bidassoa was overlooked by the enemy's position—and therefore, the difficulty of collecting troops close to the river unobserved, was manifest. Success depended on the rapid execution of the attack, ‘and a check would have been tantamount to a terrible defeat, because in two hours the returning tide would come with a swallowing flood upon the rear.’

“ The daring of the design—the hazard attendant on the slightest failure—the unlikelihood that a commander, having a better line of operations, would pass such a river as the Bidassoa at its mouth, deceived the French general. Meanwhile his lieutenants were negligent. Of Reille's two divisions, La Martiniere's, now commanded by General Boyer, was at the camp of Urogne, and on the morning of the 17th was dispersed as usual to labour at the works; Villatte's reserve was at Ascain and Serres; the five thousand men composing Maucune's division were indeed on the first line, but unexpectant of an attack; and though the works on the Mandale were finished, and those at Biriata in a forward state, from the latter to the sea they were scarcely commenced.

“ While Wellington's combinations were sufficiently marked to excite suspicion, they were so admirably confused with false movements that Soult was completely misled. As if fortune had determined to smile upon the bold attempt, at nightfall a storm was seen collecting on the Haya, the Alpine height which overlooked the low grounds where the columns for the assault were to be collected. Thunder rolled, and drowned with its louder peals the noise of bringing artillery into position; and at daylight it burst with all its fury upon the right bank of the river, and the columns remained undiscovered. From the contiguity of the opposite bank, the French pickets were occasionally overheard; and although an

enemy, in imposing force, was immediately in their front, their presence was unknown, and their object unsuspected.

“ Nothing could be more perfect than Lord Wellington's dispositions. The tents were standing, and every camp seemed quiet. At last the hour arrived when the tide had fallen sufficiently, and two heavy columns issued simultaneously from their concealment—one taking the ford pointing towards the heights of Andaya, and the other moving in rapid march directly against the French position at Sans Culottes. The astonishment of the enemy was great. The columns in safety had crossed the centre of the river; then rose a rocket from the steeple of Fuentearabia, and the thunder of the guns already in position on San Marcial answered the preconcerted signal. Another column advanced by the ford of Jonco; others crossed by the upper ones; and from the mountain-ridges the grand movement of attack, by seven distinct points, was visible; the troops above the bridge ‘plunging at once into the fiery contest, and those below it appearing in the distance like huge sullen snakes, winding over the heavy sands.’

“ The combats which followed prove that to determined valour no difficulties are insurmountable. Nature had provided her strongest means of defence; everywhere rocks, and torrents, and ravines, barred the progress of the assailants; and if an easier surface occasionally presented itself, art had been skilfully employed to render that impracticable. Nothing, however, could stay the victorious rushes of the allies; and partial checks seemed only to act as stimulants to more desperate exertions. The success with which the allied divisions had held their own mountain-posts against the troops who now confronted them, told them what desperate resistance might be expected in assaulting veteran soldiers, established on alpine heights, and fighting on their native soil. ‘Day after day, far more than a month, entrenchment had risen over entrenchment, covering the vast slopes of mountains, which were scarcely accessible from their natural steepness and asperity. This they could see, yet cared neither for the growing strength of the works, the height of the mountains, nor the breadth of the river, with its heavy sands, and its mighty rushing tide: all were despised; and while they marched with this confident valour, it was observed that the French fought in defence of their dizzy steeps with far less fierceness than when, striving against insurmountable obstacles, they



attempted to storm the lofty rocks of Sauroren. Continual defeat had lowered their spirit, but the feebleness of the defence on this occasion may be traced to another cause. It was a general's, not a soldier's battle. Wellington had, with overmastering combinations, overwhelmed each point of attack. Taupin and Maucune's divisions were each less than five thousand strong; and they were separately assailed, the first by eighteen, the second by fifteen thousand men, and at neither point were Reille and Clausel able to bring their reserves into action before the positions were won.

"Never had the allied troops fought better. They had immense difficulties to overcome; but the combinations of their generals were, masterly, and the subordinate officers led their battalions to each assault with that brave determination which inspires soldiers with a confidence that nothing can bar their success. Many displays of heroism were exhibited; and there was one of ready boldness which gained the good fortune it deserved. The French garrison had abandoned a strong field-work which covered the right of the Bayonette ridge, and were observed by Colonel Colborne hurrying off in evident confusion. He galloped forward, attended by his own staff and a handful of the 95th, intercepted them in their retreat, and desired them to surrender. Believing that the colonel was in advance of a force too strong to be resisted, the order was instantly obeyed, and three hundred men threw down their arms, and were made prisoners by a body not exceeding twenty. Officers of every rank and age showed to their followers an example of dauntless intrepidity. During these arduous days the checks were few, and always overcome; and when a foreign brigade wavered for an instant, the road to victory was shown it by a beardless boy.

"The misconduct of a few on this occasion sullied the brilliancy of conquest; and the same predatory spirit which had occasioned such fearful atrocities when San Sebastian was carried by assault, led to many excesses while these splendid operations were in progress. This breach of discipline brought, as it often did, a summary punishment on the offenders; for many were found by the French in a state of stupid drunkenness, and captivity paid the penalty of crime."

Lord Wellington was now triumphantly established upon the soil of France. Pampeluna had fallen. A bold and well-conceived plan of Soult's to relieve France from the pressure of

hostility, by carrying the war into the heart of Spain, was rendered impracticable by the obstinacy of Napoleon, who refused to suffer the troops who would have been required to carry it into effect, to be drawn from the strong places of which he still held possession; and the marshal was accordingly compelled to remain on the defensive, while Wellington, by a series of bold and happy operations, compelled him to retreat from the Nive to Toulouse, marking the intervening space by a series of the most brilliant victories.

The battles of the Pyrenees and of the Nive will ever be remembered as some of the most glorious that have illustrated the British arms:—

"In the Pyrenees," Mr. Maxwell observes, "the passes were widely separated; the lateral communications indirect; the position extensive, and consequently vulnerable in many points. The shorter lines of Soult's position enabled him to mass troops together with rapidity, and the undulating surface effectually concealed his movements. Hence, his attacks were made with overwhelming numbers, and although expected, they could not be distinctly ascertained until the head of his columns were in immediate contact with the pickets. At Bayonne, the situations of Wellington and Soult were exactly reversed. The allied general was obliged to operate on both sides of a dangerous river, with bad roads and long and inconvenient lines; while, at the same time, he had to secure St. Jean de Luz from any attempts that Soult might make to gain a point of such importance. The French marshal, on the contrary, had the advantage of a fortified camp, a fortress immediately beside him, excellent and short communications, with a permanent bridge across the Nive, by which he could concentrate on either bank of the river, and assail that wing of the allies which promised the best chances of success."

Nor must it be forgotten that these glorious successes were achieved, under circumstances which might well embarrass the British general, and render it doubtful whether he was justified in persevering any longer in the contest. In Spain, a prejudice had been excited against him by leading agitators amongst the Cortes, who left nothing unsaid by which his character might be disparaged, and even countenanced the rumour that he had

a design upon the Spanish crown. To such an extent did this system of flagitious misrepresentation proceed, that Lord Wellington thought it right to tender his resignation of the office of generalissimo of the Spanish forces, and that in the midst of the most perilous operations in which he had been involved from the commencement of the war. It was, however, not accepted. But if he could not separate himself from the Spanish troops, he was determined that they should separate from him, as he found it totally impossible to restrain them from outrages against the people of France, towards whom it was his wise and generous policy to exhibit every possible degree of tender forbearance.

Indeed it was but too natural that those who had smarted under the injuries and the contumelies of the French armies in Spain, should, now that the fortune of war gave them an opportunity of making reprisals, retort the indignities which they had experienced upon the countrymen of their invaders. But the nature of Wellington revolted from this merciless system of revenge, and it was his policy to distinguish between the French government and the French people. With the former alone he professed to be at war; toward the latter, as long as they conducted themselves peaceably, he expressed a determination to extend protection,—a determination which was clearly evinced by the rigid inflexibility with which he suffered the course of martial law to take effect, against some of his own and the Spanish troops by whom his orders had been disregarded. But this did not at all fall in with the temper or the disposition of the Spanish generals or their troops, who could

not be restrained from giving a loose to their unbridled passions. And Lord Wellington preferred depriving himself of half his force, just at the very moment when the Spanish troops had begun to become efficient soldiers, and when, with such an army as he then commanded an unbounded career of conquest seemed to lie before him, to sanctioning, by connivance, the outrages against person and property of which they were daily guilty, and which were, indeed, but few and mild in comparison with those which, as often as ever opportunity occurred, were perpetrated against their countrymen by their wanton and profligate invaders.

But we must have done. Our space is almost filled, while our subject is yet unexhausted. To Mr. Maxwell's pages we must refer our readers for the events which now crowded upon each other in rapid succession until the termination of the war. Suffice it to say, that the same great qualities which distinguished our general from the commencement of the contest, marked his conduct to its close; that as difficulties accumulated, so his resources seemed to be multiplied; and that the most apparently insurmountable obstacles to the accomplishment of his designs, seem only to have presented themselves for the enhancement of his glory.

Long may the veteran live in the enjoyment of the honours which have been heaped upon him by a grateful country! And our warmest wishes for that country's welfare would lead us to desire no more, than that, should such a crisis again arise, and war blaze forth in all its terrors, such a hero may be found to defend her.

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## THE MEDICAL CHARITIES OF IRELAND.

CHARITY, like mercy, is twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes; and never is its divine character more manifest than when ministering to the wants of suffering humanity, it, at the same time, furnishes a link to bind together those great sections of civilized society—the possessors and the producers of wealth. But for this quality—remainder of our better nature—how bitter a hatred must ever subsist between him who possesses the luxuries, and him who wants the necessities of life; how inextinguishable a feud must continue to rage between those whom fortune, by placing them upon the extreme confines of poverty and wealth, has, as it were, set in battle array against each other. Yet this greatest of the Christian graces—equally suited, as it is, to soften the hardships of savage life, and to mitigate the evils which appear necessarily to attend upon civilization—has fallen under the ban of Whigs and philosophers, and must, even by special provisions, be prevented from intruding its disturbing influence into that Utopia of concord and happiness which Whiggery and philosophy have created in Ireland. In a nation still clinging to feudal prejudices, as yet untrained to the exercise of free institutions, and bound by the fetters of a despotic priesthood, the notable discovery has just now been made, that evils, immediately caused by the absenteeism of a majority of the natural protectors of the people, are to be cured by breaking the solitary link which charity forms between the poor and helpless, and that small portion of the rich whom sense of duty, or necessity compels to continue in the land.

The circumstance which has, on the present occasion, called our attention to this subject is the discovery, that has recently excited so much public interest, of a plot for the overthrow of the medical charities of Ireland as they now exist, and for the disruption of that bond of kindness and charity which these institutions have formed during the greater part of a century, and which, unfortunately, is almost the

only link between the upper and lower classes of society in this country that now remains unbroken. The tie between landlord and tenant has been long since rudely torn asunder; the relation of mutual dependence and support, formerly kept up by the exercise of local patronage, has been abolished by the removal of all that power from the gentry of the country; and now the same philosophers, and the same political partizans, holding in view the attainment of the same party ends, have not feared to come into the presence of certain members of a Conservative government, to advocate the separation of the dispensary-governor from his poor neighbour, by restraining the former from contributing of his abundance to the relief of the sufferings of the latter, and by transferring the office of relieving those sufferings not to the justice, (for no claim of right is proposed to be given,) but to the charity of a Whig commissioner.

Were we to attempt to trace the origin of this plot, it would be necessary for us to refer back to an early period of the late Whig misrule of Ireland. This, however, we have neither time nor inclination to do, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves with pointing out the more recent steps of its progress, and calling public attention to the bold measure by which its final consummation is now in the act of being effected. In the year 1838, when the Irish Poor Relief Act was passing through the House of Lords, two clauses (the 46th and 47th) were introduced into it, empowering the poor-law commissioners to institute “inquiries into the state of the several fever hospitals and dispensaries,” and also “to inspect and examine into the administration of any hospital or infirmary supported in part by grand-jury presentments or parliamentary grants.” As a result of the inquiries conducted under the authority of these clauses, a report from the chief poor-law commissioner in Ireland was laid upon the table of the House of Commons in the latter end

of May, 1841. That report contained the details of a portion of the inspections made by the assistant commissioners, together with their opinion upon the state of the medical charities; a lengthened catalogue of the defects which they represented as existing in them; and the heads of a bill, stated by these gentlemen to be intended for their "better regulation and support." The report was extensively circulated throughout Ireland during the latter part of 1841, and its true character very generally seen through and appreciated. The political events of the period, however, and the expulsion of the Whigs from the position they had so long disgraced, left no room for supposing that a measure notoriously concocted by some of their most active agents, and obviously designed for no other use than to bolster up the tottering fabric of their official existence, could, even for a moment, receive the countenance of a Conservative government. The report, therefore, and its recommendations attracted little notice, and were well nigh forgotten, until, in the course of the present session, a supplementary appendix to it was presented to parliament. It is a remarkable fact, that although the original report was, while the Whig government lasted, extensively and authoritatively circulated through the country, the supplementary appendix was kept altogether in the back ground, and but for the vigilance of one or two individuals its existence would scarcely have been known in Ireland. It was, however, seen by a few persons interested in its contents, and found to contain numerous misrepresentations, most artfully calculated to support the views and recommendations put forward in the original report. These misrepresentations were, in several instances, warmly taken up and exposed by the governors and medical officers of the charities to which they referred; but still no one believed that any measure based upon them was at all likely to be brought before the legislature. But little excitement, consequently, prevailed upon the subject, until the middle of April last, when it was accidentally discovered that a bill founded upon the "heads" proposed last year, was actually in print, and that Mr. Nicholls, the poor-law commissioner, was then in London

endeavouring to induce Lord Eliot to agree to place it upon the table of the House of Commons. It was also then clearly ascertained that neither the Irish law officers of the crown nor any of the principal members of the Irish government were acquainted even with the existence of the measure; but that it had been concocted solely and entirely in the poor-law office, and that it was first brought under the notice of Lord Eliot in London, and then pressed upon him under very gross misrepresentations. We have said that this bill was founded upon the "heads" prepared under the auspices of the Whig government, its provisions, however, were of a character far more dangerous than could have been anticipated from those heads, and, as we shall presently show, were calculated not only to destroy the present medical charities, and to place the patronage of the whole medical profession of Ireland in the hands of priests and agitators, but were also violently subversive of one of the most essential principles of the British constitution. Simultaneously with the discovery of the bill, there appeared a report from a commission nominated by Lord Fortescue's government, for the purpose of revising the grand-jury laws. This report is known to have been drawn up by the celebrated Mr. Anthony Blake; but strange to say, it also bears the signature of Mr. John Young, the, so-called, Conservative member for Cavan, formerly a Whig-appointed commissioner, but now (wherefore we know not) a junior lord of the treasury. In this document the recommendations of the poor-law commissioners with regard to the medical charities are quoted with approbation, and it is further urged that they shall be extended so as to embrace the revolutionising of the infirmaries and lunatic asylums, as well as of the fever hospitals and dispensaries.

So incredible does the submission of this project to any member of a Conservative government appear, so great has been the excitement occasioned in Ireland by the discovery of the plot, and yet so little are the public, out of Ireland, acquainted with the merits of the case, that we have determined upon laying before our readers a brief sketch of the institutions in question, of their operation hitherto upon Irish society,

and of the probable effect of the revolution proposed to be effected in them.

The institutions known in Ireland under the general name of medical charities are of four distinct kinds:—First, County Infirmaries, which are hospitals for the reception and relief of poor persons suffering from accidents or diseases not supposed to be incurable or contagious. Second, Fever Hospitals, for the reception of patients labouring under contagious fevers. Third, Dispensaries, for the treatment, as extern patients, either at the dispensary-houses or at their own residences, of poor persons labouring under any form of bodily ailment. And, Fourth, Provincial Lunatic Asylums, for the reception of insane persons believed to be curable, and whose friends are incapable of affording them necessary support. These latter are of comparatively recent establishment, and conducted upon a system essentially different from the three first-named classes of institutions, to which our observations shall, upon the present occasion, be more particularly directed.

So early as the year 1765 an act was passed by the Irish parliament, creating corporations for establishing, in certain counties, infirmaries or hospitals for the relief of the sick poor; and thus was commenced a series of enactments, having a similar object, which now occupy no inconsiderable space in the statute-book. In 1805 the power of the infirmary corporations was extended so as to enable them to establish dispensaries, and two years subsequently the erection and support of district fever hospitals was made a portion of the general system. Various alterations and improvements of the plan upon which these institutions were originally founded have been, from time to time, made, but throughout every change the principles were held in view of combining, for their support, voluntary contributions and grants of public money, and of intrusting their individual management to local boards—constituted of persons who might reasonably be supposed to feel an interest in their success and usefulness, either from the public position in which these persons were

placed, or from the still stronger fact of their having contributed from their own resources towards the attainment of the ends proposed by the legislature. That these principles were well calculated to produce good results, and that they were in the main successfully brought into practical operation, we think the following facts must be admitted as proof by every one who can bring his mind to bear impartially upon the inquiry.

In the year 1839 there were in Ireland, (according to tables published by the poor-law commissioners,) 40 infirmaries, 91 fever hospitals, and 620 dispensaries, making a total of 751 institutions actually at work for the relief of the sick poor. The cost of the support of these establishments, including all charges, is stated to have amounted to £142,169 5s. 9½d. whereof £44,773 10s. 2d. or nearly one-third, was contributed in voluntary subscriptions. The number of patients received into the infirmaries and fever hospitals, during the year 1840, was (according to the same authority) 60,683. No exact estimate of the number of sick relieved at the dispensaries has been made by the commissioners, but from a return presented to the House of Commons in February 1840, we learn that in the year 1837 the dispensary medical officers treated no fewer than 1,390,217 patients, either at their own residences or at the several institutions. From these figures we may infer that a number of persons equal to at least one-sixth of the whole population of the kingdom, annually receive, at the present time, gratuitous medical relief, at a cost to the country of less than two shillings per head. That a greater numerical amount of state provision should be made for the sick of any nation not sunk into a state of universal slavery will, we presume, scarcely be contended for; that provision could not be made upon cheaper terms, we shall not waste time in proving. In their anxiety, however, to make a case to justify their own interference, the poor-law commissioners have advanced the doctrine that the amount of sick gratuitously relieved must not only bear a sufficient nume-

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\* Report on Medical Charities, Ireland, May 5, 1841.

rical proportion to the whole population, but must also be distributed equally, in relation (as it would appear from their tables) both to the area in square miles and to the number of inhabitants in each district. Throughout the entire category of transgressions, mortal and venial, laid by these gentlemen to the charge of the medical charities, there is not one which cannot, by a very simple process of abstraction, be resolved into this great original sin—inequality of distribution. This is the *cheval de bataille* upon which the course is run, against a system from whence have sprung the present infirmaries, fever hospitals, and dispensaries, of which the commissioners themselves say, “it is right to state, that these three classes of institutions seem, from their nature and the functions assigned to each, to be well adapted for affording *all the medical relief required* by the sick poor in Ireland.” We distinctly repeat that although in the reports of the commissioners individual defects which they have with curious eye detected, or with inventive imagination fancied, in the institutions, have been, by them, generalised and classed under no fewer than seventy distinct heads, yet in the whole list not even a charge has been made, much less substantiated, against the system, which has not for its essence this single fault—inequality of distribution.

Coming from Whig philosophers, this charge seems a strange one, as we shall presently see that the state of matters to which it refers is the direct and necessary result of the application of the free-trade and voluntary system to the medical relief of the poor. “Let every man who requires the services of a minister of religion employ and pay him as he employs and pays the physician of his body,” is a common argument with the philosophers: upon what principle can they turn round and find fault with a system under which the employment and payment of the physician is voluntary, and the necessity for his services is left to be determined by the uncontrolled demand of the community in which they are to be rendered? This, however, is precisely the system upon which the medical charities have been founded, and under which they have grown into their present condition. When it is thought

advisable, in any neighbourhood, to establish a dispensary, the course adopted is the following:—Some two or three active persons having started the subject, it is talked over among such of the inhabitants as are able to contribute in a pecuniary way towards the support of the proposed institution; and the adoption of the measure having been determined upon, the non-resident proprietors and others connected with the district, are applied to for their co-operation. In this way, a list of subscribers is made out—the subscriptions varying from half-a-crown, to five, ten, or twenty pounds. The institution is then set to work, and previous to the next assizes, an account of the money voluntarily contributed is laid before the presentment sessions, verified by the oath of the treasurer. If the sessions consider the institution to be required, and approve of its locality and management, a presentment is made, and it then becomes imperative upon the grand jury to grant a sum equal to that which has been voluntarily subscribed. The same course is pursued each year, so long as the institution is continued, and thus an opportunity is annually afforded, to the subscribers, of withdrawing their subscriptions; to the presenting sessions, of withholding the county grant; and to any rate-payer in the county, of traversing the presentment, should any of these parties consider such a course to be required. In the case of fever hospitals, matters are managed in a way precisely analogous, the only difference being, that it is competent for the grand jury to present twice the amount of the sum voluntarily subscribed. The voluntary system is here, surely, carried out to the very utmost extent. No medical charity is established in any district except one in which those who are to be benefitted by it, proclaim their opinion of its necessity in the most emphatic manner, by voluntarily taxing themselves for its support. The principle of free trade is also brought into operation to determine the locality in which each institution shall be placed; the supply of medical relief, (if we may so speak,) is made dependent upon the demand; and it is in truth by the operation of this principle that the distribution of the institutions has been regulated. They are not, as the com-

missioners suppose, scattered about with a capricious inequality; but by the operation of what is in this case a sound principle, their distribution is, (we speak generally,) made to depend upon the requirements of the several localities. In illustration of our argument, we shall seek no better instance than one which has been put in the front of their own battle by the commissioners. In the county of Meath, they say, the proportion of the dispensaries to the population is as 1 to 6545; while in the county of Down it is only as 1 to 23,468. Admitting the free-trade and voluntary principles to be sound, when applied to the subject of medical poor relief, we should say that their successful application to practice could not be more clearly shown than by the experience of these two counties. In Meath, which is chiefly a grazing district, the peasantry are extremely poor, and seldom possess any land. They are, consequently, almost entirely dependent for support upon their precarious earnings as hired labourers; and are, moreover, generally congregated in masses, in unhealthy and miserable towns, where they suffer under an additional and powerful exciting cause of disease—a scarcity of fuel. It cannot, then, be matter of wonder, that such a population should require a large proportion of medical relief; but it surely ought to be matter of gratification that a system has been devised, and is in operation, which, by its expansive nature, tends to provide that relief when and where it is most required. In the county of Down, on the other hand, the land is mostly in cultivation, the peasantry are generally occupiers of small farms; are to a considerable extent engaged in a wholesome domestic manufacture, and above all, are under the influence of those habits of decency and self-dependence which every form of Protestantism tends to generate. The result is, that the same amount of gratuitous medical relief is not required in that district, and therefore, under the operation of the free-trade and voluntary system, it is not given.

The true character of this so-called “unequal distribution” is thus broadly shown by a contrast of the very opposite circumstances of the counties of Meath and Down; but the same explanation would no doubt be found to

apply with equal fitness to different baronies or even parishes, situated in one and the same county. Having, however, as we conceive, established the principle upon which the distribution of medical poor-relief has been effected in Ireland, it is not necessary for us to multiply particular instances of its operation; neither have we any desire to follow the commissioners through the seventy variations which they have composed upon this single theme. It will be enough for our readers to know that their statements have been publicly contradicted, in many instances, by the governors of the institutions to which they referred; by men, whose names and characters place them above the suspicion of improper motives, and whose position, as residents of the country, render it extremely improbable that upon such matters they should have fallen into error. We shall, however, advert to one allegation, because, as we shall afterwards show, it may tend to explain the true reason for this great anxiety to introduce Whig philosophy into the management of the medical charities of Ireland. The allegation, which is repeated several times among the seventy defects, is, that the subscribers and supporters of the medical charities are, in many instances, the personal friends of the medical attendants. In the name of every respectable medical attendant of a charitable institution in Ireland, we plead guilty to this accusation. It is true, almost without the single exception necessary to prove the rule. Hitherto the physicians and surgeons of the charitable institutions in this country, have belonged to the class of gentlemen: usually liberally, often highly educated; not unfrequently polished by foreign travel; moral in their habits; living respectably within means often narrow; these men have, hitherto, not from any professional rank, but naturally, and of personal right, been received among the resident gentry, with whom they are in most cases connected by birth, and by a common education. It is among these gentry that we find the subscribers to the charities, whom the commissioners most truly charge with being personal friends of the medical attendants.

“Surely there must be some mistake here,” some of our English read-



ers will say ; "no functionary so exalted and so philosophical as a poor-law commissioner could doubt the advantage of encouraging kindly and harmonious feelings between the governors and the officers of institutions, having for their end and object the performance of a work of mercy." Explanation is indeed necessary, and we shall proceed as briefly as possible to afford it. A moment's reflection must convince any person, that such a system as we have described that of the Irish medical charities to be, could not extend its ramifications throughout such a country as Ireland, without producing important moral effects. A number of men, more or less educated, never, by their office, and seldom personally, set in opposition to either rich or poor, but so placed as to be mediators in charity between both, could not continue to be dispersed throughout the kingdom without acquiring much personal influence in their respective circles. That influence they have obtained, and a single circumstance will be sufficient to show its extent. Among all the outrages, whether predial or political, that have of late years disgraced Ireland, we have heard of none being committed upon medical men ; and yet no trial for assault or murder has been held, no conviction has taken place without the district medical man performing the part of a principal and essential witness. What witness of another class—what jurymen, after having been concerned in such a transaction, could venture to ride through the country, even in the face of day, alone, unarmed, and fearless ? This, however, the medical witness never ceased to do, from sunrise till sunset, and from sunset till sunrise again, even in the wildest districts, depending for safety solely upon the power of his personal influence. The people feel the advantage and necessity of medical services every day of their lives ; and he who faithfully renders them, acquires over their minds the influence belonging to a daily benefactor. Our Irish readers will need no special instance to prove to them the existence or extent of the power which the village doctor might in many instances wield ; but to those who are unacquainted with the state of society in this country, and who know not how strangely a generous devotion

to those who serve him is mingled in the heart of the Irish peasant, with a disregard of all legal and moral obligations, the following anecdote, for the authenticity of which we pledge ourselves, may not be without interest :—

A most respectable and highly-esteemed, but somewhat choleric medical gentleman, now no more, was placed upon his trial before a court of assize, charged with the grave crime of having struck and disarmed a soldier on duty, at the door of the county jail. The offence given by the soldier was, that being a stranger in the town he was not acquainted with the person of the doctor, and refused to admit him into the jail, without some explanation as to his business there. The doctor, indignant at the notion that any person should be so ignorant as not to know that he was surgeon to the jail, at once settled the matter by knocking the soldier down, and flinging his musket into the street. A vast commotion among the military authorities, from the corporal of the jail-guard to the commander-in-chief, was of course the consequence, and the doctor was forthwith directed to be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law. In due time the trial came on—the offence was fully proved, and its enormity dwelt upon at great length by the law officers of the crown—no defence was offered, and the jury, composed of neighbouring farmers, having been duly charged, retired from their box. Directly on entering the jury-room, the foreman, in great tribulation, asked his fellows what was to be done, as no alternative occurred to him by which they could escape the unfortunate necessity of finding the doctor guilty. "Find the doctor guilty," echoed a jurymen, in a voice of mingled horror and amazement, "that'd be a pretty finding. Is it the doctor, that saved me from dying of a pleurisy last winter, and that'll be wanting to attend my poor wife next month ! I'd eat my boots first." The argument was irresistible, and without further parley the whole party proceeded into court and acquitted the traverser, to the no small chagrin of the military authorities, but to the great amusement of the bench, the bar, and the bystanders.

From what we have already said with respect to the connexions, education, and habits of association of



the medical attendants of the charities, it will naturally be inferred that these gentlemen must have a leaning towards Conservative opinions; and the fact is, that three-fourths—we might probably say four-fifths—of the whole number are conscientious supporters of the British constitution, in church and state, and equally conscientious opponents of bureaucracy, and centralization, and every other ramification of Whig mock-philosophy. Even among the small balance of individuals whose religion would teach them to be hostile to British freedom, there are few to be found who hold extreme opinions: their habits as professional gentlemen, and their connexion with the gentry of the country, preventing them from entertaining those rancorous feelings which pervade every other class. As a body, these medical attendants are well known to be friends of order and rational liberty, and to feel it to be no less their interest than their duty, to use their own influence for the purpose of preserving that which should belong to property and station, and to do all that in them lies to heal up those lamentable wounds which designing and dishonest men have inflicted upon Irish society.

Need we further explain why those designing and dishonest men should denounce the friendship which now subsists between the governors and officers of the medical charities; why they should desire to break the link which that friendship forms between the rich and the poor; why they should declare that “the present system of making the support of dispensaries and fever hospitals depend primarily upon subscriptions, seems pregnant with such elements of disorder as to render it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to work these charities in a satisfactory manner, without an entire change?” They knew that in six years (from 1833 to 1839) the dispensaries alone had increased in number from 452 to 620. They knew one result of this increase to be the establishment, in various parts of the country, of 168 influential individuals, friendly to order and good government, and opposed to their own treasonable projects for Gallicizing the constitution and Romanizing the religion of Ireland. For

the advancement of such projects it is indeed impossible to work the charities in a satisfactory manner, and therefore they must be at once swept away and re-organized upon a plan less “pregnant with the elements of disorder” to the politico-religious fabric about to be raised. This, and no other, was the object of the authors of the poor-law and grand jury commissioners’ reports, in the joint crusade which they have engaged in against the medical charities and the medical profession of Ireland. Some variety, indeed, might be traced in the ultimate moving principle which actuated these gentlemen. Mr. Nicholls had probably little in view beyond a vain hope of obtaining the influence of the priests, to aid him in carrying out his poor-law scheme; while to Mr. Anthony Blake we cannot deny the credit of being moved by a more generous though erroneous enthusiasm for the extension of his own religion, and the expulsion from his native country of what he believes to be a heretic faith. The direct object and course of both these commissioners was, however, identical, and must be equally resisted by all who value those blessings of peace, order, and freedom of conscience which may still be enjoyed under what remains of the British constitution.

To justify what we have stated with respect to the objects of the proposed measure, and the motives of its authors we must now briefly inform our readers of the machinery by which it was to be worked; the nature of which we conceive to be such as can leave no doubt as to the uses it was designed to serve. Among the provisions of the bill are the following:—

1. The poor-law commissioners are empowered, when they shall think fit, to abolish all existing dispensaries and fever hospitals, (sections 45 and 66,) and to establish similar new institutions when and where it may suit their pleasure (sections 28, 46).

Under this power 711 institutions might at once be broken up, and at least 711 medical men deprived, without the allegation of a crime, of their official existence. A pretence of saving vested rights is made in sections 35 and 54; but it is only “so far as consistently may be with the due execution of the provisions of the act.”

and, legally, saves no right or claim whatsoever. So far from any right being saved, it is expressly provided that all paid officers shall be newly elected by the new boards of governors, subject, always, to the absolute approval of the commissioners, who may continue or dismiss such officers at their pleasure (sections 35, 54).

2. The new boards are to consist of the clergy, justices, and elected poor-law guardians residing within the district; and if these *ex-officio* governors should not in any instance amount to thirteen, in the case of dispensaries, or to fifteen in the case of fever hospitals, the balance to be then made up of "such male persons of full age," residing within the district, as the board of guardians of the union may appoint. Voluntary subscribers are to be entirely done away with (sections 29, 30, 48, 49).

How this plan would work need scarcely be explained to our Irish readers. There would be upon the board, the rector of the parish, (for only the principal clergyman of each denomination is to be admitted,) and one, or at most two magistrates; the remaining ten or eleven would be the parish priest, some three or four guardians of the poor, who would be the nominees and tools of the priest, and some six or seven *male persons of full age*, who might be the lowest individuals in the district, and who certainly would be nominees of the guardians, and colleagues with them in executing the bidding of the priest. Does any one who has witnessed the working of the priests' new municipal corporations think for a moment, that with such a board as that we have described, one out of twenty of the 711 mostly Conservative medical officers of the present charities would have the slightest chance of re-election? No such thing! Whether Protestant or Roman Catholic (and there are comparatively but few of the latter,) the majority of the present medical officers are gentlemen, and personal friends of the present subscribers—the gentry of the country, and as such would ill suit the purposes of Mr. George Nicholls, or Mr. Anthony Blake. They would, therefore, be sacrificed, with expressions of compassion, perhaps, and of condolence, as victims for the good of their coun-

try, but sacrificed they would be to the attainment of those great ends which we have already alluded to as the ultimate objects of these distinguished individuals. The question now arises, who would be selected to fill the vacant offices? We shall endeavour to put our readers in the way of solving it, by simply stating the provisions of the bill which regulate the powers of the commissioners and boards of governors, and which define the position of the medical officers.

3. Complete and entire control over "the administration of medical relief to the sick poor throughout Ireland," is given to the poor-law commissioners, and they are empowered to make such orders as "they shall think proper" for the guidance and control of all *medical* and other officers, "acting in or about the medical relief of the sick poor" (sec. 17.) The power to make these orders is repeated and enforced in several clauses, and appears to be absolutely unlimited and despotic, so far as the medical charities and their officers are concerned. The orders, when sealed by the poor-law commissioners, will have the force of law, and disobedience of them will subject the offender to penalties;—for the first offence, of 40s. for the second offence, of five pounds, (both recoverable, summarily, before two justices,) and for the third and every subsequent offence, to indictment for a misdemeanour,—*fine of not less than twenty pounds, and imprisonment, with or without hard labour* (sec. 88.) It will be observed that these penalties are awarded, not to the breach of any law, constitutionally enacted by the legislature, but to such acts as it may please the poor-law commissioners to designate as offences *against their will*. Thus, under the bill it would be quite competent for the poor-law commissioners to order medical officers to use, or abstain from using, certain medicines, or to adopt certain lines of practice, and disobedience of such orders would render the person disobeying liable to the penalties particularised above. In order to make the authority of the commissioners complete, a special clause (sec. 56) is introduced, giving them power to dismiss any officer, "either upon or without

suggestion or complaint," and rendering such person, so dismissed, incapable of serving in any medical charity, without their consent. In case the local governors should resist the exercise of this power, the commissioners are authorised to appoint an officer in the place of any person dismissed by them. Such is the authority of the commissioners. That of the local governors, (viz. the parish priest and his tail of eight or nine *male persons, of full age,*) is enforced by a penalty (summarily recoverable) of five pounds for disobedience of their orders by any medical or other officer (sec. 86).

Our readers have only to bear in mind, that the scale upon which medical men are now paid, under the orders of the poor-law commissioners, is forty pounds a-year, for doing the duties of physician, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife for 800 inmates of a workhouse; and, keeping in view this munificent reward of merit, upon the one hand, and the prospect of the tread-mill for evil-doers on the other, they will themselves have little difficulty in estimating the class of society from which the future medical officers of the fever hospitals and dispensaries of Ireland shall be drawn. One thing, at least, is certain, that in future no disturbance to the plans of certain parties is likely to arise from the dangerous circumstance of the medical advisers and confidants of the poor being also the personal friends of the gentry of the country.

We are aware that it may be objected to us, by some, that the bill, the features of which we have sketched above, is no longer on the carpet in its original state of deformity—that it has been amended. In the first place, however, the fact of the bill having been printed with all the atrocious provisions described by us cannot be denied; and it is a fact requiring the gravest consideration from all who love the ancient free institutions of their country. It is now matter of public notoriety that the bill was drawn up and *printed* with such secrecy that its existence was unknown to the attorney or solicitor-general or under-secretary for Ireland, that it was carried to England (in its printed form) in the pocket of the poor-law commissioner, and that it was there pressed upon the at-

tention of Lord Eliot under representations the most false. Surely this is not justice to Ireland. Surely it is not justice to the conscientious and disinterested supporters of the present constitutional government throughout the empire, to suffer their dearest interests to fall into the guardianship of their deadliest foes, while they rest in confident security relying upon the vigilance of those whom they have struggled hard to place at the helm of the state. Surely it is not justice to the government itself, to remain silent and quiescent, and thus exhibit the appearance of being *participes criminis* with men detected in a plot for revolutionising the kingdom, and for surreptitiously placing in the hands of a single individual that power of making laws, under which the lieges can be punished, which only belongs to the queen, lords, and commons in parliament assembled. Our warning is a friendly, but it is also a solemn one; the people of England will not long suffer that great violation of the British constitution to disgrace the statute-book: the power of making penal laws cannot long be delegated to the poor-law commissioners without leading to consequences, the apprehension of which makes us shudder; yet, (and we feel deep shame while we write it,) we have heard a high official, one who is himself a gentleman, high-minded, and utterly incapable in his own person, of doing ought that a British citizen should not do, we have heard this gentleman endeavour to palliate the guilt of introducing the penal clauses into the medical charities bill, by stating that similar clauses had already been foisted into the English and Irish poor relief acts. Again we warn all concerned against falling into the delusion that such an excuse will long satisfy the British nation.

Now, with respect to the amendments said to have been made in the bill; we know something of the framing of these amendments, and we feel quite sure that the members of the government concerned in making them, are quite sincere in their desire of removing all the obnoxious provisions of the bill. It is our opinion, however, that the alterations would not have any such effect; and although it would exceed our limits to enter at length into a consideration of them, we cannot re-

frain from giving Lord Eliot and Mr. Lucas a piece of advice calculated to be of service to them in their dealings with Mr. Nicholls. We shall best convey our meaning by reminding these gentlemen of the celebrated treaty between Mr. Shandy and his wife, one article of which affirmed the uncontrolled right of the lady to the use of the family coach, when, and so often as it might be her pleasure to use it for the purpose of going to or returning from London. Nothing could be more free and complete than the power thus given over the coach, but unfortunately it was discovered, too late for remedy, that by a subsequent article the power over the horses was vested, equally without limitation, in the hands of Mr. Shandy, and in his hands alone. So we fear it will be in the amended bill; full and complete authority is given to the lord lieutenant and medical board to frame rules for the government of the charities, entirely uncontrolled by the poor-law commissioner; but to this latter functionary is given, in an equally full manner, the power over the purse: we shall leave our readers to determine which hold is likely to be the strongest.

Having now, as we hope, done somewhat towards awakening the public attention to the social and political character of the medical-charities' plot, we have another and a much more grateful duty to perform. We have shown that the system under which medical relief is at present administered to the poor in Ireland, is, in many respects, good and useful: we trust we shall be able, before concluding our observations, to point out constitutional and honest means, by the employment of which it can be made better and more useful.

If we desire to go right in administering any form of poor relief, we must hold in view two principles, distinct in themselves, but perfectly congruous and compatible with each other. The first impels us, as Christian men, to assist (if possible, to the utmost limit of his necessity) our neighbour who is in want of aid: the second teaches us, as members of a community, to render that aid in such a way as may be, to the least possible extent, burthensome or injurious to our fellow members. The former principle is not acknowledged in the

philosophy of Whigs and poor-law commissioners; and, according to their gloss, the latter signifies that the poor shall be assisted when it is absolutely necessary for the comfort of the rich to remove a loathsome object from their sight; but then only in the cheapest and most repulsive manner that can possibly be devised. Now, it has always appeared to us (and our experience in the management of the poor has not been small) that no form of relief is so costly, and, therefore, so burthensome to the community at large, as bad medical assistance; and that in no case is it more prudent to be liberal in our primary outlay, than in providing honest, conscientious, and capable men for the performance of medical services. The poor differ in no respect from the rich in any thing relating to their bodily health; and although they may live as happily in a cottage as in a castle; be as comfortable in frize as in velvet; and even thrive as well upon bacon as upon ortolans; still, bad physic in a fever, or bad surgery with a broken leg, will kill or maim the humblest peasant as surely as the proudest peer. But how different with respect to the community will the result be in these two cases! A crippled lord will not make a worse legislator than if he had full power over his limbs; but a lame ploughman necessarily becomes a burthen upon the community in which he lives. Again, a fever ill-managed may carry off the lord in the prime of his career, and thus deprive society of a valuable member; but the ploughman, so dealt with, leaves a wife and children as permanent liens (in one shape or another) upon the property of his country. Leaving altogether out of the question the first principle upon which, as Christians, we are called upon to administer to the needy the best relief within our reach, we ask any reasonable man to consider these propositions, and to declare honestly does he or does he not think it wise, as a matter of economy, to employ for the attendance of the poor, the forty-pound workhouse doctor of the poor-law commissioners? We shall put the matter in another point of view; for its bearings cannot be too clearly understood. A certain proportion of every class of men must, as the world is at present constituted, be constant!



incapacitated for labour, by sickness or accident. Those who live by labour, when they are so incapacitated, are, in all ordinary cases, supported either from their own savings, from the surplus earnings of their fellows, or from the resources of their employers. Now, it is plain that, calculating upon any of these contingencies, the cost of supporting the constant proportion of sick must be a permanent addition to the price of labour—just as much so as is the cost of the labourer's support upon Sunday, when he performs no work. Taking this latter case, the wages of six days' labour must be sufficient to supply the wants of the labourer for seven days: taking the former case, the expenditure of the average number of days in the year, when men are prevented by sickness or accident from working, must be provided for in the wages of the average number of days in the year, when they are not so prevented. This unprofitable expenditure must of course fall, in one shape or another, upon the community; it is either added to the price of commodities, or it is charged directly in the shape of poor-rate, and must be increased or diminished according to the skill and attention with which disease may be treated. Here again, therefore, it would appear that cheap doctoring of the labouring poor is but bad economy. Now, we maintain that the forty-pound physician, surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife of the workhouse is not likely to be well educated or skilled in his profession; and even if he be so, he cannot afford to give the time that is required for an honest discharge of his duties. He will, therefore, upon the principles we have laid down, in all probability furnish an example of the costliness of low-priced doctoring. An *experimentum crucis* upon this point, has, however, been made in the working of the Vaccination Extension Act, under the control of the poor-law commissioners, by whom the price was fixed so low, that respectable men declined undertaking the duty. The consequence was that in one union (Kanturk) the person who contracted to vaccinate all comers at the small charge of a shilling a head for the first hundred, and sixpence for all over that number, not being well acquainted with statistics, sent in his claim for payment for having suc-

cessfully vaccinated, in a few months, nearly three thousand persons, being about two thirds of the entire population of the district. This case attracted our notice from having been published in a Cork paper, but doubtless it was not a solitary occurrence.

We hope there is no necessity for further argument to prove that bad medical relief, though low-priced, has for its direct operation to increase, while good medical relief, though high-priced, tends to diminish the burthens of the community. It is equally certain that the wages of no species of labour can be long depressed below a remunerating amount without deteriorating the quality of the labour, and that, therefore, although the overstocking of the market may now induce a few passable doctors to do all the medical duties of a workhouse, containing eight hundred inmates, for forty pounds a-year, it is quite certain, upon commercial principles, that if the price of medical labour continue to be kept so low, an inferior article will be produced, perhaps worth the market price, (which we cannot positively say, till we know the use to which it is to be applied,) but certainly worth no more. As a foundation, then, of all improvement, we would say, that respectable, conscientious, and well-educated men, should be provided as medical attendants for the poor; that they should be paid honestly, and that their salaries should be given them in such a way as that the receipt of them need not compromise their characters as gentlemen. With respect to the amount of salaries, we do not think any difficulty will arise, or that, generally speaking, they need be increased much beyond the very moderate average of their present rate. The maximum salary of the county infirmary surgeon, the highest of these officers, is only £181 1s. 10d. per annum, including remuneration for attendance upon the county jail, and with this, these gentlemen, who are in almost every case highly educated, and the associates of the principal gentry of their counties, are not dissatisfied. The attendants of fever hospitals and dispensaries will not be found to complain when their payment ranges from £100 to £150 per annum; and by an improved management of the present funds, we

have little doubt that such an average could be easily realized.

A very important improvement would be the removal, in every case, from the medical attendant, of all concern with the fiscal details of the institution. At present, in some few instances, the medical man is under the necessity of acting as secretary and sub-treasurer, which may interfere with his other duties, and perhaps place him in an unpleasant position with regard to the subscribers. Where the clergyman of the parish, or some other permanently resident gentleman takes an active interest in the conduct of the institution, the difficulty we allude to does not arise, and it might, in every case, be obviated by appointing to each hospital or dispensary, a clerk or registrar, who should keep the accounts, collect the subscriptions, and look after the claims of the institution for petty-sessions fines, &c. The sessions' clerk, or schoolmaster, in country towns, would always be found able to do this duty, and willing to undertake it for five or ten pounds a-year.

With respect to the source from whence the necessary funds should be provided, we know considerable difference of opinion exists. Many medical men are, we understand, anxious for a compulsory medical-charities rate, and, obnoxious as any connexion with the poor-law commission obviously is to all, some, we believe, would not object to the support of the institutions being derived from the poor-rate. We do not think medical men are disinterested witnesses with regard to this part of the subject, and, we confess, that, looking at the whole matter from a little distance, we see that all the evils which we have already alluded to, as necessary consequences of a connexion between the poor-law and the medical charities, must, in time, be produced, if the funds of these be, in any degree, placed under the control of the commissioners. On the other hand, all the advantages that flow from the connexion, established by the charities between the gentry and peasantry, must be sacrificed if we do not encourage subscribing governors. It is, therefore, our opinion, that voluntary subscriptions should still be received, and that privileges should be given to

those who contribute them; that the necessary balance of funds should be raised by grand-jury presentment, as at present,—estimates of the required amount having been previously examined and approved of by a competent authority. We would, however, be disposed to give the grand-juries power, in certain cases, to present for medical charities, irrespectively of the sums voluntarily contributed.

In order to give a character of stability and uniformity to the institutions, and to carry out other measures, to which we shall presently allude, a system of general supervision should be established, which, we think, might be done easily and cheaply, upon some such plan as the following:

A board, of five or seven of the principal medical men of the metropolis might be constituted, with powers to frame rules for the general guidance of the charities, subject to the approval of the lord lieutenant; to examine and check the yearly estimates and accounts of the several institutions, and to receive the reports of inspectors, who should be placed under their control. It would be advisable, we think, that the members of this board, or at least a majority of them, should serve without pay. Certain *ex officio* members might, with advantage, be placed upon it, as, for example, the presidents of the colleges of physicians and surgeons, and the governor of the apothecaries' company for the time being.

A sufficient number of inspectors (probably four or five) might be appointed to serve under the medical board, whose duty it should be to visit the medical charities from time to time, to inquire into their management, and to examine into and report upon all projects for the establishment of new institutions. These officers might also be made generally available for employment in all matters having reference to the public health and medical police of the country.

A system of registration, according to forms to be prescribed by the medical board, should be carried into operation in every institution, and it might be made a part of the duties of the board to superintend the arrangement of the several registries: statistical reports and abstracts, &c. would throw most valuable light



the social and sanatory condition of the kingdom.

The additional expense of carrying out this plan would not exceed £5,000 a-year, and by its adoption, we conceive, every thing required for perfecting the arrangements of the medical charities would be accomplished. Besides this most desirable end, the following objects would be attained. A perfect system of medical police would be organized and kept in working order, without any permanent expense. The dispensary and hospital committees, with their officers, supervised by the medical board, and controlled by the lord lieutenant, would constitute the best possible executive for carrying into effect the powers now given to boards and officers of health, under the 58 G. III., c. 47, and 59 G. III. c. 41, at periods when epidemic or contagious diseases invade the country. Under the present system (as all who remember the invasion of cholera in the city of Dublin can testify) these powers are exercised in such a way as to give rise to endless confusion, the most corrupt jobbing, and an expenditure altogether disproportioned to any advantages that may be obtained. The same machinery might also be employed without any difficulty, and with perfect facility of management, for the administration of casual relief to the poor at seasons when, as is unfortunately the case at the present moment, such relief is required. Upon the utter inefficiency of the cumbrous and costly poor-law machinery for any such purpose, the recent lamentable occurrences in the county of Clare, where that system is in full operation, furnish a melancholy comment. By the plan we propose, means would be provided for effecting a registration of births, deaths, and marriages, a measure which we trust soon to see brought into operation in Ireland; and local arrangements would also be available for taking a census of the population, in a way calculated to afford much more accurate results than any likely to be obtained by the means at present within reach.

All these are important objects, and they could all be attained by engrafting on the present system the few and simple improvements to which we have

alluded. They all sink into insignificance, however, when compared with the good which would flow from employing the moral influence of the medical profession in promoting the cause of order and civilization, as it might be employed were its members consolidated by such an organization as that we have sketched, and conciliated by being protected from wanton insult and oppression. On the nature and extent of the influence now possessed by medical gentlemen in Ireland we have already touched; but were that influence supported and guided by the friendly co-operation of the government of the country, we have no doubt that results would follow, the importance of which it is scarcely possible to overrate. Nothing can be more obvious than that a class of mediators between the extremes of society is a grand desideratum in Ireland. In other countries, and in other times, where and when but one form of religion was acknowledged among the whole community, this office of mediation fell into the hands of the clergy, and by them, we have no hesitation in saying, it was in many respects well and wisely exercised. Strange and paradoxical as it may now appear, it is no less true, that the germs of freedom and civilization were, in the middle ages, planted and nurtured in monasteries and collegiate churches. It was through the means of those institutions that men were at that dark period taught the wisdom of permitting other forces, besides that of brute strength, to operate upon their destinies; in the same school was learned the first lesson of freedom—that men, by the exercise of their talents and virtues, may acquire social elevation, independently of the accident of birth. In Ireland, however, at the present day, neither one church nor the other can, for obvious reasons, do the work of mediation. The question then arises, is there any other class of persons fitted to undertake this duty? we unhesitatingly reply, that we believe the members of the medical profession not only to be so fitted, but to have been, under many discouragements, long actually engaged in its performance. Their opportunities of promiscuous association with people of all parties and creeds is great; their education indisposes them to bigotry;

their professional relations prevent them from entering actively into party strife ; their pecuniary interests cannot flourish during the prevalence of civil disorder. They are thus, in every respect, fitted not only to be connecting links between the various portions of our ill-assorted community, but to become the medium of a demi-official intercourse (now much required) between the government and the people. Any honest administration wishing to conciliate them would find its reward in obtaining (what no Irish government has ever had in our times) faithful advisers and sincere, though temperate friends. In a word, advantages similar to those possessed by the enemies of British greatness, in the organization of the Romish priesthood, would be gained for the British government by such an organization of the medical profession as might be effected by a proper working of the medical charities. If that were done ; then, in every district, and having access to every house, would be found one individual bound to a stable and constitutional government, by his own interests and those of his class, the ready advocate of all plans for social improvement, while being neither ap-

pointed nor paid by the crown, he would, at the same time, hold his position, unsuspected by the people.

We have already far outstepped the limits within which it was our original intention to have confined our observations, and it is time for us to conclude. Before doing so, however, we must add a word specially intended for Lord Eliot and Mr. Lucas. Let them distrust Mr. Nicholls and Mr. Blake. Let them remember that in giving these gentlemen a power over the purse, they are enabling them to set at nought all other power. Let either the noble lord or the honourable under-secretary apply their acknowledged talents to the construction of an entirely new bill, and when doing so, let them hold in view the opinion of the public, now so plainly before them, and which is likely to be still more authoritatively expressed at the approaching meetings of the grand-juries. Let them thus act, and we doubt not they will not only raise their own characters as statesmen, and serve the interests of their party, but (and we are conscious it will be esteemed by both, as the higher end) they will safely and permanently advance the cause of the civilization of Ireland.

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## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. XXXII.

ADMIRAL THE HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT STOPFORD, G.C.B.

**HAIL** to the navy of England! Hail to the wooden walls by which these glorious islands have been so long defended! and, oh! with a trembling reverence be it spoken, thrice hail that adorable Providence by whom we have been so signally favoured, and who, through countless generations, has never failed to raise up for us a succession of stout hearts and sinewy arms, which have been, as it were, a wall of fire against all our enemies! Yes! we never contemplate our insular position, guaranteed, as it has been, in its integrity through such a succession of ages, by

“The flag that braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze,”

without a penetrating sense of our obligations to that presiding Power by whom old England has been so long regarded with such a “special grace and glory of protection,” while, of the mighty empires which spread around it, not one has been exempted from those dire convulsions by which they have been rocked and agitated to their base, and by which their wretched inhabitants have been made to experience, now the miseries of anarchy and misrule, and again the insolent ferocity of merciless invaders. Yes, while all around us was mutability—while unsettlement and change, in all their portentous and revolutionary varieties, characterised the condition of the continental nations—England, from her white cliffs, like the ark upon the deluge, looked out upon the surrounding turmoil and desolation;—and felt, in the hearts of oak by whom her sacred shore was guarded, secure against that shock of hostility, which made a wreck of other states, and the ravages of which were felt in the extremities of the world. Nor will the wise observer, who meditates upon these things, and whose heart glows with gratitude to the Supreme Disposer for these so great mercies, disassociate this divine protection from the truth and the righteousness which have thus been preserved. Far from us be the guilty arrogance of assuming to be the special favourites of heaven. Farther still the profane and wicked presumption of pointing the thunders of omnipotence against others, and wantonly “dealing damnation” by wholesale upon those states which differ from us, complexionally, in modes of faith. But we would be forgetful of the end for which we were created, and the object for which God sent his Son into the world, if we could suppose that there was, on high, an epicurean indifference, which beheld with an equal eye, the righteousness which exalteth a nation, and the sin that is a reproach to any people—the truth by which the Gospel is magnified, and the error by which it is obscured—the system which brings life and immortality to light, and that which would consign us again to darkness and the shadow of death—pure religion and undefiled, and glozing, heart-hardening will-worship and idolatry. Nor can we witness the marvellous and providential care by which England has been preserved to be, as it were, a beacon to the nations, and to bring the knowledge of salvation to the ends of the earth, without an adoring sense of that inscrutable wisdom, and goodness, and love, by which the dealings of the High and Holy One are characterised towards us, his unworthy creatures; nor separate it from the heavy responsibility which rests upon us to prove ourselves not unmindful the vocation to which we are called, by co-operating as the willing instruments of Providence, in carrying into effect his divine plans for the moral amelioration of the world. When England forgets this destiny, or ceases faithfully to perform this duty, we have no more doubt that she will be cast off, than we have that she has hitherto been specially favoured. Let her rulers, and all who are interested in her welfare, look narrowly to this. The schoolmaster for evil is abroad. Prin-

Robert T. Wolford

ROBERT T. WOLFORD, PRESIDENT, STATE ASSOCIATION OF  
JUDGES, IN CHIEF OF THE JUDICIAL BRANCH



ciples of latitudinarianism and indifference have of late years found acceptance in high places. Favour and patronage have been showered down upon a false, blight and discouragement have been visited upon true religion. Let the nation look well to this. Not for that have they been raised up. It becomes every man who feels a Christian's stake in the prosperity of the British empire, to ask himself, searchingly, to what do these things tend? and to labour, at least as far as in him lies, that our doings may be more in accordance with our destiny as a nation, and that our conduct may be a living testimony of our sense of that divine favour to which, and not to the wisdom of man or the arm of flesh, we owe all our prosperity and all our glory. Otherwise, though we "were the signet upon his right hand——." But enough for the present. We have suffered, more than we intended, our thoughts to turn their lining outward; and we now proceed to our necessarily very brief and imperfect notice of the life and the services of the gallant individual, by whom, and by whose connection with our glorious naval service, these remarks have been suggested.

The subject of this memoir is the third son of James, the second Earl of Courtown, and first saw the light of this breathing world on the fifth of February, 1768. His *debut* in the navy was made in 1780, and on board the Prince George, which then bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Digby. Sir Richard Keats, Sir Thomas Foley, Captain Cole, and others who afterwards obtained renown and distinction, were amongst the gallant officers with whom his first essay in arms was made; and his late majesty, William the Fourth, was his companion, as midshipman, and set a noble example, we are told, to all the youngsters in the ship, both of activity and obedience. The friendship thus formed between the youthful middies was continued in more advanced life; and not, when he was upon the throne, did the sovereign forget the companion who shared his frolics and his labours, when he first entered into the service of his country. During the first year of his professional life, the Prince George succeeded in capturing a homeward-bound convoy from Martinique. In the following year, Gibraltar was to be relieved, then strongly besieged by the Spaniards, and Mr. Stopford, who had been sent on shore with a letter to General Boyd, witnessed a most furious cannonade of shot and shells from the Spanish lines, by which the town was nearly destroyed. Having been unable to return to the ship that night, he was taken by an officer to his quarters, who commiserated the fatigue of the youth, and was desirous of affording him protection and repose. But little of either was to be had, as may readily be conceived, when we tell the reader that, so thickly were the shells flying about, it was necessary to leave the door open, in order that, in case one fell into the room, escape might be easy. On the following morning he breakfasted with General Boyd, when, during the repast, several shells fell, and burst in the garden.

In 1782, he proceeded with Admiral Digby to New York, and subsequently sailed with Admiral Graves, to the Chesapeake, when an attempt was made to relieve the army under Lord Cornwallis. The Prince George then accompanied Sir Samuel Wood to the West Indies, and was present in the glorious action of the 12th of April, "having had her foremast and maintop-mast shot away, and thirty-eight men killed and wounded."\*

The Prince George having returned to New York, Mr. Stopford was shortly after removed to the *Aigle*, a French ship, which had been recently captured; from which he was shortly after transferred to the *Atalanta* sloop-of-war, commanded by Captain Foley, "in which vessel Admiral Digby soon after appointed him acting lieutenant."†

Peace had now been made between Great Britain and America; and the *Atalanta* was employed in removing and settling the families of the distressed loyalists, near Annapolis, in the bay of Fundy. The *Atalanta* having been ordered to England, Mr. Stopford, whose commission had not been confirmed, preferred remaining on that station, and succeeded in effecting an exchange with a lieutenant of the *Hermione*, of thirty-two guns. He here had an opportunity of visiting the *St. Lawrence*, and the isle of Cape Breton; and the ship

\* Naval Biography, vol. III.

† Ibid.



suffered exceedingly from the masses of ice, through which it was difficult to force a passage. Having touched upon all the settlements in that district, they returned to Halifax, where Commodore Sawyer having arrived to relieve Sir Charles Douglas, "the latter hoisted his flag on board the *Hermione*, and returned to England in the autumn of 1785."<sup>\*</sup>

In the August of 1789 he was appointed commander of the *Ferret*, by Admiral Peyton, then commander-in-chief on the Gibraltar station, when, after being actively employed in various parts of that station, upon the death of Captain O'Hara of the *Ambuscade* frigate, he was appointed to succeed him in that ship, with an acting commission, until the pleasure of the admiralty should be known. "But Lord Chatham justly thinking that the appointment should go to the senior master and commander on the station, Captain Stopford returned to the *Ferret*."<sup>†</sup>

Soon, however, he had his reward. Having been directed by his admiral to observe the Spanish fleet off Cadiz, during the dispute with Spain relative to Nootka Sound, he was despatched to England, with directions to lay his observations before the admiralty; and shortly after was promoted to the rank of post captain, and appointed to the *Fame*, of seventy-four guns. In this vessel he did not long remain, having fitted her out for Admiral Cosby's flag, and left her at her station in Cork, under the command of Captain Truscott. Returning to Plymouth, he was appointed to the command of the *Lowestoffe*, of thirty-two guns, and shortly after to the *Aquilon*, in which vessel he was ordered to the Mediterranean.

Our relations with France becoming precarious, and the disturbances in that country daily assuming a more alarming aspect, Captain Stopford proceeded to Toulon, having heard that several vessels were fitting out in that harbour, and was able very narrowly to observe what was going forward. As soon as it was known that he was there, the newly-constituted authorities ordered him to remove; with which order he refused to comply, until he had communicated with the port-admiral, who told him that he could not guarantee his safety if he continued there much longer. Upon this hint the captain having completed his observations, took his leave, and returned to Gibraltar.

His next service was a mission to the emperor of Morocco, to settle some misunderstanding which had occurred relative to the supplies usually furnished by the Barbary states; which object he happily accomplished.

Towards the end of 1792, Rear-Admiral Goodall was appointed to the chief command at Gibraltar; and rumours of approaching hostilities between France and England being very current, he called together the captains of the squadron, and submitted to them the very delicate question as to whether he would be justified in commencing hostilities upon these rumours alone. Upon this occasion Captain Stopford differed from the opinion of the majority of his brother officers, and hesitated not to say, "that the making any captures under such circumstances would be little better than piracy, and would seriously commit the honour of the country."<sup>‡</sup> In this wise and humane judgment he was, however, overruled, and in this quarter hostilities commenced before war could be said to have been declared between the two kingdoms.

Having been honoured by selection for the duty of conveying his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex from Leghorn to England, he shortly after joined the fleet under Lord Howe, and was appointed to repeat signals to the division under Sir A. Hood. In the performance of this critical and important duty he was highly distinguished. But brighter distinction was at hand.

Reader, transport yourself in thought, for a brief moment, to the scene of Lord Howe's glorious action on the 4th of June, 1794. Behold that noble vessel, torn and dismasted by the enemy, who multiply around her, pouring their broadsides upon her in numbers which no valour could overcome. There she lies a helpless prey, momentarily about to be seized upon by her captors; her gallant crew, with swelling hearts, feeling that their last effort has been made, and that if they cannot live with fame, the next best thing is, to die with honour. That is the

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<sup>\*</sup> Naval Biography.

<sup>†</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>‡</sup> *Ibid.*

by fearful odds, otherwise her assailants would have known what is it that interposes between her and her well that gallant ship which bears into the midst of herself the murderous fire by which she is disabled. That is the Aquilon—Captain Stopford looks not of the balls which fly around him, but of the disabled vessel in tow. It is done. The order is put into effect, and the Marlborough is rescued, and his sailor's heart is glad for the rescued crew, whose acclamations for the admiration of his valour, than any joy for their deliverance from captivity or a watery

grave. Captain Stopford's life when he is richly rewarded for the service his vessel had suffered so severely. He was thus obliged to proceed in person to the Admiralty from Lord Howe. The veteran gazed at the young man with approval. "Young man," said he, "I have not seen you before, but you already understand every part of a man's duty, and at such a time, could not fail to do so. The youthful officer, whose subsequent conduct was pronounced respecting him was not er-

... of bringing the Princess Caroline to England, was peculiarly difficult by the great body of French ships. The Phœton was placed under the command of Captain Stopford, and sailed with him off the French coast. His conduct in this duty of distinguishing himself in a manner worthy of his superiors:—

On the 1st of the look-out frigate ahead, Captain Stopford, of great superiority, which was instantly followed by the morning, shortly before the enemy's boat on board the Royal Sovereign, and commanding him, as soon as the firing commenced, to signal for a fleet; viz. letting fly the top-gallant, continued ahead in the execution of this duty towards the admiral, and passing under the fire were returned by the crew of the Royal Sovereign as of the weather and cessation of firing, the nearest French ships, which soon after the return of the squadron to Plymouth, received the warm approbation of Captain Stopford's conduct that the Phœton had done the duty of

... through all the various minor duties.

He captured various French vessels, and our merchant vessels, by protecting them. He joined the fleet under Lord Bridport, at the time of finding it in a state of mutiny, while the officers, "the crew of the Phœton never desert."

He proceeded with Lord Bridport off the coast of France, detached by the admiral with a squadron of privateers, he captured thirteen privateers, formerly British ships of war, besides destroyed several French coasting convoys. Attached to the squadron under Admiral Boscawen, in weeks, between Ushant and Saintes.

first conveyed to the admiral the account of the sailing of the French fleet which went to Ireland.\*

In 1799, he was appointed to the *Excellent*, in which he performed good service upon the coast of France, having, by means of his boats, captured or destroyed several vessels of the enemy.

He proceeded from thence to Martinique, where he came under the orders of Admiral Totty. Being subsequently at sea, and hearing of the mutiny of one of the black regiments at Dominique, he was able to assist materially, both by his counsel and his personal services, in reducing them to obedience. Upon his return, he found that his commanding officer had returned to England, having left orders that he should assume the broad pendant, and take the chief command upon that station. The peace of Amiens had now been ratified, in virtue of which he delivered up Martinique to the French authorities, and Surinam to those of Holland; and his health having suffered considerably from his long career of active service, he applied for leave to return to England, and was, accordingly, in the beginning of 1803, relieved from his command by Sir Samuel Hood.

But short was the repose which he was permitted to enjoy. Upon his arrival in England he found preparations making for the re-commencement of the war, and after a brief interval of three months, he was appointed to the *Spencer*, of seventy-four guns, in which, after he had joined the channel fleet, he was detached off Ferrol, under Sir Edward Pellew.

He accompanied Nelson in his anxious pursuit of the enemy, but, his men having become scorbutic for want of fresh provisions, he was ordered to Gibraltar for a supply, and was on his way to rejoin Lord Nelson, when a strong westerly wind retarding his passage through the straits, he was prevented taking his part in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. A calamity this, as it was felt by all his little squadron, for which there could be no compensation. An occasion, however, soon occurred, upon which he was creditably distinguished. The following is from the "*Naval Biography*," vol. iii. p. 11:—

"Captain Stopford remained off Cadiz till the end of November, when he accompanied Sir John Duckworth to the West Indies; and in February following his ardent spirit was in some degree compensated for the disappointment experienced in not sharing in the victory of Trafalgar, by his taking a leading part in the action off Saint Domingo. From the angular manner in which the squadron met the enemy, it fell to the lot of the *Spencer* to receive the first broadside of the *Imperial* (a three-decker, and bearing the French admiral's flag), which killed eight men, besides wounding several others, and doing considerable damage to the masts, sails, and rigging. The *Spencer* then opened her fire, and Captain Stopford soon afterwards observing a large French ship bearing down, intending to pass close under the *Spencer's* stern, he got upon a parallel line with this new opponent, to avoid being raked, and kept continually engaging her till she struck. The *Canopus* and one or two other ships, in passing, likewise fired into her and did her considerable damage. She proved to be the *Alexandre*, of eighty guns. Captain Stopford, however, did not stop to take possession of her, but seeing the *Atlas* warmly engaged with a seventy-four-gun ship, which was endeavouring to get away, he immediately made sail to intercept her; and having reached quite close to her bow, poured into her the whole of his broadside. The enemy instantly ceased firing, altered her course, and ran ashore, where she was afterwards burnt. In this action the *Spencer* had eighteen men killed and fifty wounded: amongst the latter was Captain Stopford, who proceeded with the prizes to Jamaica, and afterwards sailed with them for England, under the command of Admiral Louis; but meeting with a great deal of severe weather, the whole were separated: they, however, fortunately arrived safe, with the exception of the *Brave*, of seventy-four guns, which foundered at sea; but the crew were providentially saved by the *Donegal*, Captain Malcolm."

He was now returned to parliament for the borough of Ipswich, and after a tedious voyage to the Cape, where he gave up his command to Admiral

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\* *Naval Biography*.

Murray, arrived at Spithead in June, 1807, and was appointed colonel of marines.

He then joined the fleet under Admiral Gambier, which was destined to act against Copenhagen. In 1808 he joined the channel fleet under Lord Gardner, when he was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral of the blue, and was employed in blockading the ports of Ferrol and Rochefort. While engaged in this service, it was notified to him by signal that the enemy's fleet was in sight. Although having with him but three sail of the line, he immediately gave them chase. Finding, however, that their force consisted of ten sail, he gave over the pursuit; but soon after, three other ships making their appearance, the pursuit was renewed, until the French vessels took refuge under the batteries of the Sable d'Alonne. Immediately preparations were made for their destruction; but six line-of-battle ships bearing down to protect them, the attack was deferred. The enemy, however, seeing their comrades safe, as they thought, slackened sail; and immediately Admiral Stopford ordered Captain Hotham, in the *Defence*, "to lead in and commence the attack, which he most gallantly performed, and soon silenced the fire of one frigate. The other ships of the squadron opened their fire on the remaining three frigates and batteries, which was kept up with great spirit, until the ebbing of the tide obliged them to haul off; at which time the enemy's ships were on their beam ends, and were so much damaged as to be incapable of again proceeding to sea."\*

His next service was at Basque Roads, where it was determined to destroy the enemy's ships by means of fire-vessels; a duty in which he took a subordinate part, as Lord Gambier had the supreme command, and the conduct of the fire-vessels was, by a special order of the lords of the admiralty, entrusted to Lord Cochrane. In the following year, he was appointed commander-in-chief at the Cape of Good Hope, with directions to assume the command of the naval part of an expedition directed against the Isle of France. Upon his arrival he found that that expedition had already sailed, and happily accomplished its object.

He was not long, however, upon this station before he had another opportunity of rendering his country valuable services. Having learned that an expedition was preparing against the island of Java, he resolved, (although in so doing he knew that he was transgressing the limits of his command,) to employ the troops which he had brought out to co-operate in the reduction of the Isle of France, to aid in the accomplishment of that object. This he accordingly did, and was gratified by finding that his conduct was approved of, and that not only were the admiralty satisfied with the course which he pursued, but that he received the thanks of both houses of parliament for the valuable assistance he had given in placing Java under the dominion of the British crown. In 1815, he was made a knight commander of the Bath, and in 1825, an admiral of the blue.

In 1827, Sir Robert Stopford was appointed Port Admiral at Portsmouth, during which command his early connexion with his late Majesty, William the Fourth, then Lord High Admiral, was more immediately renewed. In 1830, he retired from this command; in the following year was nominated Knight Grand Cross of the Bath; and in 1834 was appointed rear-admiral of the United Kingdom.

In 1837, it being considered desirable that the British admiral in the Mediterranean should be one of the highest rank in the service, Sir Robert was appointed to this command, and hoisted his flag, red at the main, for this purpose, early in the spring, and sailed from Portsmouth in the *Princess Charlotte*, on the 2nd of July. At Gibraltar he received intelligence of the cholera prevailing at Malta, and in consequence proceeded to Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, where he met Vice-Admiral Sir Josias Rowley, his predecessor in the Mediterranean station, and relieved him in the duties of the command.

From Minorca the admiral proceeded to the coasts of Spain and Italy, where the state of affairs required his attention. Hearing that the cholera had disap-

peared from Malta, and that the ships might go there with safety, he repaired to Salamis Bay, to communicate with the British minister at Athens, after which he returned to Malta for the winter months. In May, 1838, the admiral visited Naples, on his way to Toulon, where the coronation of our gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria, (which took place in London on the 28th of June,) was celebrated by the French authorities and the British fleet, with every demonstration of respect and cordiality. After visiting Port Mahon, Tunis, and Tripoli, he proceeded to the Levant, where he was joined by the Turkish squadron, which remained with our fleet during the rest of the summer, the admiral having received instructions from the government to prevent any collision between the Turkish and Egyptian fleets. The following year Sir Robert visited Palermo, before he again repaired to the Levant, where he was joined by the French squadron, under the command of Admiral Lalande, and the two fleets continued together for the protection of the Ottoman empire, the Turkish fleet having been given up to the Viceroy of Egypt through the treason of the Capitan Pasha. In the course of the summer, the admiral went to Constantinople, where he communicated personally with the British ambassador, Viscount Ponsonby, and had an audience with the young Sultan. The combined fleets remained through the winter in Vourla and Smyrna Bays, and in February, 1840, Rear-Admiral Sir John Louis took the temporary command of our ships, and Sir Robert returned to Malta for a short period of rest. In the spring of this year, after sending a part of the squadron to Naples, he repaired thither in the *Princess Charlotte*, in consequence of a disagreement between the governments of England and Naples, on the sulphur question;—which, however, was very soon amicably settled, by the appearance in the bay of a few British men-of-war;—and Sir Robert speedily returned to Malta on his way again to the Levant, where he was this year joined by the Austrian squadron, under Admiral Bandiera,—the French fleet being at Smyrna, in strong force, and the present state of politics rendering it doubtful what part they would take in the eastern question.

On the 1st of August the admiral received orders from government to put in force the treaty of the 15th of July, 1839; which he lost no time in effecting. From Mytilene, after making the necessary arrangements with Admiral Walker for the disposition of the Turkish land and sea forces which were to co-operate with him, he went to Alexandria, where he had an interview with Mehemet Ali, but the latter continuing firm in his refusal of submission to the terms proposed by the Porte, the admiral returned to the coast of Syria, where hostilities were commenced against the Egyptian power by the English, Austrian, and Turkish forces; the former having been joined by a small body of sappers and miners, under the command of Colonel Sir Charles Felix Smith, all placed under the direction of the admiral commander-in-chief; and the operations were carried on successfully along the coast of Syria, concluding with the reduction of the fort of St. Jean d' Acre, in the short space of three hours, on the 3rd of November, 1840.

The fleet, after sustaining heavy gales on the coast of Syria, repaired to Marmorice Bay, to recruit, and after seeing the Turkish fleet restored to its rightful sovereign, and so far on its way to Constantinople, Sir Robert returned to Malta, in February, 1841, where he remained till May, and then visited the island of Corfu, where he received permission to return to England. Leaving the command with Vice-Admiral Sir John Ommanney, he left Malta in the *Princess Charlotte*, on the 19th of June, and arrived in England the 18th of July. For his services during the arduous campaign on the coast of Syria, Sir Robert again received the thanks of both houses of the British parliament, and from the Austrian, Russian, Prussian, and Turkish sovereigns, high military orders of distinction. Sir Robert, having been appointed to the vacant Governorship of Greenwich Hospital, repaired thither and assumed the duties of that office, where may he long live to enjoy the rich reward of a life of honourable exertion.



## MAN AND THE BIBLE.\*

M. BOUCHER, the highly accomplished author of this book, is pastor of the Evangelical Church at Brussels, a man of no ordinary reasoning powers, and at the same time a devoted minister of the Gospel and distinguished preacher. His work is called "Man confronted with the Bible; or, the respective claims of the Bible and Man upon each other:" and is an essay in proof of the absolute and inalienable right of every individual to possess and read the Word of God, and consequently his obligation to do so.

His arguments are most ably drawn up, and we have been particularly struck with the close chain of reasoning by which he advances to his conclusion. We would that they could be brought in some easy and familiar form before the public mind in this country. We know of no mode so ready of solving that *vexata questio* of national education as this. It is in our view worth a hundred spirit-stirring and eloquent appeals to auditors already won. In fact what do we require, save to benefit our country, by Christianizing the rising generation. We know of no means so effectual as by that book which contains the history, doctrines, principles, and practices of our holy religion. Now the priest would assume the right to rob man of this treasure, and the so-called liberal Protestant stands by consenting. Let us then endeavour, rather than by mutual recrimination and division, showing our own internal weakness, to draw men's attention to this subject. In the words of our author,

"If revelation had been directly addressed from God to man, without the intervention of a book, if, in short, God had given to man to hear his voice, evidently man would then possess the right to hear; and by the same reason, man must have the right to read his written revelation."

Thus, if God has given this book, he has given it to be read, freely and

without restriction, and man cannot—dare not, save at his peril, disregard it for himself, much less take away from his fellow, "lest God also take away his name out of the book of life."

Our author approaches his task with a summary of the evidences for the inspiration of the Scriptures. The Bible comes from God: and he proves it satisfactorily—remarking on the nature of moral evidence, and its adaptation to the condition of man as a free and responsible agent. Upon this portion of his work, though neatly and concisely drawn up, we feel hardly disposed to dwell: the arguments being familiar to most of our readers, and taken from Leland, Paley, Horne, Leslie, and others. He treats of the historical proofs, showing a chain of writers reaching from Jerome, in the fourth century, to the very days of the apostles. He applies to the miracles of the Old and New Testaments the as yet unanswered, because unanswerable, argument of our own Leslie, in his Short Method. He analyses and shows the minute and circumstantial fulfilment of certain prophecies—those descriptive of the present condition of the Jewish people, and those relating to the birth, life, and death of their Messiah. He touches upon the manifest intervention of God in the propagation of Christianity, in spite of circumstances the most adverse, the pride of human reason, the corruptions of heathenism, and the bloody persecutions of the pagan emperors. In the way of internal evidence, he appeals to the beneficial effects produced upon society, morals, and individual character—in peace of conscience, and all virtue. We subjoin an extract of his style and manner of treating this portion:—

"Finally, the very nature of Christianity, its doctrines, morality and worship, afford a proof, of which the beauty and force have been rarely if ever sufficiently brought out. Let us try to do so. The argument appeals at once to

\* *L'Homme en face de la Bible.* Par P. Boucher. Paris, 1842.  
*De la Propagande Protestante en Belgique.* Brussels, 1842.



conscience, good sense, and facts. It is this:—God must have worshippers here on earth, now Christianity is of all others the religion most conformable to his divine character, and most worthy of him. Therefore Christianity is the religion of God—is the true religion.

“Let us take up each of these assertions which carry this irresistible conclusion—God must have his worshippers here on earth. In this respect it matters little whether men had known of themselves what is pleasing to their Creator, or that he had himself given them to know it. This is not the place to inquire by what means this knowledge of God, which is indispensable for his worship, reaches man. It is only essential to state that it must reach him. If our inability to discover the character of God be established, then God must make known the service which he requires from his creatures. If God had never created responsible beings—moral agents—creatures capacitated to worship him—then he might (however improbable the supposition be) have remained without worshippers during eternity. But what shocks reason and feeling is, that he should continue without worshippers after having peopled his universe. The ends of creation may have been both the glory of God and the happiness of his creatures, but both those ends alike demand the worship and service of God. To say that God has no worshippers amongst men, whom he has made, is to say that he has made them without respect to his own glory or their felicity; for this worship is alike necessary to both. God must have worshippers here below, if he desires to display the brightness of his nature or the greatness of his perfections: he must have worshippers here below if he wishes the real good of his creatures, which only can consist in the knowledge, love, and service of God. If God did not make man to be his worshipper, for what other end did he make him? Common sense justifies this assertion: let us go on to the second.

“Christianity is the religion most worthy of the Creator. Beyond controversy, the ideas which the Scriptures present us of the character and attributes of God are the most perfect, most beautiful, most holy, most majestic, most merciful, most complete. All these ideas are comprehended in one fact—the cross of Christ. The incarnation rendered necessary by justice, and granted by love, is the most brilliant display of divine perfections, and their most efficient proclamation. If the infinite beauty of this doctrine be not an absolute proof of its truth, it is at least a strong presumption. So much love,

is it not worthy of a God of love? So much wisdom in the plan of saving a sinner, without excusing sin—of delivering man from the penalties of the law, while magnifying its morality—does not this confer honour upon the divine intelligence which has conceived it? The possibility and the necessity of salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ once granted, is not its accomplishment one of the grandest things in conception? And if the incarnation be the truest impression of the divine character, ought not God himself to have adopted it? If in the whole circle of possibilities the doctrine of the cross be the grandest, most excellent, most affecting and solemn, is it not certain then that God must have preferred it? In fine, that plan into which most goodness, justice, and wisdom enters, is it not, thereby, recognised as the plan of God?

“But if theoretical Christianity is so worthy of God, practical Christianity in its turn glorifies him, not only more than any other religion, but so much more so, that we must admit that none else than Christians alone glorify God. On their lips alone it is that his name is blessed and praised. In their hearts only his presence is desired and experienced. In their consciences only his approval is taken for the mainspring of their actions: and in their regular congregations alone is he invoked and sanctified from one end of the earth to the other, world without end. Let the deists be honest—when and where do they pray to God? When and where do they celebrate his name, his law, his perfections, his providence? In their assemblies?—they would blush to speak of him. In their churches?—they have none. In their families?—they never bend the knee. In their hearts?—less there than any where, as they well know.

“We may, therefore, fearlessly affirm, that if Christians be not the true worshippers of God, there are none others any where. If the Christian system be not divine, no other is; for it unites all the particular qualities of others, without their defects. Let any one seek for reasons to warrant the rejection of Christianity and God's preference of any other religion, and he cannot find one. All the fragments of truth, beauty, and moral goodness which have ever been brought forward as deserving of God's approval are in Christianity.

“Now I ask how God ought to respect this religion which is the best—this worship which most honours him? I demand for it, that it may obtain from him that same transcendent and

evident superiority—merely considered as a fact, and apart from its divine origin. I ask if God ought not to accept it,—if he would not ‘deny himself’ were he to prefer an inferior one? Looked at thus, the question simplifies itself. We see that it is impossible but that God should recognise true Christians for his worshippers, and we see that Christianity is the religion which leads to God, and is, consequently, the true one.”

Having disposed of the question of the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible, and this without an appeal to the authority of the church, or arguing in a vicious circle, (the Romanist, true to his principles, believes this impossible, and prefers casting a doubt upon the Scriptures rather than the church; nay, willing, when pushed, to avail himself of the weapons of infidelity rather than admit the right of private judgment,) our author passes to the second, and, to us, the most interesting part of his treatise.

He shows that we possess spiritual and religious rights, just as we possess civil and political ones, and that it is a primary law of our constitution to preserve them. He distinguishes between the abstract naked right and its exercise; the latter being limited or restricted by considerations extrinsic of the former.

The foundation of these rights lie in our necessities: *e. g.* man has a right to seek for remedies for physical evils, and by parity of reasoning, if ignorant and sinful, he has a right to seek for truth and salvation. Yet, if the exercise of this right were hurtful to society, or injurious to the public weal, then it ought to be restrained. Whereas, on the contrary, if it be advantageous, it demands respect, and ought to be protected. The right to read is not a right to cavil, contradict, or explain away.

This right is found in the manner of the revelation, being in a book, written, like every other, to be read. In its heavenly origin; in its contents; in the undeniable advantages derived from its study; in its own testimony, in varied expressions, and repeated by prophets, apostles, and Jesus Christ himself, commanding us to “search the Scriptures.”

No other ground can be had for the denial of this right but the pretended inutility of its exercise, and

that based on the impossibility to seize the true and saving sense of the Scriptures.

Now this right may be wholesomely exercised, for we can understand the Scriptures. He qualifies this assertion. It does not mean that every man is in a capacity to understand all the Scriptures, to master the difficulties of doctrines, or the niceties of criticism. But every man can comprehend all that is necessary to salvation out of the Bible. This limitation implies, that in the word of God there are essential and fundamental truths, as well as those which are secondary and circumstantial.

The distinction has been denied, and demands proof. Now common-sense, plain fact, and the very Bible itself recognises the distinction. How absurd to equalize in importance, the minutiae of doctrine, the chronology of an epistle, the hem of the Levite’s garment, the superscription of a letter, with the weightier matter of faith in Jesus Christ, and obedience to his gospel. Compare two points: one of infinite importance—the love of God; the other plainly secondary—the mode of administering the rite of baptism. The mind recoils from the absurdity, feeling the difference and admitting the distinction.

He produces passages from Scripture in support of this distinction between essential and non-essential truth. If this be not true, some of the most eminent Christians are lost, for want of entire conformity of views, opinions, observances, and forms. Shocking conclusion!

But the possibility of understanding the Bible has its conditions as well as its limits. These are, sincerity, prayer, and a spirit of obedience—a determination to practise what is made known. And this teaching of the Holy Spirit is the true and only possible source of Christian unity.

The possibility of understanding the Bible is demonstrable by facts. The Bible may, can be, comprehended: for it is. Search out those who read it regularly, and seriously, and examine the results. They are such as could proceed from no other source but the right understanding of the Scriptures. If we find unity of faith, of sentiment, of love towards God and men, humility, the spirit of

prayer, and the Saviour's likeness—this proves that they understand the Scriptures.

The harmony of the various Protestant Confessions proves, that they who read with care can comprehend the Bible the same way.

But, say the objectors, this essential is not the true sense; yet, in all essentials, is the very same which they and we alike maintain. Again, they say: those fundamentals which they and we alike embrace and receive, may profit them and not us, for want of the non-essentials, whose omission excludes from bliss:—

“ Yet, after all, what are those things omitted by the generality of readers, whose importance is so great, that their omission excludes from heaven? What is this so weighty matter, neglected by these (as they are termed) erring brethren? Is it of the worship of God, or the alteration of the moral law, or the admission of another expiatory sacrifice? Yet, once again, what is this point, which we have not understood, whose importance weighs the difference between heaven and hell?

“ Certainly it is not we who are to be accused of indifference respecting doctrines, against whom philosophy has so often alleged the contrary. But it is easy to see, that while shunning one extreme, that of latitudinarianism, we have no necessity to fall into exclusiveness. The doctrines which are essential to the true worship of God, to the justification and sanctification of the sinner, present themselves before us for their infinite importance. But these once received—life imbibed in the soul, the heart once purified, the whole man once become ‘a new creature,’ who would dare to demand more? Who would dare to say that the addition of such a doctrine, not essential to the worship of God, or of such a practice, which makes no part of the moral law, is not only useful to the individual, or to the state, (this may be discussed,) but also indispensable to salvation? Who would pretend, for example, that faith in Christ, that consecration to his service, that the spirit of love, of prayer, of humility—that pure Christianity was all worthless in the sight of God, unless it carried with it the stamp of man's approval?

“ We would suppose many observances of that church which wishes to rule over all the rest, to be good and useful;—a generous concession! Would one affirm that constant temperance has no value, because it had not specially distinguished certain days of the week,

and had embraced them all? Would any one say, that the watchful heart, which has walked in communion with God, and inward prayer, has gained nothing, because not practised on an appointed day, and privileged place? Would not one blush to advance, that he who in the name of Jesus, and beginning by casting out the spirit of pride, instructs the ignorant, relieves the distressed, awes the presumptuous, and proclaims to all the glad tidings of salvation, through the grace of the Father, the mediation of the Son, and the gifts of the Holy Spirit, would not obtain a part in the salvation himself, however ardently he may desire it, nor procure it for others, however faithfully he preaches it, if, besides the mission of the Holy Spirit, he cannot produce that of some pitiful mortal; and, that in vain he imitates the virtues, the doctrines, the piety of the apostles, if he cannot trace, through the darkness, a visible line which attaches him to them? In fine, would not one be ashamed to assert, that sincere faith, deep humility, pure love, burning zeal, persevering prayer, complete resignation, ready obedience, are all nothing, avail nothing, solely because found without the pale of a certain religious communion? Excellent and valuable there, but elsewhere worthless, or to be condemned; accepted by God under one denomination, to be but rejected under another. Monstrous and revolting absurdities alike to the heart and understanding!

“ Jesus Christ has not taught us thus. He will not demand more than essentials at the bar of eternity. He has left us precise details upon that great and final judgment which shall decide the destiny of his creatures.

“ ‘ When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory; and before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in, naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me.’

“ ‘ Then shall he say unto them on the left hand, ‘ Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hun-

gered and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink, I was a stranger and ye took me not in, naked and ye clothed me not, sick, and in prison and ye visited me not. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.'

"To this magnificent exposition of the fruits of faith in Christ, and the motives for the condemnation of the reprobate, let us try to substitute causes for rejection, taken from the neglect of some secondary point. What odious words, at the same time ridiculous, yet blasphemous, we must ascribe to Jesus! We shudder to pronounce them; yet are they necessarily contained in the system which denies the sufficiency of fundamentals. In this case the text must be altered. Jesus Christ would say to all those *wicked* who had read and kept his word, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, who have read and believed, and practised with all your powers the word which I had given you; you, whose prayers have constantly besought the Holy Spirit, and whose faith has received, without doubting, all my declarations. True you have welcomed, helped, comforted *me*, in doing so to the least of these my brethren: but you have not believed in the infallibility of one like yourselves; you have sincerely loved, and faithfully obeyed me, but you have refused to obey orders in contradiction to mine; you have believed in God, but not in man; you have repented, but not before the feet of an ecclesiastic; you have changed your life, but not your church; you have invoked me, but not after certain forms; you have believed, hoped, loved; but your faith, and hope, and charity, carry not the seal of Rome, Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, and be wretched, although ye have kept my word.'

"We need not remark that this bitter irony never could escape the Saviour's mouth; and, nevertheless, he could not, on the other hand, say to these faithful ones, Ye have not received me,—for they had, in fact, received him.

"What conclusion, therefore, shall we come to? The only reasonable, the only possible one—that the keepers of his word shall be on his right hand, and not on the left; that he will say to them, Ye blessed, and not Ye cursed; and that, in fact, the Bible is well understood, since it forms precisely the character to which Jesus Christ promises the inheritance of heaven."

But the indiscriminate reading of the Bible has led to all the discordant

sects which disfigure the face of Christendom! Like Pandora's fabled box, the opened Bible has deluged the world with all imaginable evils—subverting consciences, perverting morals, and overturning states. He asserts and proves the contrary. First, by analogy, showing the law of nature to demand unity in the principle, with diversity of circumstances; and, therefore, that the variety of Christian communions harmonizing in essential orthodoxy, to be in accordance with this law. He shows differences more striking to exist in the very bosom of the pretended unity—the diversity of practices, not only amongst the laity, but their spiritual directors. Whence, he asks, comes the distinction between the liberal and enlightened priest, and the bigoted and intolerant? What does this mean? Why are the priests of Germany and Italy (we may say, of Ireland) different from each other? Do not those confessors prescribe different lives, with different degrees of exactness? This enforced uniformity is destructive of unity, hurting the manifestation of love, the harmony of the heart, which overcomes these differences of forms.

"What are those relations which we most admire among men? what is the most touching agreement? That of two partizans in the same cause? No; but that of two opponents. That which raises the heart, and transports it with admiration, is to see two adversaries render each other mutual justice, by mutually esteeming and loving in spite of their different views; and it is precisely this difference of views which brings out the beauty, force, and purity of their union.

"Take an example. We would hardly find two theological adversaries more directly opposed to each other than Whitfield and Wesley upon the doctrine of election. After having spoken long upon the subject and prayed much, they at last arrived at the conclusion that they could not agree—therefore, that they ought to labour separately in the spread of the Gospel. Many years passed over, during which they interchanged letters full of affection, messages full of tenderness. At the death of Whitfield, a bequest was found in his will, in favour of Wesley, accompanied with the most affecting and touching words. Wesley went up at once, and in the funeral sermon which he preached upon the death of that well-beloved op-



ponent, he made the most beautiful eulogium of him, in whose steps he hoped to follow, and near to whom he prayed that God might find him at the day of judgment! Suppose these two, members of the same communion, and all the beauty of the fact vanishes."

But the Bible is not to be held accountable for these divisions. It is the corruption of the human heart, the darkened judgment of fallen man, which engenders and propagates them by the abuse of private judgment, an evil which admits no remedy.

The reading of the Bible, it is pretended, leads to revolutionary feeling—mere party invention! On the contrary, the people who are obedient to its dictates, are, to say the least, as moral, peaceable, as far in advance of cultivation, to say no more, as those upon whom spiritual despotism and national manners impose ignorance and estrangement from the Scriptures.

In the short space of a very few years, France, Spain, Italy, Belgium, Portugal, Poland, have been the theatre of revolutions and civil wars, which cannot be ascribed to the reading of the Bible, which is *not* read in those countries: while England, Switzerland, Holland, Prussia, and the United States, have continued, and still hold on, their peaceful progress.

These arguments might have answered the enemies of the Reformation, who wished to stifle it in its cradle. But if Bossuet were alive now, he would not venture upon the prediction, which facts have given the lie to.

It is hard to estimate the exact amount of influence which the Bible exerts upon public morality and civilization. The statistics of this matter have been strangely overlooked: is it as if they were of no value in men's calculations?

"There are certain Christian churches which enjoin certain practices as the terms of admission and continuance in their communion. Such, for instance, is the celebration of family prayer. Every head of a family belonging to these churches, is in the habit of assembling his household, young and old, master and servant, every morning and evening: a prayer, reading a chapter in the Bible, and frequently a psalm or hymn, compose their worship. This is a fact, of which all who have travelled or re-

ceived hospitality in those countries can bear witness to. You might as well deny that certain persons at certain times prohibit meat from their tables, as deny the habit of Bible reading, morning and evening, in certain families. Now, the proportion of these members of the church, to the general population might be laid down. Suppose, for example, the number of these Bible readers was to the population of Scotland as one to five. If the reading of the Bible has had no influence upon these men, then it would be found that one-fifth of the condemnations for crimes, and offences will fall upon these men; but if, on the contrary, not one-tenth, nor one-twentieth of the whole be found amongst them, then it is evident that the reading of the Bible has a moralizing influence."

To what shall we attribute, or what can be the motives for denying the right? They are twofold: those of prejudiced ignorance, dreading the fearful results which have been represented as inevitable; and, on the other hand, despotism, which fears lest this knowledge should lead to loss of power, and the fall of their system.

Our author devotes his third portion to addresses, founded upon the right and consequent obligation, of men to read the Bible—speaking in the first place to the indifferent and unconcerned; secondly, to the unbelieving; and, lastly, to the believing; and we regret that our space does not admit us to follow him: heartily do we, indeed, join in his emphatic wish.

" 'Sow the land with Gospels—a Bible for every cottage,' said Victor Hugo, (and one of blessed memory before him, our own George III.) We would fain give extension to this prayer; for the philosophy of the academy offers no surer defence against error than the ignorance of the cabin; and the Bible, the only infallible source of religious truth, is no less needful for the wise than the peasant. As the Book of God has been given and belongs to every creature of God, then we in our turn cry—'A BIBLE FOR EVERY HOUSE—A BIBLE FOR EVERY MAN!'"

But this wish cannot be realized; the priests and the journalists forbid. Our eye turns to another and very dissimilar production, (*De la Propagande Protestante*), and we are forcibly reminded of one of our old divine's pithy expression, "Fortune is but the devil's spit upon

God's providence ;" and this is the slime and venom of the serpent and his seed, cast upon our author and his friends.

It will be necessary to inform our readers, that this and a number of similar publications were called into existence by an effort made, on the part of the priests of the liberal kingdom of Belgium! to exclude Mr. Boucher's church from the pale of the law, and to render his position as a minister of Christ untenable in Brussels.

His great ability, his uncompromising firmness in combating error, even in its very strongholds—his acknowledged power as a writer and a preacher, made him indeed an antagonist of no mean importance ; and while they would have passed others by, whose talents and character rendered them less conspicuous, *he* was singled out as an object of attack, and the whole venom of the liberal press vented upon him and his adherents. The Prussian minister at the Belgian court, stood manfully forward, however, in his defence, as did also the American *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Maxey, and with a due appreciation of the value of English freedom of discussion, as applied to the support and maintenance of the church, these gentlemen called a public meeting of M. Boucher's friends, and passed a series of resolutions approving of his ministry, testifying to its usefulness, and humbly soliciting the king, who could not be indifferent to the cause of a faith he himself professes, to admit M. Boucher within the pale of the law—to confer upon him the same privileges which other ordained ministers possess—and so to legalize his position, that he might enjoy the benefit the constitution assumes to guarantee to every denomination of belief. The matter, we believe, is still pending. It at this hour remains a doubtful question how far the Protestant monarch of a Roman Catholic country can, or dare, assert his own heartfelt convictions, when the cause of popery enters into antagonism with the accomplishment of his desires. Meanwhile the papers teem with attacks upon Protestants and Protestantism. The press groans under the issue of little volumes of abuse and ribaldry, and the charge of an attempt to Protestantize the kingdom of Belgium is boldly fastened upon the English nation, whose efforts

to propagate the Bible, and facilitate the reading of the Scriptures, at once expose them to so weighty an accusation

The respectable agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and another gentleman, the secretary of the Evangelical Society, and a minister of the Gospel, are placed in the head and front of this offence ; yet mainly with the object to wound another, and, as we believe, writhing under the smart of the truth. Both are alike accused of dishonesty and ignorance, and the pamphleteer endeavours to substantiate his charges by proofs.

The agent of the Bible Society is accused of wishing to pervert Catholics, by the circulation of Bibles, under the stamp of authority, abusing their confidence, &c.

This cannot be done, they say, out of respect to Catholic doctrines, nor from the spread of toleration, or they would not publish contrary to the will of the church, nor mutilate the Scripture, nor lead Catholics to transgress the ecclesiastical laws. Their aim is, then, to Protestantize, *i. e.*, evangelize Catholics, by offering them the Scriptures.

We believe that this crimination will not weigh heavily upon either of these gentlemen. We may leave them to the testimony of a conscience void of offence towards God and man, and say for them—how much lighter sits their bosoms, Lord, than if they had left their fellow-sinners weltering in blood, without putting forth a finger to relieve them. We want this feeling more manifested at home, among ourselves—a deeper sense of our responsibility to the misguided, blind-led people of the land, and a bolder and more honest avowal of our design to Protestantize, *i. e.*, “to turn them from darkness to light ; from Satan's kingdom to that of God's dear Son.”

It is objected that the agent and secretary should first apply themselves to prove that the church has no power to forbid nor right to restrict the reading or the publication of the Scriptures.

We say: read M. Boucher, and answer him. We are not to be called on to prove a negative ; let the Church of Rome, “the witness and pillar of truth,” prove her own power, not by assertion and penalties, anathemas and inquisitions, but by an appeal to the



word of God, and we will close our depositories. Neither are the agents of the society appointed for discussion, but merely for the *sale* and *distribution* of the Scriptures.

Another grievous accusation turns upon the omission of the apocryphal books from their editions.

Answer. The apocryphal books belong to that portion of the Bible called the Old Testament. Now they have never been considered canonical by the Jews—the best witnesses in this matter; they are not written in the language of the original (Hebrew); they are not quoted or referred to by our Saviour or his disciples, nor would they now be so tenaciously adhered to, if it were not supposed that some countenance might be drawn from them for the Romish doctrine of praying for the dead.

He states in a foot-note, (page seven,) amongst the errors advanced upon these books, “that Jesus Christ and his apostles have not spoken of them.” Again, let us not be called on to prove a negative; let him produce the quotation. We defy him. By the way; how is it that Rome is such a stickler for the totality of the Bible abroad, and at home so much in love with her “Extracts?” With us the adage is “half a loaf;” with them, “the Bible—the whole Bible—nothing but the Bible”—perhaps, like the Kildare peasant, that all may be burned together, and nothing escape. When Mr. Carile published the Gospel of St. Luke for the use of the national schools, in which he left the word repentance to mean any thing most convenient—contrition, attrition, penance, or change of heart—then we were told that each book was distinct and separate, came out at a different time, and from different authors. The Belgian worthy declares this rank heresy, and fit for the tender mercies of the inquisition.

M. Pascoe Tiddy is accused of theft, in surreptitiously availing himself of the “approbation.” We have heard of such accusation before applied to all the Protestant community by a dignified ecclesiastic—“Messieurs ces sont

des voleurs.” To what purpose, however, have we put our acquisition?

Answer. We have translated the Scriptures into one hundred and sixty languages, and circulated millions upon millions of copies of the Scriptures; giving every man “to hear in the tongue wherein he was born the wonderful works of God:” while the church which calls them hers, is contented with locking them up in one language, and that a *dead* one.

We may safely commit the answer of certain impertinences touching the orders, mission, doctrines, &c. of the Evangelical Church at Brussels, to its pastor and minister, and content ourselves with noticing the every-way rational and satisfactory answer prescribed for the use of all fathers and mothers, if invited to avail themselves of the opportunities and advantages of schools conducted upon scriptural principles: tell them—

“We are catholics, our children are catholics, and we wish to die in the catholic church: no use to speak to us upon religious controversy. We believe all that the catholic church believes. You, you do not believe what that church believes. You reject the devotion towards the holy virgin, our good mother.” [He had before accused Protestants of laying to their charge the worship of Mary.] “You do not obey the holy catholic church, the mother of all Christians; and ‘whosoever obeys not the church let him be to thee as a heathen man and a publican.’ You may depart; we have no need of your *mutilated Bibles*, nor of your little heretical books,\* nor of your evangelical schools. Faith lost, all is lost. No, never shall we sell our infants for a morsel of bread.”

Pity that this cannot be more widely circulated, for the advantage of all Jews, Turks, heretics, and infidels! Only substitute for “we are catholics” a blank, to be supplied—we are Mahomedans, we are Hindoos, Buddists, &c.; and thus an end of all discussion. Truly, this is to have seared consciences; truly, this is not “to be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear.”

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\* He speaks of the English style of the tracts—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. Has France and Belgium so fraternized that England is to be hated on every score? and is her religion, like her linen, to be excluded?

## SKETCHES OF PUBLIC MEN.

## NO. I.—SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT.

" ————— This cardinal,  
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
 Was fashioned to much honour. From his cradle  
 He was a scholar, and a ripe good one ;  
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading ;  
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;  
 But to those men who sought him, sweet as summer,  
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
 (Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely."—SHAKESPEARE.

If in term time you go into the court of Queen's Bench, in Westminster Hall—and go early—you may chance to see sitting immediately on the right of the centre of the inner bar, a barrister, whose countenance will probably strike you as being more decidedly intellectual than those of his "professional brethren" around him. He is a man rather above the middle height, not portly in his appearance, like most of the barristers who are well to do in the world, nor yet meagre. From his looks you would say he was no longer a young man, though scarcely yet entitled to be classed among the middle-aged. His forehead is not very lofty, but straight, and angular at the sides ; and it projects above the eyes, which causes them to appear sunken, to which appearance the darkness of the eyelashes also contributes. His nose is straight and short, and the cheek-bones are rather higher and more prominent than is usual in Englishmen. The upper lip is long and large, but not full, and the mouth large. This description will be enough to show that the face is not handsome, but its expression is, as I have said, very intellectual, and the play of his features confirms this first impression. If he is reading his brief, you observe a look of steady concentrated attention—if a brother barrister, who is not "on the other side," that is, not engaged against him, makes a whispered remark, it is generally replied to with a ready smile ; if the "attorney in the cause" turns round from his seat between the inner-bar and the bench, to ask or suggest some information, the look of fixed earnestness in listening is more marked

than I ever saw it in any other countenance.

Such is the personal appearance, so far as I can give it by these few touches, of the present solicitor-general for England, Sir William Follett, a man not yet I believe forty years of age, who has been for the last seven years the most eminent barrister in England. There are many men at the English bar more learned in the particular branch of the profession to which they belong, than he can pretend to be, but none of them can make in open court such effectual use of their learning. They may know the law applicable to certain circumstances better than he ; but none of them can see so quickly, or so clearly, the particular circumstances of a case to which the principles of law will be applied, in order to decide it. Many men have been eminent for gaining causes who had but little legal learning. They have relied upon the power and brilliancy of their style, or the energy, vigour, and perseverance of their manner, or perhaps on their knowledge of mankind, and their cunning adaptation of themselves to the prejudices of those whose favourable judgment they sought to gain. Sir William Follett is not one of these. His legal erudition is not inconsiderable ; and it extends over an unusually wide field ; and if I allude to it in terms that may seem unequal to what might have been expected from the reputation of so great a man, it is only because this is not the point in which his superiority over other men appears. His legal learning either is, or seems to be, always sufficient for the cause he

has in hand ; and he gains causes by no ardour of temperament—by no remarkable felicity of oratorical power—by no cunning management of judges or of juries—but by the application of a clear, vigorous, practical understanding to the matter in hand : by judiciously striking upon the points which may most favourably be brought forward ; and by a simple, forcible, lucid statement of those points to the court or the jury. In addressing the court no man more happily combines the accuracy and care of the responsible advocate, with the ease and grace of the gentleman. I have heard him accused of occasional slovenliness of expression, but nothing of the kind has ever fallen under my observation. On the contrary, I should describe him as

“ *In verbis etiam tenuis, cautusque serendis* ”—

as somewhat delicate, and cautiously careful in his choice of words ; but possibly there may be occasions in which he relaxes from this habit.

There is no barrister in England so variously employed as Sir W. Follett. The court of Queen's Bench is *his* court, but every where that causes of high importance are to be argued, he is brought by anxious clients, who think they have not the *best* assistance, unless they have his. In the House of Lords—in the judicial committee of the Privy Council—in the Lord Chancellor's Court occasionally—and in all the common-law courts of Westminster Hall, he is frequently to be found. But with all this business, there is no appearance of bustle about him. You read in his face, or think you read in it a certain wearied appearance of the eyes, the traces of long nights and days of study, but there is no trace of nervous agitation or hurry. All is managed as if with an easy mastery of the subject in hand, neither light and careless, nor painfully deliberate, but in an even manner, with so much of emphasis as to command attention.

I have heard that the solicitor-general likes better to plead before the House of Lords than elsewhere. Different reasons are assigned for this. Some say it is because it is the highest and most dignified court ; others, because the fees are the largest ;—but this, I believe, is a mis-

take. Not that Sir William is indifferent as to the amount of his fee—very far from it ; but the fees given for going into the Lords are not, in general, I believe, so large as are given for going “special” into other inferior courts. But one may easily suppose, that considering the public reputation of Sir W. Follett, and the consciousness, which he cannot but possess, of a power and refinement of mind which will engage the attention of the most accomplished judges, he may feel a pride in pleading before such men as generally hear appeals in the House of Lords. The Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, Lord Cottenham, the Earl of Devon, Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, and, possibly, Lord Denman and Lord Abinger, with other lords of known acuteness of mind, though untrained by professional education, form a tribunal before which any man, however able, may be sure that his best talents will not be thrown away. Besides, in the Lords, an advocate who feels himself above any thing like professional wrangling—who wishes to proceed without interruption in the development of his case, and the arguments which support it—who trusts to clear, continuous reasoning, rather than to force of manner or subtlety of discussion—finds himself more at home, more in his proper position, than when pitted in a sort of struggle with rival barristers, before judges or juries, in Westminster or at Guildhall. Still, I would rather see and hear the solicitor-general discussing a nice point before the judges of the Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas, than any where else. The interruptions he sometimes receives, and the allusions he is compelled to make to his learned friends, may not, perhaps, be pleasing to himself, but they bring him out, and exhibit a fire and elasticity of mind, which in different circumstances might not be made apparent. I have heard that he is not so well pleased with his work when he has to address juries. In this he is unlike many, and indeed most, men who have been eminent at the common law bar. I do not mean to say I am sure that what I have heard is perfectly accurate, but I should think it very probable ; and if I have at all succeeded in conveying what I have

wished to convey of his character as an advocate, my intelligent readers will perhaps agree with me. The triumphs he appears to desire are the triumphs of intellect and of taste. His glory is not in the winning of causes merely, without reference to the dignity of the means, but in winning causes by such means as accomplished minds—or at least minds of considerable reasoning power—can best appreciate. Some barristers are delighted to wheedle a verdict out of a jury, and if the verdict be obviously contrary to common sense, the more is their self-esteem increased. Others, again, are proud of touching the feelings of a jury, and gaining a verdict from their sensibility rather than their judgment. Sir W. Follett, I imagine, has no relish for success of either kind. He wishes to obtain it by the exercise of an elevated common sense, and by skilful reasoning on his side of the question. But he knows that when before a jury, his business is to obtain a favourable verdict, and he is too shrewd to speak to a jury in terms which they do not understand, or to pursue a strain of reasoning which they could not follow. It is, therefore, very possible, that in speaking to juries he feels himself to be doing a coarser kind of work, from which, if his profession permitted it, he would as lief be excused.

Though the speeches of Sir W. Follett do not rise into what may be justly called oratory, yet he is unquestionably a very able and agreeable speaker. His voice is clear and rather deep in its tone: it is loud without harshness. His articulation is very distinct, and judiciously varied, quickened in matters of mere detail, and becoming more deliberate and emphatic, where a pressing and important argument is to be urged. But for any burst of eloquence—any flight of imagination—any burning words—any striking originality of expression, you may watch in vain. Any such fiery bolts of eloquent wrath, or passionate admiration, as were every now and then shot forth in Brougham's speeches at the bar, you never witness when Sir W. Follett speaks. I should not be surprised if he looked upon every thing of the sort as a degree of madness. He wants to reason the case—not to surprise any one,

or to make them say inwardly, "how splendid!" or "how beautiful!" Yet it is not to be inferred that he is a dry or an uninteresting speaker. Independently of his elocution, which is excellent, he has too much mind in his speeches to permit them to be dull. He is no plodding common-place lawyer, but neither is he an impassioned orator. He is an emphatic, skilful reasoner, who uses simple, direct terms, flowing apparently from a remarkably clear conception of the train of ideas which elucidate the point at issue. I recollect lately being in court, when, in consequence of an interruption from the barrister on the other side, an accidental point arose, foreign to the main subject. Sir William begged the attention of the court while he showed, in a few words, that the party for whom he was concerned could not, in law, be affected by the point which had been started. The chief justice begged him to repeat his "principle," in order that he might take it down, upon which the advocate instantly threw what he had been saying into an abstract form, as if he had been reading a rule of law from a text-book, though the point was an accidental one, started only a minute before, and I should have scarcely supposed that he would have remembered the "principle" which he meant to enforce, separated from the circumstances which he had previously coupled with it.

Of oratorical action he has very little, although more than some English barristers I have seen. Many of them, indeed, will harangue by the hour, with their hands behind their back, under their gown. Sir William generally extends his right arm, and with stretched-out hand keeps time, as it were, to his periods. His manner to the bench is decisive, yet carefully courteous. He often mentions the deference with which he makes his suggestions, but even though they be apparently not admitted by the court, he does not fail to press the same point again and again.

No man has less of a lawyer's pedantry in his speeches, even when the law of the case is the point at issue. There are some barristers whose arguments none but those learned in the law can possibly understand. Nay, I have heard some so cram their state-

ment with technical terms, that, however well acquainted with the principles of law, none but those practised in the craft, could ever guess at what was meant. But any intelligent person may follow Sir W. Follett's arguments, and understand them. You may be without sufficient knowledge to tell whether he has rightly or wrongly laid down the law, but you cannot be mistaken as to the view of it which he for the time desired to impress upon the court.

It is very interesting to observe the force, fluency, and even accuracy, with which he will discuss all varieties of subjects:—

"Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire that he were made a  
prelate:  
Hear him debate of commonwealth af-  
fairs,  
You would say it hath been all-in-all  
his study:  
List his discourse of war, and you shall  
hear  
A fearful battle rendered you in music:  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter."

He does not spoil his cause, as some men do, by fastening upon nice and difficult points which stand in the way of the main issue. He goes right forward to the main point, and (if it be in his favour) he keeps it prominently before the court. I heard of a case lately in which a very ingenious barrister was employed, who at consultation was greatly startled by a doubtful word in an agreement upon which the case depended, but which word did not touch the principal matter in controversy. It was agreed that it was better not to press the point in which this doubtful word was concerned. The adversary, however, had to begin; and being a man of great acuteness and vehemence, he fastened upon this doubtful word, and put the case to the court as if the point depending upon this word were the only important one in it. The ingenious gentleman first mentioned was caught by this device. He spent his time in labouring to arrest the argument against this unfortunate word; and when both barristers had done, the really main points of the case had scarcely been before the court at all. The weak point was given

against the ingenious gentleman, and his client lost.

The same matter came before the court again, and Sir William Follett was employed against the acute and vehement barrister, who, as before, was very triumphant upon the bearing of the unfortunate word. Sir William saw this, and scarcely touched, in his reply, upon that part of the case; but the other, and the more important parts, were now clearly and conspicuously brought under the attention of the court. The decision, I believe, has not yet been given.

Some barristers, even of great eminence, slowly absorb a case before they are capable of digesting it, and of delivering an able argument upon it. One of the most passionate and persevering, and certainly one of the greatest advocates of the day, labours at a difficult case, as though it were written in Hebrew, but when he has it in his mind nothing can shake it away, and win he will if to win be possible. Sir William Follett on the contrary, sees into the marrow of a case with astonishing quickness. He does not allow himself to be entangled by out-lying difficulties, but strikes directly at the heart of the business, and having informed himself upon it, he is ready to reason the matter out with any one. He knows what to omit. He sees what is essential, and refrains from encumbering himself with more. He is very much employed in consultations, and it is often difficult to obtain his aid in that way, but when it is obtained he will do what is necessary to be done in a fourth of the time which other men of great, but slower minds, would find necessary. When barristers and solicitors go to him full of anxieties and perplexities, he seems to set all right. He puts them in a straight course; he fixes their attention to the leading points; he does what is needful and no more, and sends them away.

"Reprehendet inertes,  
Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum  
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa  
recidet  
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare  
coget  
Arguet ambiguum dictum; mutanda nota-  
bit."

Yet the man who can do all this with



so much vigour, celerity and ease, did nothing at the university. He must even then have been "a scholar, and a ripe good one"—but it was in other things than the higher branches of the mathematics, or the Greek plays.

The professional income of Sir W. Follett must be very large. Folks who ought to be able to give a very good guess, say it can hardly be less than from twelve to fourteen thousand a-year. Be that as it may, I am sure he voted for the income-tax. He must get a great deal of money for which it is impossible he can do much—very often, perhaps, not any thing at all. He cannot be every where, and yet so highly is even the chance of his services estimated, that he is paid for being every where. Like some other very eminent barristers, he often gets fees from parties who are tolerably sure he cannot act for them, but who give their money in order to be *quite* sure that he will not be against them. Huge fees are given to him with heavy briefs. When he goes "special" into the country, the fee, I believe, is, four hundred guineas—however short the case may be. When he is to go out of his own court, the first inducing process, I understand, is a fee of fifty guineas, besides the fee with his brief. Such are the temptations which an English barrister, in first-rate business, gets to kill himself with overwork. It is not easy to resist them; and unless the work be diligently done they will not be continued. So the end is—the wealth of princes and the drudgery of slaves. Sir W. Follett, if report speak truly, is not likely to set the fashion of giving eminent legal assistance at a cheaper rate than has hitherto been afforded by anxious and wealthy clients.

Let us now glance at the subject of our sketch in another sphere: I mean as a parliament-man. Of all the lawyers in the House of Commons—and they are not a few—Sir W. Follett is by many degrees the most important to his party. He does not confine himself to legal subjects, but upon almost every great question delivers his sentiments as a leading member of the political body. Upon these occasions he never fails to engage the careful attention of the house, nor to repay that attention by the force of his arguments, and the clear light of good

sense which he throws upon the subject in debate. If I remember rightly, he stood for the city of Exeter at the election which followed the passing of the reform-bill. He did not then succeed, but when Sir Robert Peel formed his short-lived ministry at the close of 1834, and dissolved the parliament, Mr. Follett again stood for Exeter, and was returned at the head of the poll. At the same time he was made solicitor-general—that office having been (as was generally reported at the time) declined by Mr. Pemberton, the accomplished equity barrister, who now leads every thing in the court of the master of the rolls.

It may be interesting to most of the readers of this magazine to be reminded that the first parliamentary effort of Sir W. Follett was in defence of the Established Church in Ireland. The parliament to which he was first returned assembled, I think, in January, or early in February, 1835, and such was his professional reputation, that every one looked for an early display of his ability—even upon the first debate,—for the numerical superiority of the Whig party at that time made necessary every exertion of the ability of their opponents. But Sir William was silent until Lord John Russell brought forward that motion which, though it gained him the support of the O'Connell clique at the time, ultimately proved ruinous to the party of the noble lord,—I mean the motion for inquiry into the state of the Irish Church, with the view of applying any surplus of its revenues to the general education of all classes of the people, without reference to religious distinction. With this question Sir W. Follett grappled, and at once took the highest parliamentary ground. Not troubling himself with the mere terms of the motion, or with collateral details, which lawyers are so apt to do, to the wearying of the house, he went straightforward to the popular common-sense view of the question; namely, that it was a great blow aimed at the church, and the church establishment. Passing by less formidable antagonists, he grappled at once with the speech of Lord John Russell, himself, the mover of the dangerous resolution. Yet he abstained from all passionate invective



or perhaps this did not so much as occur to his mind. He gave credit to the noble lord for having used milder and less startling language than some of those whose views he was carrying into effect, but he charged him with being, in substance, no less revolutionary than they—with inflaming the wounds which he ought to strive to heal, and with exciting to a still higher degree the melancholy spirit of religious discord and strife which prevailed in Ireland. This speech appeared to make a great impression upon the house, and one of the ex-cabinet ministers, Sir John Cam Hobhouse, immediately rose to answer it, commencing his address with a congratulation of the house upon the forensic talent of the honourable and learned member who had just sat down.

If I may believe a book now before me, which had great vogue at that time, Sir W. Follett was then only in his thirty-second year. However, as there have been some instances, since the invention of typography, of errors having crept into printed books, I will not undertake to guarantee the correctness of the statement. I believe, however, that it was not far wrong. That first speech was made on the 31st of March, 1835, and ever since then, the speeches of Sir W. Follett have ranked with the most important made in the House of Commons. It is my belief, that if he were to devote to politics the study and attention which his profession obliges him to bestow on other matters, he would be

the first man in the House of Commons. The lamented Mr. Perceval stepped from his practice at the bar to the highest political station, and if there be any man of the present day capable of doing the same thing, it is the present solicitor-general.

Out of the profession he is generally spoken of as, without question, the future lord chancellor. For my part, I must presume to doubt if he would add to his reputation by undertaking that office. His is not that kind of mind, nor that kind of experience, which (if I may venture an opinion upon the subject) is best fitted for the decision of chancery suits. A profound knowledge of equity law—a flexibility and readiness in the application of principles deduced from equity practice—seem the two things most requisite in a chancery judge. A wide knowledge of general affairs, and an extensive range of reasoning power, appear really to be rather embarrassments than otherwise. Every one says that Lord Cottenham was, in his court, the best of chancellors—*par negotiis nec suprà*,—out of his court, his lordship appears to be as dull and dogged as any beef-eater of the millions. I doubt that where Lord Cottenham can be highly competent, Sir W. Follett would appear to advantage. A blunt ivory knife will cut open a book better than a razor. Perhaps there is some analogy with this, in the success of Lord Cottenham. Now the subject of our sketch is particularly distinguished for the refinement of his acuteness.

## THE SUB-EDITOR'S SNUGGERY.

*Time, eleven o'clock, P.M.*—The moon is faintly struggling through the half-closed window-curtains, to mix her pale light with the red glare of a carcel lamp, that stands on a round table. Books, bronzes, statuettes, with some odd-looking oak cabinets in Flemish carving, decorate the walls—manuscripts and rolls of paper—proof sheets and open letters litter the floor. In a large arm-chair, opposite a writing-table, a spitz dog is sleeping, who suddenly springs up and vacates his place as the door opens.

[*Enter the sub-editor, followed by Kiffer, the editor's factotum, bearing a huge sack on his shoulder.*]

"Leave it there—leave it anywhere; how confoundedly early the train arrived to-night."

"Ja, meinherr."

"I wish you had not disturbed me for a little longer; there was nothing so very pressing, I'm sure."

"Ja, meinherr."

"Confound your German stupidity; bring the coffee and the curaçoa, and light the candles."

"Ja-wohl, meinherr."

[*Exit Kiffer with solemn step.*]

"What a noise, to be sure, they are making; hark, that must be Butt; no, it is the editor himself who speaks."

[*A voice from without*]"—"I shall therefore not detain you further, gentlemen, but propose at once the health of our excellent and worthy friend, the sub-editor,"—hip, hip, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurra-a-a-h.

[*The sub. groans audibly and mutters to himself.*]

"Very gratifying, no doubt, to know that they are making me the innocent cause of another cooper of Sneyd, while I must to my accursed labour here, in solitude and alone. Confound the noise—who can that be singing?—really these editorial meetings are ill-conducted, disorderly things. Eleven o'clock is quite late enough for any party."

[*Enter Kiffer with coffee and liqueur.*]

"I say, Kiffer, open that bag, will you?"

"Ich kann es nicht—I must *heraus*. they are calling for Bishop." [*Exit.*]

"Bishop! only think, the wretches! burgundy and claret, 34, not good enough—but they must wind up with Bishop. Now then for my misfortunes; Lord, what a plethora of labour we have here! The northern mail itself—letters, nothing but letters—I detest letters—they require answers. However, here goes *a l'ouvrage*—[*Draws the great chair to the table, and upsets the contents of the bag before him.*] What strange instincts to be sure, do habits engender—here lie some forty or fifty manuscripts before me; and I'll wager a day's pay, that without reading a line save the title—and without further examination than the exterior affords, I'll separate the worthy from the unworthy, the ripe and ruddy fruit of genius, from the rotten and tasteless apple of dullness and stupidity. But the letters; they are indeed something of a puzzle. Here we begin:—

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—It is now four months since I forwarded my "Ode on the Industrious Fleas;" and I perceive that it has not yet appeared in any number of your Magazine. The late editor assured me it should obtain an early insertion, and I am quite at a loss to ascertain the cause of the omission. Is it to appear next month?—Yours, E. F.

Cowes, June 10.

DEAR HARRY—Why the devil did you let your political friend pitch into the tariff before I got my little place in the treasury. Sir James looks devilish black at me the last day or two, and suspects me I know; but I swear everywhere it was Butt wrote it, which will, I hope, set every thing right at last.

Yours truly, TIM HENESY.

Albany Chambers, London.

DEAR SIR—Seven pounds and fourteen only make eleven-ten by my arithmetic; and if the paper was "long-winded," as your note very courteously remarks, please to observe that the price is low in proportion. One must wa

the milk, if the price be but a penny the quart.—Truly yours,

MABEL O'DRISCOLL.

Denzille-street.

DEAR MR. CURRY—Your delightful "Life of Burns" has made me ambitious of contributing to your Magazine. May I send you a short legend of about 410 pages?—Faithfully yours,

EMMA SCOTT.

P.S.—Would you oblige me with your autograph?

Heavens! what writing this is;—  
a hen's foot in lampblack!

MY DEAR HARRY—The Mag. has reached me safely, for which my thanks. Still, I confess that except your own things, it is devilish dull. You are, as usual, excellent. In fact, Goldsmith, Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens are not fit to hold a candle to you. After all, you can't write a whole journal; and you do want, most confoundedly, some short, touchy, effective bits of real racy fun. Now, I'm your man. I'm keeping Bentley afloat for the last two years;—heavy devils there also. But I'm all cork, and can float a line-of-battle ship full of "Balaam."

I have got some sweet bits; they have appeared lately in the "New Monthly," but nobody reads it, so they are as good as new. Make a Hindoo into a Paddy, and the jokes are in perfect keeping, and you shall have them at a low chalk. What think you of a short series about "cripples?" and a little poem I sent you, called "The Loves of the Sack-'em-ups." I have just done a small bit for Bentley, about a child scraped to death with a small-tooth comb; and I'll do your horrors and jokes lower than any one, depend on it.

Very odd, Murray never answered my letter about the "Life of Romulus and Remus;" and Longman seems to have forgotten all about my "Tales of the Wash-tub." Saunders and Ottley are keeping the MS. of "The Diary of a Bum." Do you know any thing of Chapman and Hall?

Send your letter as usual, and believe me,

Yours ever,

H. A.

M'Glasban has never settled the little balance; is there any use in writing to him?

MY DEAR HAL—I received yours in due course, and bid you greeting.

The pounds per sheet are, as you observe, always welcome, and no mistake: so that I'll toss you a bit of something

"sharp, short, and decisive," by the next "Young May Moon."

I like your last number well enough, but considering how many feminine readers you must have, you are shockingly deficient in love, courtship, and kissing. Leave this department to me, and believe me,

Yours truly,

W. H. M.

London.

MISTER EDITOR—I am not aware why you have so totally forgotten that the aim of a national journal should be, the encouragement of national genius. That you have done so;—the fact of my not appearing in your pages is sufficient evidence.

It is tolerably clear that I am the only writer who understands any thing about Ireland—who has walked her valleys and her mountains—mixed with the humble dweller of the lonely cabin, and the proud occupant of her palaces; that I, alone, have sympathized with griefs, which, before me, the world knew nothing about;—have evoked passions and feelings, where they were never known to dwell, and, in fact have done for this country what Burns, had he been a prose writer, would have done for Scotland.

What is Miss Edgeworth,—what are Griffin, Banim, Croker, Lover, ay, and yourself, compared to me?—Well, never mind; you all do the best you can, and what I propose is this—

Oh, I can't turn over, so let us go to the next.

MY DEAR SIR—Do you like the enclosed well enough to print it? If so, most cheerfully I place it "*a vos ordres*." It appeared in the *Pilot*, last week.

CHRISTOPHER LARKINS.

Denzille-street.

SIR—The trimming tone of your politics is but a poor compensation for what some light-witted people are pleased to call your fun. Stop my subscription.

ANTHONY HALL.

Hall's-grove, Newry.

SIR—The rabid persecution of the religion of eight millions of your fellow-countrymen, can never be a gratifying nor an ennobling reflection. Your late attack upon that true patriot and high-souled assertor of his country's wrongs, Daniel O'Connell, and your Bartholomew Medals, and *Diario di Roma* would disgrace Tresham Gregg. If you were

to even moderate this bitterness, I could promise you a subscriber in the neighbourhood of Tuam.

Yours, &c.  
MARY M'HALE.

DEAR SIR—I understand I am not taking an unusual liberty in applying to you on this occasion. I have been for some time past anxious for the situation of tide-waiter; and desire, as the best preliminary step, to be made an "Illustrious Irishman."

My father was a coffin-maker, in Cook-street, and made the shell in which Dan Lambert was buried. He was well known for his Conservative opinions, and died an Alderman of Skinner's-alley. I enclose you the first half of a thirty-shilling note, and will send the remainder on your reply. Yours,  
SAM LYNCH.

Bachelor's Walk.

DEAR H.—Could you notice my Stuffed Monkeys in your next number of Hinton? the book, I hear, is popular, and it will serve me to allude to me. You may bring in, my peculiar opinions about the ornithorhyncus, and don't forget my address.

J. W.

Brunswick-street.

SIR—You said touchy, if I mistake not—I wonder, then, what is your objection to my review of Josephus? Bentley offered me fifteen pounds and two illustrations by Cruikshank for it; so mind your hits.

Yours,  
ABRAHAM SIMS.

MY DEAR MR. LORREQUER—I live in a remote part of Scotland, very far from all literary society, and rarely ever see a book, except your delightful writings and the Missionary Magazine, both of which papa takes. Will you oblige my curiosity by informing me who writes "the Commissioner?" Is the Bishop of D—— the author of the Nuts? Is the Chinese Admiral Keshin really in Dublin, as I see his name in the paper as accompanying the aldermen to the play? Is that sweet poetess, Lytton Bulwer, married? Forgive the liberty I take in thus questioning you, and believe me,

Your warm admirer,  
JANE EMMA SAUNDERSON.

Nalm.

SIR—I write the light articles for the most of the London periodicals. What's your chalk for smart things in prose—

ditto, verse; and when have you room for  
SAMUEL HOLINGSHEAD?

St. Martin's-lane.

DEAR SIR—I take the liberty of sending you two articles on Napier's "War in Syria,"—one laudatory, the other abusive—hoping you will accept of the one for your journal which suits your politics, and forward the other to *Tait's Magazine*. You shall thus be enabled to judge of my style in both walks of criticism. For the civil notice I shall expect four pounds, for "the wiggling" two pounds ten shillings. I'll do all your heavy business at the same rate of pay. Address a line to W. W. at Mrs. Carew's Boarding-house, Cove.

DEAR SIR—Mr. M'Glashan may have mentioned my name to you. I am the daughter of the celebrated Paul Biffen of Ballysadare, the friend and bosom companion of the illustrious Isaac Malone. I have many letters and private documents of the latter in my possession—amongst others the recipe for pills he was in the habit of taking for many years, for an inward complaint, and two executions which were levied on his property. I am encouraged to believe that they will be interesting papers for your valuable miscellany. Am I exorbitant in asking fifty pounds for them?

Yours truly, MATILDA BIFFEN.  
Donegal-place, Belfast.

P. S.—I have got the lease of the house Goldsmith was thinking of taking, near Banagher: would Mr. Todd buy it for the society with the odd name?

SIR—I perceive with very considerable regret that what are called amusing papers occupy a most undue proportion of your magazine. May I suggest, if you do not intend it to be altogether light from end to end, some short contributions on "Swaine's Sentences,"—they are very little known to the generality of readers, and most instructive and philosophical essays. Address, the Rev. Paul Bloxham, Sloane's Bridge, Nenagh.

DEAR HAL—All right, safe as bricks. Your check, the only thing deserving the name, reached me yesterday. I was out this morning, and hooked such a salmon!—as long as —, and as broad in the shoulders as our friend —. Would it look like bribery if I sent it to the Ed.—and would your high mightiness deign to eat of it? I like the *MAC*. much, but haven't seen the last number. Butt wrote the "Nuts," they tell me—I thought they were done by some of

your London fellows. Mangan is really a first-rater—keep him by you; and give us more fun, more gaiety—something to chuckle over, and none of your confounded——

Ah, our friend gets rather outrageous here. What a row in the

next room! Anster is excessively noisy.

*Enter Kiffer.*

“Meinherr, de bone is ready.

“Ha! thank the gods. Now for a respite from labour, and then to sleep.”

[*Exit.*

If the world should wish to know the proceedings of the adjoining room they must say so before next month.

PRINTERS' DEVIL.

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# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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No. CXVI.

AUGUST, 1842.

Vol. XX.

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### CONTENTS.

	Page
OUR MEN.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. XXXIV.—THE MOUNTAIN PASS. CHAP. XXXV.—THE JOURNEY. CHAP. XXXVI.—MURRANABILT. CHAP. XXXVII.—SIR SIMON . . . . .	127
STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—FOURTH DRIFT . . . . .	143
LETTERS FROM ITALY. No. V. . . . .	155
BOWDEN'S LIFE OF GREGORY VII . . . . .	161
PAULINE BUTLER . . . . .	173
THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS . . . . .	197
NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—No. VI. A NUT FOR THE DOCTORS—A NUT FOR THE ARCHITECTS—A NUT FOR THE BELGIANS—A "SWEET" NUT FOR THE YANKEES	203
PICTURES AND THE PICTURESQUE . . . . .	212
SKETCHES OF PUBLIC MEN. No. II.—THE BISHOP OF EXETER . . . . .	221
A WINTER IN THE AZORES . . . . .	237
THE PREMIER AND HIS MEASURES . . . . .	234

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VOL. XX.

OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—THE MOUNTAIN-PASS.

On the whole, the journey to me was a delightful one, and certainly not the least pleasant portion of my life in Ireland. Endowed—partly from his individual gifts, partly from the nature of his sacred functions—with influences over all the humble ranks in life, the good priest jogged along with the assurance of a hearty welcome wherever he pleased to halt—the only look of disappointment being when he declined some proffered civility, or refused an invitation to delay his journey. The chariot was well known in every town and village, and scarcely was the rumble of its wheels heard coming up the “street,” when the population might be seen assembling in little groups and knots, to have a word with “the father”—to get his blessing—to catch his eye, or even obtain a nod from him. He knew every one and every thing, and with a tact which is believed to be the prerogative of royalty, he never miscalled a name nor mistook an event. Inquiring after them for soul and body, he entered with real interest into all their hopes and plans—their fears and anticipations, and talked away about pigs, penances, purgatory, and potatoes, in a way that showed his information, on any of these matters, to be of no mean or common order.

By degrees our way left the more travelled high-road, and took by a mountain track through a wild romantic line of country beside the Shannon.

VOL. XX.—No. 116.

No villages now presented themselves, and indeed but little trace of any habitation whatever: large misshapen mountains, whose granite sides were scarce concealed by the dark fern—the only vegetation that clothed them—rose around and about us. In the valleys some strips of bog might be seen with little hillocks of newly-cut turf—the only semblance of man's work the eye could rest on: tillage there was none. A dreary silence, too, reigned throughout. I listened in vain for the bleating of a lamb or the solitary tinkle of a sheep-bell; but no—save the cawing of the rooks or the mournful cry of the plover—I could hear nothing. Now and then, it is true, the heavy flapping of a strong wing would point the course of a heron soaring towards the river, but his low flight even spoke of solitude, and showed he feared not man, in his wild and dreary mountains. At intervals we could see the Shannon winding along, far, far down below us, and I could mark the islands in the bay of Scariff, with their ruined churches and one solitary tower; but no sail floated on the surface, nor did an oar break the sluggish current of the stream. It was indeed a dreary scene, and somehow my companion's manner seemed colored by its influence, for scarcely had we entered the little valley that led to this mountain track, than he became silent and thoughtful, absorbed in reflection, and when he

spoke—either doing so at random or in a vague and almost incoherent way that showed his ideas were wandering.

I remarked that as we stopped at a little forge shortly after daybreak, the smith had taken the priest aside and whispered to him a few words, at which he seemed strangely moved; and as they spoke together for some moments in an under tone, I perceived by the man's manner and gesture, as well as by the agitation of the good father himself, that something of importance was being told. Without waiting to finish the little repair to the carriage, which had caused our halt, he re-mounted hastily, and beckoning me to take my place, drove on at a pace that spoke of haste and eagerness. I confess that my curiosity to know the reason was great, but as I could not with propriety ask, nor did my companion seem disposed to give the information, I soon relapsed into a silence unbroken as his own, and we travelled along for some miles without speaking. Now and then the priest would make an effort to relieve the weariness of the way by some remark upon the scenery, or some allusion to the wild grandeur of the pass; but it was plain he spoke only from constraint, and that his mind was occupied on other and very different thoughts. It was now wearing late, and yet no trace of any house or habitation could I see, where to rest for the night. Not wishing, however, to interrupt the current of my friend's thoughts, I maintained my silence, straining my eyes on every side, from the dark mountains that towered above me, to the narrow gloomy valley that lay several hundred feet beneath our track—but all in vain. The stillness was unbroken, and not a roof—not even a smoke-wreath could be seen far as the view extended.

The road by which we travelled was scarped from the side of a mountain, and for some miles pursued a gradually descending course. On suddenly turning the angle of a rocky wall that skirted us for above a mile, we came in sight of a long reach of the Shannon upon which the sun was now setting in all its golden lustre. The distant shore of Munster, rich in tillage and pasture-land, was lit up too with corn-field and green meadow, leafy wood and blue mountain—all

glowing in their brightest hue. It was a vivid and gorgeous picture, and I could have looked on it long with pleasure; when suddenly I felt my arm grasped by a strong finger. I turned round, and the priest, relaxing his hold, pointed down into the dark valley below us, as he said in a low and agitated voice—"You see the light—it is there—there." Quickening our pace by every effort, we began rapidly to descend the mountain by a zig-zag road, whose windings soon lost us the view I have mentioned, and left nothing but the wild and barren mountains around us. Tired as our poor horse was, the priest pressed him forward, and regardless of the broken and rugged way, he seemed to think of nothing but his haste, muttering between his teeth with a low but rapid articulation, while his face grew flushed and pale at intervals, and his eye had all the lustrous glare and restless look of fever. I endeavoured, as well as I was able, to occupy my mind with other thoughts, but with that invincible fascination that turns us ever to the side we try to shun, I found myself again and again gazing on my companion's countenance. Every moment now his agitation increased; his lips were firmly closed; his brow contracted; his cheek flattened, and quivering with a nervous spasm, while his hand trembled violently as he wiped the big drops of sweat that rolled in agony from his forehead.

At last we reached the level, where a better road presented itself before us, and enabled us so to increase our speed that we were rapidly coming up with the light, which, as the evening closed in, seemed larger and brighter than before. It was now that hour when the twilight seems fading into night, a grey and sombre darkness colouring every object, but yet marking grass and rock, pathway and river with some seeming of their noon-day hues, so that as we came along I could make out the roof and walls of a mud cabin built against the very mountain side, in the gable of which the light was shining. A rapid, a momentary thought flashed across my mind as to what dreary and solitary man could fix his dwelling-place in such a spot as this, when in an instant the priest suddenly pulled up the horse, and stretching out one hand with

a gesture of listening, whispered—  
“Hark!—did you not hear that?”  
As he spoke, a cry, wild and fearful,  
rose through the gloomy valley—at  
first in one prolonged and swelling  
note, then broken, as if by sobs, it  
faltered, sunk, and rose again wilder  
and madder, till the echoes, catching  
up the direful sounds, answered and  
repeated them, as though a chorus of  
unearthly spirits were calling to each  
other through the air.

“O God! too late, too late,” said  
the priest, as he bowed his face upon  
his knees, and his strong frame shook  
in agony. “O Father of Mercy,” he  
cried, as he lifted his eyes, bloodshot  
and tearful, toward heaven, “for-  
give me this—and if unshriven before  
thee——” Another cry, more frantic  
than before, here burst upon us, and  
the priest, muttering with rapid ut-  
terance, appeared lost in prayer.  
But at him I looked no longer, for  
straight before us on the road, and in  
front of the little cabin, now not above  
thirty paces from us, knelt the figure  
of a woman, whom, were it not from  
the fearful sounds we had heard, one  
could scarce believe a thing of life:—  
her age not more than thirty years;  
she was pale as death; not a tinge,  
not a ray of colour streaked her blood-  
less cheek; her black hair, long and  
wild, fell upon her back and shoulders,  
straggling and disordered; her hands  
were clasped as she held her stiffened  
arms straight before her. Her dress  
bespoke the meanest poverty, and her  
sunk cheek and drawn-in lips betokened  
famine and starvation. As I gazed on  
her almost breathless with awe and  
dread, the priest leaped out, and, hur-  
rying forward, called out to her in  
Irish; but she heard him not, she saw  
him not: dead to every sense, she re-  
mained still and motionless. No fea-  
ture trembled, no limb was shaken;  
she knelt before us like an image of  
stone; and then, as if by some spell  
that worked within her, once more  
gave forth the heart-rending cry we  
heard at first. Now, low and plain-  
tive, like the sighing night-wind, it  
rose fuller and fuller, pausing and con-  
tinuing at intervals, and then breaking  
into short and fitful efforts, it grew  
wilder and stronger, till at last, with  
one outbreak—like the overflowing of  
a heart of misery—it ceased abruptly.  
The priest bent over her and spoke

to her; he called her by her name,  
and shook her several times—but all  
in vain. Her spirit, if indeed present  
with her body, had lost all sympathy  
with things of earth.

“God help her,” said he; “God  
comfort her. This is sore affliction.”

As he spoke he walked towards the  
little cabin, the door of which now  
stood open. All was still and silent  
within its walls. Unused to see the  
dwellings of the poor in Ireland, my  
eye ranged over the bare walls, the  
damp and earthen floor, the few and  
miserable pieces of furniture; when  
suddenly my attention was called to  
another and a sadder spectacle. In  
one corner of the hovel, stretched upon  
a bed, whose poverty might have made  
it unworthy of a dog to lie in, lay the  
figure of a large and powerfully-built  
man, stone dead. His eyes were  
closed, and the chin bound up with a  
white cloth, and a sheet—torn and  
ragged—was stretched above his cold  
limbs, while on either side of him two  
candles were burning. His features,  
though rigid and stiffened, were manly,  
and even handsome; the bold charac-  
ter of the face heightened in effect by  
his beard and moustache, which ap-  
peared to have been let grow for some  
time previous, and whose black and  
waving curl looked darker from the  
pallor around it. Some lines there  
were about the mouth that looked like  
harshness and severity, but the strug-  
gle of departing life might have caused  
them.

Gently withdrawing the sheet that  
covered him, the priest placed his  
hand upon his heart. It was evident  
to me, from his manner, that he still  
believed him living; and as he rolled  
back the covering he felt for his hand.  
Suddenly starting, he fell back for an  
instant, and as he moved his fingers  
backwards and forwards, I saw that  
they were covered with blood. I drew  
near, and now perceived that the dead  
man's chest was laid open by a wound  
of several inches in extent. The ribs  
had been cut across, and some portion  
of the heart or lung seemed to pro-  
trude. At the slightest touch of the  
body, the blood gushed forth anew,  
and ran in streams upon him. His  
right hand, too, was cut across the  
entire palm—the thumb nearly severed  
at the joint. This appeared to have  
been rudely bound together; but it

was evident, from the nature and size of the other wound, that he could not have survived it many hours.

As I looked in horror at the frightful spectacle before me, my foot struck at something beneath the bed. I stooped down to examine, and found it was a carbine, such as dragoons usually carry. It was broken at the stock, and bruised in many places, but still seemed not unserviceable. Part of the butt-end was also stained with blood. The clothes of the dead man, clotted and matted with gore, were also there, adding, by their terrible testimony, to the dreadful fear that haunted me. Yes, every thing confirmed it—murder and crime had been there. A low, muttering sound near made me turn my head, and I saw the priest kneeling beside the bed, engaged in prayer. His head was bare, and he wore a kind of scarf of blue silk, and the small case that contained the last rights of his church, was placed at his feet.

Apparently lost to all around, save the figure of the man that lay dead before him, he muttered, with ceaseless rapidity, prayer after prayer, stopping ever and anon to place his hand on the cold heart, or to listen with his ear upon the livid lips; and then resuming, with greater eagerness, while the big drops rolled from his forehead, and the agonizing torture he felt convulsed his entire frame.

"O God!" he exclaimed, after a prayer of some minutes, in which his features worked like one in a fit of epilepsy—"O God! is it then too late!"

He started to his feet as he spoke, and bending over the corpse, with hands clasped above his head, he poured forth a whole torrent of words in Irish, swaying his body backwards and forwards, as his voice, becoming broken by emotion, now sank into a whisper, or broke into a discordant shout:—"Shaun, Shaun," cried he, as stooping down to the ground he snatched up the little crucifix, and held it before the dead man's face, at the same time he shook him violently by the shoulder, and cried, in accents I can never forget, some words aloud, among which alone I could recognise one word—*Thea*—the Irish word for God. He shook him till the head rocked heavily from side to side, and the blood oozed from the opening wound, and stained

the ragged covering of the bed. At this instant the priest stopped suddenly and fell upon his knees, while with a low, faint sigh, he who seemed dead lifted his eyes and looked around him; his hands grasped the sides of the bed, and, with a strength that seemed supernatural, he raised himself to the sitting posture. His lips were parted and moved, but without a sound, and his filmy eyes turned slowly in their sockets from one object to another, till, at length, they fell upon the little crucifix that had dropped from the priest's hand upon the bed. In an instant the corpse-like features seemed inspired with life—a gleam of brightness shot from his eyes—the head nodded forward a couple of times, and I thought I heard a discordant, broken sound issue from the open mouth, and, a moment after, the head dropped upon the chest, and the hands relaxed, and he fell back with a crash, never more to move.

Overcome with horror, I staggered to the door, and sank upon a little bench in front of the cabin. The cool air of the night soon brought me to myself, and while in my confused state I wondered if the whole might not be some dreadful dream, my eyes once more fell upon the figure of the woman, who still knelt in the attitude we had first seen her. Her hands were clasped before her, and from time to time her wild cry rose into the air and woke the echoes of that silent valley. A faint moonlight fell in broken patches around her, and mingled its beams with the red glare of the little candles within, as their light fell upon her marble features. From the cabin I could hear the sounds of the priest's voice, as he continued to pray without ceasing. As the hours rolled on nothing changed, and when, prompted by curiosity, I looked within the hovel, I saw the priest still kneeling beside the bed, his face pale, and sunk, and haggard, as though months of sickness and suffering had passed over him.

I dared not speak—I dared not disturb him—and I sat down near the door in silence.

It is one of the strange anomalies of our nature, that the feelings which rend our hearts with agony have a tendency, by their continuance, to lull us into slumber. The watcher by the bed-side of his dying friend—the felon

in his cell but a few hours before death, sleep—and sleep soundly. The bitterness of grief would seem to blunt sensation, and the mind, like the body, can only sustain a certain amount of burden, after which it succumbs and yields; so I found it amid this scene of horror and anguish, with everything to excite that can operate upon the mind;—the woman stricken motionless and senseless by grief—the dead man, as it were, recalled to life by the words that were to herald him into life everlasting—the old man, whom I had known but as a gay companion, displayed now before my eyes in all the workings of his feeling heart, called up by the afflictions of one world and the terrors of another; and this in a wild and dreary valley, far from man's dwelling. Yet, amid all this, and more than all, the harassing conviction that some deed of blood, some dark hour of crime had been here at work, perhaps to be concealed for ever, and go unavenged, save of heaven; and yet, with this around and about me, I slept. How long I know not; but when I woke the mist of morning hung in the valley, or rolled, in masses of cloud-like vapour, along the mountain-side. In an instant, the whole scene of the previous night was before me, and the priest still knelt beside the bed and prayed. I looked for the woman, but she was gone.

The noise of wheels at some distance, could now be heard on the mountain-road; and as I walked stealthily from the door, I could see three figures descending the pass, followed by a car and horse. As they came along I marked that beneath the straw on the car something protruded itself on either side, and this, I soon saw, was a coffin. As the men approached the angle of the road they halted, and seemed to converse in an eager and anxious manner, when, suddenly, one of them broke from the others, and, springing to the top of a low wall that skirted the road, continued to look steadily at the house for some minutes together. The thought flashed on me at the moment, that perhaps my being a stranger to them might have caused their hesitation, so I waved my hat a couple of times above my head. Upon this they resumed their march, and in a few minutes more were standing beside me. One of them, who was an ol-

man, with hard, weather-beaten features, addressed me first in Irish, but correcting himself, at once asked, in a low, steady voice:—

“Was the priest in time? Did he get the rites?”

I nodded in reply, when he muttered, as if to himself:—

“God's will be done. Shaun didn't tell of Hogan——”

“Whisht! father—whisht!” said one of the younger men, as he laid his hand upon the old man's arm; while he added something in Irish gesticulating with energy as he spoke.

“Is Mary come back, sir?” said the third, as he touched his hat to me respectfully.

“The woman—his wife?” said I; “I have not seen her to-day.”

“She was up with us, at Kiltimmon, at two o'clock this morning, but wouldn't wait for us. She wanted to get back at once, poor crature. She bears it well, and has the stout heart. Faith, maybe before long she'll make some others faint in their hearts, that have stricken hers this night.”

“Was she calm then?” said I.

“As you are this minute; and sure enough she helped me, with her own hands, to put the horse in the car; for, you see, I couldn't lift the shaft with my one arm.”

I now saw that his arm was bound up, and buttoned within the bosom of his great coat.

The priest now joined us, and spoke for several minutes in Irish; and, although ignorant of all he said, I could mark in the tone of his voice, his look, his manner, and his gesture, that his words were those of rebuke and reprobation. The old man heard him in silence, but without any evidence of feeling. The others, on the contrary, seemed deeply affected, and the younger of the two, whose arm was broken, seemed greatly moved, and the tears rolled down his hardy cheeks.

These signs of emotion were evidently displeasing to the old man, whose nature was of a sterner and more cruel mould; and, as he turned away from the Father's admonition, he moved past me, muttering, as he went—

“Isn't it all fair?—blood for blood; and sure they dhruv him to it.”

After a few words from the priest, two of the party took their spades



from the car, and began digging the grave; while Father Loftus, leading the other aside, talked to him for some time.

"Be gorra," said the old man, as he shovelled the earth to either side,—  
"Father Tom isn't like himself, at all, at all. He used to have pity, and the kind word for the poor, when they were turned out on the world to starve, without as much as a sheaf of straw to lie upon, or potatoes enough for the children to eat."

"Whisht! father, or the priest will hear ye," said the younger one, looking cautiously around.

"Sorrow bit o' me cares; if he does, it's thruth I'm telling. You are not long in these parts, sir, av I may make so bowld?"

"No," said I; "I'm quite a stranger."

"Well, any how, you may understand that this isn't a fine soil for a potato-garden; and yet, the devil a other poor Shaun had, since they turned him out on the road last Michaelmas-day, himself, and his wife, and the little gossoon—the only one they had, too—with a fever and ague upon him. The poor child, however, didn't feel it long, for he died ten days after. Well, well! the ways of God there's no saying against. But, sure, if the little boy didn't die, Shaun was off to America, for he tuk his passage, and got a sea-chest of a friend, and was all ready to go; but, you see, when the child died, he could not bring himself to leave the grave; and there he used to go and spend half of his days fixing it, and settling the sods about it, and wouldn't take a day's work from any of the neighbours, and at last he went off one night, and we never knew what was become of him till a pedlar brought word that he and Mary was living in the Cluan Beg, away from every body, without a friend to say 'God save you!'—It's deep enough now, Mickey; there's nobody will turn him out of this.—And so, sir, he might have lived for many a year; but when he heerd that the boys was up, and going to settle a reckoning with Mr. Tarleton——"

"Come you," cried the priest, who joined us at the moment, and from whose look I could perceive was evidently displeased at the old man's communicativeness,—*"come you; the*

sooner you all get back the better. We must look after Mary, too; for God knows where she is wandering. And now let us put the poor boy in the earth."

With slow and sullen steps the old man entered the house, followed by the others. I did not accompany them, but stood beside the grave, my mind full of all I heard. In a few minutes they returned, carrying the coffin, one corner of which was borne by the priest himself. Their heads were bare, and their features were pale and care-worn. They placed the body in the grave, and gazed down after it for some seconds. The priest spoke a few words in a low, broken voice, the very sounds of which, though their meaning was unknown to me, sunk deep into my heart. He whispered for an instant to one of the young men, who went into the cabin, and speedily returned, carrying with him some of the clothes of the deceased, and the old carbine that lay beneath the bed.

"Throw them in the grave, Mickey—throw them in," said the priest. "Where's his coat?"

"It isn't there, sir," said the man. "That's every thing that has a mark of blood upon it."

"Give me that gun," cried the priest; and at the same moment he took the carbine by the end of the barrel, and by one stroke of his strong foot snapped it at the britch. "My curse be on you," said he, as he kicked the fragments into the grave; "there was peace and happiness in the land before men knew ye and owned ye. Ah, Hugh," said he, turning his eyes fiercely on the old man, "I never said ye hadn't griefs and trials, and sore ones, too, some of them; but, God help you, if ye think that an easy conscience and a happy home can be bought by murder." The old man started at the words, and as his dark brow loured, and his lip trembled, I drew near to the priest, fearful lest an attack might be made on him. "Ay, murder, boys—that's the word, and no less. Don't tell me about righting yourselves; and blood for blood, and all that. There's a curse upon the land, where these things happen, and the earth is not lucky that is moistened with the blood of God's creatures."

"Cover him up—cover him up!" said the old man shovelling in the

earth, so as to drown the priest's words, "and let us be going. We ought to be back by six o'clock, unless," added he with a sarcastic bitterness that made him look like a fiend—"unless your reverence is going to set the police on our track."

"God forgive you, Hugh, and turn your heart," said the priest, as he shook his outstretched hands at him. As he spoke these words, he took me by the arm, and led me within the house. I could feel his hand tremble as it leaned upon me, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks in silence.

We sat down in the little cabin, but neither of us spoke. After some time we heard the noise of the cart-wheels, and the sound of voices, which grew fainter and fainter as they passed up the glen, and at length all became still.

"And the poor wife," said I, "what think you has become of her?"

"Gone home to her people," most likely," answered the priest. "Her misfortunes will make her a home in

every cabin. None so poor, none so wretched as not to succour and shelter her. But let us hence."

We walked forth from the hovel, and the priest, closing the door after him, fastened it with a padlock that he had found within, and then placing the key upon the door-sill, he turned to depart—but, suddenly stopping, he took my hand in both of his, and said, in a voice of touching earnestness—

"This has been a sad scene. Would to God you had not witnessed it. Would to God, rather, that it might not have occurred. But promise me, on the faith of a man of honour, and the word of a gentleman, that what you have seen this night you reveal to no man, until I have passed away myself, and stand before that judgment to which we all are coming."

"I promise you faithfully," said I. "And now, let us leave a spot that has thrown a gloom upon my heart, a life long will never obliterate."

#### CHAPTER XXXV.—THE JOURNEY.

As we issued from the glen the country became more open, patches of cultivation presented themselves, and an air of comfort and condition superior to what we had hitherto seen was observable in the dwellings of the country people. The road led through a broad valley, bounded on one side by a chain of lofty mountains, and on the other separated by the Shannon from the swelling hills of Munster. Deeply engaged in our thoughts, we travelled along for some miles without speaking. The scene we had witnessed was of that kind that seemed to forbid our recurrence to it, save in our own gloomy reflections. We had not gone far when the noise of horsemen on the road behind us induced us to turn our heads. They came along at a sharp trot, and we could soon perceive that although the two or three foremost were civilians, they who followed were dragoons. I thought I saw the priest change colour as the clank of the accoutrements struck upon his ear. I had, however, but little time for observation, as the party soon overtook us.

"You are early on the road, gentlemen," said a strong, powerfully-

built man, who, mounted upon a grey horse of great bone and action, rode close up beside us.

"Ah, Sir Thomas, is it you?" said the priest, affecting at once his former easy and indifferent manner. "I had rather see the hounds at your back than those beagles of King George there. Is there any thing wrong in the country?"

"Let me ask you another question," said the knight, in answer. "How long have you been in it, and where did you pass the night, not to hear of what has occurred?"

"Faith, a home question," said the priest, summoning up a hearty laugh, to conceal his emotion; "but, if the truth must out, we came round by the priory of Glenduff, as my friend here, being an Englishman—may I beg to present him to you—Mr. Hinton—Sir Thomas Garland—he heard wonders of the monks' way of living up there, and I wished to let him judge for himself."

"Ah, that accounts for it," said the tall man to himself. "We have had a sad affair of it, Father Tom. Poor Tarleton has been murdered."

"Murdered!" exclaimed the priest

with an expression of horror in his countenance I could scarcely believe feigned.

"Yes, murdered. The house was attacked a little after midnight. The party must have been a large one, for, while they forced in the hall-door, the haggard and the stables were seen in a blaze. Poor George had just retired to bed, a little later than usual, for his sons had returned a few hours before from Dublin, where they had been to attend their college examination. The villains, however, knew the house well, and made straight for his room. He was up in an instant, and, seizing a sabre that hung beside his bed, defended himself, with the courage of desperation, against them all. The scuffle and the noise soon brought his sons to the spot, who, although mere boys, behaved in the most gallant manner. Overpowered at last by numbers, and covered with wounds, they dragged poor Tarleton down the stairs, shouting out as they went, 'Bring him down to Freney's—let the bloody villain see the black walls and the cold hearth he has made before he dies.' It was their intention to murder him on the spot where, a few weeks before, a distress for rent had been executed against some of the tenants. He grasped the banisters, with a despairing clutch, while, fixing his eyes upon his servant, who had lived with him for some years past, he called out to him, in his agony, to save him; but the fellow came deliberately forward and held the flame of a candle beneath the dying man's fingers, until he relaxed his hold, and fell back among his murderers. Yes, yes, father, Henry Tarleton saw it with his own eyes, for, while his brother was stretched senseless on the floor, he was struggling with the others, at the head of the staircase: and strange enough, too, they never hurt the boys, but when they had wreaked their vengeance on the father, bound them back to back, and left them."

"Can they identify any of them?" said the priest, with intense emotion in his voice and manner.

"Scarcely, I fear; their faces were blackened, and they wore shirts over their coats. Henry thinks he could swear to two or three of the number; but our best chance of discovery lies

in the fact, that several of them were badly wounded, and one in particular, whom he saw cut down by his father's sabre, was carried down stairs by his comrades, bathed in blood."

"He didn't recognise him?" said the priest eagerly.

"No. But here comes the poor boy, so I'll wish you good morning."

He put spurs to his horse as he spoke, and dashed forward, followed by the dragoons; while, at the same moment, on the opposite side of the road, a young man—pale, with his dress disordered, his arm in a sling—rode by. He never turned to look aside; his filmy eye was fixed, as it were, on some far-off object, and he seemed scarce to guide his horse, as he galloped onward over the rugged road.

The priest relaxed his pace, to permit the crowd of horsemen to pass on, while his countenance once more assumed its drooping and despondent look, and he relapsed into his former silence.

"You see that high mountain to the left there," said he, after a long pause. "Well, our road lies round the foot of it; and, please God, by to-morrow evening we'll be some five-and-twenty miles on the other side, in the heart of my own wild country, with the big mountains behind you, and the great blue Atlantic rearing its frothing waves at your feet." He stopped for an instant, and then grasping my arm with his strong hand continued in a low, distinct voice:—"Never speak to me nor question me about what you saw last night, and try only to remember it as a dream. And now let me tell you how I intend to amuse you in the far west."

Here the priest began a spirited and interesting description of the scenery and the people—their habits, their superstitions, and their pastimes. Sustaining the interest of his account with legend and story—now grave, now gay; sometimes recalling a trait from the older history of the land; sometimes detailing an incident of the fair or the market, but always, by his wonderful knowledge of the peasantry, their modes of thinking and reasoning, and by his imitation of their figurative and forcible expressions, able to carry me with him, whether he took the mountain's side

for his path—sat beside some cotter's turf-fire—or skimmed along the surface of the summer sea in the frail bark of an Achill fisherman.

I learnt from him, that in the wild region where he lived, there were above fifteen thousand persons, scarce one of whom could speak or understand a word of English. Of these he was not only the priest, but the ruler and the judge. Before him all their disputes were settled—all their differences reconciled. His word, in the strongest sense of the phrase, was a law—not, indeed, to be enforced by bayonets and policemen, by constables and sheriffs' officers—but one which, in its moral force demanded obedience, and would have made him who resisted it an outcast among his fellows.

"We are poor," said the priest, "but we are happy. Crime is unknown amongst us, and the blood of man has not been shed in strife for fifty years within the barony. When will ye learn this in England? When will ye know that this people may be led, but never driven—that they may be persuaded, but never compelled? When will ye condescend to bend so far the prerogative of your birth, your riches, and your rank, as to reason with the poor and humble peasant who looks up to you for protection? Alas, my young friend, were you to ask me what is the great source of misery of this unhappy land, I should tell you, the superior intelligence of its people. I see a smile, but hear me out. Unlike the peasantry of other countries, they are not content. Their characters are mistaken, their traits misconstrued, partly from indifference, partly from prejudice, and, in a great measure, because it is the fashion to recognise in the tiller of the soil a mere drudge, with scarce more intelligence than the cattle in his plough, or the oxen in his team; but here you have a people quick, sharp-sighted, and intelligent, able to scan your motives with ten times the accuracy you can guess at theirs; suspicious, because their credulity has been abused; revengeful, because their wild nature knows no other vindicator than their own right arm; lawless, for they look

upon your institutions as the sources of their misery and the instruments of your tyranny towards them; reckless, for they have nothing to lose; indolent, for they have nothing to gain; without an effort to win their confidence, or secure their good-will. You overwhelm them with institutions—cumbrous, complicated, and unsuitable; and, while you neglect or despise all appeal to their feelings or affections, you place your faith in your soldiery or a special commission. Heaven help you; you may thin them off by the gallows and transportation, but the root of the evil is as far from you as ever. You do not know them—you will not know them: more prone to punish than prevent, you are satisfied with the working of the law, and not shocked with the accumulation of crime: and when, broken by poverty, and paralysed by famine, a gloomy desolation spreads over the land, you meet in terms of congratulation to talk over tranquillizing Ireland."

In this strain did the good priest continue to develop his views concerning his country; the pivot of his argument being, that to a people so essentially different in every respect, English institutions and English laws were inadequate and unsuitable. Sometimes I could not only follow, but agree with him. At others, I could but dimly perceive his meaning and dissent from the very little I could catch. Enough of this, however. In a biography so flimsy as mine, politics would play but an unseemly part; and even were it otherwise, my opportunities were too few, and my own incapacity too great to make my opinions of any value, on a subject so complicated and so vast. Still, the topic served to shorten the road, and when, towards evening, we found ourselves in the comfortable parlour of the little inn at Ballyhocsoush,\* so far had we both regained our spirits, that once more the priest's jovial good humour irradiated his happy countenance, and I myself, hourly improving in health and strength, felt already the bracing influence of the mountain air, and that strong sense of liberty, never

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\* *Anglic*—Town of the Fight of Flails.

more thoroughly appreciated than when regaining vigour after the sufferings of a sick bed.

We were seated by an open window looking out upon the landscape. It was past sunset, and the tall shadows of the mountains were meeting across the lake, like spirits who waited for the night-hour, to interchange their embraces. A thin pale crescent of a new moon masked the blue sky but did not dim the lustre of the thousand stars that glittered round it. All was hushed and still, save the deep note of the rail, or the measured plash of oars heard from a long distance. The rich meadows that sloped down to the water sent up their delicious odours in the balmy air, and there stole over the senses a kind of calm and peaceful pleasure that such a scene at such an hour can alone impart.

"This is beautiful—this is very beautiful, Father," said I.

"So it is, sir," said the priest. "Let no Irishman wander for scenery: he has as much right to go travel in search of wit and good fellowship. We don't want for blessings. All we need is, to know how to enjoy them. And believe me, there is a plentiful feast on the table if gentlemen would only pass down the dishes. And now, that reminds me—what are you drinking?—negus. I wouldn't wish it to my greatest enemy. But, to be sure, I am always forgetting you are not one of ourselves. There, reach me over that square decanter. It wouldn't have been so full now if we had poor Bob here—poor fellow: but one thing is certain, wherever he is, he is happy. I believe I never told you how he got into his present scrape."

"No, Father; and that's precisely the very thing I wish to ask you."

"You shall hear it, and it isn't a bad story in its way: but don't you think the night air is a little too much for you—shall we close the window?"

"If it depend on me, Father, pray leave it open."

"Ha, ha, I was forgetting again," said the old fellow, laughing roguishly, "*stella sunt amantium oculi*, as Pharis says. There now, don't be blushing, but listen to me.

"It was somewhere about last November that Bob got a quiet hint from some one at Daly's that the sooner he

got out of Dublin the more conducive it would be to his personal freedom, as various writs were flying about the capital after him. He took the hint, and set off the same night, and reached his beautiful chateau of Newgate without let or molestation—which having victualled for the winter, he could, if necessary, sustain a reasonable siege against any force the law was likely to bring up. The house had an abundant supply of arms—there were guns that figured in '41, pikes that had done good service a little later, swords of every shape—from the two-handed weapon of the twelfth century, to a Roman pattern made out of a scythe by a smith in the neighbourhood; but the grand terror of the country was an old four-pounder of Cromwell's time, that the major had mounted on the roof, and whose effects, if only proportionately injurious to the enemy to the results nearer home, must indeed have been a formidable engine; for the only time it was fired—I believe to celebrate Bob's birth-day—it knocked down a chimney with the recoil, blew the gardener and another man about ten feet into the air, and hurled Bob himself through a sky-light into the house-keeper's room. No matter for that, it had a great effect in raising the confidence of the country people, some of whom verily believed that the ball was rolling for a week after.

"Bob, I say, victualled the fortress, but he did more—he assembled all the tenants, and in a short but pithy speech he told them the state of his affairs, explaining with considerable eloquence what a misfortune it would be for them if by any chance they should lose him for a landlord.

" 'See now, boys,' said he, 'there's no knowing what misfortune wouldn't happen ye; they'd put a receiver on the property—a spalpeen with bailiffs and constables after him—that would be making you pay up the rent—and faith I wouldn't say but maybe he'd ask you for the arrears.'

" 'Oh, murther, murther! did any one ever hear the like,' the people cried on every side, and Bob, like a clever orator, continued to picture forth additional miseries and misfortunes to them, if such a calamitous event were to happen; explaining at the same time the contemptible nature



of the persecution practised against him.

“‘No, boys,’ cried he, ‘there isn’t a man among them all that has the courage to come down and ask for his money, face to face, but they set up a pair of fellows they call John Doe and Richard Roe—there’s names for you. Did you ever hear of a gentleman in the county with names like that? but that’s not the worst of it, for you see even these two chaps can’t be found. It’s truth I’m telling you, and some people go so far as to say that there is no such people at all, and it’s only a way they have to worry and annoy country gentlemen with what they call a fiction of the law; and my own notion is, that the law is nothing but lies and fiction from beginning to end.’

“A very loud cheer from Bob’s audience proclaimed how perfectly they coincided in his opinion; and a keg of whiskey being brought into the lawn, each man drained a glass to his health, uttering at the same time a determination with respect to the law officers of the crown, that boded but little happiness to them when they made a tour in the neighbourhood.

“In about a week after this there was a grand drawing home; that’s, you understand, what we call in Ireland, bringing in the harvest; and sure enough, the farm-yard presented a very comely sight, with ricks of hay, and stacks of corn, and oats, and barley, and out-houses full of potatoes, and in fact every thing the country produces, besides cows and horses, sheep, pigs, goats, and even turkeys, for most of the tenants paid their rents in kind, and as Bob was an easy landlord, very few came without a little present—a game-cock, a jack-ass, a ram, or some amusing beast or other. Well, the next day—it was a fine dry day with a light frost, and as the bog was hard, Bob sent them all away to bring in the turf. Why then, but it is a beautiful sight, captain, and I wish you saw it; maybe two or three hundred cars all going as fast as they can pelt, on a fine bright day with a blue sky and a sharp air, the boys standing up in the kishes driving without rein or halter—always at a gallop—for all the world like Ajax, Ulysses, and the rest of them that we read of; and the girls, as

pretty craytures as ever you threw an eye upon, with their short red petticoats, and their hair plaited and fastened up at the back of their heads: on my conscience, the Trojan women was nothing to them. But to come back. Bob Mahon was coming home from the bog about five o’clock in the evening, cantering along on a little dun pony he had, thinking of nothing at all, except, maybe, the elegant rick of turf that he’d be bringing home in the morning, when what did he see before him but a troop of dragoons, and at their head old Basset, the sub-sheriff, and another fellow whose face he had often seen in the Four-courts of Dublin. ‘By the mortal,’ said Bob, ‘I am done for;’ for he saw in a moment that Basset had waited until all the country people were employed at a distance to come over and take him. However, he was no ways discouraged, but brushing his way through the dragoons, he rode up beside Basset’s gig, and taking a long pistol out of the holster, he began to examine the priming as cool as may be.

“‘How are you, Nick Basset?’ said Bob; ‘and where are you going this evening?’

“‘How are you, major?’ said Basset, with his eye all the while upon the pistol. ‘It is an unpleasant business—a mighty unpleasant business to me, Major Bob’, says he; ‘but the truth is, there is an execution against you, and my friend here, Mr. Hennessy,—Mr. Hennessy—Major Mahon—asked me to come over with him, because as I knew you—’

“‘Well, well,’ said Bob, interrupting him. ‘Have you a writ against me—is it me you want?’

“Nothing of the kind, Major Mahon. God forbid we’d touch a hair of your head. It’s just a kind of a *capias*, as I may say, nothing more.’

“‘And why did you bring the dragoons with you?’ said Bob, looking at him mighty hard.

“Basset looked very sheepish, and didn’t know what to say, but Mahon soon relieved him—

“‘Never mind, Nick, never mind, you can’t help your trade; but how would you look if I was to raise the country on ye?’

“‘You wouldn’t do the like, major—but surely if you did, the troops—’



" 'The troops!' said Bob: 'God help you! we'd be twenty—ay, thirty to one. See now, if I give a whistle, this minute——'

" 'Don't distress yourself, major,' said Basset; 'for the decent people are a good six miles off at the bog, and couldn't hear you if you whistled ever so loud.'

" The moment he said this Bob saw that the old rogue was up to him, and he began to wonder within himself what was the best to be done.

" 'See now, Nick,' said he, 'it isn't like a friend to bring up all these red coats here upon me, before my tenantry, disgracing me in the face of my people. Send them back to the town, and go up yourself with Mr. Hennessy there, and do whatever you have to do.'

" 'No, no,' screamed Hennessy, 'I'll never part with the soldiers.'

" 'Very well,' said Bob, 'take your own way and see what will come of it.'

" He put spurs to his pony as he said this, and was just striking into the gallop, when Nick called out—

" 'Wait a bit, major, wait a bit. If we leave the dragoons where we are now, will you give us your word of honour not to hurt or molest us in the discharge of our duty, nor let any one else do so.'

" 'I will,' said Bob, 'now that you talk reasonably, I'll treat you well.'

" After a little parley it was settled that part of the dragoons were to wait on the road, and the rest of them in the lawn before the house, while Nick and his friend were to go through the ceremony of seizing Bob's effects, and make an inventory of every thing they could find.

" 'A mere matter of form, Major Mahon,' said he: 'we'll make it as short as possible, and leave a couple of men in possession; and as I know the affair will be arranged in a few days——'

" 'Of course,' says Bob, laughing; 'nothing easier. So come along now, and let me show you the way.'

" When they reached the house Bob ordered up dinner at once, and behaved as politely as possible, telling them it was early and they would have plenty of time for every thing in the evening. But whether it was that they had no appetite just then, or that they were not over easy in their minds about Bob himself, they declined every

thing, and began to set about their work. To it they went with pen and ink, putting down all the chairs and tables, the cracked china, and the fire-irons, and at last Bob left them counting over about twenty pair of old top-boots that stood along the wall of his dressing-room.

" 'Ned,' said Bob to his own man, 'get two big padlocks and put them on the door of the hay-loft as fast as you can.'

" 'Sure it is empty, sir,' said Ned; 'barrin' the rats, there's nothing in it.'

" 'Don't I know that as well as you,' said Bob; 'but can't you do as you are bid, and when you've done it take the pony and gallop over to the bog, and tell the people to throw the turf out of their carts and gallop up here as fast as they can.'

" He'd scarcely said it when Nick called out, 'Now, major, for the farm-yard if you please.' And so taking Hennessy's arm, he walked out, followed by the two big bailiff's, that never left them for a moment. To be sure it was a great sight when they got outside and saw all the ricks and stacks as thick as they could stand; and so they began counting and putting them down on paper, and the devil a thing they forgot, not even the boneens and the bantams, and at last Nick fixed his eye upon the little door into the loft, upon which now two great big padlocks were hanging.

" 'I suppose it's oats you have up there, major,' said he.

" 'No, indeed,' said Bob, looking a little confused.

" 'Maybe seed-potatoes,' said Hennessy.

" 'Nor it neither' said he.

" 'Barley, it's likely,' cried Nick; 'it is a fine dry loft.'

" 'No,' said Bob, 'it is empty.'

" And with that he endeavoured to turn them away and get them back into the house; but old Basset turned back, and fixing his eye upon the door, shook his head for a couple of minutes.

" 'Well,' said he, 'for an empty loft it has the finest pair of padlocks I ever looked at. Would there be any objection, major, to our taking a peep into it?'

" 'None,' said Bob; 'but I haven't a ladder that long in the place.'

" 'I think this might reach,' said

Hennessy, as he touched one with his foot that lay close along the wall, partly covered with straw.

“ ‘Just the thing,’ said Nick; while poor Bob hung down his head and said nothing. With that they raised the ladder and placed it against the door.

“ ‘Might I trouble you for the key, Major Mahon,’ said Hennessy.

“ ‘I believe it is mislaid,’ said Bob, in a kind of sulky way, at which they both grinned at each other, as much as to say we have him now.

“ ‘You’ll not take it amiss then, major, if we break the door,’ said Nick.

“ ‘You may break it and be hanged,’ said Bob, as he stuck his hands into his pockets and walked away.

“ ‘This will do,’ cried one of the bailiffs, taking up a big stone as he mounted the ladder, followed by Nick, Hennessy, and the other.

“ ‘It took some time to smash the locks, for they were both strong ones, and all the while Nick and his friend were talking together in great glee, but poor Bob stood by himself against a hay-rick, looking as melancholy as might be. At last the locks gave way and down went the door with a bang. The bailiffs stepped in, and then Nick and the others followed. It took them a couple of minutes to satisfy themselves that the loft was quite empty, but when they came back again to the door what was their surprise to discover that Bob was carrying away the ladder upon his shoulders to a distant part of the yard.

“ ‘Holloa, major,’ cried Basset, ‘don’t forget us up here.’

“ ‘Devil a fear of that,’ said Bob; ‘few that know you ever forget you.’

“ ‘We are quite satisfied, sir,’ said Hennessy, ‘what you said was perfectly correct.’

“ ‘And why didn’t you believe it before, Mr. Hennessy? You see what you have brought upon yourself.’

“ ‘You are not going to leave us up here, sir,’ cried Hennessy; ‘will you venture upon false imprisonment.’

“ ‘I’d venture upon more than that if it were needful; but see now, when you get back don’t be pretending that I didn’t offer to treat you well—little as you deserved it. I asked you to dinner, and would have given you your skin full of wine afterwards, but

you preferred your own dirty calling, and so take the consequences.’

“ ‘While he was speaking a great cheer was heard, and all the country people came galloping into the yard with their turf cars.

“ ‘Be alive now, my boys,’ cried Bob. ‘How many cars have you?’

“ ‘Seventy, sir, here, but there is more coming.’

“ ‘That’ll do,’ said he: ‘so now set to work and carry away all the oats, and the wheat, the hay, barley, and potatoes; let some of you take the calves and the pigs, and drive the bullocks over the mountain to Mr. Bodkin’s; don’t leave a turkey behind you, boys, and make haste for these gentlemen have so many engagements I can scarcely prevail on them to pass more than a day or two amongst us.’

“ ‘Bob pointed as he spoke to the four figures that stood trembling at the hay-loft door. A loud cheer, and a roar of laughter full as loud, answered his speech; and at the same moment to it they went, loading their cars with the harvest or the live stock as fast as they could; to be sure, such a scene was never witnessed—the cows bleating, pigs grunting, fowl cackling, men and women all running here and there, laughing like mad, and Nick Basset himself swearing like a trooper the whole time that he’d have them all hanged at the next assizes. Would you believe, the harvest it took nearly three weeks to bring home, was carried away that night and scattered all over the country at different farms where it never could be traced, all the cattle too were taken away, and before sunrise there wasn’t as much as a sheep or a lamb left to bleat on the lawn.

“ ‘The next day Bob set out on a visit to a friend at some distance, leaving directions with his people to liberate the gentlemen in the hay-loft in the course of the afternoon. The story made a great noise in the country, but before the people were tired laughing at it an action was entered against Bob for false imprisonment, and heavy damages awarded against him: so that you may see there was a kind of poetic justice in the manner of his capture, for after all it was only trick for trick.’

The worthy priest now paused to mix another tumbler, which when he

had stirred and tasted and stirred again, he pushed gently before him on the table, and seemed lost in reverie.

"Yes," said he half aloud, "it is a droll country we live in, and there's not one of us doesn't waste more ingenuity and display more cunning in getting rid of his fortune, than the

cleverest fellows elsewhere evince in accumulating theirs. But you are looking a little pale, I think: these late hours won't suit you, so I'll just send you to bed."

I felt the whole force of my kind friend's advice, and yielding obedience at once, I shook him by the hand and wished him good night.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—MURRANAKILTY.

If my kind reader is not already tired of the mountain-road and the wild west, may I ask him—dare I say her?—to accompany me a little farther, while I present another picture of its life.

You see that bold mountain, jagged and rugged in outline, like the spine of some gigantic beast, that runs far out into the Atlantic, and ends in a bold, abrupt headland, against which the waves from the very coast of Labrador are beating, without one intervening rock to break their force. Carry your eye along its base, to where you can mark a little clump of alder and beech, with here and there a taper poplar interspersed, and see if you cannot detect the gable of a long, low, thatched house, that lies almost buried in the foliage. Before the door a little patch of green stretches down to the shore, where a sandy beach glowing in all the richness of a morning sun, glitters with many a shell and brilliant pebble,—that, then, is Murranakilty. But approach, I beg. you, a little nearer; let me suppose that you have traced the winding of that little bay, crossing the wooden bridge over the bright trout stream, as it hastens on to mingle its waters with the ocean; you have climbed over the rude stile, and stopped for an instant to look into the holy well, in whose glassy surface the little wooden crucifix above is dimly shadowed, and at length, you stand upon the lawn before the cottage. What a glorious scene is now before you! On the opposite side of the bay, the mountain, whose summit is lost among the clouds, seems as it were cleft by some earthquake's force, and through its narrow gorge you can trace the blue water of the sea passing in, while each side of the valley is clothed with wood. The oak of a hundred years, here sheltered

from the rude wind of the Atlantic, spreads its luxuriant arms, while the frothy waves are breaking at its feet. High, however, above their tops you may mark the irregular outline of a large building, with battlements, and towers, and massive walls, and one tall and loop-holed turret, that rises high into the air, and around whose summit the noisy rooks are circling in their flight. That is Kilmorran Castle, the residence of Sir Simon Bellew. There, for centuries past, his ancestors were born and died; there, in the midst of that wild and desolate grandeur, the haughty descendants of an ancient house lived on from youth to age, surrounded by all the observances of feudal state, and lording it far and near, for many a mile, with a sway and power that would seem to have long since passed away.

You carry your eye seaward, and I perceive your attention is fixed upon the small schooner that lies anchored in the offing; her topsail is in the clews, and flaps lazily against the mast, as she rolls and pitches in the breaking surge. The rake of her low masts, and the long boom that stretches out far beyond her taffrail, have, you deem it, a somewhat suspicious look; and you are right. She is *La Belle Louise*, a smuggling craft from Dieppe, whose crew, half French, half Irish, would fight her to the gunwale, and sink with, but never surrender her. You hear the plash of oars, and there now you can mark the eight-oared gig springing to the stroke, as it shoots from the shore, and heads out to sea.—Sir Simon loves claret, and, like a true old Irish gentleman, he drinks it from the wood; there may, therefore, be some reason why those wild-looking red caps have pulled in shore. But now I'll ask you to turn to an humbler scene, and look within that room where

the window, opened to the ground, is bordered by blossoming honeysuckle—it is the priest's parlour. At a little breakfast-table, whose spotless cloth, and neat but simple equipage has a look of propriety and comfort, is seated one, whose gorgeous dressing-gown and lounging attitude, seems strangely at variance with the humble objects around him. He seems endeavouring to read a newspaper, which, ever and anon, he lays down beside him, and turns his eyes in the direction of the fire. For, although it is July, yet a keen freshness of the morning air makes the blazing turf by no means *objectionable*. He looks towards the fire, perhaps, you would say, lost in his own thoughts and musings; but no, truth must out, and his attention is occupied in a very different way. Kneeling before the fire is a young and lovely country-girl, engaged in toasting a muffin for the priest's breakfast; her features are flushed—partly with shame, partly with heat; and as now and then she throws back her long hair from her face with an impatient toss of her head, she steals a glance at the stranger, from a pair of eyes so deeply blue, that, at first, you were unjust enough to think them black. Her dress is a low boddice, and a short skirt of that brilliant dye, the Irish peasant of the west seems to possess the secret for. The jupe is short, I say, and so much the better for you, as it displays a pair of legs which, bare of shoe or stocking, are perfect in their symmetry—the rounded instep and the swelling ancle chiselled as cleanly as a statue of Canova.

And now, my good reader, having shown you all this, let me proceed with my narrative.

“And sure now, sir, wouldn't it be better for you, and you sickly, to be eating your breakfast, and not be waiting for Father Tom;—maybe he wouldn't come in this hour yet?”

“No, thank you, Mary; I had rather wait. I hope you are not so tired of my company that you want an excuse to get away?”

“Ah be asy now, if you plaze, sir! It's myself that's proud to be talking to you.” And as she spoke she turned a pair of blue eyes upon me, with such a look that I could not help thinking if the gentlemen of the west be exposed to such, their blood is not as hot as is

VOL. XX.—No. 116.

reputed. I suppose I looked as much, for she blushed deeply, and, calling out, “Here's Father Tom!” sprang to her legs, and hurried from the room.

“Where are you scampering that way?” cried the good priest, as he passed her in the hall. “Ah, captain!—captain, behave yourself!”

“I protest, father——” cried I.

“To be sure you do! Why wouldn't you protest! But see now, it was your business brought me out this morning. Hand me over the eggs; I am as hungry as a hawk. The devil is in that girl—they are as hard as bullets! I see how it was, plain enough. It's little she was thinking of the same eggs. Well, well! this is an ungrateful world; and only think of me, all I was doing for you.”

“My dear father, you are quite wrong——”

“No matter. Another slice of bacon. And, after all, who knows if I have the worst of it. Do you know, now, that Miss Bellew has about the softest cheek——”

“What the devil do you mean?” said I, reddening.

“Why just that I was saluting her, *à la Francaise*, this morning; and I never saw her look handsomer in my life. It was scarce seven o'clock when I was over at Kilmorran, but early as it was, I caught her making breakfast for me, and, father and priest that I am, I couldn't help feeling in love with her. It was a beautiful sight just to watch her light step and graceful figure moving about the parlour; now opening the window to let in the fresh air of the morning; now arranging a bouquet of moss-roses; now busying herself among the breakfast things, and all the while stealing a glance at Sir Simon, to see if he were pleased with what she was doing. He'll be over here by-and-by, to call on you; and, indeed, it is an attention he seldom pays any one, for latterly, poor fellow, he is not over satisfied with the world; and if the truth were told, he has not had too much cause to be so.”

“You mentioned to him, then, that I was here?”

“To be sure I did; and the doing so cost me a scalded finger, for Miss Louisa, who was pouring out my tea at the moment, gave a jirk with her hand, and spilt the boiling water all over me.—Bad 'cess to you, Mary, but

you've spoiled the toast this morning! half of it never saw the fire, and the other half is as black as my boot.— But, as I was saying, Sir Simon knows all about you, and is coming over to ask us to dine there;—though I offered to give the invitation myself, and accept it first; but he is very punctilious about these things, and wouldn't hear of any thing but doing it in the regular way."

"Did he allude to Mr. Ulick Burke's affair?"

"Not a word. And even when I wished to touch on it, for the sake of a little explanation, he adroitly turned the subject, and spoke of something else. But it is drawing late, and I have some people to see this morning, so come along now into my little library here, and I'll leave you for a while to amuse yourself."

The priest led me, as he spoke, into a small room, whose walls were covered with books from the floor to the ceiling; even the very door by which we entered had its shelves, like the rest, so that when once in, you could see no trace of it. A single window looked seaward, towards the wide Atlantic, and presented a view of many miles of coast, indented with headland and promontory. Beneath, upon the placid sea, was a whole fleet of fishing boats, the crews of which were busily engaged in collecting the sea-weed to manure the land. The sight was both curious and picturesque. The light boats, tossing on the heavy swell, were crowded with figures whose attitudes evinced all the eagerness of a chase. Sometimes an amicable contest would arise between two parties, as their boat-hooks were fixed in the same mass of tangled weed. Sometimes two rival crews would be seen stretching upon their oars, as they headed out to sea, in search of a new prize: the merry voices, and the loud laughter, however, that rose above all other sounds, told that good humour and good will never deserted them in all the ardour of the contest.

Long after the priest left me, I continued to watch them. At last I set myself to explore the good father's shelves, which I found, for the most part, were filled with portly tomes of divinity and polemics, huge folio copies of St. Augustine, Origen, Eusebius, and others: innumerable volumes of

learned tractates on disputed points in theology, none of which possessed any interest for me. In one corner, however, beside the fire, whose convenience to the habitual seat of Father Tom argued that they were not least in favour with his reverence, was an admirable collection of the French dramatists, Molière, Beaumarchais, Racine, and several more: these were a real treat; and seating myself beside the window, I prepared, for about the twentieth time in my life, to read "*La Folle Journée*."

I had scarcely got to the end of the second act, when the door was gently opened, and Mary made her appearance—not in the dishabille of the morning, however, but with a trim cotton gown, and smart shoes and stockings; her hair, too, was neatly dressed, in the country fashion; yet still, I was more than half disposed to think she looked even better in her morning costume.

The critical scrutiny of my glance had evidently disconcerted her, and made her, for the moment, forget the object of her coming. She looked down and blushed; she fiddled with the corner of her apron, and at last recollecting herself, she dropped a little curtsy, and, opening the door wide, announced Sir Simon Bellew.

"Mr. Hinton, I believe," said Sir Simon, with a slight smile, as he bowed himself into the apartment; "will you allow me to introduce myself—Sir Simon Bellew."

The baronet was a tall, thin, meagre-looking old man, somewhat stooped by age, but preserving, both in look and gesture, not only the remains of good looks, but the evident traces of one habituated to the world. His dress was very plain, but the scrupulous exactitude of his powdered cue, and the massive gold-headed cane he carried, showed he had not abandoned those marks of his position, so distinctive of rank in those days. He wore, also, large and handsome buckles in his shoes, but, in every other particular, his costume was simplicity itself.

Conversing with an ease which evinced his acquaintance with all the forms of society, he touched shortly upon my former acquaintance with his daughter, and acknowledged in terms slight, but suitable, how she had spoken of me. His manner was, however, less



marked by every thing I had deemed to be Irish than that of any other person I had met with in the country; for, while he expressed his pleasure at my visit to the west, and invited me to pass some days at his house, his manner of doing so had nothing whatever of the warmth and *empressement* I had so often seen. In fact, save a slight difference in accent, it was as English as need be.

Whether I felt disappointed at this, or whether I had myself adopted the habits and prejudices of the land, I am unable to say, but certainly I felt chilled and repulsed; and, although our interview scarce lasted twenty minutes, was delighted when he rose to take his leave, and say, "Good morning."

"You are good enough, then, to promise you'll dine with us to-morrow, Mr. Hinton. I need scarcely remark I can have no party to meet you, for this wild neighbourhood has denied us that; but as I am aware your visit to

the west is less for society than scenery, perhaps I may assure you, you will not be disappointed. So now, *au revoir*." Sir Simon bowed deeply as he spoke, and, with a wave of his hat that would have done honour to the court of Louis XV. he took his leave and departed.

I followed him with my eye, as mounted on his old grey pony, he ambled quietly down the little path that led to the shore. Albeit an old man, his seat was firm, and not without a certain air of self-possession and ease; and as he returned the salutations of the passing country people, he did so with the quiet dignity of one who felt he conveyed an honour even in the recognition. There was something singular in the contrast of that venerable figure with the wild grandeur of the scene; and as I gazed after him, it set me thinking on the strange vicissitudes of life that must have made such as he pass his days in the dreary solitude of these mountains.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.—SIR SIMON.

My journey had so far fatigued me that I wasn't sorry to have a day of rest; and, as Father Tom spent the greater part of it from home, I was left to myself and my own reflections. The situation in which I found myself was singular enough; the guest of a man whose acquaintance I had made by chance, and who, knowing as little of me as I did of him, yet showed by many an act of kindness, not less than by many a chance observation, a deep interest in myself and my fortunes. Here, then, I was; far from the sphere of my duties, neglecting the career I had adopted, and suffering days, weeks to pass over, without bestowing a thought on my soldier's life. Following on this train of thought, I could not help acknowledging to myself that my attachment to Miss Bellew was the cause of my journey, and the real reason of my wandering. However sanguine may be the heart when touched by the first passion, the doubts that will now and then shoot across it are painful and poignant; and now, in the calmness of my judgment, I could not but see the innumerable obstacles my family would raise to all my hopes. I well knew my father's predilection

for a campaigning life, and that nothing would compensate to him for the defeat of this expectation: I had but too many proofs of my mother's aristocratic prejudices to suppose that she ever could acknowledge as her daughter-in-law one, whose pretensions to rank, although higher than her own, were yet neither trumpeted by the world nor blazoned by fashion; and lastly, changed as I was myself since my arrival in Ireland, there was yet enough of the Englishman left in me to see how unsuited was Louisa Bellew, in many respects, to be launched forth in the torrent of London life, while yet her experience of the world was so narrow and limited. Still, I loved her. The very artless simplicity of her manner, the untutored freshness of her mind had taught me to know, that even great personal attractions may be the second excellence of a woman. And besides, I was just at that time of life when ambition is least natural. One deems it more heroic to renounce all that is daring in enterprise, all that is great in promise, merely to be loved. My mind was therefore made up. The present opportunity was a good one to see her frequently and learn thoroughly



to know her tastes and her dispositions. Should I succeed in gaining her affections, however opposed my family might prove at first, I calculated on their fondness for me, as an only son, and knew that in regard to fortune, I should be independent enough to marry whom I pleased.

In speculations such as these the time passed over; and although I waited with impatience for the hour of our visit to Kilmorran Castle, still, as the time drew near many a passing doubt would flit across me, how far I had mistaken the promptings of my own affection for any return of my love. True it was that more than once her look and manner testified I was not indifferent to her; still, when I remembered that I had ever seen her surrounded by persons she was anxious to avoid, a suspicion crossed me, that perhaps I owed the little preference she showed me, less to any qualities I possessed than to my own unobtrusiveness. These were galling and unpleasant reflections; and whither they might have led me I know not, when the priest tapped with his knuckles at my window, and called out—

“Captain, we shall be late if you don’t hurry a bit; and I had rather be behind time with his gracious majesty himself than with old Sir Simon.”

I opened the window at once, and jumped out into the lawn.

“My dear father, I’ve been ready this half hour, but fell into a dreamy fit and forgot every thing. Are we to walk it?”

“No, no; the distance is much greater than you think. Small as the bay looks, it is a good three miles from this to Kilmorran; but here comes your old friend the curriculum.”

I once more mounted to my old seat, and the priest guiding the horse down to the beach, selected the strand, from which the waves had just receded, as the hardest road, and pressed on at a pace that showed his desire to be punctual.

“Get along there! Nabocklish! How lazy the devil is;—faith, we’ll be late, do our best. Captain, darling, put your watch back a quarter of an hour, and I’ll stand to it, that we are both by Dublin time.”

“Is he, then, so very particular,” said I, “as all that comes to?”

“Particular, is it? Faith he is. Why, man, there is as much ringing of bells before dinner in that house, as if every room in it was crammed with company. And the old butler will be there, all in black, and his hair powdered, and beautiful silk stockings on his legs, every day in the week, although, maybe, it is a brace of snipe will be all that is on the table. Take the whip for a while, and lay into that baste,—my heart is broke flogging him.”

Had Sir Simon only watched the good priest’s exertions for the preceding quarter of an hour, he certainly would have had a hard heart if he had criticised his punctuality. Shouting one moment—cursing the next; thrashing away with his whip, and betimes striding over the splash-board to give a kick with his foot, he undoubtedly spared nothing in either voice or gesture.

“There—glory be to God!” cried he at last, as he turned sharp from the shady road into a narrow avenue of tall lime-trees; take the reins, captain, till I wipe my face. Blessed hour, look at the state I am in! Lift him to it, and don’t spare him. May I never,—if that isn’t the last bell, and he only gives five minutes after that.”

Although I certainly should have preferred that Father Tom had continued his functions as charioteer, now that we were approaching the house, common humanity, however, compelled me to spare him, and I flogged and chucked the old beast with all my might up the rising ground towards the house.

I had but just time to see that the building before us was a large embattled structure, which, although irregular, and occasionally incongruous in detail, was yet a fine specimen of the castellated Gothic of the seventeenth century. Massive square towers flanked the angles, themselves surmounted by smaller turrets, that shot up into the air, high above the dark woods around them. The whole was surrounded by a fosse, now dry and overgrown with weeds; but the terrace which lay between this and the castle was laid out as a flower-garden with a degree of taste and beauty that, to my mind at least, bespoke the fostering hand of Louisa Bellew. Upon this the windows of a large drawing-room

opened, at one of which I could mark the tall and stately figure of Sir Simon, as, he stood, watch in hand, awaiting our arrival. I confess, it was not without a sense of shame that I continued my flagellations at the moment. Under any circumstances, our turn-out was not quite unexceptionable; but, when I thought of my own position, and of the good priest who sat beside me, mopping his head and face with a huge red cotton handkerchief, I cursed my stars for the absurd exposure. Just at this instant the skirt of a white robe passed one of the windows, and I thought—I hope it was but a thought—I heard a sound of laughter.

“There—that will do. Phœbus himself couldn’t do it better. I wouldn’t wish my worst enemy to be in a pair of shafts before you.”

Muttering a curse on the confounded beast, I pulled short up and sprung out.

“Not late, Nicholas, I hope?” said the priest to a tall, thin, old butler, who bore a most absurd resemblance to his master.

“Your reverence has a minute and a-half yet; but the soup’s on the table.” As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a small bit of looking-glass, in a wooden frame, and with a pocket-comb arranged his hair in the most orderly and decorous manner; which being done, he turned gravely round and said—“Are ye ready now, gentlemen?”

The priest nodded, and forward we went. Passing through a suite of rooms whose furniture, however handsome once, was now worm-eaten and injured by time, we at length reached the door of the drawing-room, when the butler, after throwing one more glance at us, to assure himself that we were in presentable array, flung the door wide open, and announced, with the voice of a king-at-arms—

“The Reverend Father Loftus and Mr. Hinton.”

“Serve!” said Sir Simon with a wave of his hand; while, advancing towards us, he received us with most polished courtesy.

“You are most welcome to Kil-morran, Mr. Hinton. I need not present my daughter.”

He turned towards the priest, and the same moment I held Miss Bellew’s

hand in mine. Dressed in white, and with her hair plainly braided on her cheek, I thought she looked handsomer than I had ever seen her. There was an air of assured calmness in her manner that sat well upon her lovely features, as, with a tone of winning sweetness, she seconded the words of her father, and welcomed me to Kil-morran.

The first step in the knowledge of the female heart is, to know how to interpret any constraint or reserve of manner on the part of the woman you are in love with. Your mere novice is never more tempted to despair than at the precise moment his hopes should grow stronger; nor is he ever so sanguine as when the prospect is gloomy before him. The quick perceptions of even a very young girl enable her to perceive when she is loved; and however disposed she may feel towards the individual, a certain mixture of womanly pride and coquetry will teach her a kind of reserve towards him.

Now, there was a slight dash of this constrained tone through Miss Bellew’s manner to me; and, little experience as I had had in such matters, I knew enough to augur favourably of it. While doing the honours of her house, a passing timidity would seem, every now and then, to check her advances, and I could remark how carefully she avoided any allusion, however slight, to our past acquaintance.

The austerity of Sir Simon’s manner at his first visit, as well as the remarks of my friend the priest, had led me to suspect that our dinner-party would prove cold, formal, and uncomfortable. Indeed, the baronet’s constrained and measured courtesy in the drawing-room gave me but little encouragement to expect any thing better. Most agreeable, therefore, was my disappointment to find, that before the soup was removed he had thawed considerably. The stern wrinkles of his haughty face relaxed, and a bland and good-humoured smile had usurped the place of his former fixed and determined look. Doing the honours of his table with the most perfect tact, he contrived, while almost monopolizing the conversation, to appear the least obtrusive amongst us; his remarks being ever accompanied by some appeal to his daughter, the priest, or myself, seemed to link us in the inte-

rest of all he said, and make his very listeners deem themselves entertaining and agreeable.

Unfortunately, I can present but a very meagre picture of this happy gift; but I remember well how insensibly my prejudices gave way, one by one, as I listened to his anecdotes, and heard him recount, with admirable humour, many a story of his early career. To be sure, it may be said that my criticism was not likely to be severe while seated beside his beautiful daughter, whose cheek glowed with pleasure, and whose bright eye glistened with added lustre, as she remarked the impression her father's agreeability was making on his guests. Such may, I doubt not, have increased the delight I felt; but Sir Simon's own claims were still indisputable.

I know not how far I shall meet my reader's concurrence in the remark, but it appears to me that conversational talent, like wine, requires age to make it mellow. The racy flavour that smacks of long knowledge of life—the reflective tone that deepens without darkening the picture—the freedom from exaggeration, either in praise or censure, are not the gifts of young men usually; and certainly they do season the intercourse of older ones, greatly to its advantage. There is, moreover, a pleasant flattery in listening to the narratives of those who were mixing with the busy world—its intrigues, its battles, and its by-play, while we were but boys. How we like to hear of the social everyday life of those great men of a by-gone day, whose names have become already historical—what a charm does it lend to reminiscence, when the names of Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, and Curran, start up amid memories of youthful pleasure—and how we treasure every passing word that is transmitted to us, and how much, in spite of all the glorious successes of their after days, do we picture them to ourselves, from some slight or shadowy trait of their school or college life.

Sir Simon Bellew's conversation abounded in features of this kind. His career had begun and continued for a long time in the brightest period of Ireland's history; when wealth and genius were rife in the land—and when the joyous traits of Irish character were elicited, in all their force, by

prosperity and happiness. It was then shone forth in all their brilliancy, the great spirits, whose flashing wit and glittering fancy have cast a sunlight over their native country that even now, in the twilight of the past, continues to illumine it. Alas! they have had no heritors to their fame—they have left no successors behind them. I have said that Miss Bellew listened with delight to all her father's stores of amusement—happy to see him once more aroused to the exertion of his abilities, and pleased to watch how successfully his manner had won over us. With what added loveliness she looked up to him, as he narrated some circumstances of his political career, where his importance with his party was briefly alluded to; and how proudly her features glowed as some passing sentiment of high and simple patriotism would burst from him. At such moments, the resemblance between them both became remarkably striking, and I deemed her even more beautiful than when her face wore its habitual calm and peaceful expression.

Father Loftus himself seemed also to have undergone a change; no longer indulging in his accustomed free and easy manner, seasoning his conversation with droll allusions and sly jokes. He now appeared a shrewd, intelligent reasoner—a well-informed man of the world; and at times evidenced traits of reading and scholarship I was nowise prepared for. But how vain is it for one of any other country to fathom one-half of the depth of Irish character, or say what part is inapplicable to an Irishman? My own conviction is, that we are all mistaken in our estimate of them—that the gay and reckless spirit, the wild fun, and frantic, impetuous devilment, are their least remarkable features, and, in fact, only the outside emblem of the stirring nature within. Like the lightning, that flashes over the thunder-cloud, but neither influences the breaking of the storm, nor points to its course, so have I seen the jest break from lips pale with hunger, and heard the laugh come free and mellow when the heart was breaking in misery—but what a mockery of mirth!

When we retired to the drawing-room, Sir Simon, who had something to communicate to Father Tom, took him apart into one of the deep window

recesses, and I was left alone for the first time beside Miss Bellew. There was something of awkwardness in the situation; for, as neither of us could allude to the past without evoking recollections we both shunned to touch on, we knew not well of what to speak. The window lay open to the ground, displaying before us a garden in all the richness of fruit and blossom. The clustering honeysuckle and the dog-rose hung in masses of flower across the casement, and the graceful hyacinth and the deep carnation were bending to the night air, scented with the odour of many a flower. I looked wistfully without, she caught my glance, a slight hesitation followed, and then, as if assuming more courage, she said—

“Are you fond of a garden? would you like to walk?”

The haste with which I caught at the proposal half disconcerted her; but, with a slight smile, she stepped out into the walk.

How I do like a large, old-fashioned garden, with its venerable fruit trees—its shady alleys—its overgrown and tangled beds, in which the very luxuriance sets all effort of art at defiance, and where rank growth speaks of wildness rather than culture. I like those grassy walks, where the footsteps fall unheard—those shady thickets of nut trees, which the blackbird haunts in security, and where the thrush sings undisturbed—what a sense of quiet home-happiness there breathes in the leafy darkness of the spot, and how meet for reverie and reflection does it seem!

As I sauntered along beside my companion, these thoughts crowded on me. Neither spoke—but her arm was in mine—our footsteps moved in unison—our eyes followed the same objects, and I felt as though our hearts beat responsively. On turning from one of the darker walks, we suddenly came upon an elevated spot, from which, through an opening in the wood, the coast came into view, broken into many a rocky promontory, and dotted with small islands. The sea was calm and waveless, and stretched away towards the horizon in one mass of unbroken blue, where it blended with the sky. An exclamation of “How beautiful!” broke from me at once; and, as I turned towards Louisa,

I perceived that her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and a half blush was mantling her cheeks.

“You are not, then, disappointed with the west?” said she with animation.

“No, no. I did not look for any thing like this; nor,” added I, in a lower tone, while the words trembled on my lips, “did I hope to enjoy it thus.”

She seemed slightly confused; but, with woman’s readiness to turn the meaning of my speech, added—

“Your recovery from illness doubtless gives a heightened pleasure to every thing like this. The dark hour of sickness is often needed to teach us to feel strongly, as we ought, the beauty of the fair world we live in.”

“It may be so—but still I find that every sorrow leaves a scar upon the heart, and he who has mourned much loses the zest for happiness.”

“Or rather, his views of it are different—I speak, happily for me, in ignorance; yet it seems as though every trial in life was a preparation for some higher scale of blissful enjoyment; and that as our understandings mature in power, so do our hearts in goodness—chastening at each ordeal of life, till, at the last, the final sorrow, death, bids us prepare for the eternity where there is no longer grief, and where the weary are at rest.”

“Is not your view of life rather derived from the happy experience of this quiet spot than suited for the collisions of the world; where, as men grow older, their consciences grow more seared—their hearts less open.”

“Perhaps—but is not my philosophy a good one that fits me for my station? my life has been cast here; I have no wish to leave it—I hope I never shall.”

“Never! Surely you would like to see other countries—to travel?”

“No, no. All the brilliant pleasures you can picture for me would never requite the fears I must suffer, lest these objects should grow less dear to me when I came back to them. The Tyrol is doubtless grander in its wild magnificence; but can it ever come home to my heart with so many affections and memories as these bold cliffs I have gazed on in my infancy; or should I benefit in happiness if it were? Can your Swiss peasant, be his

costume ever so picturesque, interest me one half so much as yonder poor fisherman, who is carrying up his little child in his arms from the beach? I know him—his home—his hearth; I have seen his grateful smile for small benefit, and heard his words of thankfulness; and think you not that such recollections as these are all mingled in every glance I throw around me, and that every sun-lit spot of landscape shines not more brightly in my heart for its human associations? These may be narrow prejudices—I see you smile at me."

"No, no. Trust me, I do not undervalue your reasons."

"Well, here comes Father Loftus, and he shall judge between us. We were discussing the advantages of contrasting our home with other countries——"

"Ahem! A very difficult point," said the priest, interrupting her, and drawing himself up with a great air of judicial importance. *Ubi bene, ibi patria*: which may be rendered, 'there's potatoes every where.' Not that I incline to the doctrine myself: Ireland is the only enjoyable country I know of. *Utamur creatura dum possumus*: that means 'a moderate use of creature comforts,' Miss Louisa. But, troth, I'm so heated with an argument I had with Sir Simon, that I'm no

ways competent—did I tell you he was waiting for his tea?"

"No, indeed you did not," said Miss Bellew, giving vent to a laugh she had been struggling against for the last few minutes; and which I did not at the moment know was caused by her perceiving the priest's air of chagrin and discontent, the evident proofs of his being worsted by the old baronet, whose chief pleasure in life was to worry the father into a discussion, and either confuse or confute him. "My father seems in such good spirits to-night. Don't you think so?" said she roguishly, looking over at the priest.

"Never saw him better; quite lively and animated, and"—dropping his voice to a whisper—"as obstinate as ever."

As we entered the house, we found Sir Simon walking leisurely up and down the drawing-room, with his hands behind his back, his face radiant with smiles, and his eye gleaming with conscious triumph towards the corner where the priest stood tumbling over some books to conceal his sense of defeat. In a few minutes after we were seated round the tea-table, the little cloud was dispelled, and a happier party it were difficult to imagine.

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## STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—FOURTH DRIFT.

*My River.*

EDUARD MÖRIKE.

River ! my River in the young sun-shine !  
 O, clasp afresh in thine embrace  
 This longing, burning, frame of mine,  
 And kiss my breast, and kiss my face !  
 So,—there !—Ha, ha !—already in thine arms !  
 I feel thy love ; I shout ; I shiver ;  
 But thou out-laughed loud a flouting song, proud River,  
 And now again my bosom warms !

The droplets of the golden sunlight glide  
 Over and off me, sparkling, as I swim  
 Hither and thither down thy mellow tide,  
 Or loll amid its crypts with outstretcht limb :  
 I fling abroad mine arms, and lo !  
 Thy wanton waves curl sily round me ;  
 But ere their loose chains have well bound me,  
 Again they burst away and let me go !

O, sun-loved River ! wherefore dost thou hum,  
 Hum, hum alway thy strange, deep, mystic song  
 Unto the rocks and strands ? for they are dumb,  
 And answer nothing as thou flowest along.  
 Why singest so all hours of night and day ?  
 Ah, River ! my best River ! thou, I guess, art seeking  
 Some land where souls have still the gift of speaking  
 With Nature in her own old wondrous way !

Lo ! highest Heaven looms far below me here ;  
 I see it in thy waters, as they roll,  
 So beautiful, so blue, so clear,  
 'Twould seem, O, River mine, to be thy very soul !  
 Oh, could I hence dive down to such a sky,  
 Might I but bathe my spirit in that glory,  
 So far outshining all in ancient fairy-story,  
 I would indeed have joy to die !

What on cold Earth is deep as thou ? Is aught ?  
 Love is as deep, Love only is as deep :  
 Love lavisheth All, yet loseth, lacketh Nought ;  
 Like thee, too, Love neither can pause nor sleep.  
 Roll on, thou loving River, thou ! Lift up  
 Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing !  
 Thou makest me immortal ! I am quaffing  
 The wine of rapture from no earthly cup !

At last thou bearest me, with soothing tone,  
 Back to thy bank of rosy flowers :  
 Thanks, then, and fare thee well !—Enjoy thy bliss alone !  
 And through the year's melodious hours  
 Echo for ever from thy bosom broad  
 All glorious tales that sun and moon be telling ;  
 And woo down to their soundless fountain-dwelling  
 The holy stars of God !



## II.

**The Secret.**

FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

She could not whisper one least word ;  
 Too many listeners hovered nigh ;  
 But, though her dear lips never stirred,  
 I well could read her speechful eye :  
 And now with stealthy step I come  
 And seek thy shades, thou darkling grove !  
 Here will I build my hermit-home,  
 Here veil from prying eyes my love.

The city's voice of many tones  
 Resoundeth in the sweltering Day ;  
 Wheels roll, as 'twere, o'er muffled stones,  
 And far-off hammers faintly bray :  
 So wring the' o'er-anxious Crowd with toil  
 From Earth's hard breast their bitter bread,  
 While blessings flow from Heaven like oil  
 On each serene Believer's head !

Yet, breathe it not, what holy joy,  
 What bliss in Love and Faith may be ;  
 The world will mock thee, and destroy  
 The inmost Life of Heaven in thee !  
 Not in thy words, not on thy brow,  
 Should glow the soul of thy desire ;  
 Deep in thy heart's recesses thou  
 Must feed, unseen, the Sacred Fire !

Flee where nor Light nor Man intrudes !  
 Love lives for Night and Silentness ;  
 Love's dearest haunts are Solitudes  
 Where sandalled feet fall echoless.  
 Love's home is in the Land of Dream,  
 For there, through Truth's eternal power,  
 Its life is glassed in every stream,  
 And symbolized by every flower !

## III.

**Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moonbeams.**

EMANUEL GEIBLER.

"Many traditions are extant of the fondness of Charlemagne for the neighbourhood of Langewinkel. Nay, it is firmly believed that his affection survived his death ; and that even now, at certain seasons of the year, his spirit loves to wake from its slumber of ages, and revisit it still."—SNOW'S *Legends of the Rhine*, vol. ii.

Beauteous is it in the Summer-night, and calm along the Rhine,  
 And like molten silver shines the light that sleeps on wave and vine.  
 But a stately Figure standeth on the Silent Hill alone,  
 Like the phantom of a Monarch looking vainly for his throne !

Yes!—'tis he—the unforgotten Lord of this belovèd land!  
 'Tis the glorious Car'lus Magnus, with his gleamy sword in hand,  
 And his crown enwreathed with myrtle, and his golden sceptre bright,  
 And his rich imperial purple vesture floating on the night!

Since he dwelled among his people stormy centuries have rolled,  
 Thrones and kingdoms have departed, and the world is waxing old:  
 Why leaveth he his house of rest? Why cometh he once more  
 From his marble tomb to wander here by Langawinkel's shore?

O, fear ye not the Emperor!—he doth not leave his tomb  
 As the herald of disaster to our land of light and bloom;  
 He cometh not with blight or ban on castle, field, or shrine,  
 But with overflowing blessings for the Vineyards of the Rhine!

As a bridge across the river lie the moonbeams all the time,  
 They shine from Langawinkel unto ancient Ingelheim;  
 And along this Bridge of Moonbeams is the Monarch seen to go,  
 And from thence he pours his blessing on the royal flood below.

He blesses all the vineyards, he blesses vale and plain,  
 The lakes and glades and orchards, and fields of golden grain,  
 The lofty castle-turrets and the lowly cottage-hearth;  
 He blesses all, for over all he reigned of yore on earth.

Then to each and all so lovingly he waves a mute Farewell,  
 And returns to slumber softly in his tomb at La Chapelle,  
 Till the Summertime again be come, with sun, and rain, and dew,  
 And the vineyards and the gardens woo him back to them anew.

## IV.

*The Lion's Ride.*

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

What!—wilt thou bind him fast with a chain?  
 Wilt bind the King of the Cloudy Sands?  
 Idiot fool!—he has burst from thy hands and bands,  
 And speeds like Storm through his far domain!  
 See!—he crouches down in the sedge  
 By the water's edge,  
 Making the startled sycamore-boughs to quiver.  
 Gazelle and Giraffe, I think, will shun that river!

Not so!—The curtain of Evening falls,  
 And the Caffer, mooring his light canoo  
 To the shore, glides down through the hushed Karroo,  
 And the watchfires burn in the Hottentot-kraals,  
 And the Antelope seeks a bed in the bush  
 Till the Dawn shall blush,  
 And the Zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,  
 And the changeful signals fade from the Table-Mountain:

Now look through the dusk!—what seest thou now?  
 Seest such a tall Giraffe! She stalks  
 All majesty through the Desert's walks—  
 In search of water to cool her tongue and brow.  
 From tract to tract of the limitless waste  
 Behold her haste!  
 Till, bowing her long neck down, she buries her face in  
 The reeds, and, kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.

But, look again!—look!—see once more  
 Those globe-eyes glare! The gigantic reeds  
 Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds—  
 The Lion leaps on the Drinker's neck with a roar!  
 O, what a Racer! Can any behold  
 'Mid the housings of gold  
 In the stables of kings dyes half so splendid  
 As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal blended?

Greedily fleshes the Lion his teeth  
 In the breast of his writhing prey:—around  
 Her neck his loose brown mane is wound—  
 Hark, that hollow cry! She springs up from beneath—  
 And in agony flies over plains and heights.  
 See how she unites,  
 Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,  
 With the grace of the Leopard the speed of the Camel!

She reaches the central moonlighted plain,  
 That spreadeth around all bare and wide;  
 Meanwhile, adown her spotted side  
 The dusky blood-gouts gush like rain—  
 And her woeful eyeballs, how they stare  
 On the void of Air!  
 Yet on she flies—on—on;—for her there is no retreating;  
 And the Desert can hear the heart of the Doomed One beating!

And lo! a stupendous column of sand,  
 A sand-spout out of that Sandy Ocean, upcurls  
 Behind the pair in eddies and whirls;  
 Most like some flaming colossal brand,  
 Or wandering spirit of wrath  
 On his blasted path,  
 Or the dreadful Pillar that lighted the warriors and women  
 Of Israel's land through the wildernesses of Yemen.

And the Vulture, scenting a coming carouse,  
 Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;  
 The bloody Hyæna, be sure, is nigh,  
 Fierce pillager, he, of the charnel-house!  
 The Panther, too, who strangles the Cape-town sheep  
 As they lie asleep,  
 Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows,  
 While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the sandy hollows!

She reels,—but the King of the Brutes bestrides  
 His tottering throne to the last:—with might  
 He plunges his terrible claws in the bright  
 And delicate cushions of her sides.  
 Yet hold!—fair play!—she rallies again!  
 In vain,—in vain!  
 Her struggles but help to drain her life-blood faster—  
 She staggers—gasps—and sinks at the feet of her Slayer and Master!

She staggers—she falls—she shall struggle no more!  
 The death-rattle slightly convulses her throat—  
 Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,  
 Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore!  
 Adieu! The Orient glimmers afar,  
 And the morning-star  
 Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly.—  
 So rides the Lion in Afric's deserts nightly!

## V.

**The Brother and the Sister.**

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for, of such is the Kingdom of God."—*Mark* x. 14.

In a winding dell, thick-sown with flowers,  
Often played together through the hours  
Of the live-long sunny Summer's day,  
Two most lovely children, one a boy,  
One a girl, a sister and a brother;  
And along with them did ever play  
Innocence, and Gracefulness, and Joy.

Here there stood an image of the Mother  
Of our Blessèd Saviour, with her child  
In her arms, who always looked and smiled  
On the playmates: And their own dear mother  
One day told them, after they had played,  
Who the smiling little Infant was;  
How He was the mighty God, who made  
Sun, and Moon, and Earth, and the green grass,  
And themselves; and, when she saw them moved  
With deep reverence, and their childish mirth  
Hushed, she told them how this God had loved  
Little children when He dwelled on Earth,  
And that now in Heaven He loved them still.  
And the little girl said, "I and brother  
Both love God: will he love us, too, mother?"  
And the mother said, "If you be good He will."

So, upon another time, a bland,  
Bright, soft Summer-evening, as the fair  
Children sat together hand-in-hand,  
One said to the other, ('twas the boy  
To the girl,) "Oh, if the dear God there  
Would come down to us! There's not a toy  
In our house but I would give to him."  
And the girl said, "I would cull him all  
Pretty flowers." "And I would climb the tall  
Trees," the boy said, "till the day grew dim,  
And would gather fruits for him." And thus  
Each sweet child did prattle to the other,  
Till the sun sank low behind the hill,  
And both, running, then sought out their mother,  
And cried out together, "Mother!—will  
God come down some day, and play with us?"

Gently spake the mother in rebuke  
Of their babble; but it bore a deep  
Meaning in the eternal Minutebook;  
For, one night, soon after, in her sleep,  
She beheld the Infant-Saviour playing  
With her children, and she heard Him saying,

"How shall I requite you for the flowers  
And the fruits you would have given me? Thee,  
Brother, will I take along with me,  
To my Father's many-mansioned Home,  
And will guide thee to luxuriant bowers,  
Where bloom fruits unknown on Earth beneath;  
And to thee, my sister, will I come  
On thy bridal-day, and with a wreath  
Of celestial flowers adorn thy brow,  
And will bless thy nuptials, so that thou  
Shalt have children good and innocent even  
As my Father's angels are in Heaven."

And the mother woke, and prayed with tears,  
"Oh, my God! my Saviour! spare my son!  
Spare him to console my waning years,  
If thou canst! If not, Thy will be done!"

And the will of God was done. The boy  
Sickened soon, and died. But, ere he died,  
Those about him saw his countenance  
Lighted up with gloriousness and joy  
Inexpressible; for, by his side  
He beheld (rapt all the while in trance,  
As his mother noticed,) a young Child  
Brighter than the sun, and beauteous as  
God Himself!

Year after year did pass,  
And at length her twentieth Summer smiled  
On the maiden with her wedding-day;  
But, behold!—as she knelt down to pray  
At the altar, heavenly radiance beamed  
Round her, and she saw, as though she dreamed,  
Him, her childhood's Infant-Saviour, reaching  
Her a wreath of brilliant flowers, with some  
Dark ones intermixed; a symbol, teaching  
Her what hue the years that were to come  
Should assume for her. And truly, she  
Spent a life of peace and blessedness,  
Mingled with such mild adversity  
That she rather wished it more than less.

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## LETTERS FROM ITALY.—NO. V.

Rome, April, 1838.

I RELUCTANTLY abandon the journal form of my last letter, as I find it quite impossible to chronicle the countless number of new and interesting impressions which crowd almost every hour on the stranger in Rome. If I attempted to describe them all, I should wear out even your much-enduring patience, and a barren catalogue of names would neither satisfy nor amuse you. In this puzzling predicament, I believe I must content myself with trying to select from the mass of names, lists, and notes which lie before me, the subjects best suited to your taste, happy if I can in any degree succeed in conveying to you even a faint idea of the exhaustless treasures of ancient and modern Rome. As months of study would still leave us much to see and to learn, and we have but weeks at our disposal, we have resolved *not* to see *every* thing. Of the greatness of this resolution you can form no idea, till you have been here yourself.

“What’s done you partly may compute,  
But know not what’s resisted.”

The Vatican is not open during the holy week; we are, therefore, employing the time in seeing palaces, churches, villas, &c. &c. Many of the palaces are remarkable for their architecture; but it is with the interiors we are occupied at present. With few exceptions, the lower story is used for shops or warehouses; the windows, unglazed and grated with bars of iron, remind one rather uncomfortably of a prison—the second is appropriated to the pictures, &c. These apartments are not inhabited by the family. This may account, in some degree, for the unmeasured liberality with which they are thrown open at all hours to visitors, though it is only just to recollect that liberality the same in kind distinguishes the proprietors of works of art in every part of the Continent. In the extremely reduced circumstances of some of the noble families in Rome, which often oblige them to live in a corner of their spacious palaces, it would seem natural that they should

dispose of their collections; but, besides the veneration attached to them as heir-looms, there exists a law, arbitrary enough it seems to us, that prohibits the sale of first-rate works of art, except to purchasers residing in Rome. This is a nice little bit of papal policy—or paternal solicitude, if you will—as the number of visitors to the Holy See would be grievously diminished if Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and Da Vinci could be seen in the same perfection in other cities.

The Borghese is the only palace in which we have found the ground floor occupied. Here are nine large saloons filled with pictures. You would have been more pleased than I was. You well know my *infirmity*, and how seldom a picture combines all that awakens me to full enjoyment of the art. I have no capacity for universal admiration, and am little satisfied with pictures when colouring, technical skill, &c., are their principal merits. They weary me, because the artist seems to have had no higher aim than to please the eye. I like a picture to be so suggestive that you may study it again and again, and always find something more in its inner meaning to reward you. And this is the case in the works of most of the ancient Italian and German masters—they are replete with sentiment and feeling, springing from a deep and earnest truthfulness of spirit, which diffuses over them an incommunicable charm. Their subjects may not satisfy every taste, but the power of genius has stamped them with a life and power which forces its way to the heart, and awakens there an echo of the self-same feeling which inspired the artist himself. Then there are others that breathe a pure and holy spirit, whose gentle influence awakens a serene and harmonious feeling which is to me one of the highest enjoyments of life. Few of the pictures in the large collection of Prince Borghese are of this class. Of some, however, the recollection is so pleasing, that you may consider it a proof of forbearance well entitled to your gratitude that I refrain from inflicting on your patience a minute description of them.



How I could expatiate on the glow of Titian, the *chiar oscuro* of Corregio, the affectation of Parmeggianino, the rude vigour of Caravaggio! How flatter myself that while I deprecate such details in others, you might perchance discover how much I excelled in them myself, and, while inflicting without compunction names, dates, and subjects, persuade myself, if not you, I was a most entertaining correspondent. Happily a reference to the guide-book will spare us both some time and trouble, and allow me to content myself with tracing, as you desire, our growing familiarity with the peculiar style and characteristic excellence of each great master. We have yet to see Raffaele in his Frescos of the Vatican, in which we know his unrivalled powers found their most appropriate sphere. But the Borghese catalogue deluded us with a hope of seeing four of his pictures, and to these we first hastened. There is, however, but one of them the work of his own hand, the Deposition, a much prized picture, in which I was unwillingly disappointed. It seems to me to want repose, to be hard and rather sharp, though highly expressive. The rigidity of actual death is finely contrasted with the momentary suspension of life in the fainting form of Mary; and though, on the whole, the picture is scarcely so attractive as Raffaele's name led me to expect, it is a deeply interesting study. He was but twenty-four when he executed it for the church of the Franciscans at Perugia; and certainly the dramatic effect of the composition, the pathos of expression and beauty of the forms, are an earnest of the nobler efforts of his later period, and prove the vastness of that genius which so early triumphed over the greatest difficulties of the art. The interesting portrait of Cardinal Borgia is probably by a scholar well trained in Raffaele's manner. The effect of the head, which is full of character, is heightened by a long black beard and red cap, and the execution, though light, is effective. Another interesting portrait, a fine, dark Spanish head, beautifully painted, is ascribed, with still less propriety, to Raffaele, and, till lately, has enjoyed a still further notoriety by being misnamed Cæsar Borgia. But the critic is abroad, pronounces this all a mistake, robs both painter and subject of

a name, and, as far as I know, has given no other in their place. He tells us there is sufficient evidence in the style of the dress that the picture was painted after Raffaele's death; and, though I am no great physiognomist, I should say, sufficient in the calm, meditative expression and soft, pensive eye, that such an exterior never concealed the dark and fierce passions of the wily Borgia. The fourth picture ascribed to Raffaele is said to be a portrait of himself; but it corresponds so little with the descriptions of his appearance by cotemporaries, I cannot but think this red-faced youth is a usurper of the name. The celebrated Sibyl of Domenichino well deserves her fame, though she, too, appears to me to have a very questionable title to her name. She is not the prophetess, the inspired reader of the book of futurity, but an exceedingly lovely woman. Her attitude and upraised eye, her finely-turned head and neck, denote attention. She seems to listen as if to catch the echo of some sweet sound. I had not expected so much feeling for beauty in this clever, painstaking, but unideal artist. In another celebrated work of his, Diana and her Nymphs, in this gallery, the composition is full of fancy and of life, the colouring rich and finely toned, and free, I think, from the opacity and coarseness with which he, in common with some of his cotemporaries, is chargeable.

A singular "Flagellation of Christ," painted by Sebastian del Piombo, is from one of the powerful and extraordinary designs of Michael Angelo. The exhibition of physical suffering, of a punishment so degrading is always repulsive, but the meekly bending figure, expressive of submission rather than agony—the fine flowing line of the body and limbs, with the sweet and resigned expression of the countenance—compensates in a great degree for the painful feeling it excites. Titian's so-called Divine and Earthly Love represents two most beautiful women, but I can see no difference in their claims to divinity—one clothed in white, the other in a red drapery. Their full, graceful forms display that magic colour which his wondrous skill has thrown over all his female figures. In this picture a glowing light, almost without the aid of shadow, gives perfect rounding to the forms, with all

the softness and firmness of living flesh. The sweet Madonnas of Carlo Dolce, so frequent in collections, are here as ever, full of the gentle grace and delicacy, characteristic of this artist. The deep brown shadow which gives such softness to the dark eyes of his saints—the rich auburn hair and clear olive skin—belonged, it is said, to his daughters, the lovely models of his Saint Cecílias, St. Lucias, Magdalens, &c. &c. There may be mannerism in the tone of his colouring, in the smoothness of his finish, something sentimental in the expression, yet I should be well pleased to have one of his sweet pictures always near me. His heads of Christ, though mild and touching, want the expression of moral power and dignity which befit the character. Garofalo, a name, I think, almost unknown in England, was a follower of Raffaele, and seems to have received a ray of light from “*il divino*.” In colouring he is sweet, but abrupt; in expression pure, but mannered; in conception a little fantastic, though often tender. An Entombment here, with fine characteristic heads, is a very favourable specimen of his powers. Having gone through the saloons (of which I can give you but a glimpse), we were attracted to the easels of several artists, who were busily employed in copying the pictures. They have access to many of the galleries, private as well as public, and seem wisely to avail themselves of the privilege. It is pleasant occasionally to stop and watch their progress; and, though we cannot judge of their original powers in mere copying, they promise well in correctness, freedom of hand, and careful drawing. Modest in bearing, courteous in manner, they are humble in estimating their own works—enthusiastic in appreciating their models. I envied the rapid pencil and correct eye of a young man who was copying Giorgione’s fine picture of Saul and David. The bold freedom of his touch, the masterly copy not only of the heads but of the glowing depth of colouring peculiar to his model, reminded me of Goethe’s comparison between the uncertain work of the mere dilettanti, who attributes to want of finish the imperfection which really belongs to a faulty outline, and the practised skill of a master-hand, which, with a few bold touches, produces a picture, perfect in

its meaning and effect, though perhaps unfinished in detail. To another young artist we spoke of his “beautiful copy.” “Beautiful,” he said, looking at it with a melancholy smile; “perhaps so, but *this* is divine.” There is little to be seen in the deserted-looking Barberini Palace, but in that little is comprised the Beatrice Cenci and the Fornarina. You well know Perfetti’s engraving of the Beatrice, but of the exceeding loveliness of the picture it scarce gives an idea. There is an imploring expression in the large dark eye, an almost infantine sweetness and innocence in the mouth, irresistibly touching. No subject could have better suited the delicate pencil and refined taste of Guido. Happy in awakening our deepest sympathy, he has avoided all excess of grief in the expression of the countenance; though, with the heightened colour on the cheek and the dishevelled hair, it tells enough of her tale of sorrow strongly to impress the imagination with the reality of her existence. In sober truth, it was a painful effort to turn from her life-like eyes, which seemed to implore us with touching earnestness not to leave her in her hopeless desolation. Raffaele’s name only could have drawn me to the Fornarina, for hers is not the form or face I looked for in the beloved of one so gentle and refined. Her beauty is neither of a pleasing or intellectual character, but there is no doubt the picture is genuine. He has authenticated it by inscribing his name on her bracelet. The painting seems to me hard, but the carnation beautifully rich and clear, and there is wonderful animation in the sparkling black eyes of this dark, glowing beauty. To see the Palazzo Falconieri of Cardinal Fesche, we were obliged to send our card and write a note to his eminence. Whether our expectations were too highly raised by this note of preparation, so unusual here, or that the pictures are really inferior, we were disappointed. The collection of Dutch and Flemish schools is a very fine one, but their subjects rarely interest me. I can, however, admire the truth of their scenes, the beauty of their colouring, the high finish, neatness, and precision of their execution when they keep within their own department of *genre*; but when they attempt historical or sacred subjects they are certainly not sublime, though only one step from

the ridiculous. Imagine Teniers painting a Christ with the crown of thorns, a short, fat figure, looking desperately rueful under the hands of three or four stout Dutchmen, operating much in the manner of a hair-dresser, in broad-brimmed hats, large boots, &c., whom he calls Roman soldiers; or Ostade converting Cleopatra into a lady of fashion, with feathers and high-dressed hair, delicately holding a little asp between two fingers, as if it were a bouquet; or Mieris in a Crucifixion, dressing poor Mary Magdalen in stiff stays and long stomacher, which forbid every attempt at motion except in her neck, which looks deplorably twisted! There were two busts by Canova—a noble one of Napoleon crowned with laurel; the other of Madame Mère, with the same insipid smile she wears in the fine sitting statue at Chatsworth. However we must condemn the restless ambition which led to Napoleon's occupation of Italy, it is impossible not to be struck with the comprehensive character of his mind, as much at home in the details of beautifying a city and patronizing the arts, as in constructing a pass over the Alps and leading his army through it. Every where we hear of his vast designs, see some actually commenced, but all suspended—partly from want of money, partly in the absence of an all-commanding genius to comprehend their influence and direct their execution.

It is no wonder, however, that the remembrance of his rule is detested. His exactions were terrible, it is said; and though the money was expended here as in other cities of Italy, in the renovation and improvement of the public works and buildings, they are not the more popular on this account. Neither nations nor schoolboys like to be improved against their will, and the Romans, naturally enough, prefer the dirt, slovenliness, and indolence to which they are accustomed, to being polished and purified at the will of a master. To the honour of Louis Philippe, one institution, founded by Napoleon, is zealously supported—an academy for French artists. We have been to the exhibition of their works, which is highly creditable, particularly the architectural designs of the ancient buildings here and at Pompeii, in their present, and supposed former state. From pictures we turned to sculpture—

it will, perhaps, rest you to do the same. The out-offices of the once splendid Barberini palace, are let as ateliers to different artists. Thorwaldson's was our first object. We saw the great sculptor for a few minutes; and though his appearance is by no means striking, I looked with a feeling of reverence even on the homely exterior that enshrines such a genius as his. We had been led by a friend of his to expect a majestic appearance, and fine expressive eyes; the likeness, however, is to be found only in the affection of the brother artist. I have heard he is inferior to Canova in grace and elegance of mind; but, like him, he is distinguished by kindness of heart, and generosity to young friendless artists who require assistance in the prosecution of their studies. We saw the originals, or repetitions of the works he has executed for English and other galleries; and all that we have admired in outlines and engravings; his lovely Venus, his Ganymede, which is, however, I think, inferior in conception to the exquisite group by Tadolini at Chatsworth. Casts of his majestic Christ and the Apostles. A noble figure of Lord Byron, for a monument, awaiting the decision of the vexed question, to be or not to be admitted into Westminster Abbey. If you were one of the bench of bishops, I might edify you by a homily on "straining at a gnat;" but as you have not the good fortune, perhaps you would rather hear something of the statue. The head is scarcely so beautiful and classical as in the English busts and engravings—the forehead lower; but we are assured it was modelled by Thorwaldson himself, when Lord Byron was in Rome, and was then considered an admirable likeness. The figure is seated in an easy, graceful attitude, the head thrown back. I could fancy from the hand and pencil, just suspended, the upraised and expressive eyes, that a happy fancy, scarce yet caught, was hovering before him. His foot rests on a broken column which lies on the ground. The cloak, thrown over his shoulder, falls in fine massy folds, and conceals much of the stiff, ungraceful costume of our unartistic day. There appears to me a noble union of strength, grace, and truth in Thorwaldson's style. He has imbibed so largely the spirit of the classical models around him, that

his bas reliefs have the life and animation; some of his figures much of the simplicity and unaffected beauty of the antique. In an adjoining studio a pupil, Carlo Monti, has the privilege, in the last year of his term, of copying three of his master's statues, and disposing of them for his own benefit. Thorwaldson's single figures are £400 each; those, sold in the pupil's name, are £150, though executed under his eye, and receiving the benefit of his corrections. Promising as are these works, they are still but copies, and it is impossible to judge from them if, in the future, this young artist will be at all capable of filling the place which, at Thorwaldson's age, there is a mournful certainty he soon must cease to occupy.

Do not, however, infer from this, that Rome is without other and admirable sculptors. We have been so highly gratified by our visits to the ateliers of Gibson, Wyatt, Wolff, Tadolini, Tererani, &c. &c. I begin to think, that the modern school of sculpture has scarcely yet gained in England the high reputation it deserves. We are accustomed to rate its best efforts as imitations of the antique, to overlook the originality of its conceptions, and, when it has chosen a new path, to decide it must be a wrong one. With all my care, I have not succeeded in keeping my own mind free from this bias, and find myself studying a statue by Thorwaldson, Canova, and Gibson, in a criticising spirit, very different from the reverential admiration with which I set myself to learn from a work of Grecian art. One reason, however, may be, that much as I admire individual specimens of the new school, and willingly acknowledge, as a whole, it far surpasses my expectations,—I am not reconciled to its predominating principles—strong expression and animated action; it appears to me, that these qualities are opposed to the high-toned and sublime character of sculpture, and that the productions of the present day aim too much at combining incompatible excellencies. To me the majestic character of sculpture is best sustained in those grand, still forms, impassive features, and measured lines of drapery, which characterise so large a proportion of ancient art. I cannot believe, that the generally unmoved, passionless expression of Grecian sculp-

ture is other than the result of design; and though I admit, that beauty of form was the ruling aim, I am convinced this preference is based on an unerring sense of the correct and appropriate. The deep feeling stirred within us by the tranquil colourless beauty of sculpture, seems like a communing with beings of another world—serene and calm, not unmixed with awe. For my own part, I do not like this feeling of repose to be broken by the varied expression life-like movement, &c. of the modern school; but others, I know, find the highest gratification in the nearer approach to nature, the tenderness, and sentiment of its beautiful creations. In the few specimens preserved to us, which are exceptions to the general repose of Grecian art, as the Apollo Belvidere, Diana of the Louvre, Cupid bending the bow, &c. the technical skill, the simple power which impart life and movement without effort or exaggeration, are combined with a grace and simplicity which find no parallel in the best efforts of our day; nor can I recollect among them one example of that perfect union of dignity and grace, solemn grandeur and ease, which are the attributes of Grecian sculpture. The imagination of the Greeks seems to have been exhaustless, the manifold variety of their conceptions without limit, as we felt, when visiting the diminished, but still priceless treasures of the Villa Albani. Here our admiration was almost equally divided between beauty of execution, and overflowing richness of invention. It is one of the most magnificent of the Roman villas; intended, I believe, solely for evening recreation. The view is tolerably extensive, but the grounds and neighbourhood so thickly studded with various buildings, it scarce seemed to us to deserve the name of country. But the light and elegant architecture of the villa itself, its innumerable casinos, temples, billiard and refreshment rooms; its formal terraces, decorated with statues, vases, fountains, &c. realise all I have read and heard of the stately, and somewhat artificial beauty of an Italian country seat.

Many of the fine works of art, which made this one of the richest private museums in the world, were carried away by the French; and though since given up, have not been restored to their original places. And now I



am more than ever tempted to lay down my pen, and with it, the vain hope of doing justice by description to what we have seen. Yet, as often as I resolve to try no more, I feel a twinge of self-reproach, for withholding even the faint image of our daily enjoyments, which may, perchance, pass from mind to mind, even in my feeble words. And so I go on journalizing from day to day, not quite certain whether I am indulging you or myself. However, as I am nearly bewildered by the multiplicity of beautiful objects contained in this Villa Albani, you will be spared any very detailed account of them. Let me assure you, on the best authority, that I could say many grand things of them, if my pen would but only become a more faithful translator of my thoughts—it has been but a sorry one hitherto.

The portico is supported by forty-four noble columns, its walls covered with bas reliefs, some of rare excellence—statues of emperors, canephoræ, sphinxes, &c. line the sides; and, at one end, is a fine figure of Juno, in the act of moving through the air, the feet poised, the drapery gently floating behind her stately form, as she glides along. The staircase boasts of some of the finest reliefs in existence—Rome triumphant, &c. &c. of colossal masks, mosaics, paintings; each step seeming to lead to some work more precious than the preceding, till we reach the saloons above. In these, though every object seems almost perfect of its kind, I can but name a few.

There is a collection of bronzes, which comprises the famed Apollo Sauroctonos, the most admired bronze of antiquity, a Hercules Farnese, faun, Diana, &c. The inestimable relief of Antinous, with the same expression of mournful and almost feminine beauty which distinguishes the busts, is placed over one of the chimney-pieces. A noble gallery, with a floor of beautiful marbles, and a ceiling of the best frescos of Raphael Mengs, is enriched by a majestic statue of Jupiter, and a Minerva, the finest in the world, said to be the sole monument in Rome of the “sublime style,” which attained its perfection in the period between Phidias and Praxiteles. On the ground-floor, again, are other galleries, filled with the noblest works of

art. Hermes of poets, philosophers, and emperors—busts of gods, heroes, and sages—sarcophagi for the dead, sculptured with exquisite representations of the rites and festivals of the living—a marble vase or basin, on which are recorded the labours of Hercules—a relievo, in Rosso antico, of Dædalus and Icarus; and other countless treasures, which I may not venture to name. Two busts I must except—a Jupiter, the only one I have seen which embodies all the grandest attributes of the Grecian god, and a Serapis, in basalt, combining, by some strange mystery, the opposite qualities of singular mildness with commanding power and majesty of expression. If you cannot understand how this can be, come and see.

When I tell you that the walls of one saloon were formerly adorned with cameos, inserted into the panels, you will assuredly think some obedient genii, or willing slave of the lamp, lent his assistance to the Cardinal Albani, in the arrangement and decoration of this almost magic palace of taste.

And, besides all these beautiful things, I could tell of adjoining buildings connected with the villa, which also contain works of great excellence, though inferior to those in the saloons, but I will spare you. I forgot, however, to tell you we did not see the cameos, which were carried away, it is said, by the French, who, in all the dilapidations of this country, fill the part so liberally assigned to Cromwell in ours. Is there a single castle in ruins, in the three kingdoms, which “the Protector” has not the merit of demolishing? Here it is whispered, however, that the confusion of war, and the unjustifiable spoliation of the French, gave opportunities, not neglected by noble families, to increase their revenues by the sale of parts of their collections. I do not know if this was the fate of the cameos. Very pretty casts in stucco supply their places, and feebly tell how beautiful the originals must have been.

I have missed the post-day, (three in the week) while expatiating on the wonders of the Villa Albani. And now, having made you a victim to Art, let me refresh you by a touch of Nature—one of the rarest sights in a country where we might expect her to

reign supreme. To our great pleasure, we found her in the gardens (park we should call it) attached to the Borghese villa, where the noble ilex, cypress, pine, and fine evergreen shrubs are allowed to remain as Nature formed them—tall, spreading, and majestic.

There is a genuine spirit of kindness shown by the noble proprietor, in throwing open such grounds as these, unreservedly to the lower classes, with whom they are a favourite place of evening recreation; and while the evenings were warm, as on our first arrival, the shade of the trees was delightful. I am sorry to say we have few of them now, and the poor, moss-covered naiads and river-gods look rueful and disconsolate enough, in the midst of the make-believe lakes and rivers of the "English garden" of the Borghese.

Tell E. the climate of his beautiful

Italy is sometimes variable like our own in spring; and people talk here, as with us, of the seasons being changed; just now we find the blaze of our wood fire more reviving than the shade of the cypress and ilex, and court every sunbeam, which the tall houses and palaces allow to penetrate into the narrow streets. We do not like yet to be convinced that we are doomed to leave Rome for Naples, without seeing the Colosseum by moonlight. I whisper it now as a source of comfort to a poor mortal like you, whose anti-poetic ideas of moonlit visits are so inseparably associated with colds, rheumatisms, and all the horrors of the north, that you will rejoice in our escape, rather than sympathize in our disappointment. Hoping you will one day be converted from this error, by the soft breezes of Italy, and that I may be here to see it, I bid you, for the present, farewell.

#### BOWDEN'S LIFE OF GREGORY VII.\*

A FULL-LENGTH portrait of Hildebrand, by an accomplished artist of the new Oxford school!! A valuable offering indeed, and well worthy of being studied for the execution as well as for the subject. We do not think of it altogether so highly as the late Rev. James Dunne, of honoured memory, esteemed the greatest effort of Demosthenes. "Remember," said he, to one who lamented the battle of Cheronæa, "were it not for that disastrous day, we should not have had the oration on the crown." We do not say that Mr. Bowden's work makes atonement for all the evils chargeable, and charged, upon the "Tracts for the Times;" but we hold it, nevertheless, a contribution to our ecclesiastical literature which ought to be gratefully accepted. It is a well-written life of a great pope; and it is not the less acceptable to us, because the spirit in which it is composed, qualified as it is by that sense of honour and that love of truth for which the birth and breeding of an English gentleman should be a voucher,

is a spirit of partiality to the Church of Rome.

We are strongly disposed to believe that, from a work composed in such a spirit, the character of Gregory, and perhaps of his times, may better be learned, than from the writings of those to whom that bold pontiff's aims are no less objectionable than the means by which he strove to attain them. They who ardently admire the efforts of Hildebrand to rescue the church from a state of dependance—who approve, or at least abstain from censuring, his ambition to attain ascendancy above the secular power—will not be disposed to admit, on dubious evidence, the charge that he employed unsanctified means for the attainment of the good end he sought; while, at the same time, a habitual love of truth will not be biassed by partiality, however strong, to receive evidence, or to reject it, in a manner glaringly unjust.

The sympathies of Mr. Bowden, it is evident, are all on the side of the pope, in his arduous conflict with the

\* The Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh. By John William Bowden, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841.



secular powers. Indeed, it would seem as if the school to which this writer belongs, regard Gregory much more in the light of a model to imitate, than as an example, by whose evil deeds and evil fortunes they should feel warned against his principles and designs. The Oxford party, no less than the Roman pontiff, had to complain of wrong and contumely inflicted on the church: they too felt an earnest and an elevating desire to deliver a sacred ministration from an oppression which profaned it: they felt, therefore, esteem and respect for exertions which they could ascribe to virtuous motives; but they should beware of imitating them. Even were we to "waive the quantum of the sin," we should warn against its consequences. Much evil would be sure to follow; and unless they who had recourse to it succeeded in reducing the mind of England, indeed of Europe, to the condition in which it was at the time of the first crusade, the looked-for good would escape them.

But it is unnecessary to warn the authors of "Tracts for the Times" against an imitation in which their dispositions and principles render it impossible that they could persevere. The success of Romanism in her great enterprises was owing not less to her crimes than to her wisdom and steadfastness of purpose. Would Mr. Pusey or Mr. Newman consent to accomplish any design by letting loose the passions which Rome unchained, or advocating the principles which, when it served her interests, she consecrated? Would they put down dissent by the racks and dungeons of the inquisition? Would they hunt out prayer meetings with fire and sword? Would they oppose to the unwise edicts of the legislature—to what they felt, or thought to be, an injurious exercise of the royal will—the arts and arms to which Romanism had recourse when she declared the allegiance of subjects forfeited, their sworn engagements annulled, and treason to their sovereign the duty which God most imperatively enjoined? Upon such iniquities as these, the aims of Romanism frequently constrained her to place reliance. We do not fear that Englishmen, of upright lives, will imitate her in the commission of them.

It may be, however, that, without the remotest intention of walking in

the guilty ways of the Roman church, good men shall desire to profit by the light of her worldly wisdom. Principles of church government, such as would be thought unexceptionable at the court of Gregory VII. or Innocent III., may now be associated with opinions, not only such as moderate men might approve, but such as would win favour in the most liberal democracy. A little before the Oxford movement in England, La Mennais arose in France. Here amongst us, the war proclaimed by the then provisional government of the Whigs, against the church, called forth a high resolution to meet it. In France, something like a war was alleged by La Mennais to justify his bold propositions. The government of Louis XVIII. had slighted the church; that of Charles X. was incapable to do it honour. From the government of Louis Philippe there was little favour to be expected. La Mennais resolved upon an appeal to the people. To render his appeal effectual, he seasoned ecclesiastical domination with political liberalism. In things spiritual, the world was to know but one will, that of the pope; in politics, thought and speech were to be wholly unrestrained. Even in religious matters, there was to be freedom: the doctrine should be earnestly inculcated that there was no truth but that which the pope approved; yet if men of perverse or intractable judgment could not, or would not, be convinced, they were to be suffered to retain the error, as they could not be persuaded to abandon it. By such appliances, La Mennais hoped he could unite *the people* of all Christian countries throughout Europe into a great confederation, of which Roman Catholic priests would be the directors, the pope the chief, and monarchs and aristocracies the recognised enemies. La Mennais has been, so far as papal power extends, put down by the pope; not because he would set the church in hostile array against the secular power, but because he would recognise the right of conscience, and the freedom of the press, and guarantee them to all individuals and communities. *The principles of La Mennais have not been put down*, but are even now active and effectual, extending in all directions through the Roman Catholic priesthood, and, without casting out the immitigable intolerance of their religion, imparting to

it a less menacing and repulsive appearance. But we would warn the Oxford party that they do not suffer a fair face to deceive them. The smoothness of the ocean is not more deceptive. He who sits on the lofty throne of the papacy, can at any moment ruffle the still surface of Romanism, and agitate its depths into a tempestuous fury.

“*Heu quoties fidem  
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera  
Nigris æquora ventis  
Emerabitur insolens,  
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem  
Sperat, nescius auræ  
Fallacis !*”

There is a peculiarity in the character of Romanism for which too little allowance is made, and without a due remembrance of which the history of that system cannot be studied with advantage. A conscience, it is said, forms no part of the constitution of any public body. Corporations are insensible to remorse and shame. There is a sense in which this may be true, but nature provides against the evil effects of it. The individuals of whom the corporation consists are not destitute of conscience; their sense of responsibility and wrong, their feelings of compunction, will serve as a light to the system, which otherwise would be a moral monster. Romanism is not thus provided. Without a conscience herself, it is her grand principle that individual conscientiousness shall be cauterized. Her interest is the great object upon which all her members must set their hearts—accounting nothing right which can prove injurious to it—nothing wrong by which it can be promoted. In such a system, it is very unsafe for any but those who understand its vices to seek instruction.

We view, therefore, with some alarm the too great confidence with which the authors of the “*Tracts for the Times*” look towards Romanism as an instructor or an ally. They seem to us somewhat in the condition of those attendants upon Hildebrand, who, in spite of many warnings and much good advice, ventured to read in their master's books. Hildebrand was, it may be remembered, although Mr. Bowden does not insist upon it, a necromancer of more than ordinary power and reputation. He was seldom with-

out his books of mystery; but regretted, once, their absence when mighty works were to be performed. According to the necessities upon which the story is based, there was no resource but that of sending for the forgotten volumes, and this momentous commission was entrusted to two favoured youths, who departed from the presence of their sage preceptor, fortified with many earnest recommendations to hold their curiosity under check, and the books of the great magician under the moral seal of fidelity and discretion. When the young messengers received the books, they forgot the instructions of their master—they forgot their own discretion and their faith: they opened the mystic pages, and gazed upon them with wonder, and without understanding. But there were others who understood. The heavens grew dark—the air was troubled—the earth was shaken—and terrible forms of angry spirits menaced the affrighted youths with the consequences which their precipitancy provoked. “*You have invoked us,*” was their menacing cry,—“*employ us.*” In their extremity of dread, the youths, as they fled to Gregory's protection, gave a command. It was—“*Destroy these walls*”—the walls of lofty Rome.

The order was obeyed;—the walls were prostrated; and because young men read, without understanding, the conjurer's books, “*the eternal city*” was reft of its necessary protection. It is in truth, a perilous thing for any not duly qualified to study the books of a magician: none but brethren of the art should dare to read in them. In the Oxford party, there are surely some, as recent incidents have proved, who are not conjurers. How earnestly it is to be desired, that if, in their reading of Hildebrand's books, they are affrighted and disturbed, they do not invert the order which their agitated predecessors gave, and employ the unholy spirits which they have raised, in building up again the fallen walls of Rome.

Whether any such walls, in a literal sense, existed in the times of which Mr. Bowden has written his interesting history, it is certain that, figuratively speaking, the walls of the Church of Rome were in a very dilapidated condition. The pontificate had attained too high an eminence of wealth, and splendour, and power, not to have become

an object of desire for its secular advantages. The consequence was, that for nearly two centuries popes were introduced into the Roman bishopric without any consideration of their competency to discharge the high duties of such an office. In the forcible language of Baronius, the popes of those days were monsters ;—profligate women or tyrants, without respect for God's law or man's interest, set up their accomplices or their creatures in authority over a church which was vexed with many storms. The complaints of Roman Catholic writers to this effect are well known: their argument, too, has acquired a deserved notoriety—that in which they prove the presence of Christ in his church, from the fact that it was not destroyed by the enormities of its chief pastors. Had Christ not been on board, (although it is confessed he was sleeping,) the ship must have sunk—"Dormiebat inquam qui ista non videre dissimulans, sineret sic fieri, dum non exurgeret vindex. Et quod deterius videbatur, deerant qui Dominum sic dormientem clamoribus excitarent discipuli, stertentibus omnibus. Cur non mersa? cur non vortice maris absorta? Quia Christus semper est inventus in illa.

\* \* \* Quia in ipsa, licet dormiens Christus erat." Such is the cardinal's argument. The church could not have supported the vices of its popes—the ship could not have outlived the storm, if Christ had not been within it. "Never," observes Southey,\* "was the *porporato* more unfortunate in a metaphor; for, in the age whereof he writes, his church was not assailed by any temporal enemies; and as for heretical opinions, there was not even a breath to break the dead and pestilential calm. The danger was wholly from the rioting and furious drunkenness of the crew. And when this cardinal applied to the papacy that promise which was made to the church of Christ, that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, had he no secret whisperings, no inward consciousness that from this quarter it had nothing to apprehend, for Satan is not divided against himself."

Such was the state of the church at the time when Hildebrand, who was in his maturer years to effect so mighty

changes, and with whose name and enterprises the world was to be filled and agitated, had his birth in a little village in Tuscany, of parents among the lowliest in condition.

"The date," writes Mr. Bowden, "of his birth is unrecorded; but from the indications afforded by different passages of his history, it would seem probable that that event took place between the years 1010 and 1020. Nor is it quite clear either where he first saw the light or from what parents he derived his origin. But the most probable account of these points seems to be that which designates as his birth-place the town of Soano, on the southern borders of Tuscany, and which ascribes to his father the name of Benigo, and the humble occupation of a carpenter. And, even if this statement should be, in its detail, inaccurate, we seem to have no good grounds for doubting that the main impression which it conveys is correct, and that the parentage of Hildebrand was mean and undistinguished; though some of his historians, ashamed of this meanness of extraction, have endeavoured to connect him with the noble family of Aldobrandini. He was soon, however, removed from the paternal roof, to a fitter scene of preparation for the toils and duties which awaited him. An uncle filled, during the period of his childhood, the situation of abbot of the monastery of St. Mary, on the Aventine Hill, at Rome; a relative, who may probably be identified with Laurence, the Archbishop of Amalfi, already mentioned, unquestionably a patron and preceptor of Hildebrand; and, under the auspices of this person, he received an education in the bosom of that church, which he was destined to defend so conspicuously, rapidly acquiring a knowledge of what were then styled the liberal sciences, and exhibiting from his earliest years the rudiments of that devotional temperament which in after life so strikingly characterized him. He was, says one of his annalists, a monk from his boyhood; his life, from its very commencement was one of abstinence, mortification, and self-command.

"Arrived at man's estate, he undertook a journey across the Alps. Disgusted with the general laxity of manners which, during the dark period of which we have been treating, prevailed at Rome, he perhaps wished to perfect his habits of discipline, by association with purer and stricter fraternities than those with which he was familiar; for we find that he fixed his residence for

\* *Vindiciæ Ecc. Ang.*, p. 389.

some time in the celebrated and powerful monastery of Cluni, in Burgundy, a spot in which the monastic system is described, by writers of the day, as existing in a state of the fullest perfection. Here, with all the ardour of a youthful and energetic spirit, he embraced the ascetic habits of the place, and, at the same time, endeavoured to complete the culture of his mind, by a diligent application to all those branches of study for which that celebrated monastery afforded opportunity; establishing for himself, by these means, a reputation which drew on him the eyes of the whole community, and caused the abbot, Odilo, to apply to him the words of the angelic prophecy, concerning the Baptist—"He shall be great in the sight of the Lord."—Vol. i. pp. 126, 127.

Other writers of Gregory's life make mention of an earlier and a still more remarkable prediction, delivered when he was a child, yet uninstructed in the first rudiments of learning, and playing at his father's feet in his workshop. His amusement was to dispose the chips that lay around him into such forms as pleased his childish fancy; and to the amazement of some who drew near, and who had acquired the art of reading, it was found that the marvellous child had predicted his future greatness, by tracing out distinctly, yet without the knowledge of a single letter, the expression of the psalmist—"His dominion shall be also from the one sea unto the other, and from the flood unto the world's end."

Mr. Bowden does not appear to regard little illuminations such as these, with which early historians relieved the heaviness of their narratives, as deserving of a place in his grave and well-digested history; and yet it might not be altogether unworthy of a wise man's attention to notice them. All false and groundless rumours are not, properly speaking, idle. They exercise a strong influence on the society in which they are circulated, and may often further the interests or ambitions they are designed to serve no less than if they were true. To some extent a life of Gregory, expurgated of the marvellous, is like a Roman Catholic church without its imagery. It may be a less objectionable, if not a better thing; but its effect upon superstitious minds and affections has become less intelligible. We could, therefore, wish that Mr.

Bowden had interspersed his work with more frequent notices of the miracles which were in old times regarded as indispensable ornaments of a saintly life. Even now there are numbers whom a purely rational history of Gregory must disappoint. The saint without his miracles would be to them as the chief without his tail to a Scottish clansman. Some little deference ought to be paid to this very general tendency; and Gregory and his times would be more faithfully depicted by an occasional notice of those marvel-exciting legends, without which, in former days, every narrative was thought defective. ✓

When Hildebrand had arrived at man's estate, there appear to have been two plans of reformation for the church entertained by parties who were soon to divide the power of the world between them. The emperor, then Henry III., earnestly desired to deliver the papacy from an oppression by which it was dishonoured, and to reform also the episcopacy and priesthood. This good design, he very naturally thought, could be most effectually carried into execution by releasing the whole order, sacerdotal and episcopal, from all dependance, except the dependance on himself. No inferior prince, no popular assembly, was to exercise control over them. His own power was to be supreme; and as it was—for so he designed—to be exercised always for the good of religion and the church, he felt a conviction that the reformation he proposed would be effectual.

A party, a growing party, among the clergy meditated a reformation of a different kind. They felt the evils of dependance still more painfully than it was possible for one to feel them on whom they did not immediately press. All the wrongs and contumelies—all the vice and crime—by which barbarous multitudes or semi-barbarous chiefs dishonoured the church and its ministers, were present to their minds, and necessarily urged upon them the duty and the desire of effecting their deliverance. But the emancipation they sought must be total—not from subaltern authorities only, but from the highest. They must be released from dependance on the emperor. It was in this particular the designs of the reformers among the clergy differed from those of the great secular re-



former. Henry would gladly see bishops and priests rendered independent of secular tribunals and considered amenable to the pope alone, provided the pope were truly subordinate to him: the clerical reformers would place themselves in submission to the pope, but felt that unless their chief were wholly exempted from the imperial jurisdiction, their immunities must ever be insecure—the pope might at any time be converted into a delegate for the emperor.

This party had acquired a settled consistence, its plans and purposes had assumed a definite outline, when Gregory appeared, endowed with qualities to render them practicable. Before, however, his activities commenced, preparations had been made for his success. The principles upon which the ecclesiastical system of reform was based had been propagated with so much success that they were, it might be said, universally regarded as principles of true religion. The clergy had pre-occupied the minds of the people. Considerable obscurity lies upon the origin of the celebrated Decretals, but none on their character and consequences. They were, it is now known, scandalously false, but in the day when they appeared all but the parties engaged in the fabrication of them thought them true. False and absurd as they were, they diffused throughout the whole church a persuasion that the authority of the pope was paramount on earth, that secular princes were amenable to his judgment, that with him alone it rested to determine in the last instance all causes in which interests or persons ecclesiastical were concerned, and that he himself could not be judged by any human authority. Such were the principles which, according to the forged Decretals, were the doctrines of the ancient church—such were the principles which the reforming party among the clergy desired to restore; and thus, when the contest between the papacy and the empire commenced, the minds of men had been won over to regard the pope as a party striving to re-establish sound doctrine and pure discipline in their original authority, and the emperor as one who contended to maintain the power which in dark and perilous times secular princes had usurped over and against the church of Christ. Let it be no occasion for surprise that the

policy of Romanism had this success. The same policy has been pursued to this day, and has rarely been defeated: it may not always have worn the same aspect or put forward the same pretensions; it may sometimes have disclaimed the principles upon which, when circumstances favoured them, it insisted; it may have been equally regardless of truth in the disavowal as in the assertion; but its policy has ever been the same in principle, namely, *to engage opinion in its interests*.

This policy has been carried out by Romanism with a steadiness and a prudence against which, in a variety of instances, secular authorities have found it useless to contend. Indeed political sagacity has scarcely ever been provident in its apprehension of the evils which may arise from the peculiarities of religious doctrine and practice. When priests infuse superstition into the hearts of a people, or avail themselves of the superstition which nature has planted there, states and princes have thought themselves unconcerned; nay, even subtle statesmen have held that it is well to have minds occupied in such innocent follies, rather than left vacant for thoughts or counsels which might change superstitious worshippers into factious or discontented subjects. And under this impression lauded politicians have abandoned the masses of mankind to be trained, at the will of a crafty priesthood, in the belief and the practice by which the priestly ascendancy was confirmed.

But why say a crafty priesthood? If generosity of purpose be held compatible with the secular policy which abandoned the human mind to the evils and hazards of superstitious teaching, why may not those who administered such instruction be accounted equally generous? On all sides God and his truth were, if not wholly forgotten, indistinctly remembered. Princes and peers wished to retain their feudal authority over multitudes, whose persons they would retain in a state of servitude, and for whose minds they took no care. Priests and popes seized upon this unguarded and neglected region of humanity as their peculiar portion; they occupied the fastnesses of thought and will, and having conquered and mastered the more exalted part of man's being, why may they not have been able to say that their desire was to do good—

to liberate mankind from an oppressive and debasing thralldom, and to reduce the empire of brute force under the purer sway of a moral and religious ascendancy? The ecclesiastical pretext looks as fair as the secular: it had the advantage of being more effectual. Temporal princes, while they could command the physical force of their retainers, subjects, and dependants, gave up mind, as a possession for which they cared not, to the priests; the priests availed themselves of the surrender, and in due time made it apparent that if the body and the physical force are not always at the disposal of him who governs the springs of thought—who has fashioned the moral principle—they are his, at least, to a degree in which the divided empire proves eminently disastrous to all civil and social interests. Such was the result in former days, such it will continue to be while the policy of Hildebrand directs the Church of Rome, and the politics of temporal governments are the same in principle with the system by which the papacy has ever been inadequately opposed.

The first appearance of Hildebrand in what may be termed a political capacity was at a crisis very momentous to the interests of the church. The crying evil of four rival pontiffs, with all the crimes and vices which followed in its train, compelled the interference of Henry III. who effected the deposition of three of these pretenders, while the fourth, Gregory VI. divested himself of the papal dignity. The two succeeding pontiffs, chosen by Henry, occupied the papacy for but a very brief period. On the demise of the second, Damasus, Bruno was compelled to accept the office of pope. It was on this occasion the genius of Hildebrand became for the first time memorably conspicuous. The emperor had taken to himself the right to name the pope, without reference to the will or voice of the Roman clergy or people. He had exercised this right in the appointment of three pontiffs in succession, and so far from feeling or fearing any opposition to his continued exercise of it, was encouraged by the entreaties of those who seemed most interested, imploring that he would protect them against the perils and troubles of unworthy claimants or competitors, by nominating to the papal see. A little longer acquiescence in this mode of

appointment would have confirmed the usage. To name the pope would have appertained to the imperial prerogative, and all hope of winning independence for the church would have been for ever precluded. On the other hand, to attempt a direct opposition to Henry would have been madness: the character and the power of the emperor alike forbade any such extravagance. How Hildebrand acted in this difficulty shall be related in Mr. Bowden's words:—

“The time had now arrived in which Hildebrand was destined to connect himself more closely than he had yet done with the leading transactions of his time, and to take his first overt step toward the practical realization of that theory to which he and those who thought with him so ardently clung. Bruno knew and respected his zeal and his ability, and as he happened to be at Worms during the session of the council, the newly-chosen pontiff sent for him, and requested him to be the companion of his intended journey to Rome. ‘I cannot,’ said Hildebrand, ‘accompany you;’ and when pressed to declare the reason of this probably unexpected refusal, he said, ‘Because you go to occupy the government of the Roman church, not in virtue of a regular and canonical institution to it, but as appointed to it by secular and kingly power.’ This led to a discussion, in which Bruno, gentle and candid by nature, and already, perhaps, inclined in his heart to favour the principles which Hildebrand now advocated before him, permitted himself to be convinced that the legitimate electors to the see of St. Peter were the Roman clergy and the people; and he prepared to shape his course accordingly. Returning to Toul, to make the necessary preparations and to take a farewell of his diocese, he set out thence in a style very different from that which had usually been adopted by the nominees of Teutonic sovereigns in their inaugural journeys to the papal city. Instead of the rich pontifical attire which they were wont from the day of their nomination to assume, he clothed himself with the simple habit of a pilgrim: thus publicly testifying to the world, that, notwithstanding the act of the German Henry and his council, he considered that his real election was yet to come. Leaving Toul on the third day from the festival of Christmas, he halted on his way at the monastery of Cluni, and from thence, if not from Toul itself, was accompanied by Hildebrand in his unostentatious progress to the papal city. At that city, barefooted, and clad in the humble guise which he



had thus assumed, Bruno arrived in the early part of February, 1049; and as he found the clergy and people assembled and uttering hymns of thanksgiving and shouts of joy in honour of his arrival, he at once addressed them; and having announced to them the mode of his election in Germany, entreated them fully and fairly to declare their sentiments on the subject. Their election, he said, was of paramount authority to every other: and if what had been done beyond the Alps did not meet with their general approval, he was ready to return, a pilgrim as he had come, and to shake off the burden of a responsibility which he had only upon compulsion undertaken. His discourse was responded to by an unanimous shout of approval; and Bruno, installed without delay in his high office, assumed thenceforward the name of Leo IX."—Vol. i. p. 137, &c.

From the day in which Leo IX. ascended the papal throne, indeed from a much earlier date, Hildebrand was the director of every measure of importance which the interests or necessities of the church demanded. Thus, the unity of purpose discernible in the policy of several pontiffs, in succession, is easily accounted for. Whoever gave the act a name, Hildebrand was the author or adviser of it. Leo, for his services to the church, and, no doubt, for the precedent more especially set in his election, has been canonized. He exerted himself, it is said, and not without effect, to eradicate the evil of simony, and to introduce among the clergy purity of morals. Nor were his exertions confined to ecclesiastics alone. He learned that the church had need of military support, and was happy enough to procure the services of soldiers.

Leo was, as an old writer naively observes, eminently successful in his conflicts, when he contended *against vice*; but failed of his usual good fortune *when he had to encounter the Normans*. These hardy warriors had expelled the Saracens from the kingdom of Naples, but they were, themselves, by no means agreeable neighbours. Leo IX. was rash or bold enough to enter into war with them. He was defeated, and made prisoner. Having failed in arms, the court of Rome devised measures more effectual; and we soon after find Robert Guiscard, the Norman, taking, as Duke of Apulia, an oath of feudal service to Pope Nicholas II. Thence-

forth the Normans were found useful allies, in the conflict which the papacy sustained against the empire. We are indebted to Mr. Bowden for a recital of the agreement entered into between the two contracting parties, and for the terms of the oath, by which Robert bound himself in feudal subjection to the papacy:—

"The pope consented to grant, and Robert to hold, all conquests which the latter had previously made, or should thenceforward make, in Italy; together with all such territories in Sicily as he might be able to wrest from the Saracen arms, as fiefs, under the paramount lordship of the holy see; and under the annual tribute of twelve pence, of Pavia, for every couple of oxen in the Norman chief's dominions. In token of this arrangement, Guiscard received from the hands of Nicholas a consecrated banner, and pledged himself as follows:—

"I, Robert, by the grace of God and of St. Peter, Duke of Apulia and Calabria, and by the like grace, hereafter of Sicily, will, from this hour, be a true vassal to the holy Church of Rome, and to thee, Pope Nicholas, my lord. In the counsel or in the act whereby thy life or liberty shall be endangered, will I not share; the secret which thou shalt have confided to my keeping, I will never, knowingly, reveal to thy hurt; I will steadfastly assist the Roman Catholic Church in the protection and extension of the royalties and possessions of St. Peter, to the best of my power against all men; and I will support thee in the safe and honourable possession of the Roman papacy, of its territory, and of its privileges. No future expedition or acquisition will I make without the consent of thee or of thy successors. All churches in my dominions I put, with their possessions, into thy power, and I will consider the defence of them an obligation resulting from my fealty to the Church of Rome. And shouldest thou, or any of thy successors, depart this life before me, I, under the direction of the better-disposed cardinals, the clergy, and the people of Rome, will do my best to secure the election and ordination of a pontiff to the power of St. Peter.'"—Vol. i.

The obligations incurred by this oath were not indeterminate. Neither were they of a purely spiritual character. The history of the times, if there could have been any doubt as to their extent, removes it. Robert Guiscard bound himself by this oath

to render military service to the pope, —a service which Nicholas immediately required of him, and employed in taking vengeance of the Tusculan counts, dismantling their fortresses, and reducing them under the dominion of the Roman see. Such services, of which the oath taken by Guiscard was the measure and the promise, the papacy, having learned by defeat to value the Norman power, purchased at a high price—the surrender of Calabria and Apulia, of which these daring warriors had already acquired possession—the dukedom of Sicily, which they purposed to conquer. In return for all these temporal grants Robert Guiscard bound himself by the oath which has been recited. *An oath of precisely the same character, only more stringent in its professions, more minute in its specification of duties, the Roman pontiff now exacts from every bishop in his church.* The Norman was largely recompensed for swearing such an oath. He was amenable to no superior whose rights it interfered with. Twenty-seven persons in Ireland, who call the Roman Catholics of this country *their subjects*, nine in England—all claiming the privileges of British citizens, the protection of British law, drawing ample revenues from the British people—take this oath of feudal obedience to the pope. England knows that they take it; she knows, further, that the oath constitutes a part of the religion of the Church of Rome. What recompense has she from Rome, except the disgrace, for not protecting so many of her subjects against it? But, we must not wander from our subject.

The time was approaching when the papacy might avow its ambitious purposes, and contend with the secular power for universal empire. Henry III. died in 1056, leaving the young Henry, his heir, then six years old, under the guardianship of his mother, Agnes. In the succession of German emperors, none perhaps had attained and held authority so ample as Henry III. But the very ascendancy to which he had exalted himself above the nobles of the country, proved injurious to his successor. The seemingly unprotected state of the young prince encouraged designs against him; and it would seem, that in the first year after his father's death, the princes of

Saxony are said to have entered into a conspiracy against him. Agnes, however, mother of the young prince, appears competent to the trust reposed in her. She was a woman of firmness and ability, and, in the name of her son, Henry IV., for six years held with no feeble hand the reins of empire. The perfidy and outrage by which her administration was then brought to a close; and the mother was robbed of her son, shall be related by Mr. Bowden:—

“Foremost among the murmurers were Hanno, Archbishop of Cologne, and Siegfried, Archbishop of Mentz; both, probably, indignant at seeing an influence superior to their own, enjoyed by a prelate of inferior dignity. These conferred with Count Ecbert, the king's cousin, on the necessity of finding some remedy for the existing grievances; and the count readily expressed his concurrence in their sentiments. Nor was Otho, the new Duke of Bavaria, found reluctant, for the sake of humbling the obnoxious bishop, to conspire against the authority of her who had recently honoured him with such a distinguished mark of her favour. The tenure by which Agnes held the reins of power was simply the guardianship and tutelage of her son, in whose name the government had, in point of form, been carried on from the period of his father's death. The conspirators resolved, therefore, by a bold stroke, to make themselves masters of the youthful Henry's person, and with that, of the substantial power of the state. The king, it was known, was to proceed along the Rhine, with his mother and court, *on his way to keep the approaching feast of Pentecost, 1062, at Nimeguen.* In anticipation of this journey, Hanno prepared a vessel which, while well adapted for speed, was most magnificently adorned with gilding, with carved work, with tapestry—with all, in short, which could dazzle or attract the eye of a beholder. And it was contrived that, while Henry was reposing, with his court, in a spot which was then an island on the Rhine, dedicated to Saint Leutbert,—but which now, the river having altered its course, forms the site of the town of Kaiserwerth,—the bark should be brought to the shore. At the royal table, amid the gaiety of a sumptuous banquet, the archbishop, casually, as it were, alluded to the magnificence of this extraordinary galley, and so excited the curiosity of the youthful sovereign that he determined on immediately inspecting it. He proceeded, herefore, accompanied by Hanno and

the other confederates, to the place where it lay; but scarcely had he stepped on board, when strong and active rowers, who had been selected and instructed for the purpose, sprang to their benches and rowed against the stream to Cologne, with a rapidity which prevented the possibility of successful pursuit. The king was, for a few moments, lulled by the false excuses of the confederates, and imagined that the scheme was a matter of sport; but soon perceiving that they were earnest in the purpose of carrying him away, he imagined that they intended his destruction, and, as his only chance of escape, he leaped into the Rhine, and disappeared for a moment beneath its waters. The intrepid Count Ecbert, however, plunged in after him, and soon brought him back to the vessel. And now, soothed by the solemn assurances of his captors that no mischief was intended him, and aware of the inutility of any further attempt to escape, Henry submitted silently to his fate, and was borne with all speed to Cologne, while the cries and execrations of the indignant people resounded along the shore."—Vol. i. p. 227.

By this flagitious outrage the traitor bishops brought the young prince under their toils. Agnes, it would appear, soon withdrew from the world; and the men who had made their prince captive directed the affairs of state at their pleasure. The church had now acquired the guardianship, and was free to order the education, of the future monarch. It had been a topic of popular clamour against Agnes, that she was not wise in her choice of preceptors for the young prince. All such errors, it was pretended, would be rectified, when the cares of education were undertaken by prelates of the church. The pretence, as may be supposed, was hollow. The perfidy by which these refractory bishops accomplished their object of separating the prince from his natural guardian was not baser than the use they made of their advantage. They did not desire that their young captive should be well instructed. Had they desired it, their own evil habits and example would have defeated their design.

"The confederate princes," writes Mr. Bowden, "who had snatched the young Henry from the hands of his mother, had made it a charge against her, that she was neglecting to prepare her son, by a suitable education, for the high sta-

tion which he was destined to fill. But, just or otherwise as this accusation, considered in itself, may have been, they soon showed that, in their mouths, it was but a pretence, a specious grievance, brought forward to screen the selfish motives which, in reality, governed their proceeding. The ambitious feudatories of the crown were, in truth, by no means anxious to hasten the period of Henry's fitness to take upon himself the charge of the empire, and preferred a course which promised them a longer career of unrestrained and licentious power. They excluded Henry from all participation in the business of the state; they surrounded him with their creatures and dependents, and permitted no other person to approach him without their special permission; they encouraged him in an unrestrained indulgence in field sports, in the pursuit of all youthful pastimes and pleasures; and they neglected not only the inculcation of the elements of necessary knowledge, but also that which is of much greater importance, that moral culture of the mind and principles, which is, in truth, the one great business of education.

"How much of the misfortune and misery of Henry's future life may we not trace to the unprincipled conduct of his guardians? Nay, how large a portion of the misery of many succeeding generations may we not ascribe to those to whom it was owing, that the head of the imperial house, at this critical period of the world's history, grew up to man's estate with a mind uncultivated, with passions uncontrolled, and with faculties unstrengthened by discipline to cope with or to master the difficulties which he was doomed to encounter.

"But, had the prelates by whom Henry was more especially surrounded, shown much more anxiety than they did for the instruction and moral improvement of their illustrious pupil, their own manners were such as could by no means inspire him with that reverence towards his instructors, without which the principal part of the work of education must ever be attempted in vain. Their rapacity exhibited itself in the shameless way in which they, as if in emulation of each other, extorted from the crown the grant of lands, manors, farms, and forests, to the manifest diminution of the royal dignity, as well as in the unjust annexation of the property of religious communities which were unable to resist them, to the territory of their sees. Nor in pride, or in the fierceness with which they resisted all real or imagined insults—inconsistent as such qualities are with the sacerdotal character—were the spi-

ritual fathers of Germany a whit inferior to the imperious secular nobles with whom they associated. At the commencement of vespers, before the king and court at Goslar, at the solemn season of Christmas, 1062, a dispute arose between the servants of the bishop of Hildesheim and those of the abbot of Fulda, with regard to the position of the seats of their respective masters. The abbot, by ancient usage, was entitled to sit next to the metropolitan; but the bishop, indignant that any should take this place within his own diocese in preference to himself, had commanded his domestics to place the chairs accordingly. The dispute soon led to blows, and, but for the interference of Otho of Bavaria, would have terminated in bloodshed. This noble asserted the rights of the abbot, and the bishop was consequently foiled. He looked forward, however, to a renewal of the contest under more favourable auspices; and at the feast of Pentecost following, previously to the entrance of the king and the prelates into the church, he secreted behind the high altar, Count Ecbert and some well-armed soldiers. As the contending prelates proceeded to their seats, the affray between the servants began again; when the count, suddenly springing from his ambush, rushed with his followers upon the astonished men of Fulda, and drove them, with blows and menaces, from the church. But they, too, had made preparations for a violent struggle, and had friends and arms at hand. In a body they rushed once more into the sacred building, and engaged their enemies with swords in the midst of the choir, confusedly mingling with the choristers. 'Fiercely was the combat waged: throughout the church,' says Lambert of Archefferburgh, 'resounded, instead of hymns and spiritual songs, the shouts of the combatants, and the screams of the dying; ill-omened victims were slaughtered upon the altar of God; while through the building ran rivers of blood, poured forth, not by the legal religion of other days, but by the mutual cruelty of enemies.' The bishop of Hildesheim, rushing to a pulpit or some other conspicuous position, exhorted his followers, according to the same writer, as with the sound of a trumpet, to perseverance in the fray; and encouraged them *by his authority, and by the promise of absolution, to disregard the sanctity of the place.* The young monarch called in vain on his subjects to reverence the royal dignity; all ears were deaf to his vociferated commands and entreaties; and at length urged by those around him to consult his own safety, he escaped with difficulty from the thickening tumult, and

made his way to the palace. The men of Fulda, by the efforts of Count Ecbert, were at length repulsed, and the doors of the church closed against them; upon which, ranging themselves before the building, they prepared to assail their enemies again, as soon as they should issue from it; and there remained, until the approach of night induced them to retire."—Vol. i. p. 234.

Such was the education for which Henry IV. was indebted to the Church of Rome. Such was the manner in which that church fulfilled its promise to his dying father. It honoured or lauded that father's memory with a legend of the deliverance of his soul from demons—a legend which told of evil spirits assembled in throngs, although unseen, around him on the night of his decease—of the charges they brought against him as a usurper of power over the church, and of the majesty and might with which St. Lawrence, whose worship he had assiduously cultivated, scattered the hideous spectres, and (in those days such a city of refuge as purgatory had not had its place duly assigned to it in the geography of the spiritual world,) conducted the monarch's soul to heaven. His son was left in the custody of demons, and Rome effected no miracle in his favour, except that of not ruining him by the demoralizing instructions and more pernicious example to which he was abandoned.

When Hildebrand was elevated to the papacy, Henry, with whom he was soon to be committed in a long and calamitous struggle, had delivered himself from the control of his perfidious captors, was in the twenty-third or twenty-fourth year of his age, and had already given proofs, that, whatever the effects might have been of the education by which it was hoped to enslave him, he had come forth from it with a commanding spirit, with much vigour of body and mind, and with the military genius which signalled itself in his life of many vicissitudes, by the gaining of sixty-six battles. Hildebrand, it is plain, had no peaceful prospect before him in the conflict which he foresaw must be sustained against such a man. Mr. Bowden's account of the manner of his elevation to the papacy is exceedingly graphic. It was truly an election by acclamation—people, priests, and cardinals, all uniting to overcome the



reluctance of the individual on whom their choice had fallen. But, inspiriting as such an attestation to the merit of an individual must have been, it did not relieve Hildebrand from a depressing sense of the duties for which he had become responsible.

"The event of his election, unexpected as, at the moment, it unquestionably was, seems to have overwhelmed for a while even his intrepid spirit. In letters written from the court, in which, exhausted in mind and body, he passed the following day, he speaks of it in terms of terror, and, using the poetical language of the Psalms, exclaims, 'I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying; my throat is dried. Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me.' And he concludes by anxiously imploring the intercession of his friends with heaven, on his behalf; expressing a hope, that their prayers, though they had not sufficed to prevent his being called to that post of danger, might yet avail to defend him when placed there."—Vol. i. page 318.

Gregory's anxiety was not of the kind which could deprive him of presence of mind, or rather, his character was not such as to give fear the mastery over him. He saw plainly that if he would enter into a conflict with Henry, he must choose a favourable time. He felt also, that to that monarch belonged, by usage and law, the right to confirm his election to the papacy. He felt, that in the career upon which he was about to enter, it might prove of fatal consequence to leave his title in any respect insecure; accordingly, with the same forecasting sagacity as he protected the forms of free election in the instance of Leo IX, by requiring that the voice of the Roman church should ratify the emperor's appointment, he now takes care that the imperial constitutions shall not be violated, but goes through the form (he knew it was no more than a form) of having his election confirmed by Henry.

"Gregory received therefore the imperial envoy with courtesy and deference. 'God,' he said, 'was his witness that he had by no practices of his own wrought

his elevation to the exalted station, which he had been called upon to fill. The Romans by their unsolicited election had forced upon him, as though by violence, the burden of the ecclesiastical government. But my consecration,' he continued, 'I have hitherto refused, awaiting the approval, by the king and his princes, of the election; and I shall still refuse it, until that approval be certified to me by an accredited messenger.' Satisfied with this answer, Count Eberhard returned to Germany, and Henry felt that his only course was, to confirm the election. Gregory, then bishop of Vercelli and imperial chancellor of Italy, appeared accordingly as the sovereign's accredited representative at Rome. And the pontiff elect, having been admitted to priest's orders during the week of Pentecost, was consecrated in that prelate's presence, on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, with all the rites and ceremonies from time immemorial observed on such occasions."—Vol. i. 316.

Gregory was the last pope who ever needed the confirmation of his title by an earthly sovereign.

In our next number we shall have to notice some incidents in the most memorable struggle of which human history bears a record—a struggle in which more blood was shed and fouler crimes committed, and more pernicious principles affirmed, than aggravated the horrors of any war to which human ambition has given rise—a struggle too in which, if lofty purposes could grace evil agencies, much would be found to merit high praise and honour. However we judge of the means she employed—means by which absence of physical strength was to be compensated—the church of Rome cannot be denied the praise of having maintained her cause with rare discretion, and with indomitable energy. Out of it she came with victory—her independence secured—her power enlarged—and (even where authority was denied) her influence sensibly felt. This power and influence, to a considerable extent, even at this day, she retains. How she acquired it, how it became a permanent possession, is a question of no ordinary interest. The history of the pontificate of Gregory VII. will throw much light upon it.

## PAULINE BUTLER.

## CHAPTER I.

IN an old-fashioned and venerable-looking mansion, in one of the most deserted streets of Toulouse, sat a young man, of some eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age. His figure was tall, his eye quick, and his whole air bespoke the soldier, as well as the dark and up-curved moustache that graced his upper lip. Beside him, on the sofa, a fair and lovely girl was seated, whose hands he held firmly clasped within his own. Both were silent and motionless, and evinced, in their attitude of breathless and anxious watching, a state of thrilling expectancy.

Suddenly a slight noise was heard, and then more distinctly the wheels of a carriage at a distance. At the sound they both started; and the young girl, suddenly disengaging her hands, rose and darted with one bound to the window, and looked out with a mingled expression of hope and joy, and even fear, upon her beautiful and girlish face.

In a moment after, the carriage, instead of approaching, seemed to take another direction, and all was again silent. The young girl, disappointed, returned to her seat, and, sighing deeply, said—

“I was again wrong—this was not the carriage we wished for, Ferdinand: your mother will not come: she does not wish to see me.”

He to whom those words were addressed smiled, and, kissing her forehead, while he endeavoured in vain to appear angry, said—

“Pauline, you are very silly.”

There was a moment's silence, and then she said—

“Well, Ferdinand, would you like me to tell you a secret? There are times I wish your mother would not come—I am afraid of her, dear Ferdinand.”

“Foolish child! have I not told you a hundred times of her goodness and indulgence?”

“Yes, for childish faults; but a marriage, Ferdinand, and a marriage without her consent.”

Vol. XX.—No. 116.

“But you forget she has forgiven, and is coming to us.”

“It is just that I cannot believe—that the proud, rich, haughty Marquise de Livry, whose son might have won the noblest in the land, should come to see me: *me* —”

“Hold your tongue, Pauline,” interrupted quickly the young man: “when my mother has seen you, she will approve of my choice, I am sure.”

“God grant it, Ferdinand. Your mother has such influence upon you, our whole happiness depends upon her opinion of me.”

“Saucy one, do you think I should love you less?”

“No, no! never speak of that; but, Ferdinand, read to me again your mother's last letter, sending her pardon, and promise, to come to us. I wish to hear it again, to be sure that it is quite true.”

“If you wish it, Pauline, we will read it together.”

So saying, M. de Livry opened his writing desk, and took out the precious letter; and, putting his arm round the neck of his young wife, began to read the following:—

“Baden, 15th July, 1838.

“MY DEAR FERDINAND—Both your letters, written in June, found me at Baden, where I have been obliged to come for my health, greatly impaired since the death of your father, and, shall I confess it? since I heard of your marriage.

“You speak of coming with your wife to ask my pardon. I am sure, my son, you are grieved at the sorrow you have caused me.—There are occasions, however, wherein the fault you have committed—that of marrying a foreigner against the will of your family—however serious, would be *excusable*, particularly in the eyes of a mother.”

On reaching this part of the letter, Monsieur and Madame de Livry stopped involuntarily and exchanged a look—but how different the expression in that look! His was that of cold fear,



while hers was that of burning shame. After a moment, Ferdinand again began to read, and read alone—

“Do not come to Paris. You will not find me there; but expect me at Toulouse the 10th of August, at the latest, with best love to all *three*.”

“Your affectionate mother,

“MARQUISE DE LIVRY.”

“And this is the 10th of August,” said Ferdinand, “and my mother is always so punctual, I am sure she will be here soon.”

Then seeing that Pauline remained silent, while her eyes were full of tears, he pressed her in his arms, and said—

“Courage, my beloved. Remember my mother is ignorant of every thing; and very likely it is to that we owe her pardon; and do not forget that the Comtesse de Livry, innocent in the eyes of her husband, need not blush before any one.”

“How generous you are, and how good,” replied Pauline tenderly. “How can I ever prove my gratitude?”

“By loving me always.”

At this instant the cracking of whips, and the roll of wheels, announced the arrival of the long-expected Marquise de Livry at the house of her ancestors, where her son had been residing some months.

At this critical moment, Ferdinand, who until now had not experienced the extreme nervousness of his wife, felt his heart beat violently, and was obliged to stop repeatedly on his way down stairs to meet his mother, from the excess of his agitation.

The moment the Marquise saw her son, she threw herself into his arms, and for some moments was so overpowered by her feelings, she could not speak. At last she said—

“And Pauline, where is Pauline?”

At this moment she perceived her daughter-in-law kneeling beside her, and trying to take one of her hands to kiss it. The Marquise lifted her up, affectionately saying—

“Is this the way you receive your mother? Kiss me, my child.”

Poor Pauline, overcome by so much kindness, threw herself into her arms, and wept upon her bosom.

In less than an hour after, the three persons who have just been introduced to our readers, were seated quietly in

a small drawing-room. The Marquise was placed between her son and daughter-in-law, keeping her eyes constantly fixed on the latter, whose beauty seemed more fascinating every moment. She overwhelmed her with questions, and did not give her time to answer one question, until she asked another.

“Pauline,” said the old lady, “you are afraid of me—Ferdinand has told you that I am cross and proud. Naughty fellow! I am not astonished he has forgotten me: it is so long since he has seen me.”

“Do not say a word, dear mother,” said Ferdinand, hastily. “I know well that I have been sadly neglectful.”

“Ah!” replied his young wife, that was the very reason of my confusion when I saw you—knowing that I was the cause of this long separation.”

“Fear of your mother, my child! But to begin. My son, tell me how many days have you been with me since you left the army, and that was some years ago. They are easily reckoned. A month in 1834, fifteen days in 1835, and then you never could get away quick enough. I now know the reason; but to hide your marriage from me.”

As she said this, Ferdinand exchanged a rapid glance with Pauline, in which a close observer might have detected ill-concealed embarrassment; but recovering himself quickly, he replied with firmness—

“How could I tell you, my dear mother, without letting my father know too? and you know how strict he was always with me; and also his political prejudices were so strong, I could not venture to tell him that I, his only son, had married the daughter of an officer, in the service of one whom he called usurper.”

“You seem to have forgotten, my son, that right or wrong, I always agreed in my husband’s opinions; and people do not change at my age.”

“I do not forget, my dear mother; but you are a woman, and I know that the heart of a woman is all that is kind.”

“Very well said, indeed; but still I must tease you, for I am not half satisfied yet; and now that we are all together, you will both of you tell me all the particulars of this event; for from your letters, I could learn nothing but that you were married.”

This time, M. de Livry could not hide his displeasure; and, frowning angrily, he stammered out—

“Mother, if you will allow me, we shall talk of this another time. You have travelled a long way; you require rest—you must be tired!”

“Tired! not in the least, my dear,” replied the Marquise, gaily. “I came by short stages. I slept at Alby, and dined at Saint Sulpice; so I am ready to hear your romantic tale. It will make me quite young again. Is it long?”

“Oh, not in the least; and since you insist upon it——”

“Stop, stop; you have talked enough. It is now Pauline’s turn. How are we to become acquainted, if we never speak to each other? Begin, my child; I am listening to you.”

“Mother,” began Ferdinand, driven to his last resource, “you see Pauline is so timid.”

“The greater the reason to encourage her.—Come, my child, begin.”

Pauline looked at her husband; and upon a sign from him determined to speak.

“Madame la Marquise,” murmured she in a low voice, “you know——”

“I know nothing,” replied the inquisitive old lady.

The young girl, suppressing a deep sigh by an effort, thus began—

“M. de Livry has already told you that I am of low birth.—My father’s family were farmers of La Marche, in Lorraine. At eighteen he himself enlisted; but, alas! madame, it was to serve in a cause against which M. de Livry fought.—If it was wrong, in your opinion, do not blame me; I am innocent of it.”

“Do not think me so unjust,” said the Marquise gently.

“In 1814,” continued Pauline, “my father was a lieutenant-colonel, and an officer of the ‘legion d’honneur.’ He wished to leave the service, and obtained a small pension. 1815 arrived, and with 1815 came the emperor.—On learning the return of his benefactor, my father girded on his sword, and—I do not know how to tell you—he was one of the first to join Napoleon. What would you have him do? France was mad. Alas! the star of the great captain had set, and the life of the faithful soldier was lost on the same day. My father was killed

at Waterloo; my mother, bowed down with grief, soon followed him; and I, almost a baby, then obtained admission into the royal school of Saint Denis, through the interest of some of my father’s friends. I was there ten years—ten years that passed like a dream. I had friends—I was happy. When I left it I was alone in the world—alone. I am wrong: I had an aunt; but she was as poor as myself, and we were in the greatest poverty, when——”

At this part of her story a deep blush spread over her face, and she seemed overwhelmed by some painful recollection.

“Well,” cried the Marquise, with astonishment, “go on. When, you said.”

The Comte de Livry, who had followed with evident emotion every word his wife uttered, was pale and agitated; but when he perceived that Pauline had ceased to speak, he became red, and cried with impetuosity—

“You see, mother, I was right to tell you that Pauline was timid. At any rate, it was a most unhappy period in her life, and you can well imagine, the remembrance of it is most painful to her! Just then an old friend of her father’s spoke of her to the Duchess of L——, who required a governess for her daughters. Pauline was engaged, and in a little time after quitted France for England. Is it not so, Pauline?”

Pauline bowed her head, and muttered something quite unintelligible, but inwardly thanked her husband for inventing a falsehood for her, which she would not have dared to do for herself.

M. de Livry continued—

“It was at L—— House, where I was on a visit, that I first met her. You know, mother, that I should have left England to visit Germany and Italy; but do you blame me, now that I had lost all inclination to travel?—do you pardon me now for my marriage?”

“I forgive all,” said the Marquise, taking Pauline’s hand. “I only require my daughter-in-law to be distinguished by virtue: as for rank, you have enough for both; and now that all is explained, there is another person I must see.”

“Who?” stammered Monsieur and Madame de Livry at the same moment.

"Who but a most important personage; one whom I shall be delighted to style my grandson—in truth, I was remiss not to think of him before."

Ferdinand and Pauline threw down their eyes simultaneously.

"What, then, is he ill?" asked the Marquise, with an expression of doubt and anxiety.

"Oh no," said the Comte; "on the contrary he is perfectly well; but we do not keep him with us:" and as he saw the astonishment of his mother, he hastened to explain the reason, though with a hurried and uncertain manner.

"His health was for a long time uncertain, but, thank God, now quite re-established, owing to the measure taken—a measure that was absolutely necessary, for Pauline was killing herself with watching and uneasiness. Though apparently cruel, I sent him to a school about six miles from Toulouse."

"To school?" interrupted the Marquise; "a child of five years old!"

"He is young, to be sure," replied M. de Livry, red from confusion; "but at that school the air is excellent and the teachers good; and then his mother goes to see him every other day."

"Ferdinand," said the Marquise coldly, "I have but one thing to say to you—until the day you entered the military college, you had never quitted me."

At the moment the Comte was

about to reply, when the door opened, and there entered the room a young and pretty woman, beautifully, but rather showily dressed, who, on seeing Pauline, threw her arms round her neck, saying—

"Forgive me, forgive me, dear Pauline, for forcing my way in; but I was dying to see you once more. How lucky that I thought of stopping at Toulouse, on my return from the waters of Bagnères,—where I thought I should have died of *ennui*,—since it enables me to embrace you once more, my old and best 'camarade.'"

"Her old 'camarade,'" whispered the Marquise to her son, who, pale and motionless, seemed thunderstruck.—"What can this lady mean?"

"Mother," replied Ferdinand, in a voice scarcely audible, "I will explain it all by-and-by."

"Oh," replied La Marquise, "I know: this lady, without doubt, was educated at Saint Denis, with Pauline."

"Perhaps so—no—I do not know," stammered the unhappy Ferdinand.

"You do not know, my son; then you do not know this lady."

At this moment the stranger cried out—

"Ah, Monsieur the Comte de Livry, you look confused; and it is I after all should be angry at your not telling me of your marriage; but you know I am good natured: so I forgive you; and let us be friends—kiss me."

## CHAPTER II.

THE reader is no doubt curious to know who was this beautiful person who had arrived so unceremoniously at M. de Livry's. It would take us too long now to tell more than her name—the rest will follow in our narrative. We need only say she was called Madame de Melcourt—she was rich and a widow.

"Thank God," said Ferdinand to his wife the day after the arrival of his mother at Toulouse, "all has passed better than I had ventured to hope. My mother suspects nothing, and loves you with all her heart. At one moment I feared Madame de Melcourt would have betrayed us, and if I had not taken my mother out of the room she might have discovered all."

"What could I do, dear Ferdinand?" replied Pauline with gentleness; "the coldness of my welcome might have checked her; but you know she saw me at London at a period—a frightful period. You are as much interested in her silence as I am, and the only way to ensure it is to be civil to her; and after all she is good hearted, and I am sure would not willingly annoy me—she will not remain long here."

"The sooner she goes the better."

"She had heard in the town we were to have a few friends here this evening to meet your mother—do not be angry, love—I could not avoid asking her."

"And she will come?"

"Oh, Ferdinand, in what a manner

you ask that, as if it were my fault ;” and a tear came to her eye as she spoke—a tear, however, quickly dried, for at that moment the servant announced Madame de Melcourt. Ferdinand knowing it was impossible to conceal his vexation, bowed coldly and left the room.

“It would appear that I drive M. de Livry away,” said she, without disturbing herself.

“No, no,” replied Pauline, blushing deeply ; “he is, I am sure, gone to dress himself.”

“You think so ; so much the better, for I have just come over to consult you upon mine.”

“My dear Fanny, whatever you put on you are always pretty ; and do not forget that we are now in a province ; and at any rate I will tell every one that you are here but for a day on your way to Paris.”

“But you would be quite wrong.”

“Are you in earnest ?”

“Yes, my dear, I have decided to remain in Toulouse—it is a very pretty town, and I dare say not a bad place to get married.”

“What ! then you really think of marrying ?”

“Why, yes, Pauline ; I wish to follow your example. Since I saw you yesterday I have never thought of any thing but marriage. There is a young man in this town who was madly in love with me at Bagneres. ’Tis true I do not like him, but he is rich and I am not poor, and so we could buy a pretty chateau in the neighbourhood, where I could live like a princess, and how delightful to be near you, to see you every day—would it not be charming ? As to my lover he is not very bad—he is a little ridiculous to be sure, but I will make him get his hair cut, and go to poor M. de Melcourt’s tailor, and then he will make as good a husband as another,—why not better than another ? I am sure we shall be perfectly happy.”

“But this young man’s family, will they consent to your marriage ?”

“M. de Livry’s consented to yours.”

Pauline blushed and looked down ; while Madame de Melcourt added with a grand air—

“Because I sang the ‘*gavaudan* !’ Well, if I had married Lord Falmouth when he was going to India, I should be an English peeress now, and I could

go to court with an emblazoned carriage and powdered footmen. Laura, you remember Laura who sang so badly, she is a marquise ; Alida is a comtesse, and Celine is an ‘ambassadrice ;’ their elevation did not turn their heads, they remained just the same—no affectation, no pride—and still they were as grand, as rich, and as happy as you.”

“As happy,” said Pauline mournfully ; “I can easily believe it.”

“And are you not happy then ?—my poor Pauline, what is that you say ?”

“I say, that if it be the hope of being as happy as I am, makes you stay at Toulouse, it were better to go.”

“Ah, I see what you are afraid of—imprudence—discovery ; but who could be base enough to disturb M. de Livry’s happiness by telling him ?”

“M. de Livry has nothing to learn.”

“You have told him ?”

“Every thing.”

“After your marriage ?”

“No ! before it.”

“And after that——”

“Yes, after that—after my refusal, for God knows I did not wish to marry him—M. de Livry is the husband of——. I struggled against my love—against his, but when I saw that his affection resisted the confession the most humiliating—the most cruel a woman can make to a man she loves, I felt myself give way, and if I had not been a mother, I should never have been his wife—I should have been his mistress.”

“Unhappy Pauline !”

“I sacrificed myself, but it was to save him.”

“Oh, now I guess the cause of your unhappiness—this great love has cooled, and the fond lover is become the husband, and——, but it is not necessary to say more.”

“You are wrong, Fanny, quite wrong ; Ferdinand loves me as well as ever ; it is neither from change nor unkindness I suffer ; it is because I see him suffer—I cannot speak to any one without his being jealous, fearing that I had known them before I knew him, and you, Fanny, who knew me at London—you who could with one chance word, reveal all to his mother ! now you understand my fears, my terror : guess then what I dare not ask you, and act as you please.”

While Pauline was speaking Madame de Melcourt had become thoughtful—

a thing very unusual with her—and then said impatiently—

“Why did you not tell me sooner, my poor Pauline? I will do as you like.—You know well, though I am giddy and foolish, I am a sincere friend.”

“My good Fanny,” said Madame de Livry, tenderly pressing Madame de Melcourt’s hands, “I shall love you all my life.”

At this moment a servant came to tell Pauline that the Marquise had returned from her drive, and that her husband wished to speak to her. Madame de Melcourt rose to go.

“Adieu, dear Pauline,” said she, with a theatrical air; “adieu: I shall go and order post-horses for to-morrow, but I do not forget that I owe you my last evening, and for once I wish to pay my debts, though it is not my custom.”

Some minutes after Pauline went into the drawing-room, where she found La Marquise, Ferdinand, and a very small young man, dressed in the extreme of fashion; his name was Claude Dufour, but thinking Claude not sufficiently aristocratic, he took that of Clodion. The moment he saw Pauline he determined to make a conquest, and taking her hand familiarly, said—

“How do you do, my pretty cousin? What, not gone to dress yet—at seven o’clock. But then it is true,” added he, turning towards the Marquise, “when one is as pretty as Madame de Livry, it is superfluous—is it not so, aunt?”

“I think so,” said the old lady, “but still one must do as others do, and I think Pauline will just have time to dress.”

“Do you hear, pretty cousin,” said Clodion, with emphasis, “you must go.”

“I’m going,” said Pauline to the Marquise, who kissed her on the forehead as she went out.

“Happy Ferdinand,” said Clodion, with a sigh, as Pauline shut the door; “and I—— Ah,” said he, suddenly changing his manner, “you must think it very bad taste in me to come here at seven in the evening, but naturally I wished to see my aunt, and I have a favour to ask.”

“What is it?”

“That you will allow me to bring a stranger here this evening—a tra-

veller—a Spaniard, who has an introduction from one of my best friends. And, aunt, he will suit you admirably, for they tell me he is a person of high rank and a great partisan of Don Carlos.”

“My dear Clodion,” replied Ferdinand, “you know we see so few people here, and do not like to see strange faces.”

“But he is a very nice person.”

“His name?”

“M. de Fontenay.”

“His age?”

“A proper age—six and thirty.”

“What are his means?”

“His means—ah—I think he has a rich uncle, and expects every thing from him at his death. What ridiculous questions! But I have already invited him, and he is now waiting my return at my house—must I break my word?”

“If you have already promised I have nothing more to say.”

“I beg pardon, aunt, for talking so much of this stranger. I am so happy I returned from the waters just as you arrived here—it will distract me a little.”

“Ah,” interrupted M. de Livry, “I did not know you required it: what has happened you?”

“Unfortunately, I met at Bagneres a woman—oh, what a woman!—a French woman who sings like Grisi, and who has seen all the great capitals—London, and Petersburg, Berlin——”

“What a traveller,” said the Marquise; “and her name?”

“Oh, she is a great person, her name is Madame de Melcourt.”

“Melcourt!” repeated La Marquise; “is not that the name of Pauline’s friend who was here yesterday?”

“Melcourt!” repeated Ferdinand in a low voice, shuddering.

“Oh,” began Clodion, “I am the happiest of men. I left Bagneres because she was no longer there, and I find her here in the bosom of my family.”

“Gently, my dear Clodion,” said M. de Livry, coldly; “if you wish so much to see this lady, you can easily be satisfied—she comes here this evening.”

“This evening! is it possible? You are not deceiving me, Ferdinand. Oh, I shall lose my reason! But now that you know of my love for Madame de



Melcourt, I may as well tell you that I am determined to marry her if I can persuade her to have me—of which, as yet, I am not at all sure."

"Is it possible?" cried Ferdinand, with a movement of affright impossible to describe.

"Madame de Melcourt is then a widow?" said the Marquise.

"Certainly," replied Clodion. "She was married at an early age to a colonel who was killed in Africa: it is a very affecting story—she did not love him at all. Well, aunt, what do you think of my resolution to marry her."

"I think that if I were in your place I should not marry any one who could not bring me her first affections."

"But I tell you, aunt, she never did love the colonel."

"No matter, she has seen the world—her opinions are formed, and she is too old to change them if they do not agree with yours; and then you will be unhappy for the rest of your life."

"It's true," murmured M. de Livry,—"it's too true."

"Don't you think so, Ferdinand?" added the Marquise.

Ferdinand did not reply, for at that moment Pauline entered the room, looking more beautiful than ever, though dressed in a simple white muslin dress.

"This letter is for you, mamma," said she.

"Already," cried La Marquise, looking at the address. "I think I know the writing. It is from Madame de Lostanges, my dearest friend. You know her misfortune, Ferdinand."

"Yes, I think I heard something of it long ago—did she not lose her fortune?"

"Alas, yes! poor thing she foolishly entrusted it to some speculator, who, instead of making enormously, as she expected, failed. I suppose she has something important to tell me, or I should not have heard from her so soon again. Pauline, your eyes are younger than mine, will you read it for me?"

"I was just going to offer to do so."

"So much the better—do begin, my love."

"MY DEAR FRIEND—You are aware that I have been seeking in vain for

four years after the infamous man who ruined me and my children; that vile——"

Here Pauline suddenly ceased reading, and, turning deadly pale, remained with her eyes still fixed on the paper in her hand, unable to read further.

"Well, Pauline," said the Marquise, "can you not make out the name?—alas, D'Herbanne is but too well known."

"D'Herbanne!" repeated Ferdinand with an indscribable mixture of subdued rage and passion.

"You know him then, Ferdinand?" said the Marquise, hastily.

"I—no—not I," said he gloomily.

"Yet the name seems not unknown to you. Go on, Pauline."

It was with a voice scarcely audible that poor Pauline re-commenced reading this fatal letter. It ran thus—

"This D'Herbanne escaped to England, taking with him a young woman, called Pauline Butler—a false name, no doubt—for she was French by birth and a pupil of the Conservatoire; her extravagance, it is said, ruined him. After remaining a year in London, he went to Spain, where it was supposed he was killed, but my cousin, who has taken so much interest in my affairs, has discovered a respectable old man, an uncle of D'Herbanne's, at Bayonne, who told him that the report of his nephew's death was false, for that he was only prisoner."

In pronouncing these last words, Pauline tottered, her eyes closed, and the letter fell from her hands. Ferdinand, pale and agitated rushed over and caught her in his arms in time to save her from falling. Unfortunately, at this moment the sound of voices and steps was heard, and a servant came to announce the arrival of some of the expected guests.

"Say," muttered Ferdinand, in a half-choked voice, "that Madame de Livry is taken suddenly ill, and cannot receive this evening." Then he leaned over Pauline, and said bitterly, "Take care, do you not see my mother and cousin are watching you."

"Oh, forgive me, dear Ferdinand," murmured Pauline, who though pale and ill, now insisted upon receiving her guests, alleging that she was quite recovered. "Come, mamma, until I

introduce you to our friends—by-and-by I will finish the letter.”

Pauline, leaning on the Marquise, walked to the other end of the room, where a number of persons had already arrived. Scarcely had she time to look about her, ere her eyes rested upon a person standing alone, apparently a stranger to all around him. Scarcely had she seen him than the blood fled back to her heart, a sickening cold came over her, and a low faint cry broke from her lips, which was, however, drowned in the din around her. The individual who called forth this emotion was a tall, fine-looking man of about thirty-six, very much sun-burnt, with a proud and insolent expression of sarcasm on his features. He presented himself before her, and bowed formally.

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said Ferdinand, quickly, who was standing near his wife, his heart already filled with the most cruel suspicion; “but who have I the honour to——”

“Sir,” answered the stranger, coldly, but courteously, “I am M. de Fontenay. I should have been presented to you by your cousin, but having waited for him in vain all the evening, I have been obliged to present myself.”

“’Tis true, ’tis true,” said Clodion; “I am a wretch—ten thousand pardons; I have lost my senses this evening—but I will explain it all to you.”

M. de Livry bowed coldly, without speaking.

Pauline murmured a low “My God, have mercy upon me,” and sank upon a chair.

### CHAPTER III.

M. de Livry was seated in his study, his head buried in his hands, a prey to the most painful reflections. Since his mother’s arrival nothing had gone right. His marriage, that before seemed to constitute his greatest happiness, now appeared to him in a very different light. The past—that past that he would give all he possessed on earth to forget, and make others forget—never left his thoughts for a moment. He had believed that in going to live in a retired part of France, he should escape meeting any one that had ever before known her whom he had made his wife, and one of the first persons he meets is this horrible Madame de Melcourt, who knows his secret, and to whom he is obliged to be civil, afraid she should betray him. But all this would have been bearable, if jealousy had not taken possession of him. Why did this M. de Fontenay want to force his way into their house, if it was not for Pauline? Did he not, the whole evening, take every opportunity of being near her, to speak to her? And she—had she not several times turned from him apparently embarrassed? Were they acquainted? Perhaps M. de Fontenay had already seen Pauline;—perhaps loved her. And she——Poor Ferdinand! what a dreadful thought came next.

While in this state of perplexity,

like all jealous people, he dared not question his wife, who had also avoided being alone with him. Some one knocked at the door.

“Come in,” said M. de Livry, glad to see any one rather than be left to his own thoughts.

“Are you alone?” said Clodion, in a hoarse voice, and frowning dreadfully.

Ferdinand nodded an affirmative, when the other bolted the door, and, seating himself beside his cousin, said in a mysterious manner:—

“It is the first time I ever brought a person I could not answer for, into a respectable house, and it shall be the last time, I promise you.”

“You are right,” said Ferdinand, astonished at this exordium. “But, of whom are you speaking?”

“Of M. de Fontenay.”

It was now Ferdinand’s turn to frown.

“Well?” said he impatiently.

“Well!—they are acquainted.”

“Who?”

“And to make me their go-between!”

“Who?” interrupted M. de Livry, rising from his seat with violence. “I wish to know who is the person that knew M. de Fontenay.”

“Is it possible you have not guessed? Madame de Melcourt.”

“Madame de Melcourt!” cried

Ferdinand, with his face bright with joy. "Oh, I was mad!" And he fell back on his seat, like a person who had got rid of a heavy load, the colour returned to his cheeks, his breathing became free, and life, which appeared to be fast leaving him, returned in a moment. M. de Fontenay knew Madame de Melcourt,—it was, then, for her he had come.

Clodion could not help muttering: "And that is all you care for what I suffer."

"I must know, first," said Ferdinand, smiling, "what you have to complain of."

"What I have to complain of!" replied Clodion, bitterly. "Don't you know I love Madame de Melcourt? Do you not know that I have some reason to think I am not indifferent to her?—that she, yesterday evening, danced both the first quadrille and first waltz with me?—that I squeezed her hand?—and——"

"I see nothing in that you can complain of, my dear Clodion."

"That is possible; but you do not know the rest?"

"Well, tell me."

"Know, then, at the moment that I conducted Madame de Melcourt to her seat, this impostor (he must be an impostor) approached her, and spoke to her in a low voice; and, fancying himself unperceived, he put into her hand a note."

"Is it possible?"

"I saw it with my own eyes."

"Well, and then what did you do?"

"What did I do, my dear fellow? I pretended not to see it, but watched her till she left the room, and followed her, and tried to get the note from her, which she still held in her hand; but failed in doing so, for she slipped it slily into your wife's hand."

"My wife's!" exclaimed Ferdinand, much agitated. "It is not possible—you did not see well!"

"I tell you it happened exactly as I say. I am not blind. Your wife was passing—Madame de Melcourt whispered her something, and slipped her the note."

Ferdinand pondered for some minutes, then muttered:—

"You must ask an explanation of this from Madame de Melcourt."

"I have done so."

"And she told you——" replied the count, quickly.

"Nothing, nothing. She absolutely said (I am almost ashamed to repeat it) that I was fairy-struck. I thought it rather sharp."

"But is it not possible you were deceived by jealousy? One fancies so many things."

"Others do. I do not. She is a flirt, and I will be revenged;—do you hear that?"

"Revenged!—certainly," replied Ferdinand, squeezing the young man's hand. "You may count upon me."

"I am delighted to see you take it up so warmly;—but you are an old soldier, and I will leave every thing in your hands."

"You may make yourself quite easy.—But now, leave me."

"One word more. Would it not be well done if I were to speak to your wife about it?"

"Not one word, for your life:—Pauline must know nothing. But go, go—I want to be alone."

"As you please, my dear fellow: and if it should ever happen to you to be similarly circumstanced, you can always count upon me. Good-by!"

Ferdinand passed a most painful half hour in meditating over all he had heard: sometimes thinking the note intended for Madame de Melcourt—sometimes for Pauline; and yet, could not summon resolution enough to ask his wife the real destination of the letter. While still undecided, a servant came to tell him his mother was ready to start on a country excursion, with some other ladies, as arranged on the previous evening, and to know if he was ready to accompany them.

He took his hat, and was going down stairs, when he met the Marquise, who said somewhat crossly:—

"Our party is quite spoiled, you see."

"Why?" said Ferdinand; "the weather is delightful."

"It is not the weather," replied the Marquise; "but your wife is ill."

"That is very strange;—she was quite well this morning. Is she so ill as to be confined to bed?"

"No; but to the house."

"I will go and see her, and find out——"

"I will go with you."

The moment that M. de Livry saw his wife his suspicions vanished, and, kissing her fondly, he said:—

"What is this my mother tells—that you are ill?"

"Not ill enough to make you uneasy, love," replied Pauline, a little embarrassed; "but I am not quite well."

"You cannot be well," interrupted the Marquise. "Your voice is quite changed, and you look as if you had been crying."

"Oh, no, no!" said Pauline blushing deeply.

"Whatever it is, my child, I will not leave you alone. Ferdinand can go with those ladies, while I remain with you."

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you," replied Pauline, impatiently. "I should be so sorry to prevent your going! The weather is charming.—I think I should become really ill, if I did not see you go to enjoy it."

"I agree with my wife," added Ferdinand, looking at Pauline coldly and steadily; "it is a sacrifice you should not—you could not, accept to-day. Is it not so?"

"Ferdinand," said Pauline timidly, "I do not quite understand you. If you think my absence would be wrong—that I ought to go—if you wish it—if you insist upon it——"

"If I insist upon it!" interrupted M. de Livry, with bitterness. "You know I have never insisted upon any thing, Pauline; and it is not when you are ill I would begin."

"I know," said Pauline mildly, "you are always kind to me. Believe me, I did not mean to vex you."

"Mother," said Ferdinand coldly, "we need not be uneasy about leaving Pauline; her illness is not very alarming—and the ladies are waiting."

"You really wish I should leave you?" said the Marquise, holding out her hand to Pauline.

"I wish it," replied Pauline, with an indefinable expression;—"I entreat it."

"Take good care of yourself, love, in our absence, and be quite well on our return."

Ferdinand, contrary to his custom, left the room without speaking to her, though evidently not without a struggle. Pauline looked at him reproachfully, and, when the door was shut, she watched at the window until they drove away, and then falling on her knees, said:—

"God forgive me for having deceived them."

At that moment twelve o'clock struck, and her door opened slowly and noiselessly.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE person who entered the room was Madame de Melcourt, of whom the reader already knows a little.

"I watched for your husband's going out, dear Pauline; but tell me, how you feel?"

"I do not know," replied Madame de Livry; who, on hearing the door open, had jumped up suddenly. "My poor head is wild. I am so glad you have come to me. Sit near me, Fanny, and do not leave me."

"Poor Pauline!—what an event!"

"Is it not something unheard of,—is it not something too dreadful?—It is a miracle how I supported the presence of that man with so much firmness."

"But the papers—the official letters, all announced his death."

"If I had not had the most con-

vincing proofs of it, do you think I should ever have married?"

"I see the difficulty of your position, if M. de Livry should know."

"He know! Do not make me desperate, Fanny;—do not make me lose the little reason I have."

"What did he say in the note I gave you yesterday evening?"

"Oh, the note!—I burned it immediately, afraid Ferdinand should see it. It was very short. He should see me to-day. He knows there was an excursion planned for the country,—that I must avoid joining it, but send my husband. There was also a post-script, in which he said I ran no risk in seeing him, as he had changed his name, and his visit would pass as one of civility. You see, Fanny, I have done all. But what can he want with

me? Has he not already done me mischief enough?"

"Then you are resolved to see him."

"Me! Oh, no! That is the reason I wrote to you this morning; I reckoned upon your friendship, Fanny."

"What can I do for you?"

"Receive him instead of me."

"What shall I say to him?"

"Listen! Notwithstanding all they say, I believe him to be an honest man,—I wish to believe it, at least. Tell him that he has ruined me once, and that God has saved me, but that if Ferdinand knew he still lived, happiness for me would be for ever gone, and I could only die. Tell him—but Fanny, you are a woman,—you are kind—you pity me—you love me. Tell him all that can move him—all that can touch his heart. Ask for mercy, in my name; for, when Ferdinand's happiness, perhaps his life, depends on it, I must not be proud."

"Dear Pauline, be calm; I will try to have courage."

At this moment there was a loud knock at the hall-door; Madame de Livry became pale as death; the blow of the knocker seemed to have smote her heart. She remained some seconds thus, her eye fixed—her mouth open. Madame de Melcourt was terrified.

"Stay, Pauline," said she; "you had better receive him yourself. He will see how you suffer, and assuredly will pity you."

"O, no, no!" cried Madame de Livry, "not till I am forced. Nothing but force, Fanny, could make me see that man."

A servant entered and said:—

"M. de Fontenay wishes to know if he can see Madame de Livry?"

"Show him up stairs," said Pauline, in a voice scarcely articulate, and as the servant left the room, she threw herself into Madame de Melcourt's arms.

"Fanny—my own Fanny," said she, overpowered, "I have no hope but in you; learn what brings him here, and—if it be possible that he loves me still—conjure him in the name of that love to leave this place."

"He is coming up stairs—I hear him," replied Madame de Melcourt quickly.

Pauline uttered a faint cry, and fled.

At the same moment the servant announced M. de Fontenay. He did not seem surprised at not finding Pauline in the room when he entered, being well accustomed to conceal all his emotions. But when Madame de Melcourt muttered something about Pauline's serious illness, who had begged her to receive him in her stead, he replied in his usual sarcastic manner:

"At any other time I should be delighted to play the galant, and tell you I was most happy to see you in the place of Madame de Livry, but to-day I am obliged to be candid,—and it is Madame de Livry I must speak with."

The dry tone in which he said this, disconcerted Madame de Melcourt for a moment, but she remembered Pauline's position, and replied with dignity:—

"Monsieur de Fontenay, or rather Monsieur D'Herbanne,—for before me you may lay aside your assumed name,—do you know to what danger you expose Madame de Livry, by coming to her house?"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and replied in the coolest manner:—

"Madame de Melcourt, or rather, Fanny Melville,—for before me *you* may resume *your* name,—can you tell me what has become of Lord F—th, the assiduous attendant at the opera?"

She to whom this question was addressed did not seem in the least embarrassed, but answered smartly:—

"Lord F—— has got a high appointment in India, but before going, settled a pension of a thousand a-year on a person who was most sincerely attached to him. But to return to Pauline, will you tell me frankly the meaning of your visit?"

"And," added the unsparing M. de Fontenay, "the person in whom Lord F—— took such interest, did she not speak of a husband she had left—there—somewhere—on the Continent? Why did she not return to him?"

"It was what she was about to do, when a misfortune prevented her."

"What?"

"Her poor husband."

"Well?"

"He died."

"Then there really was such a person?"

"Sir!"



"Do not be angry. You ask me questions—I ask you others;—Is there any harm in that?"

"Then you do not intend to answer me?"

"Certainly not."

"One word at least—yes or no:—would you ruin Pauline?"

"No;—that is to say, if I see her, and she will do what I want, I leave Toulouse to-morrow, and she shall never see me again."

"If she refuse?"

"She will not refuse, madame;—and that door, to which you turn so uneasily, which appears to be not quite close, I venture to say will open immediately."

Scarcely had he pronounced the last words when the door was opened violently, and Pauline entered, pale, but dignified.

"You are right, sir. I am here."

"I did not know," replied D'Herbanne, bowing lowly, "I was so good a prophet."

"And I did not know you were so cruel." Then turning to Madame de Melcourt, she said:—

"Thank you, dear Fanny, for all your affection. You are a good and faithful friend."

Madame de Melcourt took Pauline's hand, and pressed it warmly, and then turning to the man who had treated her so contemptuously, she said proudly:—

"Monsieur D'Herbanne, I thought you once a gentleman," and left the room.

Whether these words annoyed him, or that it is impossible for a man who has ever tenderly loved a woman, to meet her again with indifference, though he no longer loves her, I know not, but D'Herbanne had lost all his firmness, and Pauline was obliged to break the silence.

"Well, sir, what do you want with me?"

"Pauline," stammered he, in a stifled voice.

"To all the world, and more particularly to you, sir, I am Madame de Livry. May I beg you to remember it."

"Madame de Livry,—be it so,—but believe me, it is not my fault that you have not another name; and when you broke, by your flight, the ties that united us, I was on the eve——"

"Sir, if I had taken your name, I should have respected it, as I do now the one I bear. But speak; you see I wait."

"I beg your pardon.—If I have not been so prompt to explain myself as you are impatient to hear me, think of what I must feel, and feel deeply."

"Mercy!—have mercy, and tell me at once the reason of your visit."

"I cannot tell you without making allusion to circumstances which you have forbidden me to remind you of."

"I did not forbid you, sir; I begged you to spare me; if you have not generosity enough to do so, go on."

"No, madame; since you require it, I will not speak of myself.—I can sacrifice myself to satisfy you; but I cannot give up my interest in the only thing that remains to me in the world. You must feel I wish to speak of my son." And, as Madame de Livry bent her head, and hid her face in her hands, he continued:—"You should never have seen me, madame—I should never have come to disturb your happiness, except for the future welfare of my boy."

Pauline looked up, and now, less severely than before, said:—

"If it was love for your son that brought you, I have done you wrong,—forgive me. The child is happy, thank God! and his future welfare provided for by a secret deed, made by M. de Livry, acknowledging him when he married me; consequently, he is the legitimate inheritor of his property and his name."

"His name!" cried D'Herbanne, impetuously. "What is it you say? What right had you to deprive him of mine? That you should dispose of yourself I can well conceive, as all the English papers believed the report of my death,—and you were free; but my son—by what power have you disposed of him? He belongs to me, madame, and I come to demand him!"

Pauline remained stupified for some instants after those terrible words, and then cried, in a voice scarcely articulate:—

"To demand him!—You come to demand my son!"

"Yes, madame," replied D'Herbanne, who had regained all his coolness.

"But you have not understood what I told you," said the unhappy mother. "Paul is the son of M. de Livry, who has acknowledged him, and given him his name and his fortune."

"M. de Livry can do as he pleases, but I am not bound by his acts. His rights, which are but those of legal fiction, can never interfere with the rights of blood."

"Are you in earnest? Do you forget that the birth of that child you could have acknowledged, and yet did not?"

"You did not give me time. Why did you leave me? Why did you conceal yourself so in London, that I could not find you?"

"Why did I leave you! You know well. Because I never was with you, except as a victim, and almost a prisoner. The bread of infamy would have killed my son."

"A happy chance has repaired my wrong towards you,—let me now repair those against him."

"What, sir! You think that your son could one day thank you for dishonouring his mother; for you are not ignorant of my position in M. de Livry's family. They believe we have been married five years; they believe Paul to be the fruit of that union:—Give him to you, sir—you, whose real name might be known at any moment! 'Tis to tell all—to confess all! I will not speak of the cruelty of ruining a woman who has never injured you. But, what interest can you have in doing so? Do not speak to me of your love—I do not believe in it. Do not speak to me of your son, for it is to him you are the most cruel. You would take him from a certain position, to give him, instead, a poor, uncertain, miserable existence! 'Tis frightful! Excuse yourself, if you can, sir."

"I can do so with one word. In claiming my child, I can secure more to him than I take from him."

"Explain yourself clearly, sir; you see that I am in torture."

"As clearly as I can, madame; like you, I wish to have it ended. You have often heard me speak of an uncle at Bayonne, who educated me——"

"Yes, yes."

"My uncle is enormously rich, and

I should be his heir, but unfortunately he is prejudiced against me, and he hesitates to give me his fortune, to dissipate, as he says I did my own; and it was only on revealing the existence of my son, but concealing the name of his mother, that he has consented to make his will. This arrangement suits all; it satisfies *his* scruples, and *my* interest. My son will be my uncle's heir, but, until his majority, I shall receive his income."

"I understand, sir—your paternal love is still a speculation."

"Madame——"

"But I will not be an accomplice in this, as I have been in many others. Never—never."

Here there was a silence of some instants. Pauline, a prey to violent excitement, had thrown herself into an arm-chair, at the end of the room, and D'Herbanne, severely stung by her last words, seemed about to lose his habitual coolness, but, quickly regaining command over himself, he approached Madame de Livry, and settling upon her his steady and penetrating look, he pronounced, with pitiless coldness, the following words:

"Pauline, mind what you are about—we change places. You speak to me as if it was I that was in your power. Understand a little better your position. This is what I require of you—a letter to the master of the school where my son is: with that, I shall go and get him, and all shall be ended. You see I wish to avoid all scandal.—You can make fitting excuses to account for the child's absence,—and the position you fear so much to lose——"

"Sir," interrupted Pauline, quickly, "do you still talk to me of my position—of my honour? I think no more of either. It is no longer Madame de Livry who speaks to you, it is an unhappy mother. Remember, I have rights as sacred as yours,—leave me my son—leave me my son!"

It was with heart-rending earnestness that Pauline said these words, at the same time taking hold of D'Herbanne's hands, and pressing them gently. He appeared moved,—it was but for a moment. He disengaged his hands coldly, and moved away.

"I have but one thing to reply to you. To take this child to my uncle,

I have left Navarre, where I was safe. I came to France, where, at any moment, I may be arrested as an agent of Don Carlos. I shall leave Toulouse to-morrow morning. You see I have no time to lose. If, in the course of the day, I do not receive the letter I have asked, I shall be obliged to come this evening, and ask M. de Livry.—We shall see if he will dare refuse it me.”

“Oh, one or other must fall!” cried Pauline, rising from her chair, and running to D’Herbanne; but already he was at the door, which was open. Bowing respectfully to Madame de Livry, he said in a low but firm voice:—

“You have still some hours to deliberate.”

A moment after, he was gone, leaving poor Pauline nearly fainting. When she began to recover a little, she thought she must have had a frightful dream; but soon she remembered the dreadful threat con-

tained in his last words, “This evening I will come and demand my son of M. de Livry.” She knew that if M. de Livry was aware that D’Herbanne still lived, and with such a claim on her, he would never rest until one or other had fallen in duel. She had no choice—she must give up her son—and into what hands? Suddenly a happy thought appeared to strike her, for she rushed to the table, and began writing with great rapidity:—

“SIR—I consent to part with my son, but on one condition: I know your uncle is a gentleman, and I do not fear to entrust to him my secret——”

The door opened suddenly, and the Marquise entered, leaning on Ferdinand’s arm. Pauline started, and shutting her writing-box hastily, hid the note in her bosom.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE place which Pauline occupied in a dark corner of the room made her suppose she had escaped the observation of her husband, and running gaily to the Marquise, said,

“Back already.—I am so glad.”

“We went a very short way,” replied La Marquise, “Ferdinand was so anxious to return on your account. How are you now?”

“Much better.”

“I am glad to hear it. Do you know the news I received on my return? My friend, Madame de Lostanges, whose letter you read yesterday, has arrived at Toulouse on her way to Bayonne, about the affairs I told you of.”

“Heavens!” murmured Pauline, turning deadly pale.

“She begs me to come see her,” continued the Marquise; “and I have a favour to ask of you, my children: Madame de Lostanges is my dearest friend; she remains but two days at Toulouse to rest—Can we let her remain at a hotel?”

“You must, of course, mother, ask her to come to us.”

“And that your invitation may not

be refused, would it not be well that one of you should come with me?”

“I think so too; and since Pauline is so much better she will go with you.”

“Excuse me,” said Pauline; “but I have something to do.”

“Oh,” said M. de Livry, in the most natural manner, “perhaps a letter begun; it may be the same you were writing when we came in; but it will be time enough when you return.”

“Ferdinand,” murmured Pauline, tremblingly.

“Madame,” added Ferdinand, in a low voice, “accompany my mother; and on your return I must beg a moment’s conversation with you.”

Pauline looked timidly at her husband; but though he was pale she could not discover any appearance of anger. She gave her arm to the Marquise, and went out with her.

Left to himself, M. de Livry commenced walking up and down the room in a state of great agitation. He had not done so more than three or four times, when he was suddenly stopped by Clodion, who entered at the moment

looking more sombre, more morose, and more blood-thirsty than ever.

"What do you want?" said Ferdinand, with a disagreeable presentiment.

"My dear fellow," said he, putting his finger on his lips mysteriously, "while you were out, there happened such things."

"What things! Speak—go on—can't you speak, man?"

"Let me recover myself a little, I am wretched.—Your mother was quite right when she advised me not to marry Madame de Melcourt. She is an arrant flirt."

"You have, then, fresh cause for anger."

"Have I?—indeed, have I?" replied Clodion, with a tragical air. "You will not say now that I am blinded by jealousy. When I left you this morning I went to the hotel where Madame de Melcourt stops. I wished to see her—to speak to her—to reproach her for her deceitful conduct. I only saw her maid, who told me she had a headache.—You know what a headache means with ladies."

"Well, and then."

"And then—nothing, but suspecting it to be an excuse, I went to a friend's just opposite and remained there watching. I had not been there above three quarters of an hour, when I saw my lady go out dressed most coquettishly—Her headache did not last long it appears."

"You followed her."

"Exactly so; but guess the road she took."

"What do I care?"

"The road to your house, my dear fellow—that is the fun of it. I was following her to ask an explanation of her conduct, when I saw that detestable M. de Fontenay."

"M. de Fontenay!"

"Himself. He turned the corner of the street, which changed my intention; and I turned into the house of another of my friends, and had scarcely time to run to the window when I saw him enter your house."

"My house!"

"Are you not indignant? but who did he come for but Madame de Melcourt, as you, your wife, and your mother were all out: it was a meeting arranged between them."

"This is too much! This man had the audacity —"

"Thanks! thanks! my dear fellow. I knew well your friendship for me would make you take it up warmly."

"Go on then," interrupted M. de Livry, with violence: "do you not see I wait the end of your story. You remained watching them?"

"Until Madame de Melcourt went out."

"She went out with M. de Fontenay."

"Not at all: she went out alone."

"But he—he remained until when?"

"Faith, I do not know. I was more interested in Madame de Melcourt than him, and I hurried after her. She turned her head at the sound of my steps; and to my look of indignation she returned a good morning, 'good morning, I am in a great hurry,' and walked on quickly."

Ferdinand remained a moment silent, and then said, "Where does M. de Fontenay stop?"

"At the Hotel de France."

"I will go to him."

"As my friend?"

"Without doubt."

"What is the matter with you, Ferdinand, you are so pale? Nothing, nothing. Listen Clodion; there is not perhaps in all this, either fault or crime, if her honour be touched, be patient; every thing will be arranged as it ought to be; but in the mean time not a word of your jealousy to a human being, and above all to Madame de Melcourt.—Swear it to me."

"Then you will tell me when I ought to feel angry."

"Yes."

"Well then, I promise."

"Hush! here is Pauline."

Pauline had just returned, after leaving her mother-in-law at Madame de Lostanges who had declined their hospitality. On perceiving her husband and cousin apparently in earnest conversation, she was about to leave the room, but Ferdinand made a sign to her to remain. Clodion, having nothing more to say, rose to take leave, and pressing Ferdinand's hand, said in a low voice, "I will go and look at my swords and pistols; nobody can tell what may happen."

When M. de Livry found himself

alone with his wife, he no longer concealed his passion. "Now, madame," said he, in a ferocious manner, "it is time to give me the explanation I demanded of you."

"An explanation upon what subject?" stammered Pauline; still more surprised than frightened at language to which she was unaccustomed.

"Upon what subject!" replied the count, with irony. "You are quite right, for there are several; but I must hear all—the letter that was given to you yesterday evening, the visits you received this morning, and the letter you were writing when I came in: you see I know them all; do not attempt to deny it, madame, but excuse yourself, if you can."

Pauline looked steadily at her husband, and then replied gently: "I will deny nothing; to deny would be to lie: and I see you are well informed. You spy then after my actions, Ferdinand: you have no longer confidence in me."

"Ah!" replied Ferdinand, shaken by the coolness with which Pauline replied to him, "the time is ill chosen to reproach me; it is *your* justification that I expect, not *mine*. Excuse yourself for God's sake; for I love you so much I can believe you still. Do you acknowledge that Madame de Melcourt gave you a note yesterday evening from M. de Fontenay?"

"I acknowledge it."

"And that note asked an interview for this morning?"

"It is true."

"And M. de Fontenay came; and your meeting was interrupted by some circumstance of which I am ignorant; and you were writing to him what you had wished to say.—Show me that letter, madame. Show it to me."

"I have not that letter—I feared you might ask me for it, and I tore it."

"You tore it!"

"Believe me, I did you good service in doing so."

"What was in the letter?"

"Nothing to blush for; but nothing you can know.—I have no more to say."

"Very well, madame, M. de Fontenay will be less discreet than you;" and in speaking thus Ferdinand walked towards the door.

"Where are you going?" stam-

mered Pauline tremblingly, and placing herself before him.

"I am going to ask this man at what period he knew you, and by what right he dares to write to you. I still respect you enough to believe that he did not see you yesterday for the first time."

"Ferdinand," cried the unhappy Pauline, catching her husband by the arm, if you have any love or pity for me you will not go to M. de Fontenay's house. Listen to me; I wish it.—What!—You took me when I was lower than I ever should have been, and raised me higher than I ever could have hoped;—you have given a name and station to my son;—you have elevated me in the eyes of the world, and in mine own;—and you can believe that I deceive you: if I were capable of it there are not words to express my infamy."

"That I should doubt you," replied Ferdinand, "the strongest evidence was necessary. Great as is my love, I am not blind. How can I explain the note—the interview—the letter, when you cannot explain it yourself. I have no greater wish than to believe you innocent.—Give me one proof, but one proof, if not for you, at least for me."

"Alas!" replied Pauline, sorrowfully shaking her head, "I am obliged to be silent. My justification would be worse than my silence; but listen to me. Do you remember one day, when refusing your hand for the tenth time, I said to you: 'Ferdinand, I would be yours, if in the moment of our union we could forget the past—but I have the past, the terrible past, against me, which will follow us like a phantom to our graves—you will be jealous some day, and then the remembrance of my fault will raise suspicions, doubts, and ———. If you're suspicious, Ferdinand, I will never marry you;' and then you threw yourself at my feet; and do you remember what you said?"

"It appears you have forgotten it, Ferdinand: let me remind you of it. You said: 'Pauline, you are right, no man should promise more than he can perform; it is possible I may be jealous, but if ever I am unhappy enough to suspect—mad enough to believe you guilty—when appearances are against you, do not justify your-



self, but hold out your hand to me and say—I swear before God I love you, and am innocent: then I will fall on my knees and ask pardon.' Ferdinand, it was on the faith of that promise I consented to become your wife. The moment I long feared and that you foresaw is now come: our love can never go through a severer trial.—Ferdinand, here is my hand, and I swear to you that I love you and am innocent."

As she spoke thus, an air of nobleness and beauty almost angelic clothed her features, and her every word bore the impress of truth. Ferdinand,

moved to tears, fell at her feet, crying—

"Pauline! my life! my love! can you forgive me?"

Madame de Livry held out her hand to him in token of forgiveness, which he took and covered with kisses, while she murmured humbly—

"His mercy be praised! I may yet be happy."

In her ecstasy as a wife, Pauline forgot she was a mother, and that the day, which already drew towards its close, could not end without her relinquishing to M. de Fontenay a blessing still dearer to a woman than honour itself.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE sun was setting in full glory and majesty behind the church of St. Serin, in Toulouse, when a young woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and carefully veiled, entered the church, and almost immediately quitted it, traversed hastily but timidly, various streets, at last stopped before a handsome house, looked behind her once to assure herself she was unobserved, entered quickly the hotel, and asked, in a voice scarcely audible, for M. de Fontenay.

"M. de Fontenay is gone out," replied the porter.

"Out!" replied the unknown, who was obliged to lean against the wall to prevent herself falling.

"Yes, madame; but if you would wish to wait——"

"I will wait! oh yes, I will wait!"

A servant passing at this moment, the porter desired him to show the young lady to No. 4, the sitting-room of M. de Fontenay.

The unknown had waited more than half an hour before M. de Fontenay entered, when, giving utterance to a faint cry of joy, she rose from her seat. M. de Fontenay hastened to her, saying—

"Madame, may I know——"

But scarcely had he spoken when the veil was raised, and a voice, already well known to him, said—

"It is I, sir."

The voice, is it necessary to say, was that of Madame de Livry.

The old lover of Pauline remained opposite to her for some seconds in a kind of stupor.

VOL. XX.—No. 116.

"You here, madame!" stammered he. "You in *my* house, when I scarcely hoped for a letter!"

"I did not wish to write to you," interrupted Pauline with a re-assured manner; "what I have to say is too important. Can you insure our not being interrupted? You know to what I expose myself in thus coming to your house."

M. de Fontenay, or rather M. D'Herbanne, ran to the door and bolted it.

"And that door?" said Pauline, pointing to one opposite.

"Opens into a room also occupied by me."

"And that room has another?"

"One only into the garden, which has been fastened up."

"My God!" said Pauline, covering her face with her hands.

"Be calm, madame, you run no danger."

"You see, sir, how the step I have taken affects me; but it was necessary."

"I see in it a proof of confidence of which I am proud; but I repeat, a letter would have been sufficient."

"No, no; a letter might fall into the hands of a stranger, and then I was lost—that letter might make no impression upon you, whilst, in coming myself, I hope you will have pity on me. A letter, sir! I long thought of it, but I knew it was impossible; for in a letter I could not have told you all I have suffered; I could not have told you how your unexpected presence has thrown trouble into my home and despair into my heart."

"How, madame? Does your husband, then, know——?"

"Except your name, he knows all. He watches me—the servants have told him. I do not like to believe it, but still the note Madame de Melcourt gave me—your visit in his absence—nothing has escaped him; and it is a miracle how I could excuse myself in his eyes without telling him the truth."

D'Herbanne gazed for some minutes on her, who might be called his victim, with a feeling of compassion which surprised even himself.

"But, sooner or later you must tell him."

"Never—never!" replied Pauline with violence; "and it is for that I have come here in secret like a guilty woman. I have deceived my mother-in-law my servants—who believe me at this moment at church, and in prayer. Listen to me, sir."

"I listen, madame, and am ready to take any precautions you think necessary; but you must not forget that it is absolutely necessary that I depart to-morrow with my son."

Pauline cast upon him the suppliant look of a wretched mother; then, seeing he turned away his head, she said, in a broken voice—

"Oh! but you are cruel. You take advantage of my position. You know I cannot avow to my husband that you still exist, that I have seen you, without causing between you a frightful meeting. You know all that; and, instead of compassion for me——But perhaps you wish for this meeting."

"No, madame," answered D'Herbanne coldly; "I have not the least wish to be known to M. de Livry."

"Well, accept, then, my proposition; it is the only way to satisfy all parties."

"Explain yourself."

"You demand my son, to take him to your uncle?"

"Exactly so."

"Your uncle intends to educate him and make him his heir?"

"To educate him perhaps; but as to the inheritance, he has solemnly promised that."

"Well, sir, Bayonne is a short journey; go and tell your uncle my secret, and entreat him to come here. His name is not the same as yours. I will prepare M. de Livry to expect him as a relative of mine, who, on the

condition of being allowed to own, will provide for *our child*."

Our child! It was the first time Madame de Livry called him so; and it showed how necessary she thought it to soften the man who remained opposite to her cold and inflexible as a judge.

"On this condition, and, above all, that your uncle should not say you are alive, I can—oh! it is dreadful to say it—I can part with my son. You cannot ask more if you have a remnant of humanity left."

"Your plan is impossible," replied D'Herbanne.

"Impossible!" repeated mechanically the unhappy mother. "Why impossible?"

"Because my uncle is dangerously ill, and could not come to Toulouse."

"Let him write, then," said Pauline, eagerly: "a letter will do—yes, a letter will be better; and M. de Livry himself will take his nephew to him. I promise you that, by all that is sacred."

"But in the meantime," replied the inexorable D'Herbanne, "my uncle might die, and then all would be lost."

"For you," replied Madame de Livry, bitterly.

"And for my son, also. I tell you, madame, there is but one thing to do—that is what I have already told you. You will find every thing here necessary to write with; two lines to the master of the school where you have placed my boy, in your writing, and I go, never to put foot again while I live in Toulouse. As to you, you can easily justify yourself in the eyes of the world, and also of your husband."

At this moment, some one knocked at the door. Pauline joined her hands, and murmured in a low voice—

"Do not open it—do not open it."

"Do not be alarmed," replied D'Herbanne; "it is somebody who has mistaken the room, for I do not expect any one."

Another knock.

"Who is there?" said D'Herbanne.

A voice replied from the outside—a voice that was felt at the bottom of Pauline's heart, said—

"The Count de Livry."

"My husband!" stammered Pauline, almost fainting. "He knows that I am here. Where can I fly to?—where

hide myself? Oh! do not open, do not open, if you do not wish to see me die before your eyes."

"Hush! go in there," said D'Herbanne, pointing to the other room; "all is not lost yet. Hide yourself—hide yourself:" at the same time he pushed Pauline, half-dead, into the room, and shut the door; and, with his habitual coolness, went to open the door for his rival, saying—"My dear sir, I am shocked at keeping you waiting; but I was so engaged in my preparations for my approaching departure. Pray, won't you sit down."

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, in a manner so calm as to surprise him, "I must beg you to excuse my coming at so late an hour, and particularly for insisting upon admission; and, to speak frankly, I hesitated for some time whether I should come or write; but I determined to come, as a letter might compromise you, instead of serving you. At all events, I owed you a visit. You were at my house this morning: nobody can be surprised at my being at yours this evening."

"Sir," murmured D'Herbanne, more and more perplexed, to find out the meaning of this preamble.

"Sir, you come from Spain," said De Livry abruptly.

"It is true."

"I do not ask for what reason you went to that unhappy country; but it is said it was in the Queen Regent's cause."

"I do not deny, all my sympathy is with the pretender, as he is called."

"It was from supposing as much that I came here to give you notice of something that may be of importance to you to know. I have just learned that a warrant has been issued to search this house, which is supposed to be the home of persons of the opinions you defend in Spain. Your coming here has increased that suspicion, and I fear you may have an unwelcome visitor this evening."

"Good heavens!" cried D'Herbanne, "have you reason to believe it?"

"I have," replied Ferdinand, "good reason to believe it. I was not told it in secrecy, therefore I do not think it necessary to be silent, and I wish to let you know, in case you had any papers that might compromise you, to give you time to destroy them."

"I have nothing to fear, sir am not the less obliged to you."

"I do not wish to know your I have only done what I am a would have done, were you place; and now, I wish ye evening."

"Many, many thanks," said banne, taking a light off the piece to conduct M. de Livry door—when they were stopp person who just entered, wrap large cloak, though the even fine, and in August: bowin to D'Herbanne, he turned tow de Livry—

"Faith, Ferdinand, I am gla you here. I suspect what you; and you are the best w a conversation that I am a have with this gentleman." same moment he drew from u cloak two swords and a pi which he placed on a table.

"Choose, sir," said he, proudly to D'Herbanne.

"What is the meaning c demanded D'Herbanne.

"The meaning of it is," said fortunate lover of Madame de N "that you have acted towards most unhandsome manner."

"How?—in what way?"

"You are well aware, sir presented you to my cousin, previously told you of my Madame de Melcourt, after w dared to make use of me in conciliation with that coquett thought it amusing: I deem nourable;—therefore, I dema faction."

"If it be only that," replied banne smiling, "I am ready to any satisfaction you wish for think it right first to tell you th not the slightest claim on Ma Melcourt."

"Oh, this is too much," ex dion violently. "You dare when I know she is here at ment."

"Here!" replied D'Herb little confused. "You are m

"Perhaps so; but I am no A short time since I saw Ma Melcourt go out of her own h enter Madame de Livry's, w waited till dark, when she w the back gate of the garden, in a large shawl, and her face

close bonnet and veil. She took the way to St. Sernins, where she remained but a moment, and then continued her way here, where she entered, not suspecting that I had followed her."

" 'Tis true," thought M. de Livry; "he was a long time opening the door for me. Poor Clodion!"

"You see you are found out, sir," said Clodion passionately. Then, turning to Ferdinand—"You see, my friend, that this affair renders it unnecessary to wait for any explanation. This gentleman leaves Toulouse to-night, and has not a moment to spare, as I am told; so I went to fetch those weapons at once, not to lose time. Choose, sir, the pistol or the sword. It is moonlight, and the garden will do equally well for one or the other."

D'Herbanne remained a moment irresolute, unwilling to fight, when there was really no reason for so doing; but, then, it was the only means of allowing Madame de Livry to escape, and though a generous action was unusual to him, he acceded; and said to Clodion—

"As you please, sir, I am ready. Let us go to the garden; M. de Livry will be witness for both. Only, I repeat, Madame de Melcourt is not here."

At this declaration, Clodion seized him violently by the arm, and pointing to a shawl that lay across a chair—

"M. de Fontenay," said he with triumph, "deny that *proof* if you can."

"That is the shawl the jilt wore when I followed her. I remember it well;" saying which, he took the shawl in his hands and crushed it passionately.

But another also had seen that shawl, and a cry of mingled rage and shame was scarcely stifled by him. He then stood before D'Herbanne pale, breathless, his lip trembling, but unable to articulate a word.

"Come, gentlemen," said D'Herbanne, hurriedly opening the door, "I will show you the way."

"We will follow," said Clodion, taking the swords and pistols from the table, where he had placed them; but a powerful hand tore the instruments of death from his hands, and a feverish voice muttered in his ear—

"Clodion! Clodion! you forget it is my duty to take charge of the swords."

At this moment was heard the sound of approaching footsteps on the stairs, the door opened, and a person entered the room, crying in a solemn manner—

"Gentlemen, I arrest you in the name of the king."

## CHAPTER VII.

THE person who entered the room thus inopportunistically was no other than the commissaire de police, who had received an order to examine the apartments of M. D'Herbanne. It was, then, not without reason that Ferdinand had warned D'Herbanne, and, unfortunately, it was now more than ever incumbent on Ferdinand to assist him, as his own honour was implicated in his affairs.

M. de Livry was one of those men who can, for the surer attainment of an object, affect to have relinquished it, added to which, he was rich, and of a family of great influence; so taking the commissaire de police aside, he explained to him who he was, and told him he would be bail for M. D'Herbanne, and, to remove all responsibility from him, he was ready at once to go with him to a magistrate. To this

proposal he could offer no refusal; so ordering his people to remain until his return, he went out with Ferdinand, to wait the result of the steps taken by him.

Clodion preferred remaining at the hotel, more than ever determined to see every thing with his own eyes; but, as that was impossible in the presence of him he supposed his rival, he placed himself at the bottom of the stairs, to make sure of confronting his deceiver on her way out. As soon as D'Herbanne found himself alone, he hastened to release Madame de Livry from her place of confinement.

Poor Pauline was pale and trembling, for she had not lost one word her husband had said, and, by his accent, suspected he knew all.

"Oh!" cried she, throwing herself on her knees to D'Herbanne, "will

you promise me never, no matter what may occur, to fight with M. de Livry?"

He before whom, for the sake of her husband, she took such a posture, assisted her to rise, and replied coldly—

"You know, madame, I am not in the habit of refusing things of this kind."

"But in this case it would be horrible," replied Pauline in despair. "Remember, that if you kill him you kill me also. But why do I speak of myself? You have a son who is dear to you; and if you were wounded yourself— Oh! do not expose your life so foolishly. Take advantage of the night—profit by the warning M. de Livry gave you. You see the danger you run at Toulouse. Go—go at once, and I will forget all the wrong you have done me, and I will bless you as long as I live."

In speaking thus, Pauline had seized one of his hands, and wet it with her tears. There was in her attitude, her movement, the very sound of her voice, something so affecting that any one but D'Herbanne must have pitied her; but whether his false sense of honour spoke more forcibly than his heart, or whether he was occupied by thoughts of himself alone, he drew his hand from hers, and replied still more coldly than before—

"They will say I was afraid."

"Do not think so," said Pauline. "I will undeceive them—I will justify you to them; but go—go I implore you."

Poor Pauline saw but her husband's danger, and forgot her own. She forgot, in her disinterestedness and affection, that she alone, though innocent, was the only one who had cause to fear; she forgot that it was all-important that her husband should not find her in that house.

D'Herbanne, still impassive, contemplated her steadily for some seconds, and then said slowly—

"You wish it then? Well, I am rather inclined to go without waiting the return of your husband; but you know my decision—I will not go alone. I must have my son."

"Oh! my God! my God! but you are inexorable!" cried Pauline sobbing; and there was a fearful struggle between the mother's love, and the

wife's. Which might eventually have conquered, it is impossible to say, for the door of the room opened suddenly, and Pauline gave a heart-rending cry on seeing her mother-in-law the Marquise de Livry, who now stood before them.

"Are you satisfied, sir," said she, turning to D'Herbanne, "I am ruined?"

"You are astonished to see me," said the Marquise, in a severe tone; "but I am no less so to find you here, madame; for though an anonymous letter stated such was the fact, it was necessary to see it with my own eyes to make it possible to believe it."

"An anonymous letter! Alas!—then I have enemies."

"On the contrary, it is a service has been rendered you. There, madame, see to which of your friends—perhaps I should say lovers—you are indebted on *this* occasion."

Pauline tremblingly threw her eyes over the note that the Marquise handed her, and recognised the writing of Madame de Melcourt. The note ran thus:—

"The Hotel de France is at this moment about to be visited by a search-warrant—Pauline is there. The Marquise de Livry is the only person who can save her, without M. de Livry being informed of it."

"Come," continued the Marquise, "come, madame, follow me. There ought to be—the hostess, who happily has received many favours from my family, tells me—a door which opens from that room to a back stairs, and of which she has given me the key. We will go out by that door, and in that way, my son shall not be dishonoured in the eyes of the world."

"Unhappy being that I am," murmured Pauline, covering her face with her hands.

D'Herbanne at last thought it incumbent on him to speak.

"Madame," said he, "I can swear before you, to the conduct of your daughter-in-law."

"Sir," replied the Marquise, drily, "I had not the honour of addressing you:" then turning to Pauline, she said—"Go, madame, go; if you have any explanations to give, this is not the place to give them."

Pauline raised her head, dried h



eyes, and this with a tone of desperate firmness said—

“Yes, madame; on the contrary it is here—it is in the presence of this man that I must justify myself. No matter how horrible be the truth, I prefer to tell it you, than allow you to think of me as you do. It weighs upon my heart—it oppresses me—it chokes me. I must tell it, or I die. No, madame, I am no more capable of deceiving you than of deceiving your son.”

“What did you say?” replied the Marquise, sneeringly.

“I say,” persisted Pauline, “that this man holds in his hands my honour, which is that of Ferdinand—and the life of Ferdinand, which is mine; and that it is to save both one and the other, that I have come here.”

“What are you doing?” interrupted D’Herbanne impatiently.

“Let me speak, sir,” said Pauline, in an imperative manner. “It is too late now, and it was you who wished it—everybody must know it. Perhaps, madame, you can remember when I told you my history, that I was confused, abashed—that I could not go on. Then Ferdinand came to my relief; but to deceive you, he told you about an old friend of my father’s—the Duchess of L———. It was not with her I went to England: it was with that man.”

Here the old lady could scarcely suppress her indignation, and Pauline, pale and trembling, ceased for a moment, but soon continued—

“By what means I was ruined would be too long to tell you.—Young, ignorant of the world, with no other riches than an education far above my station; and, worse than all, sold by her who should have protected me.—I did not awake until after my fall, when it was too late; and, heaven knows, I would not have survived my shame, but for the little being that was dependant upon me. When your son met me at the Duchess of L———’s, I had been separated two years from that man: I preferred labour and misery to the shame of living with him. For his misfortune—for mine—how much for mine!—your son loved me. More indulgent to me than I was to myself, he insisted on it, that I had atoned for my fault by my remorse and tears; and he told me that repentance like mine was sufficient to prove me vir-

tuous. I know I should have fled from him to save him from himself.” But what could I do?—I loved him. I know that in accepting his name, that I committed a still greater fault than my first; but I would have been more than woman to resist such love as his. Now, madame, I have told you all; perhaps my confession will prove to you that I am not unworthy your esteem. Your son is dearer to me than all the world. You cannot suppose that I could forget my love to him, which alas is now my only virtue. I have told you all my faults—you will not accuse me of a crime.”

This recital had made a visible impression on the Marquise; but there was one point on which she was not satisfied; and she could not avoid saying—

“But after having been so long a time without seeing this gentleman, what motive could be sufficiently strong to bring you here?”

“Alas, madame, he came to demand my son—the child M. de Livry had named his, and you were about to call yours. You can conceive all the consequences of such a step. What would the world say? What would Ferdinand think?—Ferdinand, who should learn at the same time, that I had seen him whom he believed dead—him whom he detests for the past, and who now threatens him for the present, and for the future. It was to ask mercy of that man I came here, and—— I have not obtained it.”

“Does she speak the truth, sir?” said the Marquise to D’Herbanne.

“Madame de Livry should have added that it is my uncle who demands my son, and not I,” replied D’Herbanne, quietly.

“And if you do not obtain him?”

“Then, madame, I shall be forced to use my rights.”

“Your rights! pray what are they? that you abandoned him for five years.”

“My rights, madame, are in a correspondence which I have complete in my hands—letters written by your daughter-in-law, signed by her hand; if they force me to bring the matter into court, it will be easy for me to prove that the mother of my son, now Comtesse de Livry, is no other than Pauline Butler.”

“Pauline Butler!” cried the Marquise, passionately, laying her hand on

her daughter-in-law's arm; "What! and you are Pauline Butler!"

The young woman bowed tremblingly before her.

"Yes, madame," said she, dark-red from shame; "yes, I am that unhappy creature. Yes, it is true; rather than bring disgrace upon the humble but honest name of my father, I assumed a foreign name. I would not, even in my guilt, be supposed a French woman."

"But," said the Marquise, "if you be Pauline Butler, his name must also be a false one. He is D'Herbannel!"

Pauline bent her head in assent.

"D'Herbannel!" cried the Marquise; "the justice of heaven itself has brought him hither. Lift up your head, madame; this man has dared to make terms with us—it is for me to dictate to him."

A smile of mockery curled D'Herbannel's lip, and was his only answer.

"Oh, sir," said the Marquise, dropping her voice into a tone of clear distinctness, "mistake me not; not in my name do I make this threat, but in that of your victim—Madame de Lostange, at this moment in Toulouse on her way to Bayonne, to acquaint your uncle with a certain transaction you are well informed on. You threaten us with exposure in open court—we accept the challenge. If you have in your possession my daughter-in-law's letters, M. de Lostange has others of yours; and let me add, that there are such things as men call speculations on the "Bourse"—which the judges of the land may designate by another title—which I will not utter. I see you understand me: follow me, sir. It should not be before my daughter-in-law this interview should take place, and you shall learn what I require of you."

At the same moment she seized D'Herbannel's arm, and hurried him into the adjoining room before he, pale and horror-struck, could utter a word in reply.

Scarcely had they gone, when Pauline fell upon her knees, and, burying her head between her hands, poured forth her prayer of thankfulness. She remained thus for some time, when on lifting her eyes, they fell upon the figure of Ferdinand de Livry, who, pale and with haggard look, gazed on her in silence.

"Ferdinand," cried she, in full of agony.

M. de Livry threw on her one of withering contempt, and with an accent of the deepest bitterness said—"What! you here—you in my man's room! If you had not my name, I would not have bled my eyes. It is but a few hours that with that very voice you said to me that you loved me, and that we were innocent. How you must have laughed at my credulity."

"Ferdinand," replied she, "I am not at liberty to speak, nor am I in a condition to hear me. My passion will make you say that you will repent all your life, and I never can forget. Give me your arm—let us leave this."

"No, madame," replied de Livry with a roar of passion, "you shall stay your lover, perhaps, is listening to be it so: before I tell him he is wrong, I rejoice that he knows how to think of you."

"Enough, enough," stammered she; "do not say more."

"Ah! it is for his life you fight!"

"Alas! I came hither to save yours. Ask no more, but let me go home. I appeal to your mother; she believes me guilty."

"You hope then thus to give your lover time to escape?"

"Sir!"

"When did you know this before or since our marriage? Answer me this question."

"Oh!" cried Pauline, in a voice of agony, "have mercy on me."

"Yet what matters it," cried de Livry, with passion; "in either case you have deceived me. I might have expected it; and this is the recompense of every sacrifice made for you, beginning with your honour. When I married you I trusted all. I do not complain. I have what I deserve. But you—you, madame, I now repeat your own words: 'There is no name for your infamy.'"

At this moment the agony with which she so long bore up against the unjust reproaches of her husband at once gave way, her tearful eyes came suddenly dry, her trembling grew steady, and in a tone of calmness she said—"This is too much. I care not what may be the consequence; I must now justify

Stay, sir, stay; it is your turn to listen to me. Ferdinand," added she, drawing nearer to him, "to prove my innocence, I need but speak one word—but I warn you, it is a dreadful word, which once spoken will render all happiness impossible—a man's life hangs on it. Do you still demand it?"

"I do," said De Livry, with a hollow voice.

"Be it so. The report which announced D'Herbanne's death was untrue. He is alive. He is in the house we now are. I came hither to implore him to leave me my child."

"What! D'Herbanne!" cried Ferdinand; "that man—he still lives! and you, Pauline, you are not deceiving me: you could not do so. What have I said?—what have I done? Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, Ferdinand, I forgive you, and I love you, and I forgive all that is past:" and as she spoke she fell into his arms.

"And now," said Ferdinand, endeavouring to tear himself from her embrace, "my part begins."

As he spoke, the Marquise entered the room.

"I said," cried Pauline, "your mother should be my judge."

"Ferdinand," said the Marquise, as she kissed her on the forehead, "this is still my daughter."

"And you still my own dear mother," said M. de Livry; "be kind to and comfort each other.—Farewell."

Pauline bowed her head.

"My son," replied the Marquise, "we are saved! There are all your wife's letters—and as to M. de Fontenay, I can rely on his silence."

"What signifies his silence to me?" cried Ferdinand passionately; "what care I for these letters? It is his life I want. Where is he? where is he?"

"Gone," said the Marquise.

"Gone!"

"For ever. He is never to return to Toulouse—never to enter France."

"And you supposed that I could not follow him! So long as that man lives I cannot taste of happiness; nor is Pauline avenged. Hold me not!"

As he spoke a servant of the hotel entered the room—his face pale and haggard.

"M. de Fontenay!" cried he—'where is M. de Fontenay? The horses are ready, and he can't be found

anywhere. At the very instant of his departure a gentleman came for him, and since that, he is nowhere to be found."

"Oh," said Ferdinand, "let me try if I can't find him."

As he spoke, the double crash of fire-arms was heard from the garden behind the hotel. A cry burst forth from Pauline and her mother-in-law.

"He has killed himself!" cried she.

"No. There were two shots," said Ferdinand: "it was a duel. Who has dared to take my place?"

He tore open the shutter, and by the clear moonlight, which rendered every object palpable as the sun at noonday, M. de Livry saw beneath him in the garden the figure of Clodion, standing, pistol in hand, above the body of a man, who lay stretched upon the ground, his face turned upwards towards the blue sky.

"What! it is you, Clodion?" cried De Livry. "Fool! what have you done?"

"A piece of awkwardness," said he coolly. "I have forced this M. de Fontenay into a duel, and, without intending it, have contrived to hit him."

"Is he wounded?" cried Ferdinand hastily.

"Dead," said the other.

"Dead!" repeated the three, in accents of horror, and a silence sad and awful followed the words. At last Ferdinand drew near to his wife and said—

"Your son is mine—he shall never leave us."

"What!" cried Clodion, entering abruptly—"What! then it was not Madame de Melcourt, after all?"

"Hush, nephew!" said the Marquise—"we have been all mistaken."

\* \* \* \* \*

In about two months later, M. Clodion Dufour led a blushing bride to the altar of St. Sernin—no other than the handsome widow, Madame de Melcourt.

The unimpeachable accuracy of his wedding costume was the admiration of all Toulouse. The report even goes, that he was the first person who wore his hair "en Titus," probably in compliment to the good emperor, because, like him, "he had much to forgive."

## THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.\*

THE first question that we asked ourselves on seeing this book advertised in the newspapers was—"What is it? Have we a history, a romance, or a disquisition?"—and as we particularly dislike every thing that smacks of affectation, we were naturally somewhat prejudiced against the work, when we found that a composition entirely historical had received a title more characteristic of a novel, a poem, or a tragedy. That which thus, at the very outset, dissatisfied us, may have disappointed others; and we hope that the author, in his future productions, which we trust may be many, and are sure will be valuable whenever they do appear, will take a friendly hint to let the title express the nature of the work.

We have then before us, in this volume, a history of the order of Knights Templars, comprising within its chronological limits, one of the most interesting and romantic periods in the records of the world. It was a grave undertaking, offering a fine field, but requiring no inconsiderable abilities to do full justice to the subject, and we at once admit that Mr. Addison has won for himself honour by the manner in which he has accomplished it. No work, indeed, was ever perfect; nor is this by any means so; but the talent and research displayed are deserving of high praise; and while we point out what we believe to be some errors, some blemishes, and some deficiencies, we shall endeavour to do so in no ungenerous spirit, and at the same time to render ample justice to the general excellence of the work.

Beauty of style, accuracy of statement, propriety of arrangement, and philosophical views, are all of course necessary to the higher branches of history, and though there are occasions when the nature of the subject, or the limit which the author fixes to his own efforts may diminish the sphere of requirements; yet the critic, in every historical work, looks for some display of all the four qualities

mentioned above, and is dissatisfied if he finds any of them entirely wanting.

In regard to beauty of style and propriety of arrangement, on as the two least essential points we shall first touch, we cannot help expressing a regret that the author of the "*Knights Templars*" has paid more attention to these objects than they may be of attainment, but are not on that account less worthy of being sought; and the neglect of the simple means of pleasing the reader, and rendering his task agreeable, is not a compliment to the public, but a great disadvantage to the author's own work.

The very first sentence, 'propagated by the sword was the principle of Mahommedanism' no means an easy or agreeable construction, and we find many such imphrases as the following, &c. through the work:

"By refusing the request of a powerful person, who had been benefactor to the order, and being obliged to it, they would constantly be obliged to overlook the superior merits of other members of the fraternity."

Amongst the great blemish in the style of this book, we must first notice the frequent use of words, such as *quondam*, *my*, &c., many of which have acquired some degree, a ludicrous sense, none of which can, with propriety, be introduced into an English historical work. The right place for all such quotations is in the notes, and even when found necessary to introduce text extracts from foreign authors rendered into English, the translation should be made as analogous to the general style as possible. The

\* *The Knights Templars.* By C. G. Addison, Esq., of the Inner Temple. Second Edition, 8vo. London: Longman and Co., Paternoster-row. 18

lish language is sufficiently copious in its vocabulary, and varied in its forms, to do without aid from any other tongues in works which pretend to a high place in our literature.

Neither in general plan, nor in individual details can we praise the arrangement of "The Templars." There is a frequent want of continuity in the narrative, very different from the grave and regular march of well-ordered history, and such a carelessness of proprieties in regard to the mere disposition of the various topics treated, as sometimes to make us start, and sometimes to make us smile. As an instance of the latter fault, we need only point to the commencement and termination of the work, which begins with the principles of the Mahomedan religion, and ends with a disquisition upon the Templars' beards. Yes, absolutely ends—for the last period in the whole book (the text, not the notes be it remarked,) is a Latin letter, regarding the beard of a valet of Edward II., concluding with "&c."—perhaps the first time that ever a work of history terminated with such an abbreviation.

We will satisfy ourselves with giving one instance of the want of continuity of narrative, of which we have spoken, and quoting what musicians would call a *staccato* passage, where every part is independent of, and unconnected with the others:—

"Saladin accordingly sent to the grand master of the temple to know if the Templars would guarantee to him the surrender of all the Moslem prisoners, if the money, the Christian captors, and the true cross, were sent to them; but the grand master declined giving any guarantee of the kind.

"The doubts about the agreement, and the delay in the execution of it, kindled the fierce indignation of the English monarch, and Richard Cœur de Lion led out all his prisoners, two thousand in number, into the plain of Acre, and caused them all to be beheaded, in sight of the Sultan's camp.

"When the fiery monarch of England tore down the banner of the Duke of Austria from its staff, and threw it into the ditch, it was the Templars who, interposing between the indignant Germans and the haughty Britons, preserved the peace of the Christian army.

"During his voyage from Messina to Acre, King Richard had revenged himself on Isaac Comnenas, the ruler of the

island of Cyprus, for the insult offered to the beautiful Berengaria, Princess of Navarre, his betrothed bride. He had disembarked his troops, stormed the town of Limisso, and conquered the whole island; and shortly after his arrival at Acre, he sold it to the Templars for three hundred thousand *livres d'or*.

"Shortly after the surrender of Acre, the King of France became disgusted with the holy wars, and returned to Europe, leaving behind him a considerable force of knights and foot soldiers, under the command of the Duke of Burgundy, to continue the contest.

"On the 21st of August, the Templars joined the standard of King Richard, and left Acre for the purpose of marching upon Jerusalem, by way of the sea coast."

Here the third and fourth paragraphs refer to events which had taken place long before; they are totally unconnected with the first and second, and with each other, and have no reference to the two last. Neither is the slightest word added to ease the mind of the reader in regard to these terrible jumps backwards and forwards. He comes upon them unprepared, and is obliged to take each as a sort of standing leap.

Without materially impairing the value of a work, such faults certainly render a book less pleasant to the reader than if it were without them; and, whatever valuable matter we may meet with in the course of the history, a feeling of discontent must be generated in the mind, on finding that the author could select no fitter or more dignified subject for its close than the length of the Templars' beards.

It must not be inferred, however, from the observations which we have felt bound to make, that this work is without the attractions of style, or destitute of fine and striking passages. On the contrary, many of the sieges and battles in which the Templars were engaged are described with much fire and spirit, and frequent extracts from the Arabian historians, afford a good deal of rich oriental imagery, which enlivens the details of the history. A fair specimen of the author's powers of description may be found in the account of the famous battle of Tiberias, which we subjoin:—

"It was a sultry summer's night; the army of the cross was hemmed in



amongst dry and barren rocks; and both the men and horses, after their harassing and fatiguing march, threw themselves on the parched ground, sighing in vain for water. During the live-long night, not a drop of that precious element touched their lips; and the soldiers exhausted, and unrefreshed for the toil, and labour, and fierce warfare of the ensuing day.

"At sunrise the Templars formed in battle array, in the van of the Christian army, and prepared to open a road through the dense ranks of the infidels to the lake of Tiberias. An Arabian writer, who witnessed the movement of the dense and compact columns, at early dawn, speaks of them as 'horrible in arms, having their whole bodies cased with triple mail.' He compares the noise made by their advancing squadrons to the *loud humming of bees*; and describes them as animated with 'a flaming desire of vengeance.' Saladin had behind him the lake of Tiberias—his infantry was in the centre, and the swift cavalry of the desert was stationed on either wing, under the command of Faki-ed-deen (teacher of religion). The Templars rushed, we are told, like lions upon the Moslem infidels, and nothing could withstand their heavy and impetuous charge. 'Never,' says an Arabian doctor of the law, 'have I seen a bolder or more powerful army, nor one more to be feared by the believers in the true faith.'

Saladin set fire to the dry grass and dwarf shrubs which lay between both armies, and the wind blew the smoke and the flames directly into the faces of the military friars and their horses. The fire, the noise, the gleaming weapons, and all the accompaniments of the horrid scene, have given full scope to the descriptive powers of the oriental writers. They compare it to the last judgment; the dust and the smoke obscured the face of the sun, and the day was turned into night. Sometimes gleams of light darted like the rapid lightning amid the throng of combatants—then you might see the dense columns of armed warriors, now immovable as mountains, and now sweeping swiftly across the landscape, like the rainy clouds over the face of heaven. 'The sons of paradise and the children of fire,' say they, 'there decided their terrible quarrel; the arrows rustled through the air, like the wings of innumerable sparrows—the sparks flew from the coats of mail and the glancing sabres—and the blood, spurting forth from the bosom of the throng, deluged the earth like the rains of heaven.' The avenging sword of the true believers was drawn forth against the infidels; the faith of the *Unity* was opposed to

the faith of the *Trinity*, and amid desolation, and destruction, over miserable sons of baptism!

The lake of Tiberias was distant from the Templars, and anon its blue and placid water was seen calmly reposing in the sun-beams, or winding gracefully the bosom of the distant mountains; but every inch of the road was contested—the expert archers and Mussulmen lined all the eminences; the thirsty soil was drenched with blood of the best and brave Christian warriors.

"After almost superhuman exertions, the Templars and Hospitallers halted, and sent to the king for aid. At this critical juncture, the Tripoli, who had always been in the van, and whose courage from first to last, had been magnificent, dashed with a few through a party of Mussulmen, opened their ranks to let him pass in safety to Tyre. The sight of this distinguished nobleman gave sudden panic, and the troops advancing to the support of the Templars, were driven in one confusion upon the main body. The friars, who rarely turned upon the enemy, maintained, unaided, a short, sharp, and bloody conflict, which ended in the death of every one of them, except the grand master of the Hospital, who, on his way from the field of battle, reached Ascalon in safety, but with his wounds after his arrival.

"The Christian soldiers threw themselves up to despair; the army, which was composed principally of the native population of Palestine taken from the plough and the hook, crowded together in disorder and confusion, around the bishops and the holy cross. They were so weak together that they were unable to stand against the enemy; they refused to follow their leaders, and quietly resigned themselves to their fate. Brother Richard, grand preceptor of the Temple, who had been attached to the person of the king, the Lord Reginald of St. Ilian D'Ibelin, lord of Naplous, and of the lesser barons and knights, collecting their followers together, fled over the rocks, down the mountain, pierced through the enemy's ranks, and leaving the infantry to make their escape to the sea-coast, the Arab cavalry dashed on, and, shouting with terrific cries the trembling and unresisting foot soldiers, they threw them down with a frightful crash.

"In vain did the Bishops of Tyre and Lidda, who supported with the holy cross in the midst of —

dered throng, attempt to infuse into the base-born peasantry some of that daring valour and fiery religious enthusiasm which glowed so fiercely in the breasts of the Moslems. The Christian fugitives were crowded together like a flock of sheep when attacked by dogs, and their bitter cries for mercy ever and anon rent the air, between the loud shouts of *Allah acbar* ('God is victorious'). The Moslem chieftains pressed into the heart of the throng, and cleft their way towards the holy cross. The Bishop of Ptolemais was slain, the Bishop of Lidda was made captive, and the cross itself fell into the hands of the infidels. The King of Jerusalem, the grand master of the Temple, the Marquis of Montserrat, the Lord Reginald de Chatillon, and many other nobles and knights were at the same time taken prisoners, and led away into captivity."

This is animated and picturesque; and we look upon it as no mean quality in historians, to have the power of bringing up before the reader's eye, as a picture, those scenes where description necessarily takes the place of narrative. Before we close our remarks upon the mere style of Mr. Addison's work, however, we must protest strongly against such plurals as *Musselmen*; and such colloquial expressions as the following: "All this however, as may be supposed, ended *in talk*." We should as much have expected to find in a work of such pretensions—"All this was nothing but gammon." The one sentence is as dignified and more figurative than the other.

Having now spoken sufficiently of the manner, we must turn to the more important task of noticing the matter. Let us say that it is a more pleasant task also: for Mr. Addison has displayed much intelligence and industry, and every page gives testimony of deep research, patient investigation, and considerable judgment, in weighing opposite testimony. That he is always right in his conclusions, we should be disposed to deny; but having taken different views from him upon many points, we shall take care not to set up our own individual opinions against his, and make the *ipse dixit* of the critic the sole test of an author's accuracy who has bestowed great and laudable care upon the selection of his materials and the choice of his authorities. On almost every point where we do differ from

Mr. Addison there is much conflicting evidence, and in weighing all which may be adduced on both sides, sometimes a mere feather would turn the scale. We may be right or he may be right, but it is no more than just to him to say, that *in general* he seems to have consulted and considered almost all the historians who have treated of any important fact connected with his subject. We regret that we cannot say he has *always* done so; and that sometimes, either through inadvertence, haste, or bad information, he has committed some very serious historical errors. Thus, in speaking of the siege of Damascus by the kings of France and Jerusalem, and the Emperor Conrad, we find the following passage: "The two monarchs, Louis and Conrad, took the field, supported by the Templars, and laid siege to the magnificent city of Damascus, 'the Queen of Syria,' which was defended by the great Nouredin—'Light of religion'—and his brother, Saifeddin—'sword of the faith.' Now, all the latter clause of this sentence is erroneous. Damascus was not defended either by Nouredin or Saifeddin, both of whom were at a considerable distance during the whole of the siege, and neither of whom had any command in the city or its territory. How that important province happened to be, at this time, independent of the Attabees is of no importance here: certain it is that the Syrian capital was in the hands of Moyneddin Anar, a Mussulman prince of considerable skill and reputation, who alone and unaided supported the attack of the Franks. Nouredin never made the slightest effort to save Damascus; and Saifeddin, though he did make a demonstration of assisting its defenders, and even marched a few miles from Mocesaul, refused to advance, unless Moynaddin would admit him into the city, which that prince was a great deal too prudent to consent to. Thereupon Saifeddin retired again, never having come within two hundred miles of the Christian camp, or done any thing for the relief of Damascus; and six years passed ere Nouredin, by a mixture of treachery and violence, despoiled the race of Anur, of the Syrian capital. On these points the Syrian chronicle and Ibn Alatir confirm each other, and are perfectly conclusive.

We must also pause for a moment on another point of some importance, where, whether from a want of precision in the language or an error in the writer's authorities, a mistaken view must necessarily be received by any unlearned reader of Mr. Addison's work. He mentions the eruption of the Turcomans, and their occupation of Jerusalem in 1065; and he notices particularly the cruelties which they committed upon the Christian pilgrims, going on to speak at once of the first crusade. But he forgets entirely to state that at the time of that first crusade, and the recapture of the holy city by Christians, the government thereof was once more in the hands of the Egyptians, and that the commander of the garrison was an Egyptian officer named *Iftikhar-ed-daule*, or the glory of the empire. This would give a very false impression to the reader, of the real state of the case, and were we not sure that the apparently-erroneous statement arises solely from the omission of a few words of explanation, and not from any error on the part of Mr. Addison, we would point out to him the words of Ibn Giouzi, which are precise, and those of the Imann Al Sciuti (Jalabeddin,) who states that Sackman Ibn Ortuk, the last of the Turcoman rulers of Jerusalem, surrendered the government of the city to Afdal, the Vizir of the Caliph of Egypt, on the Friday before the end of Ramadán, in the year of Hejira 491, a year before its capture by the crusaders. Other authors, however, place the surrender by Ibn Ortuk, in Shabon, An. Hej. 488.

Such, and a few similar blemishes would be really not worth noticing, if Mr. Addison had not suffered them to remain in a second edition of his work; but there is one fault on which we must dwell somewhat longer, as the author puts himself upon his defence respecting it in his introduction, and we fear ineffectually. But we must give his own words. He says:—

“I have been accused of writing a flattering and partial account of the order, and some surprise has been expressed ‘to see the Knights Templars finding not merely an apologist, but an enthusiastic champion in modern times.’ The Templars have unfortunately still to contend with a load of prejudice and much groundless calumny. I have en-

deavoured to write a fair and impartial history of the order, and have diligently sought after original sources of information, not suppressing any thing that I believe to be true.

“Some grave but improbable charges are certainly brought against the fraternity, by monks and priests who lived and wrote in Europe concerning events in the Holy Land, and who regarded the vast privileges of the Templars with indignation and aversion. Matthew Paris tells us that they were leagued with the infidels, and fought pitched battles with the rival order of St. John; but as cotemporary historians of Palestine, who describe the exploits of the Templars, and were eye-witnesses of their career, make no mention of such occurrences, and as no allusion is made to them in the letters of the pope, addressed to the grand master of the order of St. John, shortly after the date of these pretended battles, I have omitted all mention of them, not from partiality to the Templars, but because I feel convinced, after a careful examination of the best authorities, that they never did take place.”

A much more serious question, however, arises, than whether Mr. Addison has, or has not rejected the account of pitched battles with the order of St. John, given by Matthew Paris, upon just and reasonable grounds. It may have been right in refusing to give full credit to the “grave but improbable charges brought against the fraternity by monks and priests, who lived and wrote in Europe concerning events in the Holy Land, and who regarded the vast privileges of the Templars with indignation and aversion.” He may have been right, we say, to doubt, but not to suppress the constant, reiterated, accumulating charges which were brought against that order during the greater part of its existence, by persons who, though living in Europe, had many opportunities of knowing what passed in Palestine, and every opportunity of watching the conduct of the Templars in our own quarter of the globe. To do so indicates the spirit of the advocate more than that of the historian; and indeed it is very natural that such a spirit should creep, imperceptibly, into the breast of any one who undertakes to write the history either of an individual, or of a great, powerful, and brilliant body of men. There happens, however, to be omissions in this work, which, unless we felt sur-

that they proceeded merely from oversight, we should feel inclined to censure severely, especially as they put the general proceedings of the Templars, and the character which their order soon acquired, in a point of view very different from that which the book before us affords. We will choose an example, in which none of the objections urged by the writer against European authorities, hold good. Of the conduct of the Templars, at the siege of Ascalon, in 1133, Mr. Addison gives the following account:—

“The same year, at the siege of Ascalon, the master of the temple and his knights attempted, alone and unaided, to take that important city by storm. At the dawn of day they rushed through a breach made in the walls, and penetrated to the centre of the town. There they were surrounded by the infidels and overpowered; and according to the testimony of an eye-witness, who was in the campaign from its commencement to its close, not a single templar escaped. They were slain to a man, and the dead bodies of the master, and his ill-fated knights were exposed in triumph from the walls.”

One of the two authorities cited by the author is William of Tyre, but the account of that writer is far less favourable to the Templars, as will be seen by the following translation:—

“Warned by the voice of this ruin, (of a part of the wall,) the Christians ran to arms, and hastened towards the spot where heaven seemed to have opened a passage for them to enter at once into the town. But Bernard de Tremelay, master of the Knights of the Temple, with his brethren, getting far

before the others, had taken possession of the passage, and permitted no one to cross it. We are told that they thus acted, in order, by getting first into the town, to obtain the richest plunder, and to carry off the greatest share of the spoils. It is a custom amongst us to this day, even as a law, that in all the towns taken by assault, whatever each man can carry away as he gets in, is his of right, and for ever, to him and his heirs. If all had been able to enter indiscriminately, the city would have been taken, and spoil enough for all the conquerors; but an undertaking springing from a corrupt source, and perverse intention, is rarely closed by a good end.

‘Non habet eventus sordida præda bonos.’

Thus they, carried away by their greediness, and refusing any sharers in the spoil, were brought justly, unaccompanied, into peril of their lives. About forty of them having entered, and the rest not being able to follow, the citizens, previously anxious for themselves, and ready to endure all things without resistance, perceiving that they were so few, with strength and courage renewed, received them with the sword, and, having cut them off, slew them.”—Wil. Tyre: lib. xvii.\*

Such is the account of William, Archbishop of Tyre, a contemporary and author cited on this very occasion by Mr. Addison, and yet the author of the Templars never mentions the sordid motives which the archbishop ascribes to the grand master and his companions. On the contrary, indeed, he depicts the conduct of the Templars as high and noble, instead of base and ungenerous. Though there may have been considerations sufficient to induce him not to give credit to the accusation of William of Tyre, yet we must

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\* “Excitus igitur ad hunc ruine subito universus exercitus, arma corripuit; ad partes illas convolant quasi patefacto divinitus aditu protinus intraturi. At magister militiæ, Templi Bernardus de Tremelai, cum fratribus suis, alios ante multo prævenientes, aditum occupaverant, neminem nisi de suis intrare permittentes: eos autem hac intentione dicebantur arcere quatenus primi ingredientiæ spolia majora et manubias obtinerent uberiores. Nam in violenter effractis urbibus, id hactenus apud nos pro lege obtinuit consuetudo, ut quod quisque ingrediens sibi rapit id sibi et heredibus suis perpetuo jure possideat. Poterant autem omnibus indifferenter ingredientibus, et mancipari civitas, et victoribus spolia sufficere. Sed de vitiata radice et perversa intentione opus prodiens, rarum est ut bono fine claudatur: quia—

‘Non habet eventus sordida præda bonos.’

Dum ergo cupiditate rapti, ad prædæ participium renuunt habere consortes, in mortis periculo, merito reporti sunt soli. Ingressos igitur ex eis circiter quadraginta, cæteris subsequi non valentibus, cives prius de vita solliciti, et extrema omnia sustinere sine contradictione parati videntes eos paucos, resumptis viribus et recepto animo, eos gladiis excipiunt, et interceptos obtruncant.”

say he should have mentioned that such an accusation was to be found in so high and unimpeachable an authority. Besides, the account of William of Tyre proves beyond doubt that the whole of his own statement is inaccurate in regard to the attack upon Ascalon. The author states that the Templars "*alone and unaided*, attempted to take that important city by storm." Now, what is the fact?—simply that the city had been long besieged by the whole of the forces of the kingdom of Jerusalem, aided by an immense body of pilgrims; that a large portion of the wall had been thrown down; a practicable breach made, and that the Templars with very questionable views, insisted upon being permitted to enter the city first, through this very breach. This is, surely, a different feature of the affair, and very much less to the honour of the Knights of the Temple. Were it necessary, indeed, thousands of instances could be given, *not* from European writers, who never approached Palestine, but from contemporary authors, living and writing in the Holy Land, to show beyond all doubt the greedy and horrible rapacity of the order of the Temple; but we shall content ourselves with another example of the proceedings of these harpies, from William of Tyre, which is likewise passed over in silence by Mr. Addison. Let us premise that in Egypt, about the time of the siege of Ascalon, some of those convulsions which so frequently affect eastern states had taken place, and in the course of them an officer named Abbas had by iniquitous, but not unusual means, raised himself to the station of Vizier. He was greatly aided in his rise by his son Nasr, or Nasreddin; but after he had reached the supreme authority, he found it necessary to maintain himself in power by the same sanguinary proceedings by which he had raised himself; the anger and indignation of

all classes were raised against him, and he was forced to fly towards Palestine with his son. Their enemies not only pursued them as far as possible, but gave notice to the Christians that a rich prey was approaching their frontier, and an ambushade was laid, in which the Templars took a considerable part. Abbas was killed, but his son, with all their household and wealth, fell into the hands of the concealed foe. The above account is taken from the statements of Ibn Moïassar, combined with those of William of Tyre. We shall now, however, let the good archbishop speak for himself:—

"It fell out, however, that amongst the rest who took a part in the affair, the Knights Templars were there in considerable force, and carried off, in consequence of their number, the greater portion of the spoil. There fell to them by lot, besides other things in the distribution of the prizes, Nasereddin, the son of the before-mentioned nobleman, a courageous man, and particularly skilled in military affairs among the Egyptians, whose name alone was terrible to the people of these regions—his looks spreading terror and taking away hope. Him, however, when they had held him a length of time in prison, and he was eagerly seeking to embrace the Christian religion, having already learnt Roman letters, and having been instructed in the first principles of the Christian faith, the above-mentioned brethren (of the temple) sold for sixty thousand pieces of gold to the Egyptians, who sought to put him to death."

The result was, that his enemies tore him to pieces in the most cruel manner. But it is the conduct of the Templars on this occasion with which we have to do, and we have only quoted the above passages to show that the accusations against this order are not confined to Matthew Paris, or any other European authority, but are met with in the very best contemporary writers, who were on the spot,

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\* "Accidit antem, quod inter cæteros qui eodem negotio interfuerant, fratres militiæ Templi plures habuerunt milites; et potiores reportaverunt pro numero militum, manubiarum et prædæ portiones. Cecidit enim eis in sortem præter cætera in funiculo distributionis, predicti nobilis viri filius Naseradinus vir audacissimus, rei militaris singularem apud Ægyptios habens experientiam: cujus etiam nomen populis illius regionis, esset formidabile, aspectus vero terrorem incutiens, sine consolatione. Hunc porro, cum diebus multis prædicti fratres habuissent in vinculis, et avidissime petens in Christo regenerari, literas jam didicisset Romanas, prima fidei Christianæ rudimenta edoctus, pro sexaginta millibus aureorum Ægyptiis eum ad mortem postulantibus vendiderunt."



and witnessed the transactions which they recount. Indeed we cannot conceive it possible, that any one who reads attentively, and with an unprejudiced mind, the works of contemporary authors in Europe and in Palestine, both Christian and Mohammedan, can come to any other conclusion, than that the Templars, with infinite courage and devotion to the cause which they espoused, combined the most grasping avarice, the most remorseless cruelty, and the fiercest and most virulent pride. We regret much that Mr. Addison has not thought fit even to notice, for the purpose of confutation—if he could confute them—the many accusations that are brought by the best authorities against the order of the temple during the first century and a-half of its history. We regret it, because the omission diminishes the value of his own valuable work, and we still more regret it, because we believe that in so doing he has left the latter charges which were brought against the Templars in a state of darkness and obscurity from which he might easily have freed them. Those charges seem so monstrous, absurd, and incredible, when brought against a body of men so pure and immaculate as he represents the order of the temple to have been, that we cannot conceive princes and prelates to have countenanced them, or to have devised them, even with the purpose of stripping the order of its enormous wealth. The voice of mankind would have been raised universally against such horrible acts; and, not even in feudal ages could such a stretch of power have been perpetrated, if the Knights Templars had been the men which Mr. Addison conceives them to have been. But when we read the historians of those times, and find that from a very early period, and during a long series of years, both in Europe and in Asia, numbers of most respectable persons had been accusing them of pride, rapacity, cruelty, and luxury, till the whole world had imbibed an unfavourable impression in regard to their conduct and manner of life; it then becomes very easy to conceive, that a pope, a king, and a rival order,

eager to seize upon their enormous wealth, should add new and monstrous charges to those already existing, and take advantage, both of popular prejudice and popular indignation, to crush an order which had already excited general hatred. This we believe to be the only philosophical way of accounting for the tragic end of the order of the temple.

We do not give credit to any of the more dark and horrible charges brought against that order at the period of its final extinction. We believe the pope, the king of France, and those in general who aided and abetted them, to have been actuated by the vilest and most sordid of passions, in the destruction of the order, and in the cruelties with which it was accompanied; but we cannot help feeling that the Templars had, themselves, laid a broad foundation for a vast superstructure of incredible accusations, by their own undoubted follies, vices, and crimes.

Independent of the blemishes which we have pointed out, we can heartily commend the work of Mr. Addison as a production of great research, written with much spirit and animation, filled with curious and interesting details, and presenting splendid and lively pictures of scenes, customs, and events passed away for ever. It is a very valuable historical record, and should be in every well-ordered library. We wish, indeed, he had extended his labour a little farther, and done what he has not pretended to do, entered into a philosophical view of the history of one, if not of both, of the great military orders. Much might have been said in regard to their effect upon society, and many very curious branches of this subject remain still to be treated, as Mr. Addison himself states in the end of his introduction. He pleads want of time for more researches, but we trust yet to see some farther elucidations of those ages from his pen, and we are inclined to think, from various indications in different parts of the work, that if he would employ his powers upon the philosophical part of his subject, he would add considerably to his well-earned reputation.

## NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. VI.

"The world's my filbert which with my crackers I will open."  
*Shakspeare.*

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
 And the lawyer beknaves the divine ;  
 And the statesman, because he's so great,  
 Thinks his trade's as honest as mine."  
*Beggar's Opera.*

"Hard texts are *nuts* (I will not call them cheaters,) Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters ;  
 Open the shells, and you shall have the meat :  
 They here are brought for you to crack and eat."  
*John Bunyan.*

A Nut for the Doctors—A Nut for the Architects—A Nut for the Belgians—  
 A "Sweet" Nut for the Yankees.

## A NUT FOR THE DOCTORS.

SHOULD you ask, Who is the greatest tyrant of modern days? Mr. O'Connell will tell you—Nicholas, or Espartero. An Irish Whig member will reply, Dan himself. An *attaché* at an embassy would say, Lord Palmerston,—" 'Tis Cupid ever makes us slaves!" A French *deputé* of the Thiers party will swear it is Louis Philippe. Count D'Orsay will say his tailor. But I will tell you it is none of these: the most pitiless autocrat of the nineteenth century is—the President of the College of Physicians.

Of all the unlimited powers possessed by irresponsible man, I know of nothing at all equal to his, who, *mero motu*, of his own free will and caprice, can at any moment call a meeting of the dread body at whose head he stands, assemble the highest dignitaries of the land—archbishops and bishops, chancellors, chief barons, and chief remembrancers—to listen to the minute anatomy of a periwinkle's mustachios, or some singular provision in the physiology of a crab's breeches-pocket: all of whom, *luto non obstante*, must leave their peaceful homes and warm hearths to "assist" at a meeting in which, nine cases out of ten, they take as much interest as a Laplander does in the health of the Grand Lama, or Mehemet Ali in the proceedings of Father Mathew.

By nine o'clock the curtain rises,  
 VOL. XX.—No. 116

displaying a goodly mob of medical celebrities: the old ones characterized by the astute look and searching glance long and shrewd practice in the world's little failings ever confers; the young ones, anxious, wide awake, and fidgetty, not quite satisfied with what services they may be called on to render in candle-snuffing and crucible work; while between both is your transition M.D.—your medical tadpole, with some practice and more pretension, his game being to separate from the great unfeed, and rub his shoulders among the "dons" of the art, from whose rich board certain crumbs are ever falling, in the shape of country jaunts, small operations, and smaller consultings. Through these promiscuously walk the "*gros bonnets*" of the church and the bar, with now and then a humane viceroy, and a sleepy commander of the forces. Round the room are glass-cases filled with what at first blush you might be tempted to believe were the *ci-devant* professors of the college, embalmed or in spirits; but on nearer inspection you detect to be a legion of apes, monkeys, and ourang-outangs, standing or sitting in grotesque attitudes. Among them, pleasingly diversified, you discover murderers' heads, parricides' busts in plaster, bicephalous babies, and shapeless monsters with two rows of teeth. Here you are regaled with refreshments "with what appetite you may,"

and chat away the time, until the tinkle of a small bell announces the approach of the lecture.

For the most part, this is a good, drowsy, sleep-disposing affair of an hour long, written to show, that from some peculiarity lately discovered in the cerebral vessels, man's natural attitude was to stand on his head; or that, from chemical analysis just invented, it was clear, if we live to the age of four hundred years and upwards, part of our duodenum will be coated with a delicate aponeurosis of sheet iron.

Now, with propositions of this kind I never find fault. I am satisfied to play my part as a biped in this breathing world, and to go out of it too, without any rivalry with Methuselah. But I'll tell you with what I am by no means satisfied,—nor shall I ever feel satisfied—nor do I entertain any sentiment within a thousand miles of gratitude to the man who tells me, that food—beef and mutton, veal, lamb, &c.—are nothing but gas and glue. The wretch who found out the animalculi in clean water was bad enough. There are simple-minded people who actually take this as a beverage: what must be their feelings, now, if they reflect on the myriads of small things like lobsters, with claws and tails, all fighting and swallowing each other, that are disporting in their stomachs? But only think of him who converts your outlet into charcoal, and your steak into starch! It may stick to your ribs after that, to be sure; but will it not stick harder to your conscience? With what pleasure do you help yourself to your haunch, when the conviction is staring you in the face, that what seems venison, is but adipose matter and azote? That you are only making a great Nassau balloon of yourself when you are dreaming of hard condition, and preparing yourself for the fossil state when blowing the froth off your porter.

Of latter years the great object of science would appear to be an earnest desire to disenchant us from all the agreeable and pleasant dreams we have formed of life, and to make man insignificant without making him humble. Thus, one class of philosophers labour hard to prove that manhood is but monkeyhood—that a slight adap-

tation of the tail to the customs of civilized life has enabled us to be seated; while the invention of looking-glasses, bear's grease, cold cream, and macassar, have cultivated our looks into the present fashion.

Another, having felt over our skulls, gravely asserts, "There is a *vis a tergo* of wickedness implanted in us, that must find vent in murder and bloodshed." While the magnetic folk would make us believe that we are merely a kind of ambulating electric-machine, to be charged at will by the first M. Lafontaine we meet with, and mayhap explode from over-pressure.

While such liberties are taken with us without, the case is worse within. Our circulation is a hydraulic problem; our stomach is a mill—a brewing vat—a tanner's yard—a crucible, or a retort. You yourself, in all the resplendent glory of your braided frock, and your decoration of the Guelph, are nothing but an aggregate of mechanical and chemical inventions, as often going wrong as right; and your wife, in the pride of her Parisian bonnet, and robe *a la Victorine*, is only gelatine and adipose substance, phosphate of lime, and a little arsenic.

Now, let me ask, what remains to us of life, if we are to be robbed of every fascination and charm of existence in this fashion? And again—has medical science so exhausted all the details of practical benefit to mankind, that it is justified in these far-west explorations into the realms of soaring fancy, or the gloomy depths of chemical analysis? Hydrophobia, consumption, and tetanus are not so curable, that we can afford to waste our sympathies on chimpanzees: nor is this world so pleasant, that we must deny ourselves the advantage of all its illusions, and throw away the garment in which Nature has clothed her nakedness. No, no. There was sound philosophy in Peter, in the "Tale of a Tub," who assured his guests that whatever their frail senses might think to the contrary, the hard crusts were excellent and tender mutton; but I see neither rhyme nor reason in convincing us, that amid all the triumphs of turtle and white bait, Ardennes ham, and *paté de Strasbourg*, our food is merely coke and glue, roach lime, starch, and magnesia.

## A NUT FOR THE ARCHITECTS.

"God made the country," said the poet: but in my heart I believe he might have added—"The devil made architects." Few cities—I scarcely know of one—can boast of such environs as Dublin. The scenery, diversified in its character, possesses attraction for almost every taste: the woody glade—the romantic river—the wild and barren mountain—the cultivated valley—the waving upland—the bold and rocky coast, broken with promontory and island—are all to be found, even within a few miles of the capital; while, in addition, the nature of our climate confers a verdure and a freshness unequalled, imparting a depth and colour to the landscape equal to the beauty of its outline.

Whether you travel inland or coast-wise, the country presents a succession of sites for building, there being no style of house for which a suitable spot cannot readily be found; and yet, with all this, the perverse taste of man has contrived, by incongruous and ill-conceived architecture, to mar almost every point of view, and destroy every picturesque feature of the landscape.

The liberty of the subject is a bright and glorious prerogative; and nowhere should its exercise be more freely conceded than in those arrangements an individual makes for his own domestic comfort, and the happiness of his own home.

That one man likes a room in which three people form a crowd, and that another prefers an apartment spacious as Exeter Hall, is a matter of individual taste, with which the world has nothing whatever to do. Your neighbour in the valley may like a cottage not larger than a sugar-hogshead, with rats for company and beetles for bed-fellows; your friend on the hill-side may build himself an imaginary castle, with armour for furniture, and antique weapons for ornaments;—with all this you have no concern—no more than with his banker's book, or the thoughts of his bosom: but should the one or the other, either by a thing like a piggory, or an incongruous mass like a jail, destroy all the beauty and mar all the effect of the scenery for miles round, far beyond the precincts of his own small tenure—

should he outrage all the principles of taste, and violate every sentiment of landscape beauty, by some poor and contemptible, or some pretentious and vulgar edifice—then, do I say, you are really aggrieved; and against such a man you have a just and equitable complaint, as one interfering with the natural pleasures and just enjoyments to which, as a free citizen of a free state, you have an indubitable, undeniable right.

That waving, undulating meadow, hemmed in with its dark woods, and mirrored in the fair stream that flows peacefully beneath it, was never, surely, intended to be disfigured with a square house like a salt-box, and a verandah like a register-grate: the far-stretching line of yellow coast that you see yonder, where the calm sea is sleeping, land-locked by those jutting headlands, was never meant to be pock-marked with those vile bathing-lodges, with green baize draperies drying before them.

Was that bold and granite-sided mountain made thus to be hewed out into parterres for polyanthus, and stable-lanes for Cockneys' carmen?—or is the margin of our glorious bay, the deep frame-work of the bright picture, to be carved into little terraces, with some half-dozen slated cabins, or a row of stiff-looking, Leeson street-like houses, with brass knockers and a balcony? Forbid it, heaven! We have a board of wide and inconvenient streets, who watch over all the irregularities of municipal architecture, and a man is no more permitted to violate the laws of good taste, than he is suffered to transgress those of good morals. Why not have a similar body to protect the fairer part of the created globe? Is Pill-lane more sacred than Bray-head? Has Copper-alley stronger claims than the Glen-of-the-Downs? Is the Cross-puddle more classic ground than Pollaphoooca?

## A NUT FOR THE BELGIANS.

If you happen to pass by Dodd's auction-room, on any Wednesday, towards the hour of three in the afternoon, the chances are about seven to one that you hear a sharp, smart

voice articulating, somewhat in this fashion :—"A very handsome tea-service, ladies. What shall I say for this remarkably neat pattern? One tea-pot, one sugar-bowl, one slop-basin, and twelve cups and saucers.—Show them round, Tim," &c.

Now it is with no intention of directing the public eye to the "willow pattern," that I have alluded to this circumstance. It is, simply, because that thereby hangs an association, and I have never heard the eloquent expatiator on china, without thinking of the Belgian navy, which consists of—"One gun-boat, one pinnace, one pilot, one commodore, and twelve little sailors." Unquestionably, there never was a cheaper piece of national extravagance than this, nor do I believe that any public functionary enjoys a more tranquil and undisturbed existence than the worthy "*ministre de la marine*," whose duty it is to preside over the fleet I have mentioned. Once, and once only, do I remember that his quiet life was shaken by the rude assault of political events: it was when the imposing force under his sway undertook a voyage of discovery some miles down the Scheldt, which they did alike to the surprise and admiration of the whole land.

After a day's peaceful drifting with the river's current, they reached the fort of Lillo, where, *more majorum*, as night was falling, they prudently dropped anchor, having a due sense of the danger that might accrue "from running down a continent in the dark." There was, besides, a feeling of high-souled pride in anchoring within sight, under the guns, as it were, of the Dutch fort—the insolent Dutch, whom they, with some aid from France—as the Irishman said of his marriage, for love, and a trifle of money—had driven from their country; and, although the fog rendered every thing invisible, and the guns were spiked, still the act of courage was not disparaged; and they fell to, and sang the Brabançon, and drank Flemish beer till bed-time.

Happy and patriotic souls, little did you know, that amid your dreams of national greatness, some half-dozen imps of Dutch middies were painting out the magnificent tricolour streaks that adorned your good craft, and

making the whole one mass of dirty black.

Such was the case, however; and when day broke, those brilliant emblems of Belgian independence had vanished, and in their place a murky line of pitch now stood.

Homeward they bent their course, sadder and wiser men; and, to their credit be it spoken, having told their sorrows to their sage minister, they have lived a life of happy retirement, and never strayed beyond the peaceful limits of the Antwerp basin.

Far be from me the unworthy object of drawing before the public gaze the blissful and unpretending service, that shuns the noontide glitter of the world's applause, and better loves the quiet solitude of their own unobtrusive waters; and had they thus remained, nothing would have tempted me to draw them from their obscurity. But, alas! national ambition has visited even the seclusion of this service. Not content with coasting voyages, some twelve miles down their muddy river—not satisfied with lording it over fishing smacks and herring wherries, this great people have resolved on becoming a maritime power in blue water, and running a race of rivalry with England, France, and Russia; and to it they have set in right earnest.

They began by purchasing a steam-vessel, which happens to turn out on such a scale of size, as to be inadmissible into any harbour they possess. By dint of labour, time, cost, and great outlay they succeeded, after four months, in getting her into dock. But alas! if it took that time to admit her, it takes six months to let her out again; and, when out, what are they to do with her?

When Admiral Dalrymple turned farmer, he mentions, in one of his letters, the sufferings his unhappy ignorance of all agricultural pursuits involved him in, and feelingly tells us:

"I have given ten pounds for a dunghill, and would now willingly give any man twenty, to tell me what to do with it."

This was exactly the case with the Belgians. They had bought a steamship, they put coals in her, and a crew; and then, for the life and soul of them, they did not know what to do with them.



They desired an export trade—a *debouché* for their Namur cutlery and Verviers' frize. But where could they go? They had no colonies. Holland had, to be sure: but then, they had quarrelled with Holland, and there was no use repining. "What can't be cured," &c. Besides, if they had lost a colony, they had gained a cardinal; and if they had no merchantmen, they had at least high-mass; and if they were excluded from Batavia, why they had free access to the "Abbé Boon."

There were, however, some impracticable people engaged in traffic, who would not listen to these great advantages, and who were obstinate enough to suppose, that the country was as prosperous when it had a market for its productions, as it was, when it had none. And although the priests, who have multiplied some hundred-fold since the revolution, were willing "to consume" to any extent, yet, unhappily, they were not as profitable customers as their *ci-devant* friends beyond sea.

Nothing then remained but to have a colony, and after much consideration, long thought, and anxious deliberation, it was announced to the chamber that the Belgians had a colony, and that the colony was called "Guatemala."

When Sancho Panza appealed to Don Quixotte, to realize his promised dream of greatness, you may remember, he always asked for an island: "make me governor of an island!" There was something defined, accurate, and tangible, as it were, in the sea-girt possession, that suggested to the honest squire's mind the idea of perfect, independent rule. And in the same way, the Belgians desired to have an island.

Some few, less imaginative, suspected, however, that an island must always have its limit to importation quicker attained than a continent, and they preferred some vast, unexplored tract, like India, or Central America, where the consumption of corduroy and cast-iron might have an unexhausted traffic for centuries.

Now, it is a difficult condition to find out that spot on a map, which should realize both expectations. Happily, however, M. Van de Weyer

had to deal with a kind and confiding people, whose knowledge of geography is about equal to a blind man's appreciation of scarlet or sky-blue. Not only, therefore, did he represent to one party, the newly-acquired possession as an island, and to the other as a vast continent, but he actually shifted its *locale* about the globe, from the tropics to the north-pole, with such admirable dexterity, that not only is all cavil silenced about its commercial advantages, but its very climate has an advocate in every taste, and an admirer in every household. Steam-engines, therefore, are fabricated; cannon are cast; railroads are in preparation; broadcloth is weaving; flax is growing; lace is in progress, all through the kingdom, for the new colony of Guatemala, — whose only inhabitants are little grateful for the profound solicitude they are exciting, inasmuch as, being but rats and sea-gulls, their modes of living and thinking give them a happy indifference about steam-travelling, and the use of fine linen.

No matter;—the country is prospering—shares are rising—speculations are rife—loans are effected every day in the week, and M. Van de Weyer sleeps in the peaceful composure of a man who knows in his heart, that even if they get their unwieldy craft to sea, there is not a man in the kingdom who could, by any ingenuity, discover the whereabouts of the far-famed Guatemala.

#### A "SWEET" NUT FOR THE YANKEES.

LORD CHESTERFIELD once remarked that a thoroughly vulgar man could not speak the most common-place word, nor perform the most ordinary act, without imparting to the one and the other a portion of his own inborn vulgarity. And exactly so is it with the Yankees; not a question can arise, no matter how great its importance, nor how trivial its bearings, upon which the moment they express an opinion, they do not completely invest with their own native coarseness, insolence, and vulgarity. The boundary question was made a matter of violent invective and ruffian abuse; the right of search was treated with the same powers of ribaldry towards England;

and now we have these amiable and enlightened citizens defending the wholesale piracy of British authors, not on the plausible but unjust pretext of the benefit to be derived from an extended acquaintance with English literature, but, only conceive, because if "English authors were invested with any control over the republication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American editors to alter and adapt them as they do now to the American taste." However incredible this may seem, the passage formed part of a document actually submitted to congress, and favourably received by that body. This is not the place for me to dwell on the unprincipled usurpation by which men who have contributed nothing to the production of a work, assume the power of reaping its benefits and profiting by its success. The wholesale robbery of English authors has been of late well and ably exposed. The gifted and accomplished author of "Darnley" and "The Gipsy" has devoted his time and his talents to the subject; and although the world at large have few sympathies with the wrongs of those who live to please them, yet the day is not distant when the rights of a large and influential body, who stamp the age with the image of their own minds, can be no longer neglected, and the security of literary property must become at least as great as of mining scrip, or the shares in a rail-road.

My present business is with the Yankee declaration, that English authors to be readable in America must be passed through the ordeal of re-writing. I scarcely think that the annals of impertinence and ignorance could equal this. What! is it seriously meant that Scott and Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Rogers, Bulwer, James, Dickens, and a host of others, must be converted into the garbage of St. Giles, or the fœtid slang of Wapping, before they can pass muster before an American public? Must the book reek of "gin twist," "cock tail," and fifty other abominations, ere it reach an American drawing-room? Must the "bowie-knife and the whittling-stick" mark its pages; and the coarse jest of some tobacco-chewing, wild-cat-wipping penny-a-liner disfigure and sully the passages impressed with the glow-

ing brilliancy of Scott, or the impetuous torrent of Byron's genius? Is this a true picture of America? Is her reading public indeed degraded to this pass? I certainly have few sympathies with brother Jonathan. I like not his spirit of boastful insolence, his rude speech, or his uncultivated habits; but I confess I am unwilling to credit this. I hesitate to believe in such an amount of intellectual depravity as can turn from the cultivated writings of Scott and Bulwer to revel in the coarseness and vulgarity of a Yankee editor, vamping up his stolen wares with oaths from the far west, or rapid jests from life in the Prairies. Again, what shall I say of those who follow this traffic? Is it not enough to steal that which is not theirs, to possess themselves of what they have no right or claim to? Must they mangle the corpse when they have extinguished life? Must they, while they cheat the author of his gain, rob him also of his fair fame? "He who steals my purse steals trash," but how shall I characterize that extent of baseness that dares to step in between an author and his reputation—inserting between him and posterity their own illiterate degeneracy and insufferable stupidity.

Would not the ghost of Sir Walter shudder in his grave at the thought of the fair creations of his mind—Jeany Deans and Rebecca—Yankeefied into women of Long Island, or damsels from Connecticut? Is Childe Harold to be a Kentucky-man? and are the vivid pictures of life Bulwer's novels abound in, to be converted into the prison-discipline school of manners, that prevail in New York and Boston, where, as Hamilton remarks, "the men are about as like gentlemen, as are our new police?" What should we say of the person who having stolen a Rembrandt or a Vandyke from its owner, would seek to legalise his theft by daubing over the picture with his own colours—obliterating every trace of the great master, and exulting that every stroke of his brush defaced some touch of genius, and that beneath the savage vandalism of his act, every lineament of the artist was obliterated? I ask you, would not mere robbery be a virtue beside such a deed as this? Who could compare the sinful promptings to which want and starvation give

birth to, to the ruffian profligacy of such barbarity? And now, when I tell you, that not content with this, not satisfied to desecrate the work, the wretch goes a step farther and stabs its author—what shall I say of him now, who, when he had defaced the picture, marred every effect, distorted all drawing, and rendered the whole a chaotic mass of indistinguishable nonsense, goes forth to the world, and announces, "This is a Rembrandt, this is a Vandyke: ay, look at it and wonder: but with all its faults, and all its demerits, it is cried up above our native artists; it has got the seal of the old world's approval upon it, and in vain we of younger origin shall dare to dissent from its judgment?" Now once more, I say, can you show the equal of this moral turpitude? and such I pledge myself is the conduct of your transatlantic pirates with respect to British literature. Mr. Dickens, no mean authority, asserts that in the same sheet in which they boast the sale of many thousand copies of an English reprint, they coarsely attack the author of that very book, and heap scurrility and slander on his head.

Yes, such is the fact; not satisfied with robbery, they murder reputation also. And then we find them expatiating in most moving terms over the superiority of their own neglected genius. Hear Mr. Matthews, who, himself opposed to piracy, thus held forth at a New York dinner to Mr. Dickens:—

"I do not hesitate to say, that he,"—

it is the native author he speaks of,—  
"had he thousands to lavish on the printing of a single work; a press in every village; a publisher of enterprise and spirit in every city; the purchased control of fifty newspapers;—would be only beginning to enter the field with Mr. Lever."

Egad, our editor must be making a fine thing of it. It must be excellent sport to be robbed after this fashion. I remember once hearing of a young medical friend, who was so ambitious of practice, that to obtain a patient he supplied the medicine gratis, and actually supported the family of a labouring man for several weeks, merely from the gratifying reflection of the confidence his professional skill was creating. At the end of a couple of months, however, the cure did not seem to progress, and he was thus accosted by the wife of the sick man, at the close of one of his daily visits—

"Well, doctor, how is he to-day?"

"Why, I think, my woman," replied the physician, with an air of most professional gravity, "there does not seem much amendment—but in a little time, and with some care——"

"Troth," cried she, interrupting him, "it's my notion you're making a nice job of it!"

So think I—Mr. Lever "is making a nice job of it;" and if he only estimates Yankee popularity as I do, I sincerely wish him joy of the happy pre-eminence he enjoys in the States; which, doubtless, he deems as pleasing as he finds it profitable.

O.

## PICTURES AND THE PICTURESQUE.\*

It is a singular and beautiful characteristic of all the sources of delight furnished to us by external nature—herein differing, alas, materially from the moral landscape—that what pleases us at first, and to our unsophisticated view, becomes invested with new charms as we examine it more closely, proves itself deserving of an attention, which, perhaps, with all our admiration, we should have hesitated to deem it worthy at first sight.

It is observed, moreover, by those who pay attention to such matters, that there is something more peculiarly worthy of examination in those natural objects which seem most adapted to afford us sensible pleasure, and that we unconsciously fasten in our affections and feelings upon what is in reality and indeed distinguishable by some intrinsic perfection or harmony of parts, so that the delight experienced by our senses becomes a measure, as it were, of what is, for other reasons, delightful, and may be admitted to test it.

Philosophers, who took up these observations as they found them, and reasoned upon them, were long at a loss to account for the universally admitted accordance between unconscious impressions and after results; and numerous theories were adopted and rejected, each having for its aim, and each successively failing, to unite the phenomena as cause and effect, in a way to satisfy a reasonable mind. St. Augustin, Cruzas, André, Shaftesbury, Hutcheson, and Gerard, exhibited their ingenuity without coming nearer the truth, and their researches were followed by the more advanced though still inadequate theories of Burke, Price, Diderot, and Père Buffier.

It was in the year 1790 that Alison gave to the world his *Essay on the principles of taste*, in which was contained the first complete promulgation

of the theory of *association*, as it has been since carried out, regulated, and illustrated by various subsequent philosophers, beginning with Knight, including Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown, and reaching its climax with Lord Jeffrey, whose article on “Beauty” in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* is considered at the present day the most complete, as Alison’s work is the most original, of all the multitude of treatises on this interesting and agreeable subject.

One, indeed, there was, who, at a time when the world was younger than it is, had a glimmering of truth, which the imperfect state of philosophy, particularly in its method of investigation, and the inability of others to comprehend, much less to carry out, his theories, had suffered to subside into darkness again—we mean Plato; and there seems no doubt that his eagle-glance had detected the connexion of external beauty and sublimity with the mind within, to a certain degree as it has been held to exist since. But as our business is more with the practical details of modern discovery, we shall content ourselves with thus far doing justice to the penetration of one, who, with Aristotle, may be said to have scaled the walls of darkness, and had a momentary glance across the gulf of ages into the wonders and the secrets of future discovery; anticipating to the unprepared ears of mankind things which to them “seemed as idle tales,” though to after-times the visions had their accomplishment in the results of a matured and substantial philosophy.

It is far from our intention to draw the reader into a learned disquisition, or detain him from what is intended to amuse, by endeavouring merely to instruct him; but thus much was necessary, by way of introduction to the two very valuable and entertaining books before us—a pair which go singularly well together, the one

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\* Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque. Edited by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. Edinburgh: Caldwell and Co. London: Orr and Co. 1842.

Wanderings in North and South Wales. By Thomas Roscoe, with Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Tilt and Bogue.

being the science of which the other is the practice carried out to the last perfection.

Sir Uvedale Price's work on the picturesque has been many years before the public, and furnishes a complete manual of landscape gardening, abounding in all that can make that study at once easy and delightful; but when it pursues the subject up into philosophy, it becomes an unsafe guide, and abounds in those errors which are the consequences of an imperfect system or method of scientific investigation. Here, then, the present editor, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, has taken the matter up, and in a masterly and eloquent introduction, "on the origin of taste," and in copious notes, very ably corrected what was erroneous in the text, without detracting from the merits of its author, whose many beauties indeed he illustrates and sets off with the zeal of a friend and disciple. From him we learn what this "theory of association" is, which has elevated the "picturesque" into a science, and given to it the right and title to be from henceforth philosophized upon, establishing for it a claim to legitimate fellowship with its elder relations, the "sublime" and "beautiful," to which it had before stood in pretty much the position of Cinderella to her haughty and supercilious sisters.

"The fundamental point of Mr. Alison's theory is, that all the beauty of material objects depends on the associations that may have connected them with the ordinary emotions or affections of our nature. In other words, the beauty which we impute to such objects is nothing more than the reflection of our own inward emotions."

Here, without going a step farther, we see how it comes that the subject is elevated and ennobled. We are thrown from particular external objects back upon the mind of man, and told to look *there* for what pleases and animates the senses; we are shown that here—within—is the true sublime, the true beautiful, the true picturesque; and are instructed to examine into the obscure recesses of the soul for the archetypes of those grand and noble and divine forms, which ravish us in their reflection from without, like the image of the fabled Narcissus. We are referred from body to spirit, from

motion to emotion, from sensual to metaphysical nature, and bid to think and to feel accordingly.

It is under this view that we become reconciled to the devotion of such master-minds as Stewart, Brown, and Jeffrey, to the study of the "picturesque," even when pursued, as in the case of the second mentioned of these philosophers, into the humble channel of landscape gardening; for, as we have taken occasion to observe on a former occasion, whenever what is lowest in practice is followed up and carried out to its highest philosophic limits, it becomes as worthy of the most dignified investigation, as pure, in short, as if it had never been contaminated by ignoble application lower down. The humble stream has been traced by the theorists in question, up to the well-head of important truth; and we are bound to honour it accordingly, just as we still look with interest on the dull and diminished flow of that river, which, now divided, defiled, disfigured, almost nameless, amidst the swampy morasses of Holland, has been in more favoured regions and sublimer scenes the theme of an hundred poets—the majestic, the mighty Rhine.

In the higher walks, indeed, all the arts having affinity or acting in harmony with nature, join hands, and as they rise to the plane of science, present a sort of family likeness, having the features of a divine intelligence impressed upon them; and exhibit, moreover, the universal and high connexion that subsists between this associated family of nature, and that strange microcosm the mind of man—which, like a reflecting globule, seems to glass every thing in creation, above, below, and around, upon its minute and polished sphere.

Here, for instance, we learn that, as in the case of sublimity and beauty, so in that of the picturesque, we are to go within for the types of that which is without, as far as it affects our feelings, and there get at the "removed fountains" of pleasure and pain, to discover what it is that so much moves us. Now in music, there is a beautiful mathematical disposition of *vibrations* having its effect in involuntary pleasure to the senses; and we are not by any means so sure that there may not be something of the very same nature traceable in the de-



light accompanying certain impressions on the eye—of form especially, and in all probability of colour also;—whether vibrations on the retina, in fact, may not make up a considerable portion at least of the satisfaction derived from the vision of external objects; and whether “the picturesque” in one sense may not bear the same relation to vision that harmony and melody do to hearing; the one of these latter being analogous to *colour*, the other to *form*. But these are our own speculations, and not in any degree suggested by our annotator, who, in making mind the seat of the pleasurable sensations of sight, confines the process, as Alison and Jeffrey have done, to association; that is, to a recovered or remembered similitude to some thing or some thought that had given pleasure before. We entirely agree with him in assuming that a great part of our delight may be so accounted for, but we cannot but think that the argument from analogy is of great weight between organs so intimately connected as the eye and the ear, and that what is proved to exist in the latter, may be looked for or suspected in the former, in the absence of direct demonstration.

The question is one which it is impossible here adequately to discuss; and at all events, without touching upon it, we may observe, that it leaves the main position of Mr. Alison and his disciples intact, and allows of our proceeding to take up and illustrate their views without prejudice to our own; for as in music, by admitting the physical effect of vibrations, we by no means exclude its chief charm and chief power, that of association, which renders it the language of the heart and affections, intelligible in proportion to their cultivation, and eloquent as the soul that creates it, and the feelings to which it is directed are exalted and inspired—so here we attempt not to dethrone the mind from its paramount place, by placing the senses, as it were, in intermediate ministrant posts, to receive and transmit, and approve or reject to a certain degree, the external ideas that would crowd in upon it. All is ultimately referred to the mind, and the medium, material, though governed by exquisitely harmonious laws, may or may not be taken into consideration, according to the mode in which it is proposed to view the subject.

We have given Alison's naked proposition; and instead of following him through its proof, we will conduct the reader at once to a beautiful two-fold illustration of Lord Jeffrey's, a picture and its *pendant* so beautifully wrought, that we are inclined in perusing it to barbarize the words of the poet, and call the painter “himself the great ‘picturesque’ he draws.”

“It is easy enough,” his lordship says, “to understand how the sight of a picture or statue should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original; nor is it much more difficult to conceive how the sight of a cottage should give us something of the same feeling as the sight of a peasant's family, and the aspect of a town raise many of the same ideas as the appearance of a multitude of persons. We may begin, therefore, with an example a little more complicated. Take, for instance, the case of a common English landscape; green meadows, with fat cattle; canals or navigable rivers; well fenced, well cultivated fields; neat, clean, scattered cottages; humble, antique church, with churchyard elms, and crossing hedge-rows, all seen under bright skies, and in good weather: there is much beauty, as every one will acknowledge, in such a scene. But in what does the beauty consist? Not certainly in the mere mixture of colours and forms; for colours more pleasing, and lines more graceful (according to any theory of grace that may be preferred) might be spread upon the board of a painter's palette, without engaging the eye to a second glance, or raising the least emotion in the mind; no, it is to be found in the picture of human happiness that is presented to our imaginations and affections, and in the visible and unequivocal signs of comfort, and cheerful and peaceful enjoyment—and of that secure and successful industry that ensures its continuance—and of the piety by which it is exalted—and of the simplicity by which it is contrasted with the guilt and the fever of a city life—in the images of health, and temperance, and plenty, which it exhibits to every eye—and in the glimpses which it affords to warmer imaginations of those primitive and fabulous times, when man was uncorrupted by luxury and ambition, and of those humble retreats in which we still delight to imagine that love and philosophy may find an unpolluted asylum. At all events, however, it is *human feeling* that excites our sympathy, and forms the object of our emotions. It is *man*, and *man alone*, that we see in the

beauties of the earth which he inhabits; or, if a more sensitive and extended sympathy connect us with the lower families of animated nature, and makes us rejoice with the lambs that bleat on the uplands, or the cattle that ruminate in the valley, or even with the living plants that drink the bright sun, and the balmy air beside them, it is still the idea of enjoyment, of feelings that animate sentient beings, that calls forth all our emotions, and is the parent of all the beauty with which we proceed to invest the inanimate creation around us.

"Instead of this quiet and tame English landscape, let us take a Welch or a Highland scene, and see whether its beauties will admit of being explained on the same principle. Here we shall have lofty mountains, and rocky and lonely recesses—tufted woods, hung over precipices—lakes intersected with castled promontories—ample solitudes of unploughed and untrodden valleys—nameless and gigantic ruins—and mountain echoes, repeating the scream of the eagle, and the roar of the cataract. This, too, is beautiful; and, to those who can interpret the language it speaks, far more beautiful than the prosperous scene with which we have contrasted it. Yet, lonely as it is, it is to the recollection of *man*, and of human feelings, that its beauty also is owing. The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance are no more capable of exciting any emotion of pleasure in the mind, than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet. It is sympathy with the present or the past, or imaginary *inhabitants* of such a region, that alone gives it either interest or beauty; and the delight of those who behold it will always be found to be in exact proportion to the force of their imaginations, and the warmth of their social affections. The leading impressions here are those of romantic seclusion and primeval simplicity; lovers sequestered in these solitudes, 'from towns and toils remote,' and rustic poets and philosophers communing with nature, at a distance from the low pursuits and selfish malignity of ordinary mortals;—then there is the sublime impression of the Mighty Power which piled the massive cliffs upon one another, and rent the mountains asunder, and scattered their giant fragments at their base—and all the images connected with the monuments of ancient magnificence and extinguished hostility—the feuds, and the combats, and the triumphs of its wild and primitive inhabitants, contrasted with the stillness and desolation of the scenes where they lie interred—and the romantic ideas attached to their

ancient traditions and the peculiarities of their present life—their wild and enthusiastic poetry, their gloomy superstition, their attachment to their chiefs—the dangers, and the hardships, and enjoyments of their lonely huntings and fishings—their pastoral shielings on the mountains in summer, and the tales and the sports that amuse the little groups that are frozen into their vast and trackless valleys in winter. Add to this the traces of vast and obscure antiquity that are impressed on the language and habits of the people, and on the cliffs, and caves, and gulfy torrents of the land—and the solemn and touching reflection perpetually recurring of the weakness and insignificance of perishable man, whose generations thus pass away into oblivion, with all their toils and ambition, while nature holds on her unvarying course, and pours out her streams, and renews her forests, with undecaying activity, regardless of the fate of her proud and perishable sovereign."

This is a glowing illustration of Alison's theory, and is as good as any argument for the purpose for which it is designed; but it must not be supposed because we put it forward and offer it as the best possible exposition of the associative theory, that we go the whole length of the writer, and conceive that all, or even much of what he enumerates, comes in as an essential component part, even in the most enlightened mind, in the idea of pleasure derived from a picturesque prospect; and certainly not with the young and inexperienced observer—often the most susceptible of pleasure from the beauties of nature. It is impossible to conceive that the glow of sunset, drawing "pleasant tears" from the eyes of the hind—the shifting shadows on the mountain-side—the proud leap of the billow over the beetling rock—that these are objects which give pleasure by any process of argument even analogous to that suggested by Lord Jeffrey. They burst upon the heart before an idea could get there: they anticipate reflection, and outrun reason, and send up the blood to the cheek and the tear to the eye, before the head or memory can be reached by a thought.

That the mind is affected, is certain—that there is the responsive chord within, we deny not—but that that chord can be taken out, measured,

felt, handled, and put in again, we may be allowed to doubt, on the principle of there being things yet unsounded in the mind and heart of man, which may, however, in the progress of mental philosophy, or, at all events, in a higher and more comprehensive state of being, be got at and examined in their deep hiding-places. And the reason we are thus sceptical is, that an arbitrary cause cannot be fairly *forced* upon us as productive of a certain effect. The statement, by another, that such and such thoughts produce such and such sensations under particular circumstances, cannot convince us, if we are not conscious of those thoughts, at least on after reflection. They *may* originate them; but, until it is shown that they do by actual demonstration, it is in the power of every one to withhold his assent from the proposition.

The "picturesque" has, as a theme, employed many pens; and the very vagueness of its definition has multiplied the modes and amplified the field of discussion. The meaning of the word, even, is not ascertained. It seems not to have been known in Johnson's time. Sir Uvedale Price says it differs, in derivation and meaning, from the Italian *pittresco* and the French *pittoresque*—these being derived from the painter, whereas the English word is taken from the painting. Indeed, if we examine the word analogically, and compare it with the few others of the same family, we shall be induced to give it a more restricted meaning. The original word with the termination *esque*, seems to have been *grotesque*, *grottesco*, being applied to designs executed after the quaint, wild, and chimeric models found in the subterranean chambers or grottoes beneath the palace of Titus at Rome. Arabesque, designates the bizarre and wild forms of certain Arabic architectural ornaments; romanesque (French,) tinged with the wildness of romance; — burlesque, (French) wildly ridiculous; (English, both being derived from the Italian,) "tending to raise laughter by *unnatural* and unsuitable images;" and this brings us to *picturesque*, meaning, if we are to affix to it the idea suggested by its termination, partaking of the *wild* beauty of those subjects usu-

ally selected by landscape-painters. It is not improbable that Salvator Rosa's savage works gave rise to the word, which, as applied to them, most suitably takes a termination, in every other instance implying something of the supernatural, bizarre, and extravagant. We here get, as we conceive, at the true distinctive meaning of the word, which, without this clue, appears to Price and other writers somewhat capriciously used and applied. It does not, for instance, apply to all subjects suitable for painting; for historical subjects, merely sublime combinations, purely beautiful objects, though never so well suited for the brush or the pencil, are not within its scope; neither does the sweet repose of an English landscape come strictly within its meaning. No: there is something in the *esque*, which implies wildness; — as littleness, meanness, grandeur, are in Italian similarly conveyed by a *termination*; and hence a newly-coined word, *sculpturesque*, we take the liberty of pronouncing incorrect and improper, as it is at present used, meaning only "what is suited for sculpture;" whereas, if we are right, it must convey, by the force of its termination, something of the savage and extravagant, wholly inapplicable and absurd.

Were we to seek for examples of the "picturesque," we could not find more happy illustrations than in Salvator's paintings, in which the deep shadows, unearthly lights, wild cataracts, shivered trees, rent rocks, and savage figures, all suggest that word as the only one suitable to express the effect.

We use the term in speaking of the glancing of armour, the slouch of a hat, the flap of a cloak, the gnarling of an oak, the sudden sheer down of a precipice, &c. and this without immediate reference to a painting, but to a *wildness* similar to what *has* formed the subject of certain paintings, and is associated with that *style* in our minds.

It is for this reason, that although by an easy transition sublimity and beauty are attributed to poetry, painting, and music indifferently, picturesqueness (to use a word coined by our author) is not so easily applied, for its meaning is more complex and particular; and we perceive the incor-

rectness of application, even where we do not see wherein the impropriety consists,—so nice a discriminator is the ear, and so possible is it for substantial reasons to be recognised by the taste, which are too subtle to be detected by the judgment.

It is only right to mention that Sir Uvedale Price, and indeed others before him, had a certain vague idea that there is something uncouth implied in “picturesque.” “Roughness and sudden variation,” Price considers its characteristics; but he does not see that it is the *wildness* implied in the termination which defines it the most accurately. Sir Thomas Lauder falls back even from Price himself, and is content to think the term means simply, what is “a provocative to painting,”—thus strictly analogous to “sculpturesque.”

We have adduced Salvator as an example of our meaning. Price instances Mola. We might add Rosa di Tivoli, Borgognone, and some other Italian names. From our definition (and indeed from his own) it follows, that Sir Uvedale's book might have been more appropriately named than it is; for the picturesque, in its strict, and, as we conceive, correct signification, only forms one branch of his subject, which extends over the whole range of landscape gardening, embracing every object and every effect, from the gate-lodge to the hall-door. But, as we said before, the vagueness of the term makes it a very convenient one, and it has been used by author after author to hang his thoughts upon, without much more reference to the propriety of the costume, than is shown by those devotees who dress up the images of saints in Roman Catholic churches with trappings which their own fond piety, rather than the need or the adornment of the worshipped object, demands.

We confidently refer our readers to the delightful volume of Sir Thomas Lauder for entertainment and instruction of the most refined and healthy kind. It is full of beautiful descriptive illustration, abounds in felicitous quotations, and contains some original and valuable criticism on pictures, given without the pedantry and affectation which his “connoisseurship” generally thinks it necessary to assume when he

enters the gallery or cabinet; and, though last not least, is adorned with numerous beautiful cuts, which illustrate in a pleasing manner the subject-matter of the volume. It is generally known how well fitted the editor is for his task; he has succeeded in this instance in embodying in a single volume what the country gentleman and man of taste might have to wade through the expensive works of Gilpin, Knight, and a host of others to obtain. This condensation of knowledge is what must always be valuable—and hence the discursive notes of an editor enhance incalculably the value of an original work such as Price's. We are glad to see all text-books, such as White's Selborne, Walton's Angler, &c., made use of as Littleton was by Coke, and placed, like antique gems, in modern and massive setting.

Sir Uvedale Price very sensibly recommends the landscape gardener not only to study nature, but its happiest combinations in pictures.

“If,” says he, “a taste for drawing and painting, and a knowledge of their principles, made a part of every gentleman's education—if, instead of hiring a professed improver to torture his grounds after an established model, each improved his own place according to general conceptions drawn from nature and pictures, or from hints which favourite masters in painting, or favourite poets of nature suggested to him, there might in time be a great variety in the styles of improvement, and all of them with peculiar excellencies. No two painters ever saw nature with the same eyes; they tended to one point by a thousand different routes, and that makes the charm of an acquaintance with their various modes of conception and execution.

I have always understood that Mr. Hamilton, who created Painshill, not only had studied pictures, but had studied them for the express purpose of improving real landscape. The place he created—a task of quite another difficulty from correcting or from adding to natural scenery—fully proves the use of such a study. Among many circumstances of more striking effect, I was highly pleased with a walk, which leads through a bottom skirted with wood; and I was pleased with it, not merely from what *had*, but from what *had not* been done; it had no edges, no borders, no distinct lines of separation—nothing was done, except keeping the ground



properly neat, and the communication free from any obstruction.

"This, and other parts of Fainshill, seem to have been formed on the precept contained in the well-known lines of Tasso, in his description of the garden of Armida :—

'E quel che'l bello e'l caro accresce a l'opre,  
L'arte che tutto fa, nulla si scopre.' "

Before we quit this, the didactic branch of our subject, we must guard our readers against subscribing to Lord Jeffrey's exclusion of *forms* and *colours* from any influence in the production of pleasing sensations in the mind. He says—they may recollect—"The mere forms and colours that compose its visible appearance, (that of a Welch or Highland scene,) are no more capable of exciting any emotion in the mind, than the forms and colours of a Turkey carpet." Not to say a word of Hogarth's "line of beauty," and our formerly expressed opinions of the possible mathematical arrangement of forms upon the sense, we confidently assert our belief in the positive preference of the eye for certain combinations of colour, and consequently in the existence of a satisfaction and dissatisfaction in reference to colour. Harmony of colouring is a term derived from the sister art, expressive of what causes pleasure. The kaleidoscope affords to certain delicate temperaments ravishing delight, and with the phenomena of polarized light there are few organs so dull as not to be enchanted. These are purely prismatic tints, and the satisfaction derived from them is unmixed with any other ingredient than colour, which, if it does not enter as a necessary part into the idea of the picturesque, certainly forms a large share of what is *beautiful* in scenery, and indeed the principal ground of what may be properly styled *pictorial* effect. The truth is, it was necessary to Lord Jeffrey's theory—the *complete* theory of association—to exclude form and colour as simple ideas; and hence he adopted as an admitted truth what is contrary to the experience of most observers of nature. The phenomena of colours, indeed, and the mode in which they affect the outward organs and the inward sense, might be very curiously used, as affecting our perceptions of natural beauty, and we would willingly have given a few ideas of our own on the subject,—

but we are reminded that another book is on our table, and has been named at the head of our article, and we would not willingly cramp ourselves in the notice of a work that appears to us to demand the best recommendation we can afford it. It offers, in every respect, a contrast to the first book; it is the easy "Wanderings" of a refined and classical traveller in the truly "picturesque" region of Wales, and Mr. Roscoe has thrown such an air of repose over his journeying, as to suit the constitution of the fire-side voyager, and enable him to indulge in all the pleasure of travelling, without the excitement or fatigue. The illustrations are here, if not avowedly, in reality the chief attraction; and the finished pencils of Cattermole, Cox, and Creswick, have stamped upon our imagination every turn of the road, every point of view, every spot almost, that as real travellers we could be called upon to gaze at. We know no one in the whole school of English artists who is so thoroughly deserving of attention and admiration as Cattermole, as a *landscape* painter, and we wish to note this, as his fame generally rests upon his historical and chivalrous pieces,—but those who will examine his pictures of Warwick Castle—his Bower in which Faust and Margaret met—his "Water-mill in Westmoreland," and others of the same kind, will discover a mind, as it were, in his choice of subjects, and in skill in managing them, wanting even to the highest of our landscape painters, and which may be accounted for by his possessing a more poetical mind than most of the fraternity, and being hence guided to what is interesting, and transferring the interest to his pictures. You will never see a tame or dull subject taken up by him—every thing he draws has a meaning, and will fasten the attention of even the casual observer.

Mr. Roscoe, however, has confined him to historic scenes, and the artist has acquitted himself ably indeed, particularly where he represents the castle of Caernarvon, as Edward's troops entered it by moonlight, in 1284. This is an elevated imitation of Cruikshank, taking up an idea from that able artist, which he ennobles with his very touch. "Llewellyn and his Barons," too, is in his best style—but it were impossible to enumerate excellencies, where any



exception were an omission. Indeed, Cox, Creswick, and Wrightson, each vie with the other to render the pair of volumes before us as perfect as possible; and no work we have seen upon Wales can compare with this in splendour, interest, and, we may add, accuracy.

Mr. Roscoe remarks on the rage for illustration characteristic of the day.

“Every age,” he says, “must have its prevailing passion, and that of the present is, assuredly, pictorial embellishment in all its forms and branches. Our most distinguished living poets, and, indeed, writers of every class, seldom now appear before the world unrecommended by the genius of the painter, and the magic influence of the engraver.

“In describing scenery familiar to almost every eye, how little chance has the tourist at home of winning even a passing glance, without borrowing some grace from the sister arts? This intimate and still growing union—so unlike any other, and so agreeable to the taste of the times—seems to derive fresh strength from trial, (the result of advantages mutually derived, and of that golden harvest not unfrequently reaped,) merely by the pleasant process of both parties agreeing to benefit each other, and confer pleasure upon an enlightened public. Still, in an alliance every way so desirable, and calculated to gratify both the eye and the mind, the author would fain enter his protest against the glory of letters being esteemed subsidiary to any other design, ranking, as it ought, first and preeminent in the march of intellect, as in the records of the human mind.”

This is a very fair attempt on the part of the author to keep his own head above water, and win the public eye from the embellishments, to a glance, at least, at the letterpress. We have yielded to the solicitation, and can assure our readers that they will be amused if they do so too; although there is no doubt that the volumes are a portfolio of views, *illustrated* by Mr. Roscoe. In this work, the landscapes are the main thing—and in the publication of Sir Thomas Lauder, too, the cuts are a real assistance, as well as an ornament, and may almost be deemed essential to its completeness; but we must here, once for all, enter our protest against the mania of the age for what Mr. Roscoe calls “pictorial embellishment,” and caution the reader

against falling in with it; for it implies, alas! the decay of imaginative intellect—and marks the degradation of letters as clearly as the gaudy livery of the menial denotes his servile condition. There are very few cases in which the subject-matter of what is written can bear to have what is drawn put side by side with it without injury. It is only when the art is displayed to *perfection* that the poet's idea, for instance, of beauty, and the reader's, derived from poetry, can be reached by the pencil, and even then the scope given to the imagination gives an ideal enchantment beyond the happiest reality, as the lover invests his mistress with charms which he cannot himself describe, and which no one else can detect. There are scarcely any instances, at all events, in which the *first impression* of powerful writing will not be weakened by associating it with the visible illustration of the artist; and that author must have but slender confidence in his powers, who will have recourse to the humbler aid of the painter, to help out his effect with the world. Who has ever seen any thing approaching his first conceptions of Hamlet, Juliet, or Othello? Who has not been disappointed by the most successful representations of Eve, Satan, or Uriel? Is there one who does not feel *that* to be true of “pictorial illustration,” which Byron so beautifully confesses of his own art?—

“Who hath not felt how feebly words  
essay  
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly  
ray?”

Yes, the origin of half our interest and all our romance, as connected with the vivid descriptions of Scott, Byron, and our most favourite modern poets, lies in the power that exists to each of placing in the empty niche the idol of his own fancy or his own passion, and bowing down to the god himself hath made.

The farther removed from what is real illustration becomes, by the same rule, the better it satisfies the mind: hence the sculptured demigods of the ancients—colourless, in repose, gigantic, almost unearthly—satisfy almost taste itself, as illustrative of the rhapsodies of Homer, and the mythology of early Greece; but can we con-

template a romantic Achilles, a *picturesque* Troy, that does not disgust us? For ourselves, if we derive any advantage from age, it consists—and we thank Heaven for it!—in our having lived before the days of embellishment; and our having had heroes and heroines, and historic scenes, and the glowing descriptions of classic poetry, pictured upon our hearts without a hint from the palette or the pencil; and the more we see of the conceptions of skilful and able artists, the more we cherish the unproduced and intangible creations of our own brain, which, hung around the gallery of our memory, preserve their forms fresh as in first childhood, their glowing colours unfaded as the hues of the rainbow from which they have been caught. We are not to be understood as going the length of closing against the artist the leaves of poetry, history, or romance. He may, and he ought to study and illustrate them; but this Siamese wedlock between the words of the author and their representation,—this arbitrary interference with the right of imagination—this forcing upon the sight what has been intended originally for the ear and the heart—this officious and meddling interposition of art, prompted by mercantile convenience alone, and aimed directly at the play of the fancy and feelings, is to us a melancholy instance of the decay of public taste, and a proof, if proof were wanting, that the improvement of the times has not extended to every object and every pursuit, and that the rise of one branch of the arts has not taken place without the proportionate depression of higher and nobler performances. But this is allowed, by all authorities, to be the midnight of literature. There is a *relache* in the theatre of public excitement, as regards great works of imagination. We must be amused, tickled, rather than astonished, moved. We need the picture to the eye, rather than to the heart. We prefer the “picturesque” to the “sublime.” Whether the alteration in the hopes of genius, lately wrought out by disinterested zeal and perseverance—the higher stimulus given to talents by extending the ownership of high thoughts

still farther beyond the period at which they are communicated to the world, may mark the commencement of a new era, and bring back the attention of the multitude to literature by evolving great things from its votaries, we do not stop here to inquire; the melancholy truth is too apparent to be overlooked or denied, that the tide has ebbed away from the steps of the temple of learning, and overflows other shores and other shrines.

How far the efforts of such investigators as Sir Uvedale Price and Sir Thomas Lauder to philosophize taste may affect this “tidal wave,” it would be difficult to say; or whether they could be expected to affect it at all: but thus much is certain, that to prove the reasonableness of what we admire can never be wholly useless, and to offer to the sentimentalist and student of romantic nature a reason for the love that is in him is surely as rational, on the one hand, as the attempt of Cervantes on the other, to sober down the wild “*romanesqueness*” of his countrymen, and that of Rowlandson by his *Syntax* to cure the assectators of the “pseudo-picturesque” in our own. That is ever useful which tends to restrain silly mankind from extremes: the worst is, that the very act of saving him from Scylla throws him upon Charybdis; and we may yet perhaps have to do as Canning, Frere, and Ellis, in the case of the Germanic mania, and allay the fever, not only for the picturesque, but for taste, genius, and literature, just as our formerly intemperate countrymen must now be coaxed to take a little white wine negus for a cold.

Let such a dread be before us—we willingly court it; and shall find it, we believe, much easier to allay the excitement than to raise it. Could we help to create a fervour for what is sublime, beautiful, refined, and “picturesque” in our own land, and teach our countrymen to carry out the innate poetry of their nature into consistent practice, we should deem our time well spent, independent of what advantage and pleasure we have individually gained over the volumes of Lauder and Roscoe.

## SKETCHES OF PUBLIC MEN.

## NO. II.—THE BISHOP OF EXETER.

“ If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know  
 My faculties nor person, yet will be  
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,  
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
 Our necessary actions, in the fear  
 To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
 As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow  
 That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further  
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
 By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is  
 Not ours, or not allowed ; what worst, as oft  
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
 In fear our motions will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
 State statues only.”—SHAKESPEARE.

MURMUR not at the length of the motto, most excellent reader ! It is Shakspeare's—it is good philosophy—and it is applicable to the subject of my sketch. Of all the men of his “ order,” the Bishop of Exeter is perhaps best entitled to take rank, upon general grounds, as “ a public man.” His reputation is not confined to matters ecclesiastical. In such matters (than which none can be more important) he is undoubtedly a leading man ; but he is something more. He has been for ten years one of the most powerful speakers in the Upper House of Parliament, and his voice has been heard in almost all the great questions which, during that eventful period of political change, have occupied the public mind. Having stated this, it is almost superfluous to add, that the bishop has been the subject of much obloquy. This is the price which every public man must pay for serving his country with activity ; and the more honest and ardent he is, and the less he is in the habit of fencing, and trimming, and of softening down stern truths, and taking care not to arraign this man's error, nor to offend that man's prejudice, the more surely will he be the mark of obloquy and abuse. There are, however, even in these days of coldness, of compromise, and of perpetual caution, men, who may say with Cicero, “ *hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam, non invidiam pu-*”

*tarem*”—and of these men the Bishop of Exeter is one. Or if he should be disposed rather to quote poetical English, than oratorical Latinity, he might say—

“ I am that I am, and they that level  
 At my abuses, reckon up their owne,  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevell,  
 By their rank thoughts, my deeds  
 must not be showne.”

Our good bishop is, perhaps, not at all times so guarded as he might be—men who are very ardent, even for good, seldom are—but he is true as steel, and like that metal, takes a high polish. If he assails, he makes no rugged wound, but handles his weapon with a certain grace, even when he strikes home.

The Bishop of Exeter is about the middle height—a well-made man, of compact form, and active movements. His face is sallow, and strongly marked with the lines of thought. Placidity is not the character of his mind, and the throes of thought are visible upon his countenance. His eyes are large, surmounted with rather heavy brows, and a spacious forehead. His hair is now grey, and instead of being covered with the formal-looking, but generally becoming episcopal wig, is suffered to have its own way, and roam at large rather more freely than is consistent with crinial neatness. In speaking,

he possesses a subdued manner, and a soft silvery voice, which strangely contrasts with the remarkable vigour of his expressions. This manner is no doubt the result of strong self-control, for if he gave loose to the fire within, the passion of the orator would most assuredly be witnessed in loudness of voice, and vehemence of action. But his oratory is without gesture, and his voice is gentle, (though exceedingly distinct,) even when his argument is full of fervour, and his language of strength. He likes referring to documents, and when he makes a set speech, he generally has a great many papers on the table before him. But he is not, perhaps, sufficiently scrupulous as to the authenticity and perfect trustworthiness of the documents with which he is supplied. He will sometimes deliver a speech, the argument of which is perfectly irresistible, supposing the allegations upon which he proceeds to be perfectly true; but when he has concluded it will be found by some one on the other side, that the allegations are erroneous, or at all events questionable, and that equally strong documentary evidence may be brought forward to a contrary effect. This has happened more than once in respect to Irish affairs. I have the most profound respect for all the excellent qualities which abound in the "Emerald Isle," but strict accuracy, and precision of statement, especially as to certain matters of complaint, where some party spirit comes into play, cannot, I fear, be numbered among them. The good bishop does not always make sufficient allowance for the vivacity or luxuriance of Irish imagination, which is apt to display itself even upon very formal occasions, and he has been led sometimes to adopt as fact, that in which there was no small tincture of romance.

Another defect, if I may presume so to speak, in the mode or style of the bishop, is a too great courtesy of submission which sometimes gives an air of insincerity where really there is none. Thus he will speak of "the humble individual who now addresses your lordships," when he knows right well that he is a match, or more than a match, for any of them. Again, in the famous second letter to Canning, he says, "not to dwell in my own feeble language on the subject," when

he had been using through eight-and-twenty pages the most powerful and overwhelming language that had been used in a similar way for fifty years. This is a trick of style, admired and imitated I know by some: but if it were not a manner adopted unconsciously, I should say that it showed want of sincerity, which certainly is not the general character of the Bishop of Exeter.

The subject of my sketch, Doctor Henry Philpotts, is, I believe, a native of Gloucester, or of its neighbourhood. At all events, he received his early education at what is called the college school of that town, and he very early in life exhibited those superior powers of mind to which he owes his subsequent advancement. In the year 1791, when only in his fourteenth year, a scholarship fell vacant at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. For this scholarship he was one among six candidates, and though considerably the youngest among them, he was successful. In short, when he was in years but a mere boy, he became a member of the University—a circumstance by no means so usual in England as in Ireland—and about the age at which it is usual to enter, he took his degree of B.A. This was in the summer of 1795, when he was only eighteen; and the same year he obtained the Chancellor's prize for an essay on the influence of religious principle, and was elected a Fellow of Magdalene College. I do not know in what year he took orders; but his age did not entitle him to full orders until 1801, and until 1804 he was still a Fellow of Magdalene. He then married, and thereby abandoned his fellowship, after which he was nominated by the Chancellor of the University to the headship of Hertford College, upon the recommendation of the well-known Doctor Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christchurch. This office, although he was desirous of having, he found he could not consistently undertake, owing to the necessary preliminary of taking an oath duly to observe the statutes of the college, which statutes it is generally understood that he found upon examination to be in his judgment utterly absurd. Here we find an act of conscientiousness, much to the credit of a young man to whom, at the time, such a post would have been very desirable.

The result of his resolution was, that the "foundation," as it is called, became extinct; for having set the example of repugnance to the regulation of the founder, no one else chose to accept the government of the college, and the revenues went back to the heirs at law of the person who had founded it.

In 1806, Mr. Philpotts appeared in print as the antagonist of the noted and very unscrupulous Doctor Lingard, who had violently assailed the Bishop of Durham (Shute Barrington) in consequence of a charge which that learned prelate had delivered. Mr. Philpotts was at that time one of the chaplains of the bishop, and continued to be so while the bishop lived. This was esteemed an honourable distinction, for Doctor Barrington was particular in the selection of his chaplains, and several of them have proved eminent men in the church.

Subsequently to this, Mr. Philpotts had the regular charge of a parish in Durham city, and was a prebendary of its cathedral. To this office he was appointed in 1809, and continued in Durham till 1819 or 1820, when he became rector of Stanhope, one of the richest livings in England, and equal in its revenues to some of the bishoprics, before they had passed through the equalizing hands of the Ecclesiastical Commission. It is said that this rich living did not prove a source of much riches to Mr. Philpotts, in consequence of his being under an engagement to the patron to build a mansion upon it, suitable to its income at the time Mr. Philpotts obtained it; and just about that time, or shortly after, a great depreciation took place in the price of lead, from the tithes of which a large share of the revenues of the parish was derived, and consequently the income of the living was abridged. It was while rector of Stanhope that Doctor Philpotts became known to the public as a writer upon those controversial points which were then so closely connected with party politics. The nerve, precision, and vivacity of his style soon attracted attention, and he has ever since been a prominent man in the public view.

It is now, I believe, some seventeen years since he published his first volume of letters to the late Charles

Butler, of Lincoln's Inn, in reply to that gentleman's "Book of the Roman Catholic Church." Charles Butler was an honourable antagonist. He was a sincere Roman Catholic, a man of study, and of refined sentiment. He was one who, if he had lived, and retained his faculties to these days, would no doubt have held himself far above the perfidious radicalism of the coarse agitators, who no sooner obtained power than they treated with rude scorn the implied conditions on which the admission to power had been granted. The letters to Mr. Butler included strictures on publications of Dr. Milner and Dr. Lingard, and on the evidence of Dr. Doyle (J. K. L.) before the committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons, on the state of Ireland, which sat in 1824 and 1825. The letters were so able as to engage the attention of the highest persons in the kingdom, including, as is generally understood, the prime minister, the Earl of Liverpool. The criticisms of these letters chiefly related to the theological question involved in the controversy between Romanists and Protestants, and the style of them was characterised by a decorous severity, which was then more the fashion in controversies of the kind than it has been since. They who remember the style of the late Dr. Phelan, fellow of Dublin College, who was engaged in similar controversies about the same time, will recollect that, with all the dignity and polish of his composition, there was mingled a tone of sarcastic enmity, which a certain change of manners since then has to a great degree obliterated. However, the criticisms of Dr. Philpotts, though severe, were so able, that even Mr. Butler himself was desirous of his acquaintance, which he obtained through the introduction of a mutual friend.

From this time, Dr. Philpotts was looked upon as a leading champion of that which was, in those days, upheld with so much warmth as the "Protestant cause." I say, in those days; for in our time "Protestant" has been discovered to be a too general term, including all, whether churchmen or not, who are opposed to the Church of Rome; and learned theologians are more apt to speak of the cause of the church than the cause of Protestantism. The wonderfully powerful letters of



Dr. Philpotts to Mr. Canning, in 1827, carried his reputation as a Protestant advocate to the very highest pitch, and, indeed, led to a misconception of his views, which was afterwards the cause of his being subjected to a torrent of obloquy, more bitter than any other man of his profession has had to encounter.

They who remember the events of 1829, and a few subsequent years, can easily call to mind the bitterness of reproach with which Dr. Philpotts was assailed in many quarters as a recreant to the cause which he had so ably supported. It became known, by some means or other, that he was one of those whom the Duke of Wellington had consulted, and it was inferred that the measure of the duke's cabinet had the approbation of Dr. Philpotts, if not something more.

The truth was, that all along, upon the political part of the emancipation question, Dr. Philpotts had held different opinions from those who were utterly opposed to that measure. He thought that, with certain securities and limitations, it was politic to grant emancipation. So far back as 1813, he had had the boldness to oppose the Bishop of Durham, whose chaplain he was, upon that question, or at all events to differ from him; and at a meeting of the clergy of his lordship's diocese, he prevailed upon them to admit such amendments in their petition as left open the question of securities. There is little reason to doubt, that when consulted by the Duke of Wellington, he entered into the views of the illustrious minister, contingently upon the adoption of securities, which (unfortunately, as it now seems) were not adopted. But violent party men knew nothing about this; and the virulent Radicals, always glad of a fling at a churchman, did not cease to assail him in public as a renegade, who had risen into notice by the assertion of opinions, which he had abandoned to gain the favour of the Duke of Wellington. Dr. Philpotts might have met this taunt of bitterness by a disclosure of the real circumstances of the case; but it has subsequently appeared that he did not feel himself at liberty to disclose what had taken place in confidence between him and the prime minister. It was not till 1832, when assailed by the Earl of

Radnor, in that strain of attack which is common to coarse Radical newspapers, and to his lordship, that Dr. Philpotts, then in the House of Lords as Bishop of Exeter, called on the Duke of Wellington himself, as a witness that he had not supported the measure of 1829, but opposed it as being without those securities which he (the bishop) deemed necessary for the security of the Established Church. The duke answered the appeal with his usual frankness, and spoke of his astonishment at the injustice which had been done the right reverend prelate, and the length of time during which that injustice had been perseveringly maintained. This ought to have been enough, but such is the effect of calumny, that I am not sure even now that many of those who gave ear to the reproaches against Dr. Philpotts, do not still cherish the enmity which was then sown.

The attentive reader of the famous letters to Canning may discover in them that the writer was not an ultra anti-emancipationist, though that was the light in which, owing to the violent spirit of the time, he was then contemplated. The first of these letters I cannot now lay my hand upon, but the second is before me, and it is no wonder that a performance of such power and brilliancy should have had a tremendous effect upon the sensitive minister. The first of these pamphlets had been used against Mr. Canning by Sir John Copley, since Lord Lyndhurst, in a debate which took place not long before the fatal illness of Lord Liverpool. This put Canning in such a rage that he burst out into personal invective against Sir J. Copley, then master of the rolls, and was not reconciled to him until, being made prime minister, he required the assistance of Sir J. Copley's great abilities in the cabinet, as lord chancellor.

But it was after Mr. Canning was made prime minister, and, out of respect to the conscience of the king, as he said, had abandoned the very measure which a short time before he represented to be so vitally necessary, that the second letter of Dr. Philpotts was launched forth against him; a letter which I take to be the most cutting and withering piece of sarcastic writing that has been directed against any man since the days of

Junius. Mark the very first sentence—its polish and its sting. “Sir,” says the writer, “it is so highly interesting to Protestants to know the exact position which their cause now holds—and the influence which your opinions and conduct must have upon it is obviously so important—that I shall offer no apology for endeavouring to ascertain what is the *last* determination which you have formed upon this subject.” He proceeds in the same strain, showing in the most masterly manner how Canning had been, in the commencement of his career, a cautious emancipator, such as the writer approved; how he had then become a violent, unconditional emancipator of the ultra-liberal school; and then, when he became prime minister, had reverted to his first prudence, and turned his back upon all his own arguments of a recent date. “I admire,” says Dr. Philpotts, “not that your uncommon vigour of intellect should improve every passing event, and turn it to the best account—not that you should grow wiser as you grow older,—but that you should grow so very much wiser in so very short a space of time—above all, that you should, apparently without any effort, attain at once to that highest point of human wisdom, the power of knowing and acknowledging that you have been in error; the capacity, in short, of eating up, at a single mouthful, every unwise or mischievous sentiment you may have expressed on a great question of national policy during half of your political life—and, after the most grievous and the wildest aberrations, should return to the very point of sober discretion from which you started fifteen years ago. This it is which chiefly excites my admiration, and which, in my humble opinion, places you quite alone among statesmen—far above all comparison with any of the vulgar herd of politicians of whom I have ever read or heard.”

No one will dispute the great ability of this sarcastic mode of writing, but it will be relished or disliked according to different tastes and temperaments. I own that for myself I think grave and austere sarcasm a weapon that ought to be sparingly used. It may serve to show us the way through the mazy paths of error to the centre-point

of truth, but the light it sheds is like that of which Virgil sings—

———“sub luce maligna  
Est iter in silvis.”

The sense of truth which we derive from it, is accompanied with a sense of pain.

It was a strange thing that Canning—the literary man—the orator—the accomplished scholar of his day, among politicians—should have been actually dragged down to dusty death by the severe attacks of scholars and of orators. This pamphlet of Dr. Philpotts, from which I have been quoting, and which, from beginning to end, is like a shower of arrows, is dated the 7th May, 1827, and on the 11th of the same month, Lord Grey spoke the famous speech in the House of Lords, the lofty scorn of which sank as iron into the soul of Canning. He was a man to feel every blow which was struck at him by men of ability, and to be shaken by every tug of genius which was made to pull him down; and down he came ere long, like a felled tree—

———“labefactaque tandem  
Ictibus innumeris, adductaque funibus,  
arbor  
Corruit.”

Dr. Philpotts and Lord Grey, opposed as they have been since, were certainly main instruments to one end in 1827, namely, the smiting down of Canning, by attacks which he was unable to answer, and too sensitive to endure.

In 1831, Dr. Philpotts took his seat in the House of Lords as Bishop of Exeter. He was to have held the living of Stanhope *in commendam* with the bishopric, but the Whigs having come into the administration before the arrangements were completed, they took advantage of the circumstance, and presented another to the living, so that in point of income it was understood that the bishop lost by his promotion. From the outset of his parliamentary career, the bishop has been distinguished for warmth and vehemence on the side of ardent and generous views. He has been utterly opposed to the prevailing *prudence* of the day. Sometimes, as I have before hinted, he has been unguarded in his reliance upon statements which were

inaccurate or questionable, but, as Goldsmith said of the "failings" of his clerical hero, we may say of the bishop in his public career, that even his errors lean to virtue's side.

His first—or among the first of his strenuous efforts in the House of Lords, was against the modern national education plan in Ireland. He called it an exclusion of the Bible—a denial of the Holy Scriptures to the persons who are taught in the national schools. He manifestly looked upon it as a base and unholy compromise with the enemies of truth; and, alluding to the king's commission, under which these things were done, he quoted the words of Samuel to Saul, "Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, He also hath rejected thee from being King over Israel." Now I know very well that there are amiable, and excellent, and Christian men, who think quite differently about this matter, and cannot understand how any one who desires to speak the truth, should speak in this way of schools where selections from the Scriptures are constantly read, or appointed to be read; but they are men of comparatively cold temperament, whom nothing would rouse into enthusiasm, and who examine a question involving sentiment and feeling, reverence and affection, as they would a problem in arithmetic. It is in vain that we expect judgments to agree, when temperaments are so opposite. Judgments are formed upon facts; and facts seem different things to different men. For my part, I incline to those whose perceptions are influenced by warmth of feeling.

It requires some personal recollection of the period which immediately succeeded that of the bishop taking his seat in the House of Lords, to estimate the trials to which men in his station were put at that time. So dreadful had been the violence of the "reform" fever;—so little hope was there that a representative assembly, elected under the system of the reform act, could be any thing else than ultra democratic, that many of the most thoughtful men in the kingdom believed that every establishment was doomed. The church and the aristocracy were every day the objects of the most outra-

geous calumny, even in the journals which were directly patronized by the Whig government. The demolition of the House of Lords, as a house of mischief, and a national nuisance, was constantly advocated. The insolence of revolutionists knew no bounds, and it was scarcely expected, on any side, that the tide of destruction should cease until all had been overwhelmed.

It was in this state of the public mind that the Irish Church temporalities' bill was proposed—a bill which, as Mr. O'Connell has since boasted, "bowled down the bishops of the Irish establishment like nine-pins." There were but a hundred and fifty Conservatives in the House of Commons, and no resistance could be effectually made to the bill there. In the upper house it might have been resisted; but, among prudent men, there was a dread of the possible consequences, and the bill, with I think one important modification, was allowed to pass. The Bishop of Exeter was utterly opposed to this policy; not that he denied the danger, but he thought it better to brave it. He considered that to allow such a bill, was but a short postponement of the coming ruin; and I have heard that he used the expression in private, that it was the most honourable ditch in which the House of Lords could die. For himself, he strenuously opposed it; and if the carrying of that bill were a great national sin, as some think, the Bishop of Exeter, at least, has a clear conscience on that score.

Even more vehement than his opposition to that bill was his opposition to the new poor law, which had the support of the Duke of Wellington and the Bishop of London. His language in opposition to the poor-law measure, certainly went as far as the most zealous feeling could prompt, and perhaps a little further than ecclesiastical moderation could warrant. But surely, if there be at any time an excuse for more than ordinary warmth, it is when a Christian man thinks he sees the cause of the poor treated with a cold, calculating prudence, which looks to the cost, rather than to the cause, and sacrifices all noble feeling at the shrine of thrift.

I think I have now said enough to give the readers of this sketch some-

thing like a fair conception of the character of the Bishop of Exeter, as a public man. As an ecclesiastic, I believe all parties allow that his abilities are great, and his conduct irreproachable. With respect to the controversies which have occasioned so much stir in the church, of late years, I understand him to have taken a middle part. He strongly objects to those extremes of practice, and those subtleties of exposition, which look like an approach to the feeling and practice of the Church of Rome; but he rejoices in the revival of greater attention to the ritual and discipline of the Church of England. He does not like explanations which seem to run away with the plain meaning of

what is in the prayer-book; but he gladly sees the doctrine and discipline contained and commanded in that book, more diligently followed than they were some years ago. He is not one who is ashamed of being designated a Protestant, but he is one who claims to be a member and a bishop of the catholic church. Knowing and estimating the value of church authority and ecclesiastical discipline, he yet casts no longing, lingering look to Rome, but stands firm in his position, as one of the chosen and consecrated heads of the Church of England.

This I humbly submit as my estimate of the ecclesiastical character of the Bishop of Exeter; and so I bid him, very heartily, farewell!

#### A WINTER IN THE AZORES. \*

WHAT know you, reader, of the Azores save what sweets you may have extracted from out the rind of a St. Michael's orange? What acquaintance have you got with that interesting group of the nine volcanic islets of Fayal, Terceira, Pico, Santa Maria, St. Georges, Graciosa, Flores, and Corvo, that raise their high and rocky heads nearly in the midst of that great world of waters that rolls between the continents of Europe, Africa, and America? Little we believe beyond their names, if so much; but certainly nothing of their inhabitants, manners, climate, scenery, government or domestic usages that could induce you thither in those days of steam and yachting in search of health, gain, or amusement. The way is long—the sea is rough, and the accommodation, we fear, unpromising to those not in the habit of roughing it in a Cowes schooner upon salt junk, mouldy biscuit, and trihoral shower baths. But nevertheless we can enjoy not only the voyage, but the many other privations which a residence in those neglected

countries necessarily subjects their European sojourners to, by wandering through the pages of two very interesting and useful volumes just brought out by the Messrs. Bullard, as we partake of the social comforts of a drawing-room ottoman, or linger in the calm solitude of an outdoor evening's walk. This work is a transcript of the journal of an invalid and his companion who spent the winter of '38 and the ensuing summer in search of health and recreation among those Western islands, in visiting the baths of the Furnas, or boiling springs, and other remarkable and interesting national phenomena of this archipelago.

Without, however, possessing much literary worth, or any novelties in natural history or geology that might recommend them to the world of science; being moreover rather voluminous in ink and paper for their *materiel*, and a *leetle* too much of quotation—yet still as they possess many lively sketches, some graphic descriptions of the people, and do not weary one by the usual detail of personal mishaps and dis-

\* A Winter in the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas. By Josepo Bullard, M.D. and Henry Bullard, of Lincoln's Inn. 2 volumes. London: John Van Voorst, Paternoster Row. 1841.

comforts, they are most readable and entertaining books—evidently written by men of strong sense, good education, and not uninstructed in “the way to observe.” Besides this they are, in the language of trade, admirably well “got up” by their spirited publisher, and enriched with many well-executed and spirited wood engravings.

After a long and rough voyage of twenty days, our travellers arrived at the Western Islands. Hear their first impressions :—

“In the distance, the land looked like a clear defined cloud of dense grey mist resting on the horizon. On coming nearer, the prevailing colour was a reddish brown, spotted with mouldy green by the faint colours of distant green fields and fallow grounds. When about twenty miles to the north-eastern end of the island of St. Michael, the view was by contrast grand and stupendous. We had left the tame scenery of the south of England, with its ‘pale and white-faced shores,’ only three weeks ago ; when this morning a wall of lofty mountains, rising abruptly from the ocean, seamed with ravines, glens, and gullies, variegated with bright lights, and the shadows of heavy clouds brooding on their tops, enlivened by scattered white houses, by a ‘silent waterfall’ tumbling into the sea from a ledge of rocks, and mingling its small white thread with the surf that rolled upon the shore, impressed me with an idea of grandeur far above any I had formed of the island of St. Michael.”

They landed at Ponta Delgada, the capital, a town of 20,000 inhabitants.

“Two newspapers are published in this town ; and the islanders it is said are divided into two parties, which have respectively dubbed one another, ‘the cats’ and ‘the pigs :’ the pigs being the conservatives, attached to the constitution of Don Pedro ; and the cats the radicals, who want ‘something more.’ The etymology of these words is said to be, but with what truth I know not, as follows :—The name of the leader of the conservatives is or was Carvalho ; which being at the same time the Portuguese for oak, which bears acorns, whereon swine feed, the Carvalhos were called pigs. The radicals, on the other hand, adopt for their banner the bearings of the island, on some parts of which are a hawk’s talons, and thus they have been designated cats ; not from their resemblance to this animal in pulling things

to pieces, but from the supposed similarity of the cat’s claw to the hawk’s talon.

“One of the most singular objects that meets a stranger’s eye in the streets of Ponta Delgada, is the island cap or carapuça, worn by the peasants of the place. It is probably unlike any other head-dress in the world. It is only worn in the island of St. Michael ; and travellers who have seen all kinds of head-gear, say that in no other country is there such a hat to be found. It is usually made of indigo blue cloth, lined with serge of the same colour. But the colour, lining, and dimensions of each carapuça vary with the taste or locality of the different wearers just as widely as the shape of black beavers with the whims of a Bond-street hatter. And as in a London crowd all varieties may be seen, from the crushed and mangy silk of an Irish labourer to the most superfine beaver of the most superfine gentleman, so in the market-place of Ponta Delgada the newest fashion may be detected as well as the last melancholy remnant. In shape, the carapuça is somewhat like a jockey cap with an overgrown snout. Thus, the part which fits the head is low and covered like the velvet cap of a huntsman, but is at the same time larger and more solid ; the front projects in a long broad crescent, the horns of which are turned up at the sides to a height which in some instances reaches far above the crown ; and a cape of the same blue cloth with which the crown is covered, overspreading the shoulders and ending in a long ornamented point halfway down the back, is fastened round the lower rim of the cap from one side of the front to the other. It seems as if the peasants might have originally contented themselves with a simple huntsman’s cap of blue cloth ; that they had then sewed on the shoulder cape to protect them from the rain ; that they gradually widened and lengthened the snout or projecting front, until it became eighteen inches broad and nine inches deep ; that a fashion among the exquisites, not unlike the pointed-shoe dandyism of Edward the Fourth’s time, had strained out the ends of their present extravagant length, and for convenience’ sake had turned them up into horns, until at length the extravagance ended in the present fantastic head-dress. It is in most instances a picturesque object ; becoming some young and well-made men in no ordinary degree, and contrasting well, and sometimes harmonising with the light frail handkerchief with which the weaker vessel covers up or foils her expressive beauty. But it varies in form, and appearance, and worth, in all kinds of



ways. Two friends, for instance, from different quarters of the island, meet in the market-place of Ponta Delgada: one removes with great politeness an ample and ponderous carapuça of the finest dark blue broad-cloth, clasped with a shining silver buckle; and the humbler man bows to his wealthier friend with a lighter one of sky-blue linsey-wolsey, so patched and wasted and wo-begone that the crumpled front can—like the present Portuguese nation—with difficulty support the crown."

The women of this place are described as pretty—the climate agreeable—the mercury standing at 60 to 64° in a northern aspect. There is an English church and about two hundred British residents.

"The streets of Ponta Delgada are often crowded, and the motley throng is a lively scene to the stranger. The medley is of all sorts and conditions: priests in scanty black petticoats, with pea-green umbrellas, and three-cornered hats; scarlet-capped boatmen, ragged beggars, clamorous fruit-sellers, and noisy water-carriers;—a shabby carriage coeval with the islands, a showy horse and showy rider, with moustachios and brass spurs;—English captains in new tailed coats; a British tar buying oranges and stumbling over hogs—hogs in great force, larger, longer-legged, and more wiry-haired beasts than with us; asses in abundance, carrying men, and women, and children, and every other kind of burden—hogsheads, deal planks, boxes, panniers filled with stone, manure, and vegetables; countrymen with their horned caps; non-descripts in bad hats and boots, and large cloth cloaks fitted for a cold climate; women in dark blue cloaks, with hoods entirely concealing the face, slowly, stiffly, and sedately moving along; 'des manteaux qui marchent, voila tout;' now and then, though rarely, the modern innovation of a lady, shawled and bonneted and parasoled, like our own countrywomen, arm-in-arm with her husband: such is often the street miscellany in the frequented parts of 'the city.'"

The Messrs. Bullard next visited Villa Franca a coast town about fifteen miles off, which they say is a far better place for an invalid than Ponta Delgada.

"The soil is composed of deep beds of pumice, which, like our gravelly soils in England, drain quickly, and soon leave the paths dry.

"Moreover, the country is of easy access; there are none of the stone walls which hem in 'the city;' and the noise the dirt, and the bustle of a mercantile place like Ponta Delgada, are well exchanged by those who come here, as we have done, to seek warmth and quiet, for a small unfrequented country town, and the natural beauties of its neighbourhood.

"The town stands near the shore, on the south coast, and is shut off from the north wind by fine green mountains gradually ascending to a height, which I should guess to be two thousand feet above the sea, and shooting up more steeply in cones and tent-shaped summits where fleecy mists delight to rest and to throw their gauzelike veils over the shrubs and evergreens which grow to the very tops. The pumice, as it is soft, light, and porous, is readily worn, away by streams from the hills; these, in the course of years, have cut deep ravines in it, which are to be seen in all directions running up into the mountains. Being warm, and well sheltered from the winds, they are admirably adapted to promote the growth of the orange-trees; and their steep banks, covered with ferns, and mosses, and green lichens, form pleasant shaded walks for an invalid.

"Although there are no inns in the island, it is an easy matter to get a bed here. The wealthier people have several houses at different places in the island, and they willingly lend them to strangers who may have had suitable introductions. Parties frequently halt at Villa Franca on their way to the Furnas, which lies among the mountains beyond."

Their description of an orange garden is interesting because fruit is the chief export of the island.

"Suddenly we came upon merry groups of men and boys, all busily engaged in packing oranges, in a square and open plot of ground. They were gathered round a goodly pile of the fresh fruit, sitting on heaps of the dry calyx-leaves of the Indian corn, in which each orange is wrapped before it is placed in the boxes. Near these circles of laughing Azoreans, who sat at their work and kept up a continual cross-fire of rapid repartee as they quickly filled the orange cases, were a party of children, whose business it was to prepare the husks for the men, who used them in packing. These youngsters, who were playing at their work like the children of a larger growth that sat by their side, were with much difficulty kept in

order by an elderly man, who shook his head and a long stick, whenever they flagged or idled. Behind the children, several unladen 'dapples,' with their pannells on, patiently drooped their heads under the Faya trees, in strong asinine contrast to the active-bodied workmen, and either browsed the dry leaves or brayed until their turn came for loading.

"A quantity of the leaves being heaped together near the packers, the operation began. A child handed to a workman who squatted by the heap of fruit, a prepared husk; this was rapidly snatched from the child, wrapped round the orange by an intermediate workman, passed by the feeder to the next, who, (sitting with the chest between his legs,) placing it in the orange-box with amazing rapidity, took a second and a third and a fourth as fast as his hands could move, and the feeders could supply him, until at length the chest was filled to overflowing, and was ready to be nailed up. Two men then handed it to the carpenter, who bent over the orange-chest several thin boards,\* secured them with a willow band, pressed it with his naked foot as he sawed off the ragged ends of the boards, and finally despatched it to the ass, which stood ready for lading. Two chests were slung across his back, by means of cords, crossed in a figure of eight, both were well-secured by straps under his belly, the driver took his goad, pricked his beast, and uttering the never-ending cry 'Sackaaio,' trudged off to the town."

Furnas in Portuguese signifies a cavern, and is applied to the volcanic hot springs that rise in different parts of the island: one of these about twelve miles from Villa Franca is thus spoken of:—

"The road, for the first two hours wound among fields and villages, not far from the coast; we then began to ascend steep mountain roads, and to cross or wind round ravines of great extent, depth, and beauty, running down to the sea. The first of these produced

the only strong impression of winter I have yet felt, for it was thickly wooded with Spanish chestnuts, all bare of leaves; and the barrenness of their clean grey branches was rendered more prominent and cold, by the deep green background of the sides of the mountains. In summer, this ravine must be very beautiful; but in the winter the next is more striking. This was destitute of large trees, but its lofty sides were in many places hung with vast sheets of fern, forming a drapery of the richest green. Each leaf is two, three, or four feet long, tapering to a point from a broad rounded base, and delicately, but firmly cut into minute leaflets, each hanging in a gentle curve; and as from their size they overhang the surface on which they grow, they cast deep shadows, bringing each separate leaf, as well as the whole mass, into strong relief. The rest of the ravine was covered with vigorous shrubs of tree-heath, very different from the stunted heaths we have in England; and the delicate green of the new shoots brightened up the darker colour of the older leaves. The sides of all the mountain were of pumice, steep, broken, and fringed with green shrubs, among which were the bilberry, and the mountain grape. At the top, which is said to be three thousand feet above the level of the ocean, the pumice was in thin horizontal strata, sloping slightly towards the sea, and looking as if it had been deposited by water. From this point we gradually descended by a rough path, partially obstructed by large masses of rock, into a small round valley, the bottom of which was a flat heathy plain, surrounded by mountains, more barren and dry than any we had hitherto seen. The sky was overspread with grey clouds; all was silent, gloomy, and solitary, except one distant cataract falling over the side of the mountain, and apparently the only living thing there.

"These crater-valleys differ from common valleys. They are empty-looking, forsaken places, with none of the cheer-

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\* "The pressure of these flexible boards is immediately upon the oranges, a plan admirably adapted to spoil them, for they are thus flattened and squeezed. Of course, there are cogent reasons for this. One is, that the duty to be paid in England is calculated according to the size of the box, and consequently the more oranges that can be squeezed in, the less duty is paid. Another reason is, that the wholesale dealers in London, Liverpool, &c. prefer the present mode of packing, which enables them to take out a couple of hundred oranges, and then to send the boxes to their country customers as full ones, which they perhaps may be, since the squeezed oranges, when the pressure is removed, swell out to their original size! Of this I was informed by a proprietor of orange gardens, who had tried the plan of sending his oranges in square boxes less tightly packed, but did not find that his customers were pleased by it."

ful furniture of vales,—are generally quite circular, and the surrounding mountains appear to rise out of their flat floors with an unpleasant abruptness. The valley walls of some of them have no apparent opening or inlet, and the appearance of dull seclusion which thus possesses them, almost produces melancholy; but more frequently, as was the case in this valley, a piece is broken out of the edge of the basin, the effect of which is, to deprive the place of some of its quiet formality. Through such an opening as this our road lay, and by it a noiseless stream ran, partly supplying the lake—a grey sullen piece of water—which nearly filled another solitary, houseless valley, round which the road wound. Between the road and the rugged mountains which hemmed it in, there was a belt of land partially cultivated, or overgrown with evergreens and brambles. Another circular flat-bottomed valley, parcelled out into fields, led us to a hill, from whence we looked down into the valley of the Furnas.

“The great attraction at the Furnas is the warm baths. It is the fashion to take these early in the morning, and after a draught from an iron-spring, to return, with what appetite you may, to a late breakfast. We adopted the plan of the natives, and found it to be a very good one. The warm springs, or caldeiras, are about a mile from this house. In going to them, you pass over two broad streams, one of them so strongly impregnated with iron, as to dye every stone that it touches, and all the vegetation within its reach, of a bright orange colour; and the other, an ordinary brook, having some sulphur in its composition, that tinges the stones over which it flows with a dull, yellowish grey. The road is like an English lane, now dirty enough, with cottages and banks on each side, brambles, ferns, grass, and moss in the hedges; and here and there a few lanky stems of cane straggling through the brambles.

“As you approach the springs, you see clouds of vapour, in three or four places, rising like peat smoke to a height of twenty or thirty feet, according as the day is warmer or colder, and sometimes stretching away even to the edge of the mountains. At the end of the lane the ground becomes white, and the bank on one side is streaked with yellow and red, is warm to the touch, and smells strongly of sulphur. The spot where the springs flow is a very irregular hill; and the soil, which in some places is loose, and in others of the consistency of pipe clay, is broken into all kinds of shapes; and, where there is no vegeta-

tion, is coloured glaring white and yellow. The principal caldeira is a sulphurous one. The water comes hissing and boiling out of the ground into a basin about ten feet across, from which it flows through small channels of stone to supply the baths. It bubbles up through a loose bottom of broken rock; and the column of water in the centre, like the small Icelandic Geysers described by Dr. Henderson, is usually three feet high, gradually lessening towards its edges until it merely ripples and undulates on the margin of the basin.”

Of the advantages and the properties of these baths, the water of which consists for the most part of a hot alkaline and a carbonated calybeate, our authors speak thus in a valuable appendix:—

“The water is conveyed into open coolers, and when cool is mixed with the boiling water in due proportions for tepid, warm, and hot baths. The Azoreans employ them ‘ad sudorem,’ using them very hot, remaining in them for a considerable time, (often for as much as an hour daily for several weeks,) and encouraging perspiration subsequently by warm clothing. The most agreeable temperature, either for those in health, or in cases of disease, where copious perspiration is not indicated, is about 96° (Fahrenheit). Baths at this temperature produce a soothing and tranquillizing effect on the system, and a sensation afterwards, not of relaxation and weakness (as after simply warm water), but of stimulus and of increased disposition to exertion. In common with other alkaline waters, there is a sensation of great softness and smoothness of the skin, which is probably owing to the union of the alkali with the natural oil with which the skin is covered. They are much used by those in health as a luxury, to which title they have every claim. Those who continue them for any length of time become decidedly thinner. If taken too hot or too long by delicate persons, they are apt to produce headache and nervous irritability; but, when no such excesses are committed, they are beneficial even to the healthy.

“I have had many opportunities of observing that full, bloated, fat people, after a course of these baths, not only become thinner, but more wholesome in their expression and appearance.

“Although the composition of this water is very simple, yet on this account it is not to be inferred that it is of little value as a remedy. It is well known that there is some quality in hot

springs, (possibly the peculiar nature of the heat itself,) by which they exert an influence on the frame very different from that of water which is heated by artificial means. The bather may remain immersed in them a much longer period without injury; they do not produce the same debility afterwards; and their influence on disease is altogether of another kind. The hot springs of Gastein, in Bavaria, are much more simple in their chemical composition than these waters of the Furnas, differing little from pure water, and yet their efficacy in curing many diseases is represented as being undoubted. The tepid springs also of Matlock, and Buxton, and the Hot-well spring near Bristol, except in temperature, nearly resemble pure water.

"The greater number of bathers (during my residence at the Furnas) were healthy persons, who came there for pleasure: and from the comparatively small proportion of invalids, it appeared as if the medicinal virtues of these waters were not duly appreciated."

Of the climate we learn that—

"The mean temperature of the winter months in St. Michael's, according to these observations, is 2° colder than Madeira; 5° warmer than Lisbon; 13° warmer than Nice; 12° warmer than Rome; and 12° warmer than Naples. It may be observed that this comparison agrees with that furnished to Sir James Clark by Sir Henry Hallford; in which the mean annual temperature of St. Michael's is estimated at 62° 40'; that is, about two degrees less than Madeira, throughout the whole year. 'The greatest difference between the temperature of these two islands,' he says, 'occurs in the autumn, when St. Michael's is 5° below Madeira. The winter is 2°, the summer and spring only one degree colder.' As far as our observations went, this quite agrees with our tables when compared with those made by Dr. Heineken at Madeira.

"Again, the mean monthly range of the thermometer at St. Michael's, during the winter, is 7.6, while that at Madeira is 12°. At the Land's-end it is 24°; at London, 30°; at Nice, 23°; at Rome, 23°; at Lisbon, 26°; and at Naples, 30°. It must be borne in mind, however, that the observations from which the average at St. Michael's is taken, were made between eight in the morning and ten at night; while those at Madeira and in England were made with a register thermometer, always

hanging in the open air. Still, the average approximates the truth, and serves to show, that while the St. Michael's winter is only two degrees colder than at Madeira, it is more equable, or, at any rate, not less so, while it far exceeds in equableness the winters of Rome, Nice, and Naples.

"With regard to the humidity of the climate of St. Michael's, estimated by the number of days on which rain falls, it will be found to be greater than that of Madeira and Naples, and less than that of London and Rome. The monthly average number of days on which some rain fell in Villa Franca, during the winter, was 10; at Madeira, 6; London and Penzance, 15; Rome, 12; Naples, 9. But this is an estimate from which little real information can be gained. The rain at Villa Franca was, on some days, nothing more than a mountain scud of a few minutes' duration; and at other times it fell heavily, and for several hours; but, during the whole period of our residence in the islands, there was only one day of continuous rain, in which we were confined to the house from morning till night. At the same time, the humidity is so great that your boots grow mouldy in a few days; kid gloves speedily become spotted; books feel damp, and your clothes smell musty. To prevent these inconveniences, as fires, with one or two exceptions, are nowhere used, except for cooking purposes, the inhabitants are much in the habit of hanging out their clothes in the sun.

"The wind which prevailed in December was north-easterly; that in January, February, March, and April, southerly. The gales which blew, and the strong winds, came from the southward and westward.

"The south and westerly winds are soft, relaxing, and warm; the north-easterly are colder and more bracing, but never keen and thin.

"This is an estimate of the winter months from December to April, the most important ones to the invalid. During part of April and May, a tour was made among the other islands, and no thermometrical register could be kept. The weather was genial and pleasant, although easterly winds predominated, and it was said not to be a favourable specimen of the spring. In England, as well as in Europe, the spring was cold, wet, and changeable. June and July were passed in the valley of the Furnas, at St. Michael's, which, from its elevation above the sea, and its situation among mountains, is much cooler than the towns on the coasts. Owing to an accident with the thermo-



meter, we have no register of the temperature, but the weather was in all respects delightful: warmer, of course, than in the winter, but never oppressively hot; and, with the exception of one day's continuous rain, we were never prevented from passing the greater part of the day 'sub dio.'"

From these data the climate may be defined as "*mild, humid, and agreeable.*"

We may gather something of the state of religion in these islands from the following remarks. Speaking of one of the convents they say—

"Besides the vines, which had now left their trellises, and were growing 'at their own sweet will,' there were some quince and pear trees, and among tangled bushes, ruinous stone walls, and heaps of tiles, fuchsias were hanging their long pensile blossoms, and white and red roses were blooming, the only beautiful things there. There was no beauty in the architecture, and therefore none in its decay. It was a forlorn, naked ruin; every part reminding the spectator that at a comparatively recent date it had been inhabited. The church is to be spared; but in a few months all the rest will be razed to the ground, and the spot converted by its Roman Catholic possessor, into an orange-garden, to supply desserts for English heretics. Thus is it that Don Pedro has dealt with the convents and monasteries of Portugal. They are turned into gardens and storehouses. Then comes Chateaubriand, and tells us with a certain blindness of heart, akin to vain-glory and hypocrisy, that 'the Catholic religion has covered the world with its monuments, that Protestantism has now lasted three centuries, and is powerful in England, in Germany, in America;' inquires 'what it has done?' and answers that, 'it will show you the ruins which it has made, amidst which it has planted some gardens and established some manufactories.'

In the instance of the convent at Villa Franca, any government would have exercised a sound discretion in putting a stop to the immoralities which were committed there; for, if common rumour is to be believed, the high stone walls which encircled this convent were insufficient for their purposes; and if they had not been so it would have been remarkable, in an island where the whole

body of the clergy openly break a vow which we Protestants think they have no business to make. In talking on this subject to a Portuguese gentleman of high official rank, he admitted that it was a notorious grievance, but attributed it to the want of superintendence of bishops over the vulgar clergy of the Azores. In Portugal, he said, there was no such open scandal.

"I was told by a friend who accompanied us over the convent, that several years ago the nuns were reported to have been in so unruly and discreditable a state as to call for the interference of the home government. Two inspectors were accordingly selected, and were despatched from Lisbon to St. Michael's, to make inquiries into the truth of the reports, and to search the convent and examine the nuns. They arrived in Villa Franca towards the close of the day, took up their abode within the convent walls, and proposed on the following morning to institute their examination. An evening meal was prepared for them, of which it is supposed that they partook; and that they soon afterwards retired to rest. Here, however, their melancholy tale ends, for from the time that they entered the convent all trace of them was lost, and to the present moment no one certainly knows what became of them; whether they were secretly conveyed out of the island, or whether they had to choose between poison or the knife. This story may be true; I do not vouch for it; it smacks somewhat of the wonderful. The retired nuns who had belonged to this convent, whom we met with, were stout jolly personages, whose title-pages did not pourtray tragic volumes. Florian observed of the Portuguese nation, '*ils semblent nés pour l'amour; c'est la grande affaire de leur vie; les plus grands sacrifices ne coûtent rien dès qu'il s'agit de cette passion.*'"

After all the Western Isles seem to want the lovely evergreen Flora of Madeira, the charming valleys of the Cural, the gay and hospitable mansions of Franchal ever to make them a much-frequented residence of invalids.

Our space, though not our inclination prevents our making further extracts from these very agreeable volumes, but we earnestly recommend their perusal to our readers.



## THE PREMIER AND HIS MEASURES.

It is now some time since we felt it indispensably necessary to treat at any length upon the subject of politics; a fact upon which we congratulate both ourselves and our readers. They know that when affairs stood "*in precipiti*," and when no one could tell what a day might bring forth, we were not slow to buckle on the harness, and take our stand against the formidable faction which had obtained such an evil ascendancy in the councils of the nation, and whose measures threatened such irreparable mischief. We have seen that faction deposed. We have seen a sudden arrest put to the progress of revolution; and we have felt, accordingly, that the time had come when the *literature militant* of the country might be put upon a peace establishment, and a warfare which we would never have engaged in from choice, might for a season give place to pursuits which fall in, more naturally, with our inclination.

Yes, the change from the destructive to the conservative government is one that, in the first instance at least, is felt more in the remission of all painful anxiety respecting our present and future prospects, than in the desire for the achievement of any great measures by which the statesmanship of our friends in power may be distinguished. We feel as if we were suddenly brought into safety out of the extremest danger; and that the perils which beset the institutions of the country, and those which menaced its foreign prospects, have given place to a well-grounded hope, that they will all be speedily and effectually removed. And in proportion as our anxiety was intense, and our alarm great, while profligate men held the reins of power, who had neither the fear of God before their eyes, nor any love of the ancient institutions of the country rooted in their hearts, so is the disposition strong which we feel to abandon ourselves to a perhaps too supine security, now that the plighted champions of Conservative policy have been called to the councils of the Queen, and are sustained in office by

triumphant majorities in both houses of parliament.

There is no more remarkable feature in the character of the human kind than the suddenness with which they become forgetful of passed dangers. In other animals there is a degree of caution inspired by perils with which they have once been beset, which renders them perpetually alive to the possibility of their recurrence, and inspires them with an instinctive alarm, by which they are put upon their guard against them. "In vain is the net laid in the sight of any bird," but expresses, in particular, a general truth, applicable to the whole of what are called the irrational creation; and its converse is almost equally true as applied to their lord and master, man. To illustrate this to the extent to which we might be tempted, if we were to indulge in our peculiar bent, would carry us far beyond the limits to which we must necessarily confine ourselves on an occasion like the present, when the thought is merely suggested by the illustration which presents itself in the singular indifference which seemed to have taken possession of the public mind when the late ill-omened administration were overthrown, and the empire was thus saved from calamities more threatening and more tremendous than ever before loomed upon its prospects. It is true, the great and good men by whom they were succeeded, were such as to inspire a very universal confidence that all will now be done that can be done, to repair the disasters that have occurred, and to prevent those that might be apprehended. But this apathy, to which we allude, is discernible in the fact, that the bulk of us are content to leave to ministers our extrication from a state of peril such as seldom before beset any nation but for its ruin, while we conceive that our own duties are best discharged by sharply criticising the means employed for our deliverance, and rendering difficult, if not impossible, the only course by which any statesman can achieve our safety.

The crisis was peculiar when Sir R.

Peel was called to the helm of power. A ministry the most reckless the country ever saw, had exhausted every wicked device which could be imagined for their longer retention of office; and having reduced the finances of the country to the verge of bankruptcy, and involved us in angry relations with France and the East, which might have produced at any moment an universal war, as a last desperate expedient had recourse to a project for the raising of additional revenue, by which the landed interest is to be sacrificed to the grasping cupidity of short-sighted manufacturers, and a state of things produced which must, in the language of Lord Melbourne himself on a former occasion, embroil the whole country in inextricable confusion. If they succeeded, we were undone. If they succeeded, never again would England have raised her head as a nation. If they succeeded down would go the monarchy and the church, those firmest bulwarks of social order, and in would rush the promiscuous tide of low, levelling radicalism, and malignant dissent, by which a speedy obliteration would be made of every institute by which the ancient greatness of the country was characterised; and the wretched, blinded tools by whom the work of destruction had been begun, would soon find, like the Girondists of France, whose history had been written in vain for their instruction, that they themselves were only doomed to be trampled under the heels of more daring and triumphant wickedness, and that in conspiring for the destruction of their country, they were but preparing the scaffold for themselves.

Do not talk to us of the *interest* of such men in the preservation of social order. Such an interest may exist as an abstract truth, but all sensible men well know that in such cases it is utterly inoperative as a practical reality. What such a man as Lord John Russell thinks of, is, how he is to defeat Sir Robert Peel; how he is to secure the spoils of office; how it is he is to lead his party to parliamentary victories. In all these he and his colleagues feel the interest of one who is playing a great game. *That* it is which *predominantly* actuates and influences them; and the interest which, as quiet members of the community, they feel, or

should feel, in the conservation of those laws and usages which guarantee to them and to every man the security of their possessions, is utterly forgotten in the presence of that more absorbing feeling which possesses them as partisans, and causes them to regard the triumphs of their party as paramount to every other consideration by which, as statesmen or as patriots, they should be guided. Such is Lord John Russell, because such is human nature; and such must be every natural man in whom party views and objects are not overruled by higher and deeper convictions which subordinate the strivings and the doings of the mere politician to the attainment of those ends which should never be lost sight of by the true philosopher or the practical Christian.

Well, the country stood upon the brink of revolution; and it was when we were upon the point of passing under the yoke of an infidel radicalism, which would have caused the sun of the empire to set in blood and for ever, that it pleased Divine Providence to give us that change of rulers by which we have experienced at least a reprieve of our doom as a nation, and have had one more opportunity afforded us of maintaining our proper place amongst the states of Europe. We talk of the triumphant majority by which Sir Robert Peel was installed in power, and we talk of it as though that majority in so doing laid that eminent politician under great obligations. But this is absurd and childish. The post of honour is the post of danger. The place of power and office is one of responsibility and labour. And we tell the furious and factious Conservatives, for such there are, who are venting their spleen against the right honourable baronet, for departing in the slightest degree from what they would prescribe as the rule of his government, that the nation should feel infinitely more indebted to him for assuming, than he to the nation for conferring upon him, his present power; and that no exercise of the privileges of office could possibly afford to a man circumstanced as he was, any, even the slightest compensation for the sacrifice which he has consented to make, and the toil, and labour, and distracting anxiety, and harassing responsibility which he has consented to undergo, solely, we believe, under a constraining

sense of public duty, that he was called upon to do so for the good of the country.

No sooner were the late wretched occupants of office ejected, than they called upon the right honourable baronet to declare at once his measures. He said, give me a little time. I am only a few days in my place as prime minister ; I have not as yet had time to acquaint myself with the official documents that belong to my office, and that have been so long in your hands. I will promise to use all due diligence in making myself acquainted with them, and then I will not delay both to form and express my opinion as to the course of government and of legislation which it becomes her majesty's ministers to recommend to the consideration of parliament. Such were the reasonable demands of Sir Robert, against which the whole Whig-Radical press and opposition angrily and vociferously protested, saying, we will suffer no delay ; you must come to the point at once. You have heard what we proposed to do ; you have objected to it, and turned us out. Tell us now what you propose to do, or quit office, and leave the government again to ourselves. But the prime minister's calm good sense taught him to despise this turgid rhetoric. He took the time to deliberate which the Whig opposition would not give him ; and the result has been the development of a system of policy the most straightforward, effective, and statesmanlike that could possibly, in the very difficult circumstances in which he was placed, be adopted with any practical benefit to the country.

We ask any reflecting man, who contemplated the perils and the embarrassments of the empire before Sir Robert made his financial statement, whether our condition as a nation did not appear almost hopeless ? A debt of one thousand millions augmenting instead of diminishing after seven-and-twenty years of peace. A deficit of not less than ten millions upon the annual revenue. Expenses to an interminable extent contracted by foreign operations of which no one could see the end. The trading and commercial portion of the empire in a state of almost unexampled embarrassment. A population which had outgrown the means of subsistence from the resources of the country itself. And a

vastly increased and increasing party in favour of such a change respecting the laws which regulated the admission of foreign corn, as must, at one fell swoop, have prostrated the agricultural interest, and transferred to the foreign corn-grower the wealth of the British empire. Such was the aspect of affairs when Sir Robert Peel assumed the reins of power. Such were the difficulties with which he had to deal. And when he had made his financial statement, and fully developed the ministerial plans, we ask, did not all these difficulties seem on a sudden to have vanished ? Did not resources stand revealed which were before unthought of or unknown ? Did not every honest and right-thinking man feel, and proudly feel, that there was still vigour in old England to combat against and overcome the difficulties by which she was beset : and that, under the auspices of the enlightened statesman, to whose honesty, industry, and ability we were thus indebted, all these difficulties would, in no long time, be triumphantly surmounted ? That, we say advisedly, was the effect produced upon the mind and the heart of the nation by Sir Robert Peel's financial statement. He surprised both his friends and his enemies. The latter felt that their last hope of disturbing him in office was extinct. The former, that a career of tranquillity, prosperity, and happiness was still before us, of which, even the most sanguine of us never until then entertained an expectation. The national debt was no longer felt as a mill-stone. Extrication from financial embarrassment was no longer regarded as hopeless. The means were made apparent for supplying the deficiency in our revenue. Instead of proceeding, as by an irresistible necessity, from bad to worse, it was now clear, that under prudent management, things might be made to progress from good to better. And such an arrangement respecting the corn-laws and the commercial duties by which the admission of raw and manufactured foreign commodities might be admitted, was shown to be practicable, as would at once silence the fears and satisfy the reasonable expectations of the reflecting portion of the nation ; securing that competent supply of food which the increasing demands of the population required and that supply of foreign manufac-

tured articles, of use or of luxury, at reasonable prices, by which consumers would feel themselves compensated for their increased taxation.

Yes; we seemed to have come out of the hands of bankrupt burglars, who could only keep up a fire in one part of the house, by breaking up the floors of another, into those of men who were both able and willing to detect their knavery and repair their blunders, and who had discovered an unexpected mine of wealth, by the honest and laborious working of which, a remedy would soon be found for all our financial evils.

Such, most undoubtedly, did appear to the mind of the nation the probable upshot of the statesmanlike proposal of Sir Robert Peel. No one could be insensible to the evil of an income tax. As an abstract proposition, the notion of it could not be entertained. It is, confessedly, both oppressive and inquisitorial. As a war tax it might be endured, as long as our existence as a nation was in peril; but the very first breathing hour of peace was longed for, chiefly for the remission which it was sure to bring, of an impost the most grinding and distasteful. To what, then, are we to ascribe the almost universal acquiescence of the nation, in the leading measure of the prime minister, by which a war tax is proposed in a time of peace? Any acquiescence on the part of the opposition leaders? No. These factious men are not wanting in a due fidelity to the master whom they serve. They have exhausted every device of faction in endeavouring to raise a cry against it. In the power and the unanimity of the Conservative press? No. Never was a minister less cordially supported by those whom he might have regarded as his allies. The ablest of the organs of the great party whom he represents, has exhausted a world of ingenuity in fishing up captious objections against it. Nevertheless, it stands fast in the tacit approbation of the reflecting men of all parties, who constitute the thinking majority of the nation; and who, in deciding for it, can only be understood as deciding, that ten years of misgovernment under the Whigs is worse than twenty years of actual war; that the nation has suffered more waste and dilapidation under their protection, than it could have incurred of loss or

damage from the ravages of an enemy; and, therefore, that the tax which would be paid to shorten the duration of the one calamity, might well be submitted to to avert the continuance of the other. For the premier very properly resolved to stand or fall by his measures: and both the parliament and the country saw that there was for them no alternative but an income tax, or a recurrence to the domination of the Whigs. The result has shown which they consider as the greater evil.

Some opposition the measure has encountered, and from a quarter whence we should have looked for better things. Sir Richard Vivian, who has given a silent support to the minister in parliament, has, out of doors, in a letter addressed to his constituents, thrown away not a little very good indignation in declaiming against his measures in such a way as to make the profligate and seditious laugh, and the judicious and considerate to grieve. He objects to the income tax as a war tax, and as inquisitorial; and, having rung the usual changes upon these topics, he refers, with an air of triumph to the repeal of it in 1815, when all the efforts of a strong government were baffled by the formidable opposition in which men of all parties joined against it. Now we must tell Sir Richard Vivian, that to our minds, that very opposition constituted one of the most damning sins of the aristocracy of England. It betrayed what the late Lord Londonderry justly stigmatized as "an ignorant impatience of taxation," most reprehensible in a class whom wisdom should have taught to look beyond present convenience to future safety—upon whom it could have pressed but as a very inconsiderable burden; while it is demonstrable, that its continuance, even in a modified form, to the present day, would, by this time, have extinguished the national debt. We therefore regard the factious movements which led to its remission as one of the most grievous errors of the unreformed parliament, even as that acquiescence in a similar measure which has now received the royal assent is to be regarded as the most favourable specimen of legislation which has as yet been afforded by the reformed House of Commons.

When Sir Richard Vivian states the



the measure is oppressive, he states but half the truth. The evil against which it is intended to provide, that of an increasing debt and a falling exchequer, is oppressive also; and wise men will cheerfully bear hardship, and incur difficulty, when it affords them the only certain means of escaping danger. To our minds, Sir Richard Vivian would have been better employed in reconciling the nation to this necessary act of self-denial, than in exciting a 'groundless and senseless prejudice against it. It is inquisitorial. Granted. Let every thing be done to render it as little so as may be without impairing its efficiency. As a war tax it is not less inquisitorial than as a tax in the time of peace. But as a war tax Sir Richard was reconciled to the infliction. The only question, therefore, now should be, do circumstances exist, which render it at the present day equally necessary? If they do not, it is confessedly not to be defended; but if they do, its inquisitorial character should not be insisted on as constituting any insurmountable objection. Indeed, Sir Richard Vivian might have been much more worthily employed, than in reviving the hopes of the malcontents, by causing a split in the Conservative party, and paralysing, by a left-handed hostility, the energies of the only minister to whom England can now look, with any hope for deliverance from the prodigious evils which were generated by the misrule of the late administration.

That Sir Robert Peel is not a minister entirely to our minds, we are very free to confess. What the particular points are, upon which we would venture respectfully to differ from him, of them it is not at present our bent to speak. They are neither few nor unimportant. But that he is the man raised up by Providence to meet the present crisis, and to initiate those sanative measures, by which a redemption from Whig thralldom may be accomplished, and the course of our legislation diverted from the precipice to which it was hastening, and placed again upon the road of safety, we have no more doubt than we have of our own existence. And if, in the very climax and agony of his struggle with the framers of disorder and misrule, against whom he so long maintained an unequal fight, we were, from any petty or personal motives, to throw our strength into the

opposite scale, we could not but carry about with us the humbling consciousness of acting in a manner alike mischievous and dishonourable. Nor will we disguise from Sir Richard Vivian, that we cannot approve in him what we should condemn in ourselves; and we owe him the frankness to acknowledge, that it does appear to us that the manifesto to which he has given publicity, would never have appeared, if some petty, personal considerations had not given a perverse bias to his judgment; and while they render him morbidly sensitive of imaginary, inflict upon him a sort of judicial blindness respecting our real evils.

What can he propose to himself by impairing the popularity and damaging the influence of Sir Robert Peel at the present moment? Is it his object to aid in hurling him from power? To what end? By whom must he be succeeded? Can any sane man look at the composition of our party, and imagine any Conservative administration without Sir Robert Peel at its head? Or is the game of twenty-nine to be played again; and will a discontented section of the Conservatives deem it wise a second time, from personal pique, to betray the government into the hands of their enemies? We trust this folly is not to be repeated. We trust that the terrible calamities which resulted from its adoption on a former occasion will serve as a sufficient guarantee against its recurrence on the present. And if Sir Richard Vivian seeks not to divide the party against itself, in such a way as to ensure its utter ruin, we confess we see not the drift of his querulous and most unseasonable manifesto, nor can we help regarding it but as one of those unlucky explosions of party discontent by which it sometimes happens that a minister is more damaged by his friends than he could be injured by his enemies.

The change which has been made in the law regulating the import of foreign corn is another stumbling-block to weak Conservatives, and by which they have been grievously offended. The enemies, also, of a Conservative policy have been bitter, if not loud in their denunciations of the premier from an opposite cause. While the one are alarmed because he has done so much, the other are indignant because he has done so



little: both, we think, equally without reason. That some change must have been made in these laws was manifest from the plain fact that the corn-growers of the country were no longer able to supply the wants of the population. If we could not bring the subsistence up to the level of the population, we must either reduce the population down to the level of the subsistence, or admit foreign supplies upon terms which might render them as certain and as reasonable as it might be if our own land produce had increased in a ratio corresponding with the increase which has taken and is taking place in the numbers of our people. Now, this is all that Sir Robert Peel has attempted. He has initiated a measure which will, we think, give this country a fuller and a more constant and unvarying supply of grain than it had before; and our opinion is, that it will not throw out of cultivation a single acre which should otherwise be employed for raising human subsistence.

The admission of foreign cattle upon the terms which he proposes has been another bugbear, of which, however, the most timid are now ceasing to be afraid. Indeed, their pockets may teach them how unreal is the apprehension which they were led to entertain. Has his measure, we ask our Dublin friends, had any effect in reducing the prices of the Dublin markets? The truth is, the supply of cattle on the Continent is scanty, their condition is low, the expense of transfer is considerable;—and before any serious opposition can be apprehended by the English or the Irish feeder, the race must be improved, while their price would be increased by the double cause of an augmented demand and a greater prime cost in the production. So that the notion of any national injury to be sustained, from such a cause, may be dismissed as a chimera which could now only be entertained by the most factious or the most hypochondriacal alarmists.

And yet, these are the topics upon which so grave and so respectable a gentleman as Sir Richard Vivian has deemed it fitting to address a letter to ~~his~~ constituents, which is intended as an appeal to the nation, and the only moral effect of which can be to reduce the moral power of the premier over the party upon whom he relies, and

disable him from carrying out the views upon which alone he can consent to preside at the head of the administration! And that, without the faintest hope of making any nearer approximation to that system of policy of which Sir Richard would approve, and which he seems to consider the “*ne plus ultra*” of perfection! Nay, with the absolute certainty of insuring the infliction upon the country of a system of policy in all respects its opposite, and upon which a Whig-Radical ministry must necessarily be driven, if they did not choose it for themselves, by the necessity of conceding to the wishes of their supporters! Then what becomes of the landed interest? Then what becomes of the church, the monarchy, the nobility, the aristocracy, of law, order, national faith, constituted authority—in short, every principle, every institute, and every interest which Sir Richard Vivian, and those who think with him, would, we firmly believe, uphold and cherish? Their doom would be sealed. *For no nation ever has a second chance of deliverance from such evils as threatened us and were so imminent before the late change of administration.* In such a case it would appear as if our wise men were visited with a judicial blindness, and they would be left to chew the bitter cud of their reckless precipitancy, until they should heartily repent of their folly and their infatuation.

But Sir Richard is aware of this. He and his friends will not let in the Whigs. We must tell them, however, that they are taking a very bad way of keeping them out. We must tell them that the Whigs, and the Whigs alone, are gratified by the course which they have pursued. We tell them that the only hope of the malignant Radical faction at present is based upon the disunion of the Conservatives, and that whatever contributes to that disunion is only promoting their ends. And we gravely ask them, what their object can be in countenancing appeals such as that to which we have alluded, if not to sow disunion amongst the friends of social order at this critical season, when it so concerns them to be united?

Sir Richard may take our words for it, that what we have now written, has been written more in sorrow than in anger. We respect his character.

We admire his principles. We believe him to be an upright, honourable, religious man;—one who adorns the station which he fills in the circle of his tenants and his friends, and who is competent, in ordinary times, to be exceedingly useful in his place in parliament. But he does not, we think, rightly estimate the difficulties of the very extraordinary emergency during which the present administration have been called to power. Old ideas have become so rooted in his mind as to exclude the views which should present themselves to the politician upon the very altered aspect which affairs have assumed since the prodigious growth of the manufacturing interest, and since, as a corn-growing country, we ceased to be self-dependant. These are circumstances in our social relations, for which, in the minds of such gentlemen, no due allowance has been made, and therefore it is that he quarrels with the premier—and thus damages the cause of a true Conservative policy; and in grasping impatiently at a theoretical, imaginary, impracticable good, would cause us to miss *the only chance which will ever present itself* of effecting that wise and moderate settlement of the great questions at issue between the landed and the manufacturing interest, which may be at the same time satisfactory and safe, and by which the prudent and the considerate men of all parties may be contented.

Sir Robert Peel must have either altered the structure of the social edifice, or be content to see it razed to the ground;—and in adopting the former alternative, it is our belief, that he has done so with a guarded caution; and that, while the course of Whig-Radical policy has been, great changes with little improvement, that upon which he resolved will produce great improvement with little change. We repeat it, it would be more in accordance with the duty of the patriot to aim at producing a willing acquiescence in these necessary measures, amongst those to whom they might be distasteful, than to stir up or to aggravate the discontent to which they might give rise, at the risk of weakening the bond of union amongst Conservatives, and thus opening again the road to office to that unprincipled faction, our recent deliverance from whom we have little doubt Sir Richard re-

cognised as a special mercy from heaven.

But it should not be forgotten that if the corn law and the income tax take something out of the pockets of our landed gentry, the tariff will enable them to retain in their pockets much that would otherwise be spent for purposes of use or of luxury.

They should also hold in mind that the debt, by which the productive industry of the country is so much depressed, was contracted chiefly in defence of those permanent interests which in the war with France were chiefly endangered;—and that consequently there is nothing unreasonable in expecting that that portion of the community should principally bear the pressure which has chiefly experienced the protection.

They should also hold in mind, that the war, which has left its so heavy burdens behind, was the occasion of a vast increase of agricultural prosperity; that the very term “war prices” indicates the exorbitancy of the exactions which the farmers were enabled to impose, in consequence of the vast demands for agricultural produce; and that if there should now be some diminution of those high profits, it is nothing more than the re-action which might be looked for from so unnatural a state of things, and which, in the hands of our present rulers, will be cautiously regulated in such a way as the nation may best be able to bear it, so that it shall never proceed to the extent of neutralizing the most important of our former advantages. Protection to the farmer will still be maintained, although protection to the other interests in the country may require that it should no longer amount to a virtual prohibition of those supplies which are indispensable to the national subsistence.

Upon the whole, taking Sir Robert Peel's regulation respecting the corn trade together with his re-adjustment of the tariff, the nation has reason to be well pleased. He has highly vindicated his claim to the title of a great minister. His whole course, since on this last occasion he submitted to the toils of office, has evinced a laborious diligence, a consummate ability, an unshaken firmness, and an incorruptible integrity, which is worthy of all praise. Had we time to pursue in detail all his commercial regulations,

there are some of them with which, perhaps, we might not be content, but with their general character it would be perfectly impossible not to be well pleased. Particular local interests must, undoubtedly, suffer, here and there; but the great body of the consumers must largely benefit by them; and it is impossible to take an impartial retrospect of the markets, and to consider the prices we have all been paying for articles of current necessity for the last few years, without acknowledging that they were far too high, and that the relief which would now seem nigh at hand to the class of consumers is not more than might have been reasonably expected.

Indeed we believe the nation at large are now beginning to be convinced of this; at least, the continuance of high prices would seem to argue that no very extraordinary panic prevails: and we believe the landed interest begin very clearly to see, first, that it was perfectly impossible that things could have remained as they were; and next, that, from the change which has taken place, no very sudden depreciation of domestic produce need be seriously apprehended; so that the measures of the premier are likely to get all that he, or that any man could desire for them—a fair trial.

They are not, however, met with any friendly spirit by our French neighbours. There a rooted hatred of England would seem imbedded in the people to their heart's core, and her name is never heard but to stir up the most angry and acrimonious recollections. How this is to be accounted for, it is needless to inquire; no one can be at a loss for the cause: Waterloo rankles in their memory. The French are brave, heroically brave, but never was national valour the attribute of a vainer, a more frivolous, or a more profligate people. They hate Great Britain for her worth; they hate her for her wealth; they hate her for her regulated freedom; they hate her for her soberly reformed church; but most of all, they would pursue her with undying hate, because she it was who destroyed the prestige of universal empire, which was one of the fondest dreams of their wild ambition; because Wellington met and defeated in succession all the greatest of her captains; because we were the people by whose instru-

mentality, chiefly, France, within its ancient limits, and under the sway of the Bourbons, was substituted for Napoleon and the empire.

But, whatever the cause, the fact cannot be denied, that France, with her vine-growers bankrupt or starving, and clamorous for that remission of duty, and those commercial arrangements, by which they might be enabled to find in Great Britain a market for their produce, is frantic enough to adopt a measure by which our linen thread is to be excluded from the country, careless what injury she inflicts upon herself, if she can only inflict some injury upon a hated rival. And this, without any provocation; yea, while every disposition was evinced on our part, to deal with her upon terms of mutual benefit, by which both countries might find themselves gainers! But what are commercial advantages? what is the good of any portion of her people, when brought into competition with those feelings of unappeasable resentment towards the nation by whom her haughty pretensions have been baffled, and whose greatness is ever associated in a Frenchman's mind with the curtailment of their territories, and the obscuration of their glory? Well, if so she will have it, let her vine-growers starve, and let us make up our minds to keep our linens out of her markets. It is just possible that we may get as good wine elsewhere, and it is perfectly certain that we ought elsewhere to look for it; if not, it is a luxury to dispense with which would not ruin us as a nation, and a substitute for which might, in all probability, be found. Meanwhile, let us consider how the prohibitory system in France may best be dealt with, as regards that staple which is the object of their present jealous restriction.

If we cannot advantageously send our thread abroad, is there no mode by which it might be advantageously wrought into manufacture at home? What is it which gives the Belgians an advantage over us? It is not that the raw material is of a better quality as it grows, but that the process to which it is subjected after it is severed is better calculated to improve its texture than that which is in use amongst us. This is, therefore, a process not unattainable by us; and would it not be well, in the present

altered circumstances of the trade, if both growers and manufacturers bestowed some attention upon the best means of introducing, for our own use and benefit, the Belgian improvements?

At present we import flax from Belgium at the rate of one hundred and twenty pounds per ton, a sum nearly double that which Irish flax would produce; and it is very difficult not to believe, that what human skill and labour have done for that staple in the one country, may not be done for it in the other.

In Belgium, we know the care bestowed upon the flax crop is little inferior to that which the Chinese bestow upon their teas. Its culture is regarded as an object of national solicitude; and the subdivisions of labour to which it has given rise, are a clear proof of the earnestness with which it is pursued, and a main cause of the great superiority to which it has attained. Let us adopt a similar course, and our success can scarce be doubtful. Then it will be seen whether we may not soon be independent of foreign flax, and whether a fabric may not be wrought out of the improved quality of the Irish, which might compete with, if not command a preference over, French cambric.

Thus, out of intended evil, we may procure for ourselves an important benefit. Not only may we easily find a substitute for French wines, but the blow that is struck at our linen trade, may be made to recoil upon themselves. We do not say that this can be done to-day, or to-morrow, or this year, or the next. It is a project which would take time, and require care, and skill, and labour, and capital to no small amount, to bring to perfection. But once accomplished, it would be a sure source of healthful, innocent, and profitable employment for our people, and tend more than any other that we know, to revive the prosperity of the north of Ireland.

The high tax upon linen thread which is, or is to be, imposed by France, will chiefly operate against the labour of our factories; and these have already had a most injurious influence upon the domestic production of that staple, as it was carried on in the cottages by our peasantry. No doubt great cheapness was the result of the system by which machinery was made

to supersede hand labour; but it is impossible to contrast the waste of health, and the corruption of morals connected with the one process, with the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the contentment invariably found in connection with the other, without lamenting the change which has taken place, and feeling that no increase of national wealth could be a compensation for the sacrifices which have been made to attain it.

In the one case, human beings are congregated together under circumstances in which it is impossible to regard them in any other light than so many living machines; their health and morals no more cared for than is compatible with the expenditure of their best energies upon the production of that material wealth which constitutes their employer's god. In the other, they are occupied under the eye of a parent, by whom their morals are attended to, and by whom it is but natural to suppose that they will be brought up in the way they should go. It cannot be necessary for us to enlarge upon the evils of the factory system, the abominations of which have been recently, and in so many instances, fearfully disclosed. But let any observing reader who has ever had the opportunity of so doing, contrast the squalid, wasted, consumptive myriads who pour out of the factories in Glasgow or Manchester, at those hours when they are enlarged for the purpose of taking their food, with the healthful and happy groups who crowd the peasant's hearth in those parts of the north of Ireland where the linen trade is not yet extinguished, and he will see at a glance both the cost that we have been paying for our increased production, and the large amount both of comfort and happiness, which is still within our reach, if we are now induced to take wise precautions for the revival of our domestic industry.

Nor is it possible for the politician to contemplate the difference which exists between the north and the south of Ireland, in point of tranquillity, and obedience to the law, without feeling that that quiet, in-door occupation which has constituted such a prominent feature of the former, must have had its full effect in contributing to so gratifying a result. The manner in which agriculture and loom-labour alternated, wherever the linen trade



prevailed, gave full employment to every moment of the artizan-peasant's time, and thus excluded that listlessness and that vacancy in which the worst crimes which deform society are engendered. And it is a curious and interesting fact, that the complication of labour thus involved has not, in any respect, proved adverse to that skill in farming, by which, almost as much as by its intelligence and its tranquillity, the north of Ireland has been distinguished. We believe that we are writing without any exaggeration when we say, that the county of Down is the best cultivated county in Ireland; that it *far* exceeds, in point of cultivation, the far more fertile counties in the south and west; and comes very near to, if it does not altogether equal, the best cultivated parts of England and Scotland. Seeing, therefore, that tranquillity has been its result, and agricultural prosperity its accompaniment, and health, morality, and domestic happiness its invariable characteristics, who would not desire such a revival of the linen-trade in the north as might set the hand-wheels and the hand-looms at work again, and by bestowing the same skill and labour upon the culture and the propagation of flax, by which our neighbours in Belgium have brought it to so great perfection, lay the foundation of increased prosperity, and add to our national resources a far more valuable branch of this trade than that of which the malignant jealousy of France now seeks to deprive us.

To this subject, therefore, we earnestly invite the attention of all who are interested in the real welfare of Ireland. The linen-trade was a bequest of the illustrious Ormond; and never did a statesman confer upon a country a boon which has been more blessed. It is now threatened with extinction; but the means of safety are still in our own hands, if we only use them aright. It would well become the government, the aristocracy, the trading interest in Ireland, to see that no culpable neglect, on our own part, aggravates the commercial calamity by which we are threatened; and it will, we repeat it, be our own fault, if advantage be not taken of the present crisis, to set the trade which is menaced with complete destruction upon a more advantageous footing, in

every respect, than it was before. Ireland would thus gain a new branch of manufacture, and France would soon find that she had a formidable rival.

We are, however, well aware of the vast and complicated interests which must, at present, engage the premier's attention, and how difficult it must be for him to bestow any minute or particular care on what constitutes so small a fragment of the trade and the manufacture of the British empire. Therefore it is that we would commend the subject to those whose local knowledge may enable them more particularly to understand it. The Marquess of Downshire is a nobleman who has always bestowed especial attention upon the linen trade and its concerns; to him we would appeal, as to one by whom the project which we have ventured to suggest may be judged of, both as to its practicability, and as to its advantage. If it be, indeed, as practicable and as beneficial as we suppose, there is no one who could aid more powerfully in carrying it into effect, or whose influence would be more powerful in drawing to it the favourable notice of our rulers. Emerson Tennent is a commoner whom we hope soon to see in parliament again; and he has already evinced the interest which he takes in this subject, by the large share of attention which he bestowed upon it when he recently visited Belgium, and the earnestness with which he has laboured to recommend the Belgian improvements. We trust he will soon have an opportunity of resuming his consideration of the subject again, with more hope of practical advantages. The connexion which he has had with our colonial policy, by means of his office, must have already put him into possession of various modes by which the object which we have at heart might be promoted. Of these we have no doubt that he will, to the utmost of his power, avail himself; and that his influence will not be wanting to induce government to lend a favouring ear to any rational plan, by which the linen trade may be raised from its present state of depression, and the mischievous and malignant policy of France made to recoil upon herself.

That we can continue much longer upon terms of amity with such a ne



tion, it seems very difficult to surmise. Certain we are, that nothing will be done on our part, under the government of Sir Robert Peel, to provoke collision, and that every thing will be done by which such a calamity may be prevented. Such, we would fondly believe, is also the feeling of the French King. Louis Philippe sincerely desires the continuance of peace, and he is seconded by a minister of a similar mind, and who has won for himself the respect of all Europe. We will add, that we do not believe that under any other ruler or governor could peace have been so long preserved. But the difficulties are daily accumulating by which these great men will, we fear, be ultimately overruled; and should death or any accident remove them, France will again betake herself to courses by which the peace of Europe will be disturbed, and we shall be involved in hostilities with our restless neighbours.

That Guizot and his master feel themselves compelled to yield to the pressure from without, is already apparent from the manner in which they have been constrained to obey the behests of the revolutionary faction in that country, with whom a hatred of England covers a multitude of sins. They have been compelled to decline the definitive ratification of the treaty guaranteeing a mutual right of search, so indispensable for the suppression of the slave-trade. They have, we firmly believe, been constrained against their will, to decline such commercial arrangements as would greatly benefit their own people, simply because it was supposed by the faction they would also benefit ours. To the same cause is owing that duty upon linen-thread, which amounts to a direct declaration of commercial war. And to the same cause is undoubtedly attributable the spirit which prevails during the present elections, which renders it necessary for government to assume the merit of a hatred of England, if they would not be outnumbered by the opposition, with whom it is a rallying cry, and thus driven from that course of policy, by their perseverance in which, hitherto, the peace of Europe has been preserved.

All this must compel the prudent conservative statesman in this country

to regard the course upon which the French rulers were driven, more with sorrow than with anger. They are, we believe, as individuals, not only blameless, but would, if they could, impose an effectual check upon the frantic mispolicy which is not more insulting to England than it must prove injurious to themselves. "War, war, war! with haughty England; war at all hazards; war, until we have wiped out the disgrace of Waterloo!" is the suppressed premiss in all the reasonings of that mercurial people; the scarcely suppressed sentiment which actuates their entire conduct. How a revolutionary sovereign, who is regarded rather as the chief than the prince of the nation, is to temporise with a people like this, so as to manage them in their testy humours, it would have passed our sagacity to divine, had not Louis Philippe already proved himself almost as adroit and as dexterous in controlling and moderating their excitable temperament, as the agents for mischief have been industrious in inflaming them beyond the limits of control. Undoubtedly, but for him there would already have been an explosion, which would have been felt in the extremities of the world. It therefore well becomes us to make every allowance for the very difficult circumstances in which he is placed. He must appear to go with the faction in some things, in order to be able to resist them in other things. In all that part of his conduct which savours of a warlike policy, we should recognise his necessities, but not his will; and as far as ever the national dignity and the national honour may permit, we should be moderate and conciliatory in our tone, almost in proportion to the extravagance and the insolence with which the war faction in France would seem to regard it as the first of national duties to assail us. We say, our tone should be mild, but that is no reason why our measures should not be firm. We may, and indeed we ought to speak smooth things; but that is no reason why we should not act in such a way as to make it quite evident that we were incapable of being influenced by fear. The proper reply to their duty upon linens would, in our humble judgment, be an increased duty upon their wines, and such a remission of duty in the case of other

more friendly states as might encourage the supply of an article which might be found to be, in all respects, a desirable substitute for them; so that we might ultimately continue from choice, a course upon which we had been driven by necessity.

But whatever is said, or whatever is done, ministers should never forget, that, such is the present state of feeling in France, at any moment, any accident may involve us in war; and that for such an event they should not be unprepared. Seeing what Louis Philippe has already done, we are slow to suppose there are any difficulties which he may not overcome; and we have such reliance upon his good sense and his thorough knowledge of his own true interest, that we must believe every effort will be made by him to induce or to compel his subjects to keep the peace. In this he may not succeed. He himself may be cut off; or he may be overruled by causes which we cannot at present foresee. In all these cases war will be inevitable. And a British ministry should take very good care not to be taken by surprise by an event which may compromise our existence as a nation, and to be well assured that our best hope of averting such a calamity will consist in the conviction that we are prepared against it.

In Spain we believe that Espartero is doing every thing that a brave and honest, but not *very* able man can do, to contribute to the repose and the settlement of that disordered kingdom. The monarchy is, we believe, perfectly safe in his hands. He entertains no views of personal ambition. The view which we ventured to put forth respecting his designs and his character long before he was regent, has been to the letter realised. He loves England, he has a detestation for France, he entertains a jealous aversion to the temporal pretensions of the papal court, and it is his heart's desire to combine the preservation of all that is valuable in the ancient institutions of Spain with the progress of enlightened freedom. Such a man, at such a crisis, is, in such a country, above all price. We trust our ministers appreciate him aright, and that no countenance and no encouragement which they can fairly afford him, will be withheld, to enable him to resist the machinations of France, and to curb the factions who

are the blinded instruments of that profligate and insidious power who cannot endure the contemplation of real Spanish independence. If there be a weak point in Louis Philippe's character, it is that he cannot forego the prospect of family aggrandizement by allying one of his family to the Queen of Spain. For this purpose the wretched queen-mother is detained as a cherished guest in his dominions. For this purpose the various conspiracies are formed, which have for their object the overthrow of the power of the regent, even at the expense of establishing a profligate despotism which would extinguish every vestige of constitutional liberty. For this purpose the portentous alliance has been formed between the Carlists and the Christinos, in which superstition and absolutism are leagued with infidelity and democracy in their worst forms, and all that is weak in the one made subservient to all that is wicked in the other. It becomes us well to keep a steady eye upon all this. We believe that in Spain, of late years, the progress of sound opinion has been very great indeed. It were chimerical to expect any very rapid advance of the doctrines of enlightened reformation. A nation steeped to the lips in all the abominations of popery, as Spain has been for centuries, cannot all of a sudden divest themselves of the prejudices, the habits, and the predilections, which have so long regulated their feelings and influenced their minds, and become in a manner a part of their nature. But that some progress has been already made in the right direction, is evident from the alarm which pervades the whole popish world, and the litanies which are now being recited in all the Romish churches deprecatory of the revolt from the holy see of a country which had been so long numbered amongst the most devoted of its adherents. All this looks well. The day is, we think, past when any vast amount of enthusiasm can be excited in the enlightened portion of Christendom in favour of the most objectionable portion of the papal pretensions. The dayspring from on high has, we are persuaded, visited the people of Spain. Despite the trumpery superstition which still holds exclusive possession of their churches there are streaks of light beginning to appear above their horizon, which a

the harbingers of a brighter day. And if Rome dreads this light, and well she may, England should only recognise in it those symptoms of a better state of things which she herself exhibited in the first beginnings of her reformation. Now upon this, and upon all other subjects of internal policy, we should cautiously eschew that impertinent intermeddling which would, more than any other cause, in such a country, retard the object which the wise and good must have at heart, and give an excuse for interference on the part of others by which that cause might be seriously endangered. Of all the nations in the world the Spaniards will least bear any thing that savours of *dictation*, or in the adoption of which it is necessary to take for granted that others are wiser than themselves. Beware how you wound a Frenchman's vanity, but you must beware how you offend a Spaniard's pride. They will never, nationally, receive reformation as an imported commodity. It must grow, as a national product, amongst themselves. And therefore it is that we should feel alarm lest the missionary zeal of external societies should do in that country almost as much mischief as in other countries it might do good. It would provoke a re-action which would be sure to end in throwing back the cause of true religion. All that we desire is, that the pressure should be gradually removed which at present "lets and hinders" the preaching of the Gospel. And we are not so extravagant as to expect that even that can be done very suddenly, or to any great extent. Too gross has been the ignorance, too inveterate the prejudices which have been engendered by centuries of superstition, to admit a rational hope that they can be very speedily removed. Too long was the inquisition dominant to favour the expectation of establishing, by any counter revolutionary movement, the empire of enlightened reason. And the better the qualities of mind and heart which distinguish this people, (and they are many and noble,) the stronger will be the hold of those superstitions which have become incorporated with them, and which have imparted to them, as it were, an adventitious value from the worth and the excellence with which they are connected. While, therefore, we are rejoiced at the prospect which lies before Spain, we are satisfied to

regard it as a distant prospect; and while we would jealously guard against any interference on the part of others with that silent and gradual process by which error is beginning to yield to truth, we would just as cautiously avoid any endeavour to precipitate it which might end in its sudden extinction.

But England cannot be too earnest in endeavouring to impress upon Spain a just view of the principles of commercial freedom. It ought to be very easy to establish, to the satisfaction of all who are rational amongst them, that there is no country in the world which has more to gain from them. Their vines and our manufactures would seem to present a prospect of an interchange of commodities, by which the wealth and the comforts of both would be enhanced, and that friendly connection between the two countries promoted, which more than any other thing must guarantee in the Peninsula the security of the present order of things, and be an available protection both against the ambition of France, and the malignant jealousy of Rome, which is now, in secret, straining every effort to bring her again into spiritual bondage;—not that she has as yet openly revolted from the papal see, but that she has taken that initiatory step, from which, in the judgment of the seers of the vatican (and in such matters they are rarely mistaken) such a revolt may, not remotely, be expected.

There was, we believe, no part of the world in which the meddling and mischievous policy of our late rulers did not involve us in difficulties, for our extrication from which ministers have already found that all their wisdom will be required. We were gratified to find that Lord Stanley did not hesitate to tell Lord Palmerston so much, when that clever, but conceited, unprincipled, and most mischievous man ventured to attack the measures of ministers, with more than his usual acrimony and without any of his usual discretion. He calculated, no doubt, that the customary moderation and forbearance of the premier would be exhibited by all the others of his colleagues, and that he might be smart and pungent without provoking any castigation. But for once he reckoned without his host. Lord Stanley was not disposed to bear the policy of

ministers impugned and their difficulties undervalued by one who more than any other, or all the others of the late reckless occupants of place, contributed to disturb and embarrass our foreign relations, to cripple our commerce, and to sow the seeds of future wars with almost every nation in the world. And he accordingly, being provoked thereto, did tell the noble ex-secretary his mind, and that with a force and a vigour that will not soon be forgotten by him.

We were glad of this, because far too great has been the mildness and the courtesy which has hitherto characterised Sir Robert Peel, in dealing with antagonists who have proved themselves so undeserving of it. What has been their conduct since they were ejected from power? Have they treated Sir Robert Peel as he treated them? Have they given the right honourable baronet a fair trial? Nay; is there a device of faction which they have left unemployed for the purpose of thwarting him in all his measures, and rendering his tenure of office insecure? Did they not first endeavour to excite the country by popular appeals against the income tax? Was not every species of misrepresentation resorted to which could stir up the constituencies to petition against it? Did not the moody leaders sit brooding "in grim repose," awaiting in parliament the uprousing of the whirlwind which was to sweep the Conservative ministry from power? Did they not linger on in their insane and wicked expectation, availing themselves of every art of conjuration "to call spirits from the vasty deep;" nor desist, until it was plain the spirits "would not come;" until from all quarters their feelers brought them in uncomfortable intelligence; until it was perfectly evident that if the income tax was disliked, the Whigs were detested; and that even a heavier burden than its infliction would be endured, if necessary, to secure us against the return to office of those by whom the nation had been brought to the verge of ruin? Such are the men towards whom our over-courteous premier uses honied words; suffering his prudence for once, we must think, to overmaster his discretion; and therefore it was, that when Lord Stanley did break silence, it pleased us well that it was in such a manner as clearly to evince the sense which he, and

no doubt, all his colleagues in the cabinet, entertained of their misdeeds; and that when impudence was super-added to misgovernment, and their misdeeds were made a matter of boast, the forbearance with which they were previously regarded could be calculated upon no longer.

But, in adverting to the moderation of the premier with any thing like censure, we must not be supposed to deny or to undervalue one of his most conspicuous merits as the leader of administration. His has been a most difficult post, and he never could have triumphed, as he has done, over his difficulties, without a command of temper such as he has exhibited, and of which we have but few examples. Indeed, if ever there was a man born for the crisis which he has had to encounter, that man is Sir Robert Peel. He received the government when the most wicked administration that ever misgoverned the country were not without a reasonable expectation that the complication of evils, which they had produced, was such as must defy all his efforts to establish an administration upon a Conservative basis; and already he has so far tided us out of the breakers, that we have passed, comparatively, into smooth water, and are beginning already to experience an almost total forgetfulness of former dangers. And this his success, we acknowledge, has been owing scarcely less to his temper than to his judgment, and to the skill and the address with which he managed his friends, than to the ability with which he confounded his enemies. Latterly, his chief perplexities have been occasioned by his friends. His enemies, poor devils, have been long since quite prostrate. The wave had subsided upon which they hoped to ride triumphant, and left them in the deep profound; and the measures of secondary importance, upon which Sir Robert Peel is known to entertain opinions at variance with those of many, perhaps a majority of his supporters, have furnished occasions of acrimonious discussion between him and them, (acrimonious, we must add, on their part, not on his,) which has been regarded with pleasure by none but the worst enemies of the country. The baffled Whig faction are looking on with a malignant satisfaction, while his supporters are assailing him up



the new poor-law, in the hope that what they could not effect by their own strength, may be accomplished for them by our divisions. We stop not at present to inquire, upon this subject, who is right or who is wrong. We will suppose the ministry, and those friends of the ministry who are averse to the new poor-law, are equally sincere in their convictions. Is this, we ask, a time when divisions are to be prosecuted upon such a subject to the extent of endangering the stability of administration? The new poor-law! Are we likely to get a better law from the Whigs? And is it for a change of masters alone that the whole constitution is to be again endangered? This, certainly, does prove the rapidity with which men can forget past alarms. The symptoms have happily passed away which indicated the presence of a mortal disease, and we prosecute an insane quarrel, with a deadly rancour, with our good physician, because, in the course of his attendance upon us for their removal, he has happened to tread upon our great toe! A happy state of feeling this, and wise, if we were playing the game of the enemy. But surely, surely Conservative politicians cannot be mad enough to continue such a course, when the only certain result must be, that the particular measure which they object to in the case of their friends, will be carried by their enemies, whom they will re-instate in power, and from whom such a course of democratic legislation may be expected, that the poor-law, in its worst form, would soon appear a very tolerable evil.

It is not a little curious and interesting to observe the course which is at present being taken both in France and in England by the supporters of what is in both countries a Conservative administration. In England Sir Robert Peel occupies the position which Guizot occupies in France; and the English Conservatives are as much in advance of the former, as the French Conservatives are in the rear of the latter. The consequence is, a lack of cordial support in both cases, from which serious evil may be apprehended. The ultras in the one country, and the infras in the other, leave the men by whom alone, at the present crisis, the cause of a truly Conservative policy can be

successfully championed, without the support which is absolutely necessary to fortify them against the assaults and the cabals of their enemies;—and the consequence may be, that the cause of social order may again be overthrown. Most devoutly is such a result to be deprecated. Meanwhile, the opposition in both countries are looking keenly on, waiting for the first opening that presents itself to make a desperate assault upon their divided forces. As surely as the opportunity is given, so surely will it be made available by those whose interest is, or is supposed to be, coincident with public disorder. Both Carlists and Republicans are on the “*qui vive*” in France, each looking eagerly to the fall of Guizot, and expecting to reap therefrom some advantage. In England a similar expectation is entertained by the adversaries of the Peel administration; and these consist of levellers, radicals, republicans, infidels, malignant political dissenters, men in whom religion has soured into an acid which converts it from wholesome spiritual food into a deadly political poison—chartists, anarchists, jesuits, “*et hoc genus omne*.” All these would rejoice in the overthrow of the present government. Into the hands of this faction the power must be surrendered which would be wrested from Sir Robert Peel. Is the bare contemplation of such a calamity to be endured? Are we seriously to be engaged in prosecuting divisions which may end in such a result? What madness! What frantic folly! The new poor law, indeed! We do not approve of the new poor law. That the premier should be committed as he has been to the maintenance of it, most heartily do we deplore. But that on that account every thing dear and valuable to us as men and as Christians should be again brought into peril; that Socinianism and infidelity should again occupy the chief places in our cabinet; that a reckless incompetency should guide our foreign councils, and “*untoward events*” produce dangerous collision by which the peace of Europe would be disturbed; that a course of democratic legislation should be instituted by which every permanent interest and institute in the country would be crippled or degraded, or impoverished or overthrown;—and all because we may happen to disap-



prove of the conduct of the premier, touching the new poor law—this would argue an extent of blind infatuation which would almost prove us deserving of our doom, and justify almost any amount of suffering in which our heedless precipitancy might involve us.

There are other questions of minor importance upon which there has been also much heat; upon these we do not mean to dwell. The election compromise committees have furnished a ground of attack against the premier, which would in itself be insignificant, if every little cause of division amongst his followers, at the present moment, was not to be deprecated as a serious evil. The truth is, we must stand together if we stand at all; and this is a truth of which few Conservatives seem to be convinced in proportion to its importance. Each seems to think himself fully entitled to prosecute his own object, regardless, and sometimes in utter defiance of, that general course of policy which the premier has deemed it indispensable to pursue; and the consequence has been, a degree of coldness and estrangement on the part of those whose views he has been obliged to traverse, by which his efficiency as a leader has been impaired, and by which, if it proceeded to any greater extent, his power as a minister would be endangered. We do not say whether his conduct respecting these compromise committees has been right or wrong, wise or unwise. It is possible that a bolder might have been a better course; nor is it easy for plain common thinkers to understand why the suspension of the writ was indispensable to the effective prosecution of the inquiry. But we can easily imagine plausible grounds for a justification of such a proceeding; and even allowing that Sir Robert Peel erred in judgment, we cannot too strongly condemn the faction by whom that error would be magnified into a crime, and made the plea for a grave political indictment, by his conviction upon which he would forfeit the confidence of the country.

But upon the whole, and considering the singularly difficult part which he had to act, he has conducted himself with a wisdom, a spirit, and a temper which can scarcely be too much praised. He has succeeded in laying the foundation for a solid embankment against the tide of disorder and misrule, which will not soon be overpassed, and he

has thus gained a breathing-time for the cause of religion and order of which their friends would do well to take advantage. Church extension is a favourite object with many good men; and no one can be too earnest in endeavouring to impress upon the state the duty of providing religious instruction according to the formularies of the Established Church, for all who may have been brought up within the pale of that church's communion. But we would as earnestly impress upon them, that unless something more be done, the most profuse grants for the building and endowment of churches may be worse than useless. What that something more is has reference to the manner in which the ministrations in these churches may be filled. If the ministers be able and efficient men, wholly given to the discharge of their important duties, no greater blessing could be conferred upon the community. But if churches are to be built while yet no efficient means have been taken to secure a succession of able and God-fearing ministers by whom these churches may be filled and the congregations duly instructed, but little, indeed, will have been effected. If a thousand new churches were built to-morrow, unless proper care was bestowed upon the selection of the pastors, they would remain but as so many monuments of the inefficiency of the church and the religious indifference of the people. And we cannot, therefore, desire to see an extension of parliamentary aid in the manner required, until we have better reasons than we can at present see for believing that its appropriation would be productive of the desired advantage.

We would be glad to see an inquiry into, and a report upon, the state of those churches in the metropolis and its vicinity, which have been erected within the last twenty years; the mode in which the clergy have been appointed; the manner in which it has worked; the increasing, declining, or stationary condition of the congregations; if it appeared in any instance that a congregation had increased, under what circumstances was this increase; if it had declined, under what circumstances the declension. A report upon these particulars would be of material use in enabling us to discover the best means of carrying into effect the views of those religious and benevolent persons who are

cerely desirous of the extension of true religion. It would be useful in order that their labour might not be in vain. And although of late years the church has been greatly improved, and we have every day more and more cause for an increase of confidence in church authorities, there are many things relating to the settlement, the removal, and the supervision of ministers, for which as yet no adequate provision has been made, and which, until they be finally arranged, must render it impossible to calculate, with a reasonable certainty, upon the efficient and beneficial expenditure of any funds which the wisdom of parliament might appropriate for the increase of church accommodation.

But are there not some previous questions which must be settled, before the aid of parliament for the purpose which Sir Robert Inglis has in view can be rationally expected? Have not transactions taken place which render it not a little doubtful how far parliament is pledged to the maintenance of an established church? Has not that church been contemptuously set aside in the matter of education? Have not errors, which were but lately denounced by our legislature as "damnable and idolatrous," been received with the same favour, and their propagation provided for with the same care, as truth? We tell our ardent Protestant friends, who are raising their voices for church extension, that it is necessary there should be some definite principle laid down according to which it is to be afforded, before any grant should be given, or even asked for, with a view to such an object. We tell them we must understand distinctly how this matter stands, before we can advance with them one step in soliciting a grant, which may be regarded as a precedent for a similar grant to sects and to parties to whom it never should be afforded. Suppose a grant for the extension of Protestant churches were made to this country, and that it was coupled with, or implied, a similar grant for the extension of Roman Catholic places of worship, how should it be regarded? Would any honest, God-fearing Protestant desire it upon such terms? We know they would not. We know they would repudiate it with an indignant scorn, if afforded upon terms which implied that the legislature were indifferent to the most sacred of moral

obligations, and no more desirous of maintaining the system by which the Gospel is upheld, than that by which it would be extinguished. It is, therefore, indispensable, that, upon this mighty and momentous subject, a proper understanding should take place, before any movement is made for church extension, which might, by possibility, still further involve us in that grievous compromise with error and with superstition which has already served to extend and to perpetuate their influence; lest, haply, in seeking for the diffusion of life-giving knowledge, we should only be instrumental in deepening and aggravating the spiritual darkness which has so long held its empire over the people of this unhappy land.

The debate upon the Irish education grant contains much to excite grave thought. It was as painful to us as it was delightful to the enemy, to find the government pledging itself as a government, to a system in all respects so much to be deplored. The same reasons which make us deprecate any untimely quarrel with them, upon other subjects, which might only eventuate in letting in worse men, must influence us also upon this, and compel us "to bear the ills we have," rather than "fly to others which we know not of." In our haste we are too apt to say, what difference is there between Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel? The difference is as great as between the rule and the exception. The policy of the one is eminently conservative; that of the other was conspicuously destructive. The former sometimes errs, in leaning to a spurious liberalism where he should not; the latter seldom erred in departing from that spurious liberalism, in favour of any thing savouring of true wisdom. We conclude, therefore, that Sir Robert is entitled to a generous confidence and a general support, while a free expression of opinion may be given by true Conservatives on those occasions on which his lapses from sound policy are apparent; provided, only, they take special care that their "precious balms do not break his head." Let them be satisfied with expostulating with him in terms, the courtesy of which may be admitted, while their earnestness cannot be mistaken. And, with any view to the removal of the policy of which they complain, let them address

themselves to the country. We do not believe that in this Protestant empire the Church of England, or Christianity itself, is so far at a discount, as that an appeal to the moral feelings of the country would not be attended with most beneficial effects. Why does Lord Stanley—why does Sir Robert Peel, take their stand, at the present moment, upon the national board? Simply because they fancy that the voice of the country is in its favour. Let it be demonstrated

that such is not the case; that, on the contrary, an indignant feeling of reprobation is felt respecting that system, wherever it is known, amongst those of the Protestant communion; and that, speaking generally, none but the worst enemies of the country accord it their entire approval?—let this be intimated by petitions which shall echo the sentiments of awakened constituencies, and more will be done for correcting the errors into which our wise men have fallen, upon this and upon other subjects, than could be accomplished in any other way. But let us not suffer our righteous indignation, at the present moment, to disturb or even to embarrass ministers, so as to render their tenure of office insecure;—for, most undoubtedly, in such a case, a worse evil would befall us. The wicked men who have been lately ejected would again vault into power. A breach would be made in the Conservative ranks, which would leave us powerless as a party. The career of destructive democratic legislation would commence again. Change and unsettlement, disorder and anarchy, popery and infidelity would be the order of the day;—and our last end would be worse than our first.

Nor can we look abroad without seeing, in the state of the world around us, additional reason for deprecating any removal of the helm of empire from the hands which now hold it, to those which held it before. In France, what a sudden and startling calamity is the death of the Duke of Orleans! How well calculated to fill Europe with gloomy apprehensions! The election returns, too, leave Guizot but a poor ~~chance~~ of initiating, with any prospect of success, such a system of enlightened Conservative policy, as could afford any certain guarantee against those outbreaks of popular violence which

might again disturb the harmony of the world. France is in a volcanic state at the present moment; and nothing but the *vigorous management* of Louis Philippe could have, ere this, prevented an eruption, the destructive ravages of which would be felt far and wide in the first instance, although they would be sure to recoil, with aggravated calamity, upon that unhappy country itself. What will remain, as a restraining power, when that hale but aged ruler is taken away? And what additional incentives are now presented to regicides and anarchists to repeat those attempts upon his life, which have hitherto been so marvellously and providentially defeated! The subject is one big with alarm, and any thing like a revolutionary spirit, ascendant again in this country, would be sure to precipitate the crisis. The best hope, not only for England, but for France, for Europe, for the world, consists in maintaining the Conservative ministry firmly in power. To this, in the present emergency, all other objects should give place. The part is a difficult one which Sir Robert Peel is called upon to act. In the three great measures, by which, as we think, he has done all that can be done to rectify our internal disorders, he has offended and alienated his friends, without conciliating his enemies; and in dealing with the present state and the future prospects of France, he must so conduct himself, as neither to compromise England, nor to embarrass Guizot, the minister whose unpopularity arises from his supposed partiality for this country, and whose fall would be hailed by the war faction with fiendish delight, and be the signal for hostilities, of which it would be easier to predict the calamities than to foresee the termination. No wise or good man, therefore, will seek to disturb or perplex the premier, in the very difficult circumstances in which he is placed; but, on the contrary, every man who is capable of appreciating the dangers by which we are beset, will aid him by all honest and constitutional means, in maintaining that position in the councils of his sovereign, upon which, in our humble judgment, humanly speaking, depends the peace and dignity of England, and the tranquillity of the world.

An evil that is foreseen rarely occurs; thus it is that some sagacious

men will reason themselves out of any apprehensions respecting the consequences of the heavy calamity which has fallen upon the house of Orleans. The danger, they say, is so imminent, that it *must* give rise to some provision by which our present fears will be removed. Ay, if the French were a foreseeing people. Doubtless, if they had any forethought, what has happened would be sufficient to make them pause, and endeavour to devise some expedient, by which the calamities with which it threatens France might be averted. But the French (we speak of them as a nation) take no thought for the future. Of all mankind, they live most in and for the present. "*Carpe diem, quam minime credula postero,*" is their motto. Of the past they are heedless—of the future regardless; all the objects of their existence are concentrated in the present hour. They are an insect nation—the ephemerides of mankind. Is it from such a people any wise precautions are to be expected, by which they would voluntarily impose upon their unbridled passions that wholesome restraint which would be necessary to keep them within the bounds of safety? Never. We doubt even if the young prince had been spared, whose sudden death has spread so much gloom over Europe, whether he would be equal to the crisis which he must have prepared to meet, when France felt released from the vigour of the paternal administration. But when that vigour has been withdrawn—while no adequate representative of royalty has been left behind, what will remain to prevent those eccentric movements by which the peace of Europe may be disturbed? No. The best hope for that country consists in the life of Louis Philippe, and the maintenance of a Conservative ministry in England. Should that restless nation become unmanageable by ordinary means, Louis Philippe may be able, by the means of the fortresses with which Paris is being at present surrounded, "to fry French sedition in its own gravy." And England, composed in her might, by the dignity of her position, and the steadiness of her rule, must afford to any ministry disposed to govern France upon Conservative, or even anti-revolutionary principles, a countenance and a support that must be highly useful. But, we may not

dive into futurity. It is idle now to speculate respecting what is in the womb of time. Rarely has either the destruction or the deliverance of a nation taken place in the precise manner in which it might be expected by sagacious observers. "*Quà minime reris,*" &c., is an observation that applies not merely to escape from calamity, but to all those vicissitudes of affairs, whether prosperous or adverse, which mark the chances and changes which take place in societies of mortal men. No one can tell what a day may bring forth. And some untoward event, which could not be calculated upon, may baffle the profoundest combinations of moral or political wisdom. But let us, by all means, eschew the frantic folly which would again expose England to the danger of revolutionary rulers. Let no difference upon minor points, which may take place amongst Conservatives, prevail, to the extent of damaging their strength as an united body, upon whose cohesion the integrity of the empire depends. Let them measure the advantages of union, by the efforts of the adversary to produce division, and by the malignant exultation of that adversary, when such division appears to have been effected. Our enemies are strong only when we are weak; and we can only be weak when we suffer our resentment to prevail against our better judgment, and enter into a cabal against, or afford but an unwilling support to the minister, by whom alone the country can be saved. Let this be well impressed upon the minds of the great party by whom Sir Robert Peel has been placed in office, and we do not despair of yet seeing the right honourable baronet more in accordance with some of the best of his supporters upon subjects of the highest moral interest, while they will have the satisfaction of reflecting, that by their forbearance they have maintained the ascendancy of the principles of social order, and contributed to the establishment, upon a solid basis, of a Conservative ministry, who are pledged to maintain, to all ranks of the community and orders of the state, their liberty, their property, their rights, and their privileges, and whose wise and vigorous administration of affairs will ensure maintenance and protection to the palace and the cottage, the throne and the altar.

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\* The words of Metternich.

# DUBLIN

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No. CXVII.      SEPTEMBER, 1842.      Vol. XX.

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### CONTENTS.

	Page
OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. XXXVIII.—ST. SENAN'S WELL. CHAP. XXXIX.—AN UNLOOKED-FOR MEETING CHAP. XL.—THE PRIEST'S KITCHEN. CHAP. XLI.—TIPPERARY JOE. CHAP. XLII.—THE HIGH ROAD. CHAP. XLIII.—THE ASSIZE TOWN . . . . .	253
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—No. XIV. BARRY THE PAINTER.—PART I.	274
THE TWO PASSPORTS. BEING A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF KARL EISENKRAFFT, ARTISAN, OF ESSLINGEN, IN SWABIA . . . . .	290
SONG BY ROBERT GILFILLAN . . . . .	296
BOWDEN'S LIFE OF GREGORY VII.—SECOND ARTICLE . . . . .	299
LEVAUN'S EYE. A LEGEND. BEING NO. III. OF THE KISHOCK PAPERS . . . . .	321
A NARRATIVE OF THE AFGHAN WAR. IN A SERIES OF LETTERS OF THE LATE COLONEL DENNIE, C.B., HER MAJESTY'S THIRTEENTH LIGHT INFANTRY REGI- MENT, AID-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN . . . . .	327
SAINT SINAN'S WARNING. A LEGEND OF THE LOWER SHANNON . . . . .	341
LETTERS FROM ITALY. No. VI. . . . .	352
THE DREAM-TRYST . . . . .	362
THE INCOME TAX AND NEW TARIFF . . . . .	364

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VOL. XX.

OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ST. SENAN'S WELL.

How shall I trace this, the happiest period of my life! when days and weeks rolled on, and left no track behind, save in that delicious calm that stole over my senses gradually and imperceptibly. Each morning saw me on my way to Castle Bellew: the mountain-path that led up from the little strand was well worn by my footsteps—I knew its every turn and winding; scarcely a dog-rose bloomed along the way with which I had not grown familiar. And now each object spoke to my heart!—for I was happy! The clouds that moved above; the rippling tide that flowed beneath; the sunny shore; the shady thicket;—were all to me as though I had known them from boyhood. For so it is, in our glad moments we cling to all things that surround us; and giving to external nature the high colouring of our own hearts, we feel how beautiful is this world! yet was my mind not all tranquil: for often, as I hastened on, some passing thought would shoot across me. Where is this to end? Can I hope ever to overcome the deep-rooted prejudices of my family, and induce them to receive amongst them as my wife, the beautiful and artless daughter of the wild west? or could I dare to expose her, on whom all my affections were centred, to the callous criticism of my fine lady-mother, and her fashionable friends in London? What right had I to stake her happi-

ness on such a chance;—to take her from all the objects endeared to her by taste, by time, by long-hallowed associations, and place her amid those among whom the very charm of her untarnished nature would have made her their inferior?

Is it that trait of rebellious spirit, that would seem to leaven every portion of our nature, which makes our love strongest when some powerful barrier has been opposed to our hopes and wishes? or is it rather, that in the difficulties and trials of life, we discover those deeper resources of our hearts, that under happier auspices had lain dormant and unknown? I scarcely know: but true it is, after such reflections as these, I ever hurried on the faster to meet her, more resolutely bent than ever, in weal or woe, to link my fortune with her own.

Though I returned each night to the priest's cottage, my days were entirely spent at Castle Bellew. How well do I remember every little incident that marked their tranquil course! The small breakfast-parlour, with its old Tudor window looking out upon the flower-garden: how often have I paced it, impatient for her coming; turning ever and anon to the opening door, when the old butler, with the invariable habitude of his kind, continually appeared with some portion of the breakfast equipage: how I started, as some distant door would shut and

open—some far-off foot-step on the stair ; and wonder within myself, why felt she not some of this impatient longing. And when, at last, tortured with anxiety and disappointment, I had turned away towards the window, the gentle step, the rustling dress, and, more than all, the indescribable something that tells us we are near those we love, bespoke her coming—oh ! the transport of that moment ! With what a fervid glow of pleasure I sprang to meet her—to touch her hand—to look upon her ! How rapidly, too, I endeavoured to speak my few words of greeting, lest her father's coming might interfere with even this short-lived period of happiness ; and, after all, how little meaning were the words themselves, save in the tone I spoke them !

Then followed our rambles through the large but neglected garden, where the rich-blossoming fruit-tree scented the air, loaded with all the fragrance of many a wild flower. Now strolling onwards—silent, but full of thought, we trod some dark and shaded alley ; now entering upon some open glade, where a view of the far-off mountains would break upon us, or where some chance vista showed the deep blue sunny sea swelling with sullen roar against the rocky coast.

How often, at such times as these, have I asked myself if I could look for greater happiness than thus to ramble on, turning from the stupendous majesty of nature, to look into her eyes whose glance met mine so full of tender meaning ; while words would pass between us, few and low-voiced, but all so thrilling—their very accent spoke of love. Yet, amid all this, some agonizing doubt would shoot across me, that my affection was not returned ; the very frankness of her nature made me fear : and when we parted at night, and I held my homeward way towards the priest's cottage, I would stop from time to time, conning over every word she spoke, calling to mind each trivial circumstance ; and if by accident some passing word or jest—some look of raillery, recurred to my memory, how have the warm tears rushed to my eyes, as with my heart full to bursting, I muttered to myself, "She loves me not !" These fears would then give way to hope, as in my mind's eye she stood before me, all beaming in smiles :

and amid these alternate emotions, I trod my lonely path, longing for the morrow, when we should meet again, when I vowed within my heart to end my life of doubt by asking if she loved me. But with that morrow came the same spell of happiness that lulled me ; and like the gambler who had set his life upon the die, and durst not throw, so did I turn with trembling fear from tempting the chance that might in a moment dispel the bright dream of my existence, and leave life bleak and barren to me for ever.

The month of August was drawing to a close, as we sauntered one fine evening towards the sea-shore. There was a little path which wound down the side of a bold crag, partly by steps—partly by a kind of sloping way, defended at the sides by a rude wooden railing, which led down upon the beach exactly at the spot where a well of clear spring water sprung up, and tracked its tiny stream into the blue ocean. This little spring, which was always covered by the sea at high water, was restored, on the tide ebbing, to its former purity, and bubbled away as before ; and from this cause had obtained from the simple peasantry the reputation of being miraculous, and was believed to possess innumerable properties of healing and consoling.

I had often heard of it, but never visited it before ; and thither we now bent our steps, more intent upon catching the glorious sunset that was glowing on the Atlantic, than of testing the virtues of St. Senan's well—for so was it called. The evening—an autumnal one—was calm and still ; not a leaf stirred ; the very birds were hushed ; and there was all that solemn silence that sometimes threatens the outbreak of a storm. As we descended the crag, however, the deep booming of the sea broke upon us, and between the foliage of the oak trees we could mark the heavy rolling of the mighty tide, as wave after wave swelled on, and then was dashed in foam and spray upon the shore. There was something peculiarly grand and almost supernatural in the heavy swell of the great sea, rearing its white crest afar, and thundering along the weather-beaten rocks, when every thing else was calm and unmoved around : the deep and solemn roar, echoing from many a rocky cavern, rose amid the crashing

spray that sent up a thin veil of mist, through which the setting sun was reflected in many a bright rainbow. It was indeed a glorious sight! and we stopped for several minutes gazing on it; when suddenly Louisa, letting go my arm, exclaimed, as she pointed downwards—

“See! See the swell beneath that large black rock yonder; the tide is making fast; we must get quickly down, if you wish to test St. Senan's power.”

I had no time left me to ask what peculiar virtues the saint dispensed through the mediation of his well, when she broke from my side, and hurried down the steep descent: in a moment we had reached the shore, upon which already the tide was fast encroaching, and had marked with its dark stain the yellow sand within a few feet of the well. As we drew nearer, I perceived the figure of an old woman, bent with age, who seemed busily occupied sprinkling the water of the spring over something that, as I came closer, seemed like a sailor's jacket. She was repeating some words rapidly to herself; but on hearing our approach, she quickly collected her bundle together under her remnant of a cloak, and sat waiting our approach in silence.

“It's Molly Ban!” said Louisa suddenly, and growing pale as she spoke. “Give her something—if you have any money—I beseech you.”

There was no opportunity for inquiring further about her now: for the old woman slowly rose from the stone, by the aid of a stick, and stood confronting us. Her figure was singularly short—scarce four feet in height; but her head was enormously large, and her features, which were almost terrific in ugliness, were swarthy as a gipsy's; a man's hat was fastened upon her head by a red kerchief, which was knotted beneath her chin; a short cloak of faded scarlet, like what the peasantry of the west usually wear, covered her shoulders; beneath which a patched and many-coloured petticoat appeared, that reached to the middle of her legs, which, as well as her feet, were completely naked—giving a look of wildness and poverty in one so old I cannot attempt to convey.

The most singular part of her costume, however, was a rude collar she wore round her neck of sea shells—

among which, here and there, I could detect some bits of painted and gilded carving, like fragments of a wreck. This strange apparition now stood opposite me, her dark eyes fixed steadily on my companion, to whom, unlike the people of the country, she never made the slightest reverence, or showed any semblance of respect.

“And was it to spy after me, Miss Loo, ye brought down yer sweetheart to the well this evening?” said the hag, in a harsh, grating voice, that seemed the very last effort of some suppressed passion.

Louisa's arm grasped mine, and I could feel it tremble with agitation as she whispered in my ear—

“Give her money quickly; I know her.”

“And is your father going to send me back to gaol because the cattle's got the rot amongst them? ha, ha, ha,” said she, breaking into a wild, discordant laugh. “There 'ill be more mourning than for that, at Castle Bellew, before long.”

Louisa leaned against me faint and almost falling, while, drawing out my purse hastily, I held forth my hand full of silver. The old hag clutched at it eagerly, and as her dark eyes flashed fire, she thrust the money into a pocket at her side, and again broke out into a horrid laugh.

“So, you're beginnin' to know me, are ye? Ye won't mock Molly Ban now, eh? no, faith, nor Mary Lafferty either, that turned me from the door and shut it agin me. Where 'ill her pride be to-morrow night, when they bring in her husband a corpse to her! Look at that.”

With these words she threw her cloak on one side, and showed the blue jacket of a fisherman which I had seen her sprinkling with the water as we came up.

“The blue water will be his winding-sheet this night, calm as it is now.”

“Oh, Molly dear, don't speak this way.”

“Molly dear!” echoed the beldame, in an accent of biting derision. “Who ever heerd one of your name call me that? or are ye come for a charm for that young man beside you? See now; the sun's just gone; in a minit more the sea 'ill be in, and it 'ill be too late. Here, come near me—kneel

down there—kneel down, I say ; or is it only my curse ye mind ?”

“ She’s mad, poor thing,” said I, in my companion’s ear. “ Let her have her way—do as she bids you.”

Sinking with terror, pale as death, and trembling all over, Louisa bent one knee upon the little rock beside the well, while the old hag took her fair hand within her own skinny fingers and plunged it rudely in the well.

“ There, drink,” said she, offering me the fair palm, through which the clear water was running rapidly, while she chanted rather than spoke the rude rhyme that follows:—

“ By the setting sun,  
The flowing sea,  
The waters that run,  
I swear to thee  
That my faith shall be true, as this  
moment now,  
In weal or in woe, wherever, or how :  
So help me, St. Senan, to keep my vow.”

The last words had scarcely been uttered when Louisa, who apparently had been too much overcome by terror to hear one word the hag muttered, sprung up from the stone, her face and neck covered with a deep blush, her lip trembling with agitation, while her eyes were fixedly directed towards the old woman with an expression of haughty anger.

“ Ay, ye may look as proud as ye like. It’s little I mind ye, in love or in hate. Ye are well enough humbled now. And as for you,” said she, turning towards me a look of scornful pity—“ you, I wish ye joy of your fair sweetheart : let her only keep her troth like her own mother, and ye’ll have a happy heart to sit at yer fire-side with.”

The blood fled from Louisa’s cheek as she said this—a deadly paleness spread over her features—her lips were bloodless and parted—and her hands firmly clenched together and pressed against her side, bespoke the agony of the moment. It lasted not longer ; for she fell back fainting and insensible into my arms. I bathed her face and temples from the well—I called upon her—rubbed her hands within my own, and endeavoured by every means to arouse her, but in vain. I turned to beg aid from the woman, but she was gone. I again endeavoured to awake her from the stupor, but she lay cold,

rigid, and motionless—her features had stiffened like a corpse, and showed no touch of life. I shouted aloud for aid ; but, alas ! we were far from all human habitation, and the wild cries of the curlew were the only sounds that met my ear, or the deep rushing of the sea, as it broke nearer and nearer to where I stood. A sudden pang of horror shot across me as I looked around and below, and saw no chance of aid from any quarter. Already the sun was below the horizon, and the grey twilight gave but gloomy indications of all around ; the sea, too, was making fast—the foam had reached us, and even now the salt tide had mingled its water with the little spring. No more time was to be lost. A projecting point of rock intervened between us and the little path by which we had descended to the beach, over this the spray was now splashing, and its base was only to be seen at intervals between the advancing or retiring wave. A low, wailing sound, like distant wind, was creeping over the water, which from time to time was curled along the round-backed wave with all the threatening aspect of a coming storm—the sea birds wheeled round in circles, waking the echoes with their wild notes—and the heavy swell of the breaking sea, roared through many a rocky cavern with a sad and mournful melody. I threw one last look above where the tall beetling cliff was lost in the gloom of coming night, another on the broad bleak ocean, and then, catching up my companion in my arms, set forward. For the first few moments I felt not my burthen. My beating heart throbbed proudly, and, as I pressed her to my bosom, how I nerved myself for any coming danger by the thought that all the world to me lay in my arms. Every step, however, brought me further out : the sea, which at first washed only to my ankles, now reached my knees ; my step became unsteady ; and when for an instant I turned one look on her who lay still and insensible within my grasp, I felt my head reel, and my sight wander, as I again looked out on the dark water that rolled around us. We were now near the rocky point which, once passed, placed us in safety, and to reach this I summed up every effort. Around this the waves had worn a deeper track, and against its side they beat and lashed



themselves to foam, which boiled in broad sheets around. A loud cheer from some one on the cliff above us turned my glance upwards, and I could see lights moving backwards and forwards through the darkness: before I could reply to the voice, however, a large wave came mantling near, gathering force as it approached, and swelling its gigantic mass, so as to shut out all besides. I fixed myself firmly to resist the shock, and, slightly bending, opposed my shoulder to the mighty roll of water that now towered like a wall above us. On it came, till its dark crest frowned above our heads; for a second or two it seemed to pause, as the white curl tipped its breaking edge, and then, with a roll like thunder, broke over us. For an instant I held my footing; at length, however, my step tottered—I felt myself lifted up, and then hurled headlong beneath the swollen volume of water that closed above my head. Stunned, but not senseless, I grasped my burden closer to my heart, and struggled to regain my footing. The wave passed inwards as I rose to my feet, and a sea of boiling foam hissed around me. Beyond, all was dim and indistinct; a brooding darkness stretched towards the sea, and landward, the tall cliffs were wrapped in deep shadow, except when the light that I saw before flitted from place to place, like the dancing wild-fire. A loud cheer from on high made me suppose that we were perceived; but my attention was turned away by a low moaning sound that came floating over the water; and as I looked, I could see that the black surface swelled upwards, as if by some mighty force beneath, and rose towering into the air. The wave that now approached us was much greater than the former one, and came thundering on, as if impatient for its prey. My fear was of being carried out to sea, and I looked hastily around for some rocky point to hold on by, but in vain: the very sands beneath me seemed moving and shifting; the voice of thunder was in my ears—my senses reeled, and the thought of death by drowning with all its agony, came over me.

“Oh! my father—my poor father!” said a low plaintive voice beside my cheek; and the next instant the blood rushed warm to my heart. My courage rallied; my arm grew nerved and

strong; my footsteps seemed to grasp the very ground, and, with a bold and daring spirit, I waited for the coming shock. On it came, a mighty flood, sweeping high above us as we struggled in the midst: the blue water moved on, unbroken. For a moment or two I felt we were borne along with a whirlwind speed—then suddenly we touched the strand; but only for a second, for the returning wave came thundering back, and carried us along with it. My senses now began to wander: the dark and gloomy sea stretched around us; the stars seemed to flit to and fro; the roar of water and the sounds of human voices were mingled in my ears; my strength, too, was failing me, and I buffeted the waves with scarcely consciousness. Just at that moment, when, all dread of danger past, the gloomy indifference to life is fast succeeding, I saw a bright gleam of light flying rapidly across the water; the shouts of voices reached me also, but the words I heard not. Now falling beneath, now rising above the foamy surface, I struggled on, my only strength to press home closer to my bosom the form of her my heart was filled by; when of a sudden I felt my arm rudely grasped on either side. A rope, too, was thrown around my waist, and I was hurried inwards towards the shore amid cries of “all safe! all safe! not too fast there!” A dreary indistinctness of what followed even still haunts my mind. A huge wood-fire upon the beach—the figures of the fishermen—the country people passing hither and thither—the tumult of voices—and a rude chair, in which lay a pale, half-fainting form. The rest I know not.

It was dark—so dark, I could not see the persons that moved beside me. As we passed along the grassy turf in silence, I held a soft hand in mine, and a fair cheek rested on my shoulder, while masses of long and dripping hair fell on my neck and bosom. Carried by two stout peasant fishermen in a chair, Louisa Bellew, faint but conscious of the danger past, was borne homeward. I walked beside her, my heart too full for words. A loud wild cheer burst suddenly forth, and a bright gleam of light aroused me from my trance of happiness. The steps were crowded with people—the large hall so full we scarce could force

our way. The door of the parlour was now thrown open, and there sat the pale, gaunt figure of the old man, his eyes staring wildly, and his lips parted; his hands resting on each arm of his chair, but all still and motionless. Bursting from those that carried her, she sprang towards him with a cry; but ere she reached his arms he had fallen from his seat to his knees; and, with his hands clasped above his head, and upturned eyes, poured forth his prayer to God; sinking to his side, she twined her hands with his; and, as if moved by the magic of the scene, the crowd fell to their knees, and joined in the thanksgiving. It was a moment of deep and touching feeling, to hear the slow, scarce articulate words of that old man, who turned from the sight of her his heart treasured, to thank the great Father of

mercy, who had not left him childless in his age—to mark the low sobs of those around, as they strove to stifle them; while tears coursed down the hard and weather-beaten cheeks of humble poverty, as they muttered to themselves their heartfelt thanks for her preservation. There was a pause: the old man turned his eyes upon his child, and like a dammed-up torrent breaking forth, the warm tears gushed out; and, with a cry of “My own—my only one!” he fell upon her neck and wept.

I could hear no more. Springing to my feet, I dashed through the hall, and, resisting every effort to detain me, rushed down the steps and gained the lawn. Once there alone, I sank down upon the sward, and poured forth my heart in tears of happiness.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.—AN UNLOOKED-FOR MEETING.

I MADE many ineffectual efforts to awake in the morning after my adventure. Fatigue and exhaustion, which seem always heaviest when incurred by danger, had completely worn me out, and scarcely had I succeeded in opening my eyes, and muttering some broken words, ere again I dropped off to sleep soundly, and without a dream.

It was late in the afternoon when at length I sat up in my bed, and looked about me. A gentle hand suddenly fell upon my shoulder, and a low voice, which I at once recognised as Father Tom's, whispered—

“There now, my dear fellow, lie down again. You must not stir for a couple of hours yet.”

I looked at him fixedly for a moment, and, as I clasped his hand in mine, asked—

“How is she, father?”

Scarcely were the words spoken, when I felt a burning blush upon my cheek. It was the confidence of months long that found vent in one second;—the pent-up secret of my heart that burst from me unconsciously, and I hid my face upon the pillow, and felt as though I had betrayed her.

“Well—quite well,” said the old man, as he pressed my hand forcibly in his own. “But let us not speak now. You must take more rest, and

then have your arm looked to. I believe you have forgotten all about it.”

“My arm!” repeated I, in some surprise; while, turning down the clothes, I perceived that my right arm was sorely bruised, and swollen to an immense size. “The rocks have done this,” muttered I. “And she, father—what of her, for heaven's sake?”

“Be calm, or I must leave you,” said the priest: “I said before that she was well. *Poor boy!*”

There was something so touching in the tone of the last words, that, without my knowing why, I felt a kind of creeping fear pass across me, and a dread of some unknown evil steal over me.

“Father,” said I, springing up, and grasping him with both my hands, while the pain of my wounded arm shot through my very heart, “you are an honest man, and you are a man of God—you would not tell me a lie. Is she well?” The big drop fell from my brow as I spoke.

He clasped his hands fervently together as he replied, in a voice tremulous with agitation—

“I never told a lie.”

He turned away as he spoke, and I lay down in my bed with a mind relieved, but not at rest.

Alas! how hard it is to be happy! The casualties of this world come on like waves, one succeeding the other. We may escape the heavy roll of the mighty ocean, and be wrecked in the still, smooth waters of the land-locked bay. We dread the storm and the hurricane, and we forget how many have perished within sight of shore. But yet a secret fear is ever present with us when danger hovers near; and this sense of some impending evil it was which now darkened me, and whispered me to be prepared.

I lay for some time sunk in my reflections, and when I looked up, the priest was gone. A letter had fallen on the ground, as if by accident, and I rose to place it on my table, when, to my surprise, I found it addressed to myself. It was marked, "On his majesty's service," and ran thus:—

"SIR—I have received his excellency's orders to inform you, that unless you, on receipt of the present letter, at once return to your duty as a member of the staff, your name will be erased from the list, and the vacancy immediately filled up.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"HENRY HOWARD.

"Dublin Castle."

What could have caused the great alteration in his excellency's feelings that this order evinced, I could not conceive, and felt hurt and indignant at the tone of a letter which came on me so completely by surprise. I knew, however, how much my father looked to my strict obedience to every call of duty, and resolved, that come what would, I should at once resume my position on the duke's staff.

These were but momentary reflections. My thoughts recurred at once to where my heart was dwelling—with her whose very image lived within me. Try how I would, I could think of no pleasure in which she took not part—imagine no scheme of life in which she was not concerned. Ambition had lost its charm: the path of glory I had longed to tread, I felt now as nothing, beside that heather walk which led me towards her;—and if I were to have chosen between the most brilliant career high station, influence and fortune could bestow, and the lowly condition of a dweller in these wild

mountain solitudes, I felt that not a moment of hesitation or doubt would mark my decision.

There was a kind of heroism in the relinquishing all the blandishments of fortune, all the seductions of the brilliant world, for one whose peaceful and humble life strayed not beyond the limits of these rugged mountains;—and this had its charm. There were times when I loved to ask myself whether Louisa Bellew would not, even amid all the splendour and display of London life, be as much admired and courted as the most acknowledged of beauty's daughters;—now I turned rather to the thought of how far happier and better it was to know that a nature so unhackneyed, a heart so rich in its own emotions, was never to be exposed to the callous collision of society, and all the hardened hypocrisy of the world.

My own lot, too, how many more chances of happiness did it not present as I looked at the few weeks of the past, and thought of whole years thus gliding away, loving and beloved. A kind of stir, and the sound of voices beneath my window, broke my musings, and I rose and looked out. It proceeded from the young girl and the country lad who formed the priest's household. They were talking together before the door, and pointing in the direction of the high road, where a cloud of dust had marked the passage of some carriage, an event rare enough to attract attention in these wild districts.

"And did his reverence say that the captain was to be kept in bed till he came back?"

"Ah, then, sure he knew well enough," said Biddy, "that the young man would be up and off to the castle the moment he was able to walk—ay, and maybe before it too. Troth, Patsey, it's what I'm thinking, there's nobody knows how to coort like a raal gentleman."

"Och, botheration," said Patsey, with an offended toss of his head, and a look of half malice.

"Faix, you may look how you like, but it's truth I'm telling ye. They know how to do it. It isn't winking at a body, nor putting their great rough arms round their neck; but it's a quiet, mannerly, dacent way they have, and soothing voice, and

a look under their eyes, as much as to say—maybe you wouldn't now."

"Troth, Biddy," said Patsey, sharply, "it strikes me that you know more of their ways than is just convenient—eh, do you understand me now?"

"Well, and if I do," replied Biddy, "there's no one can be *evenen* it to you, for I'm sure it wasn't you taught me."

"Ye want to provoke me," said the young man, rising, and evidently more annoyed than he felt disposed to confess; "but *faix* I'll keep my temper. It's not after spaking to his reverence, and buying a cow, and a dresser, that I'm going to break it off."

"Heigh-ho!" said Biddy, as she adjusted a curl that was most coquettishly half falling across her eyes; "sure there's many a slip betune the cup and the lip, as the poor dear young gentleman will find out when he wakes."

A cold fear ran through me as I heard these words, and the presentiment of some mishap, that for a few moments I had been forgetting, now came back in double force. I set about dressing myself in all haste, and, notwithstanding that my wounded arm interfered with me at each instant, succeeded at last in my undertaking. I looked at my watch; it was already six o'clock in the afternoon, and the large mountains were throwing their great shadows over the yellow strand. Collecting from what I had heard from the priest's servants that it was their intention to detain me in the house, I locked my door on leaving the room, and stole noiselessly down the stairs, crossed the little garden, and passing through the beech hedge, soon found myself upon the mountain path. My pace quickened as I breasted the hill side; my eyes firmly fixed upon the tall towers of the old castle, as they stood proudly topping the dense foliage of the oak trees. Like some mariner who gazes on the long wished-for beacon that tells of home and friends, so I bent my steadfast looks to that one object, and conjured up many a picture to myself of the scene that might be at that moment enacting there. Now I imagined the old man seated, silent and motionless, beside the bed where his daughter, overcome with weakness and exhaus-

tion, still slept; her pale face scarce coloured by a pinkish stain that marked the last trace of feverish excitement: now I thought of her as if still seated in her own drawing-room, at the little window that looked seaward; looking, perhaps, upon the very spot that marked our last night's adventure, and, mayhap, blushing at the memory.

As I came near the park I turned from the regular approach to a small path which, opening by a wicket, led to a little flower-garden beside the drawing-room. I had not walked many paces when the sound of some one as if sobbing, caught my ear. I stopped to listen, and could distinctly hear the low broken voice of grief quite near me. My mind was in that excited state that every breeze that rustled, every leaf that stirred, thrilled through my heart; the same dread of something, I knew not what, that agitated me as I awoke, came fresh upon me, and a cold tremor crept over me. The next moment I sprang forward, and as I turned the angle of the walk beheld—with what relief of heart!—that the cries proceeded from a little child, who, seated in the grass, was weeping bitterly. It was a boy of scarce five years old that Louisa used to employ about the garden, rather to amuse the little fellow, to whom she had taken a liking, than for the sake of services, which, at the best, were scarcely harmless.

"Well, Billy," said I, "what has happened to you, my boy? have you fallen and hurt yourself?"

"Na," was the only reply; and, sinking his head between his knees, he sobbed more bitterly than ever.

"Has Miss Loo been angry with you then?"

"Na, na," was the only answer, as he poured forth a flood of tears.

"Come, come, my little man, what is it? Tell me, and perhaps we can set it all to rights."

"Gone, gone away for ever," cried the child, as a burst of pent-up agony broke from him; and he cried as though his very heart would break.

Again my terrible foreboding crossed my mind, and, without waiting to ask another question, I rushed forward, cleared the little fence of the flower-garden at a spring, and stood within a few yards of the window. It lay open as usual; the large china vase

of moss roses, that she had plucked the evening before, stood on the little table beside it. I stopped for an instant to breathe; the beating of my heart was so painful, that I pressed my hand upon my side. At that instant I had given my life to have heard her voice—but for one single word I had bartered my heart's blood—but all was as hushed and still as midnight. I thought I did hear something like a sigh—yes—and I now could distinctly hear the rustling sound of some one as if turning in a chair. Sir Simon Bellew, for some cause or other, I knew never came into that room: I listened again—yes—and now, too, I could see the shadow of a figure on the floor. I sprang forward to the window, and cried out, "Louisa;" the next instant I was in the room—and my eyes fell upon the figure of—Ulick Burke! seated in a deep arm-chair, his leg resting on a low stool, he was reclining at half length; his face pale as death, and his very lips blanched; but then, there rested on the mouth the same curl of insolent mockery that marked it when first we met.

"Disappointed, I fear, sir," said he, in a tone which, however weakened by sickness, had lost nothing of its sneering bitterness.

"I confess, sir," said I, confusedly, "that this is a pleasure I had not anticipated."

"Nor I either, sir," replied he, with a dark frown. "Had I been able to have rung the bell before, the letter that lies there should have been sent to you, and might have spared both of us this 'pleasure,' as you are good enough to call it."

"A letter for me," said I, eagerly; then half ashamed of my own emotion, and not indifferent to the sickly and apparently dying form before me, I hesitated, and added, "I trust that you are recovering from the effects of your wound."

"Damn the wound, sir; don't speak to me about it. You never came here for that, I suppose. Take your letter, sir." A purple flush here coloured his features, as though some pang of agonizing pain had shot through him, and his livid lip quivered with passion. "Take your letter, sir," and he threw it towards me as he spoke. I stood amazed and thunderstruck at this sud-

den outbreak of anger, and for a second or two could not recover myself to speak.

"You mistake me," said I.

"Mistake you! no, confound me, I don't mistake you. I know you well and thoroughly. But you mistake me—ay, and damnably too—if you suppose that because I'm crippled here this insolence shall pass unpunished. Who but a coward, sir, would come thus to taunt a man like me? Yes, sir, a coward!—I spoke it—I said it—would you like to hear it over again?—or if you don't like it, the remedy is near you—nearer than you think. There are two pistols in that case—both loaded with ball; take your choice, and your own distance; and here, where we are, let us finish this quarrel; for mark me"—and here his brow darkened, till the veins, swelled and knotted in his forehead, looked like indigo—"mark me, the account shall be closed one day or other."

I saw at once that he had lashed his fury up to an ungovernable pitch, and that to speak to him was only to increase his passion; so I stooped down without saying a word, and took up the letter that lay at my feet.

"I am waiting your reply, sir," said he, with a low voice, subdued by an inward effort into a seeming quietness of tone.

"You cannot imagine," said I, mildly, that I could accept of such a challenge as this, nor fight with a man who cannot leave his chair."

"And who has made me so, sir? Who has made me a paralytic thing for life? But if that be all, give me your arm, and help me through that window—place me against that yew-tree, yonder. I can stand well enough. You won't—you refuse me this! Oh, coward! coward! You grow pale and red again! Let your white lip mutter, and your nails eat into your hands with passion!—your heart is craven—and you know it!"

Shall I dare to own it? For an instant or two my resolution tottered, and involuntarily my eyes turned to the pistol-case upon the table beside me. He caught the look, and in a tone of triumphant exultation cried out:—

"Bravo, bravo! What! You hesitate again! Oh, that this should not be before the world!—in some open



and public place!—that men should not look on and see us here!”

“I leave you, sir,” said I, sternly; thankful, for *your* sake, at least, that this is not before the world.”

“Stop, sir—stop!” cried he, hoarse with rage. Ring that bell.”

I hesitated, and he called out again, “Ring that bell, sir!”

I approached the chimney, and did as he desired. The butler immediately made his appearance.

“Nicholas,” cried the sick man, “bring in the servants—bring them in here:—you hear me well. I want to show them something they have never seen. Go!”

The man disappeared at once; and as I met the scowling look of hate that fixed its glare upon me, once more I felt myself to waver. The struggle was but momentary. I sprung to the window, and leaped into the garden. A loud curse broke from Burke as I did so: a cry of disappointed wrath, like the yell of a famished wolf, followed. The next moment I was beyond the reach of his insolence and his invective.

The passionate excitement of the moment over, my first determination was to gain the approach, and return to the house by the hall-door; my next to break the seal of the letter which I held in my hand, and see if its contents might not throw some light upon the events which somehow I felt were thickening around me, but of whose nature and import I knew nothing.

The address was written in a stiff, old-fashioned hand, but the large seal bore the arms of the Bellew family, and left no doubt upon my mind that it had come from Sir Simon. I opened it with a trembling and throbbing heart, and read as follows:—

“MY DEAR SIR—The event of last night has called back upon a failing and broken memory, the darkest hour of a long and blighted life, and made the old man, whose steadfast gaze looked onward to the tomb, turn once backward to behold the deepest affliction of his days—misfortune, crime, remorse. I cannot, even now, while already the very shadow of death is on me, recount the sad story I allude to; enough for the object I have in view if I say, that where I once owed

the life of one I held dearest in life, the hand that saved lived to steal, and the voice that blessed me was perjured and forsworn—since that hour I have never received a service of a fellow-mortal, until the hour when you rescued my child. And oh! loving her as I do—wrapt up as my soul is in her image, I could have borne better to see her cold and dripping corpse laid down beside me, than to behold her, as I have done, in your arms. You must never meet more. The dreadful anticipation of long suffering years is creeping stronger and stronger upon me; and I feel in my inmost heart, that I am reserved for another and a last bereavement ere I die.

“We shall have left before this letter reaches you. You may, perhaps, hear the place of our refuge—for such it is—but I trust that to your feelings as a gentleman and a man of honour I can appeal in the certain confidence, that you will not abuse my faith—you will not follow us.

“I know not what I have written—nor dare I read it again. Already my tears have dimmed my eyes, and are falling on the paper, so let me bid you farewell—an eternal farewell. My nephew has arrived here. I have not seen him nor shall I; but he will forward this letter to you after our departure. Yours,

“S. BELLEW.”

The first stunning feeling past, I looked around me to see if it were not some horrid dream, and the whole events but the frightful deception of a sleeping fancy. But bit by bit the entire truth broke upon me—the full tide of sorrow rushed in upon my heart. The letter I could not comprehend further than that some deep affliction had been recalled by my late adventure. But then, the words of the hag—the brief, half-uttered intimations of the priest—came to my memory. Her mother, said I—what of her mother? I remembered Louisa had never mentioned, nor even alluded to her; and now a thousand suspicions crossed my mind, which all gave way before my own sense of bereavement, and the desolation and desertion I felt in my own heart. I threw myself upon the ground where she walked so often beside me, and burst into tears. But a few brief hours, and

how surrounded by visions of happiness and love. Now, bereft of every thing, what charm had life for me! How valueless, how worthless did all seem! The evening sun I loved to gaze on, the bright flowers, the waving grass, the low murmur of the breaking surf, that stole like music over the happy sense, were now but gloomy

things or discordant sounds. The very high and holy thoughts that used to stir within me, were changed to fierce and wrathful passions, or the low drooping of despair. It was night—still and starry night—when I arose and wended my way towards the priest's cottage.

#### CHAPTER XL.—THE PRIEST'S KITCHEN.

THE candles were burning brightly, and the cheerful bog fire was blazing on the hearth, as I drew near the window of the priest's cottage; but yet there was no one in the room. The little tea-kettle was hissing on the hob, and the room had all that careful look of watchful attention bestowed upon it that showed the zeal of his little household.

Uncertain how I should meet him—how far explain the affliction that had fallen on me—I walked for some time up and down before the door; at length I wandered to the back of the house, and passing the little stable, I remarked that the pony was absent. The priest had not returned perhaps since morning—perhaps he had gone some distance off—in all likelihood accompanied the Bellews; again the few words he had spoken that morning recurred to me, and I pondered in silence over their meaning. As I thus mused, a strong flood of mellow light attracted me, as it fell in a broad stream across the little paved court, and I now saw that it came from the kitchen. I drew near the window in silence, and looked in: before the large turf fire were seated three persons; two of them, who sat in the shining light, I at once recognised as the servants, but the third was concealed in the shadow of the chimney, and I could only trace the outline of his figure against the blaze; I was not long, however, in doubt as to his identity.

"Seemingly then you're a great traveller," said Patsey, the priest's man, addressing the unknown.

A long whiff of smoke, patiently emitted, and a polite wave of the hand in assent, was the reply.

"And how far did you come to-day, av I might be so bould?" said Mary:

"From the cross of Kiltermon, beyond Gurtmore, my darling; and sure it is a raal pleasure to come so far to see as pretty a crayture as yourself"—here Patsey looked a little put out, and Mary gave a half smile of encouragement—"for," continued the other, breaking into a song—

"Though I love a fox in a cover to find,  
When the clouds is low, with a south-west wind,  
Faix, a pretty girl is more to my mind,  
Than the tally-high-ho of a morning."

I need scarcely say that the finale of this rude verse was given in a way that only Tipperary Joe could accomplish, as he continued—

"And just show me one with an instep high,  
A saucy look, and a roguish eye,  
Who'd smile ten times for once she'd sigh,  
And I'm her slave till morning."

"And that's yoursel'—devil a less! Ye ho, ye ho, tallyho! I hope the family isn't in bed."

"Troth, seemingly," said Patsey, in a tone of evident pique, "it would distress you little av they were: you seem mighty well accustomed to making yourself at home."

"And why wouldn't the young man," said Mary, apparently well pleased to encourage a little jealousy on the part of her lover, "and no harm neither? And ye do be always with the hounds, sir?"

"Yes, miss, that's what I be doing. But I wonder what's keeping the captain: I have a letter here for him, that I know ought to have no delay. I run all the way for fourteen miles over Mey'nacurraghew mountain to be here quick with it."

I opened the door as I heard this, and entered the kitchen.

"Hurroo! by the mortal," cried Joe, with one of his wild shouts, "it's himself. Arrah, darlin,' how is every bit in your skin?"

"Well, Joe, my poor fellow, I am delighted to see you safe and sound once more. Many a day have I reproached myself for the way you suffered for my sake, and for the manner I left you."

"There's only one thing you have any rayson to grieve over," said the poor fellow, as the tears started to his eyes, and rolled in heavy drops down his cheeks, "and here it is."

As he spoke, he drew from his bosom a little green silk purse, half filled with gold.

"Ah, captain, jewel, why wouldn't you let a poor fellow taste happiness his own way? Is it because I had no shoes on me that I hadn't any pride in my heart? and is it because I wasn't rich that you wouldn't let me be a friend to you, just to myself alone? Oh! little as we know of grand people and their ways, troth, they don't see our hearts half as plain. See now, I'd rather you'd have come up to the bed that morning and left me your curse—ay, devil a less—than that purse of money, and it wouldn't do me as much arm."

He dropped his head as he spoke, and his arm fell listlessly to his side, while he stood mute and sorrow-struck before me.

"Come, Joe," said I, holding out my hand to him—"come, Joe, forgive me. If I don't know better, remember we were only new acquaintances at that time—from this hour we are more."

The words seemed to act like a spell upon him; he stood proudly up, and his eyes flashed with their wildest glare, while, seizing my hand, he pressed it to his lips, and called out—

"While there's a drop in my heart, darlin'—"

"You have a letter for me," said I, glad to turn the channel of both our thoughts. "Where did you get it?"

"At the Curragh, sir, no less. I was standing beside the staff, among all the grand generals and the quality, near the lord liftinint, and I heard one of the officers say, 'If I knew where to write to him, I'd certainly do

so; but he has never written to any of us since his duel.' 'Ah,' said another, 'Hinton's an odd fellow that way.' The minut I heard the name, I up and said to him, 'Write the letter, and I'll bring it, and bring you an answer beside, av ye want it.'

"'And who the devil are you?' said he.

"'Troth,' said I, 'there's more on this race knows me nor yourself, fine as ye are.' And they all began laughing at this—for the officer grew mighty red in the face, and was angry—and what he was going to say it's hard to tell, for just then Lord Clonmel called out—

"'Sure it's Tipperary Joe himself; begad, every one knows him. Here, Joe, I owe you half-a-crown since last meeting at the lough.'

"'Faix, you do,' says I, 'and ten shillings to the back of it, for Lanty Cassan's mare that I hired to bring you home, when you staked the horse, you never paid it since.' And then there was another laugh—but the end of all was, he writ a bit of a note where he was on horseback, with a pencil, and here it is."

So saying, he produced a small crumpled piece of paper, in which I could with some difficulty trace the following lines:—

"DEAR JACK—If the fool who bears this ever arrive with it, come back at once. Your friends in England have been worrying the D—to command your return to duty; and there are stories afloat about your western doings that your presence here can alone contradict. Yours,

"J. HORTON."

It needed not a second for me to make up my mind as to my future course, and I said—

"How can I reach Limerick the shortest way?"

"I know a short cut," said Joe, "and if we could get a pony I'd bring you over the mountain before to-morrow evening."

"And you," said I—"how are you to go?"

"On my feet, to be sure; how else would I go?"

Despatching Joe, in company with Patsy, in search of a pony to carry

me over the mountain, I walked into the little parlour which I was now about to take my leave of for ever.

It was only then, when I threw myself upon a seat, alone and in solitude, that I felt the full force of all my sorrow—the blight that had fallen on my dearest hopes, and the blank, bleak prospect of life before me. Sir Simon Bellew's letter I read over once more; but now the mystery it contained had lost all interest for me, and I had only thoughts for my own affliction. Suddenly, a deep burning spot glowed on my cheek, as I remembered my interview with Ulick Burke, and I sprung to my legs, and for a second or two felt undecided whether I would not give him the opportunity he so longed for. It was but a second and my better reason came back, and I blushed even deeper with shame than I had done with passion.

Calming myself with a mighty effort, I endeavoured to open a few lines to my worthy and kind friend, Father Loftus. I dared not tell him the real cause of my departure, though indeed I guessed from his absence that he had accompanied the Bellews, and but simply spoke of my return to duty as imperative, and my regret that after such proofs of his friendship I could not shake his hand at parting. The continued flurry of my feelings doubtless made this a very confused and inexplicit document; but I could do no better. In fact, the conviction I had long been labouring under, but never could thoroughly appreciate, broke on me at the moment. It was this—the sudden vicissitudes of every-day life in Ireland are sadly unsuited to our English natures and habits of thought and action. These changes from grave to gay—these outbreaks of high-souled enthusiasm, followed by dark reflective traits of brooding thought—these noble impulses of good—these events of more than tragic horror—demand a changeful, even a forgetful temperament to bear them; and while the Irishman rises or falls with every emergency of his fate, with us impressions are eating deeper and deeper into our hearts, and we become sad, and thoughtful, and prematurely old. Thus at least did I feel, and seemed to myself as though very many years had passed over me since I had left my father's house. The tramp of feet, and the sounds of speak-

ing and laughter outside, interrupted my musings, and I heard my friend Joe carolling at the top of his voice—

“Sir Pat bestrode a high-bred steed,  
And the huntsman one that was broken-kneed;  
And Father Fitz had a wiry weed,  
With his tally-high-ho in the morning.”

“Faith and you're a great beast entirely, and one might dance a jig on your back, and leave room for the piper besides.”

I opened the window, and in the bright moonlight beheld the party leading up a short, rugged-looking pony, whose breadth of beam and square proportions fully justified all Joe's encomiums.

“Have you bought this pony for me, Joe?” cried I.

“No, sir, only borrowed him. He'll take you up to Wheley's mills, where we'll get Andy's mare to-morrow morning.”

“Borrowed him?”

“Yes.”

“Where's his owner?”

“He's in bed, where he ought to be. I told him through the door who it was for, and that he needn't get up, as I'd find the ways of the place myself, and ye see so I did.”

“Told him who it was for! Why he never heard of me in his life.”

“Devil may care; sure your the priest's friend, and who has a better warrant for every thing in the place. Don't you know the song—

‘And Father Fitz had no cows nor sheep,  
And the devil a hen or pig to keep;  
But a pleasanter house to dine or sleep  
You'd never find till morning.

‘For, Molly, says he, if the fowls be few,  
I've only one counsel to give to you:  
There's hens hard by—go ‘kill for two,’  
For I've a friend till morning.’

By the rock of Cashel, it 'ud be a hard case av the priest was to want. Look how the ould saddle fits him—faix, ye'd think he was made for it.”

I am not quite sure that I felt all Joe's enthusiasm for the beast's perfections; nor did the old yeomanry “demi-pique,” with its brass mountings and holsters, increase my admiration. Too happy, however, to leave a

where all my recollections were now turned to gloom and despondence, I packed my few traps, and was soon ready for the road.

It was not without a gulping feeling in my throat, and a kind of suffocating oppression at my heart, that I turned from the little room where, in happier times, I had spent so many pleasant hours; and, bidding a last good-bye

to the priest's household, told them to say to Father Tom how sad I felt at leaving before he returned. This done, I mounted the little pony, and, escorted by Joe, who held the bridle, descended the hill, and soon found myself by the little rivulet that murmured along the steep glen through which our path was lying.

#### CHAPTER XLI.—TIPPERARY JOE.

I HAVE already passingly alluded to Joe's conversational powers; and certainly they were exercised on this occasion with a more than common ability, either taking my silence as a suggestion for him to speak—or perhaps, and more probably, perceiving that some deep depression was over me—the kind-hearted fellow poured forth his stores of song and legend without ceasing. Now amusing me by his wild and fitful snatches of old ballads—now narrating in his simple but touching eloquence some by-gone story of thrilling interest—the long hours of the night passed over, and at day-break we found ourselves descending the mountain towards a large and cultivated valley, in which I could faintly distinguish in the misty distance the little mill where our relay was to be found.

I stopped for a few minutes to gaze upon the scene before me. It was one of those peaceful landscapes of rural beauty, which beam more of soothing influence upon the sorrow-struck heart than the softest voice of consolation. Unlike the works of man, they speak directly to our souls, while they appeal to our reason; and the truth comes forced upon us, that we alone must not repine. A broad and richly cultivated valley, bounded by mountains whose sides were clothed with deep wood—a stream, whose wayward course watered every portion of the plain, was seen now flowing among the grassy meadows, or peeping from the alders that lined the banks. The heavy mist of morning was rolling lazily up the mountain-side; and beneath its grey mantle the rich green of pasture and meadow-land was breaking forth, dotted with cattle and sheep. As I looked, Joe knelt down and placed his ear upon the ground, and seemed

for some minutes absorbed in listening. Then suddenly springing up, he cried out—

“The mill isn't going to-day—I wonder what's the matter. I hope Andy isn't sick.”

A shade of sorrow came over his wild features, as he muttered between his teeth the verse of some old song, of which I could but catch the last two lines—

“And when friends are crying around the dying,  
Who wouldn't wish he had lived alone!”

“Ay,” cried he aloud, as his eye glistened with an unnatural lustre, “better be poor Tipperary Joe, without house or home, father or mother, sister or friend, and when the time comes, run to earth, without a wet eye after him.”

“Come, come, Joe, you have many a friend; and when you count them over, don't forget me in the reckoning.”

“Whisht, whisht,” he whispered in a low voice, as if fearful of being overheard, “don't say that—their's dangerous words.”

I turned towards him with astonishment, and perceived that his whole countenance had undergone a striking change. The gay and laughing look was gone; the bright colour had left his cheek; and a cold, ghastly paleness was spread over his features; and as he cast a hurried and stealthy look around him, I could mark that some secret fear was working within him.

“What is it, Joe?” said I; “what's the matter? Are you ill?”

“No,” said he, in a tone scarcely audible, “no; but you frightened me just now, when you called me your friend.”



"How could that frighten you, my poor fellow?"

"I'll tell you—that's what they called my father—they said he was friendly with the gentlemen, and signs on it——" he paused, and his eye became rooted to the ground, as if on some object there from which he could not turn his gaze: "yes, I mind it well—we were sitting by the fire in the guard-room all alone by ourselves—the troops was away, I don't know where—when we heard the tramp of men marching, but not regular, but coming as if they didn't care how, and horses and carts rattling and rumbling among them.

" 'Thim's the boys,' says my father. 'Give me that ould cockade there, till I stick it in my cap, and reach me over the fiddle, till I rise a tune for them.'

"I mind little more till we was marching at the head of them through the town, down towards the new college that was building—it's Maynooth I'm speaking about—and then we turned to the left, my father scraping away all the time every tune he thought they'd like; and if now and then by mistake he'd play any thing that did not plaze them, they'd damn and blast him with the dreadfulest curses, and stick a pike into him, till the blood would come running down his back; and then my father would cry out—

" 'I'll tell my friends on you for this—divil a lie in it, but I will.'

"At last we came to the duke's wall, and then my father sat down on the road side, and cried out that he wouldn't go a step farther, for I was crying away with sore feet at the pace we were going, and asking every minute to be let sit down to rest myself.

" 'Look at the child,' says he, 'his feet's all bleeding.'

" 'Ye have only a little further to go,' says one of them that had cross belts on, and a green sash about him.

" 'The divil resave another step,' says my father.

" 'Tell Billy to play us "The Farmer's Daughter" before he goes,' says one in the crowd.

" 'I'd rather hear "The Little Bowld Fox,"' says another.

" 'No, no, "Baltiorum! Baltiorum,"' says many more behind.

" 'Ye shall have them all,' says my father, 'and that 'ill plaze ye.'

"And so he set to, and played the

three tunes as beautiful as ever ye heard; and when he was done, the man with the belts ups and says to him—

" 'Ye're a fine hand, Billy, and it's a pity to lose you, and your friends will be sorry for you'—and he said this with a grin—'but take the spade there and dig a hole, for we must be jogging, it's nigh day.'

"Well, my father, though he was tired enough, took the spade, and began digging as they told him, for he thought to himself, the boys is going to hide the pikes and the carbines before they go home. Well, when he worked half an hour, he threw off his coat, and set to again; and at last he grew tired and sat down on the side of the big hole, and called out—

" 'Isn't it big enough now, boys?'

" 'No,' says the captain, 'nor half.'

"So my father set to once more, and worked away with all his might, and they all stood by, talking and laughing with one another.

" 'Will it do now?' says my father; 'for sure enough I'm clean beat.'

" 'Maybe it might,' says one of them: 'lie down and see if it's the length.'

" 'Well, is it that it's for?' says my father: 'faix, I never guessed it was a grave;' and so he took off his cap and lay down his full length in the hole.

" 'That's all right,' says the others, and began with spades and shovels to cover him up. At first he laughed away as hearty as the rest; but when the mould grew heavy on him, he began to screech out to let him up, and then his voice grew weaker and fainter, and they waited a little, then worked harder, and then came a groan, and all was still; and they patted the sods over him and heaped them up; and then they took me and put me in the middle of them, and one called out, 'March!' I thought I saw the green sod moving on the top of the grave as we walked away, and heard a voice half-choking calling out, 'There, boys, there!' and then a laugh. But sure I often hear the same still, when there's nobody near me, and I do be looking on the ground by myself."

"Great God!" cried I, "is this true?"

"True as you're there," replied he. "I was ten years of age when it happened, and I never knew how time

went since, nor how long it is ago, only it was in the year of the great troubles here; and the soldiers and the country people never could be cruel enough to one another; and whatever one did to-day, the others would try to beat it out to-morrow. But it's truth every word of it; and the place is called 'Billy the fool's grave' to this hour. I go there once a year to see it myself."

This frightful story—told too, with all the simple power of truth—thrilled through me with horror, long after the impression seemed to have faded away from him who told it; and though he still continued to speak on, I heard nothing; nor did I mark our progress, until I found myself beside the little stream which conducted to the mill.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—THE HIGH ROAD.

JOE was right, the mill was not at work, for "Andy" had been summoned to Ennis, where the assizes were then going forward. The mare which had formed part of our calculations was also absent; and we sat down in the little porch to hold a council of war as to our future proceedings. After canvassing the question for some time, Joe left me for a few minutes, and returned with the information that the high road to Ennis lay only a couple of miles distant, and that a stage-coach would pass there in about two hours, by which I could reach the town that evening. It was therefore decided that he should return with the pony to Murranakilty; while I having procured a gossoon to carry my baggage, made the best of my way towards the Ennis road.

Joe soon found me an urchin to succeed him as my guide and companion, and with an affectionate leave-taking, and a faithful promise to meet me sometime and somewhere we parted.

So long as I had journeyed along beside my poor, half-witted follower, the strange and fickle features of his wandering intellect had somehow interrupted the channels of my own feelings, and left me no room for reflection on my changed fortunes. Now, however, my thoughts returned to the past with all the force of some dammed-up current, and my blighted hopes threw a dark and sombre shadow over all my features. What cared I what became of me? why did I hasten hither and thither? were my first reflections. If life had lost its charm, so had misfortune its terror for me. There seemed something frivolous and contemptible in the return to those duties, which, in all the buoyant exhilaration of my former life had ever seemed unfitting and unmanly. No: rather let me seek for some employment on active service—

the soldier's career I once longed for, to taste its glorious enthusiasm—I wished for now, to enjoy its ceaseless movement and exertion.

As I thought over all I had seen and gone through since my arrival in Ireland—its varied scenes of mirth and woe; its reckless pleasures, its wilder despair—I believed that I had acquired a far deeper insight into my own heart, in proportion as I looked more into those of others. A not unfrequent error this. The outstretched page of human nature that I had been gazing on had shown me the passions and feelings of other men laid bare before me, while my own heart lay dark, enshrined, and unvisited within me. I believed that life had no longer any thing to tie me to it—and I was not then twenty! Had I counted double as many years, I had had more reason for the belief, and more difficulty to think so.

Sometimes I endeavoured to console myself by thinking of all the obstacles that, under the happiest circumstances, must have opposed themselves to my union with Louisa Bellew. My mother's pride alone seemed an insurmountable one. But then I thought of what a noble part had lain before me, to prefer the object of my love—the prize of my own winning—to all the caresses of fortune—all the seductions of the world. Sir Simon Bellew, too—what could he mean? The secret he alluded to, what was it? Alas! what mattered it—my doom was sealed—my fate decided—I had no care for how!

Such were my thoughts as I journeyed along the path that conducted towards the high road, while my little guide, bare-legged and barefooted, trotted on merrily before me, who, with none of this world's goods, had no room in his heart for sorrow or repining.

We at last reached the road, which, dusty and deserted, skirted the side of a bleak mountain for miles—not a house to be seen, not a traveller, nor scarce a wheel-track to mark the course of any one having passed there. I had not followed it for more than half an hour, when I heard the tramp of horses and the roll which announced the approach of an equipage. A vast cloud of dust, through which a pair of leaders were alone visible, appeared at a distance. I seated myself at the road-side to await its coming, my little gossoon beside me, evidently not sorry to have reached a resting-place; and once more my thoughts returned to their well-worn channel, and my head sank on my bosom. I forgot where I was, when suddenly the prancing of a pair of horses close to me aroused me from my stupor, and a postillion called out to me in no very subdued accent—

“Will ye hook on that trace there, avick, av ye’re not asleep?”

Whether it was my look of astonishment at the tone and the nature of the request, or delay in acceding to it, I know not, but a hearty curse from the fellow of the wheelers perfectly awakened me, and I replied by something not exactly calculated to appease the heat of the discussion.

“Be gorra,” said he of the leaders, “it’s always the way with your shabby genteels;” and he swung himself down from the saddle to perform the required service himself.

During this I took the opportunity of looking at the carriage, which was a large and handsome barouche, surrounded by all the appurtenances of travel—cap-cases, imperials, &c., a fat-looking, lazy footman, nodding sleepily on the box, and a well-tanned lady’s-maid was reading a novel in the rumble. Within I saw the figure of a lady, whose magnificent style of dress but little accorded with the unfrequented road she was traversing, and the wild inhabitants so thinly scattered through it. As I looked, she turned round suddenly, and before I could recognise her, called out my name. The voice in an instant re-assured me—it was Mrs. Paul Rooney herself.

“Stop,” cried she, with a wave of her jewelled hand. “Michael, get down. Only think of meeting you hear, captain.”

I stammered out some explanation about a cross-cut over the mountain

to catch the stage, and my desire to reach Ennis; while the unhappy termination of our intimacy, and my mother’s impertinent letter, kept ever uppermost in my mind, and made me confused and uneasy. Mrs. Paul, however, had evidently no participation in such feelings, but welcomed me with her wonted cordiality, and shook my hand with a warmth that proved, if she had not forgotten, she had certainly forgiven the whole affair.

“And so you are going to Ennis,” said she, as I assumed the place beside her in the barouche, while Michael was busily engaged in fastening on my luggage behind; the which two movements seemed to be as naturally performed as though the amiable lady had been in the habit of taking up walking gentlemen with a portmanteau every day of her life: “well, how fortunate! I’m going there too. Pole,”—so she now designated her excellent spouse, it being the English for Paul,—“has some little business with the chief justice—two murder cases, and a forcible abduction—and I promised to take him up on my return from Miltown, where I have been spending a few weeks. After that we return to our little place near Bray, where I hope you’ll come and spend a few weeks with us.”

“This great pleasure I fear I must deny myself,” said I, “for I have already outstayed my leave, and have unfortunately somehow incurred the displeasure of his excellency; and unless”—here I dropped my voice, and stole a half timid look at the lady under my eye-lashes—“some one with influence over his grace shall interfere on my behalf, I begin to half fear lest I may find myself in a sad scrape.”

Mrs. Paul blushed, turned away her head, while, pressing my hand softly in her own, she murmured—

“Don’t fret about it—it won’t signify.”

I could scarce repress a smile at the success of my bit of flattery, for as such alone I intended it, when she turned towards me, and, as if desirous to change the topic, said—

“Well, we heard of all your doings—your steeple-chase, and your duel, and your wound, and all that—but what became of you afterwards?”

“Oh!” said I hesitatingly, “I was fortunate enough to make a most agreeable acquaintance, and with him I have

been spending a few weeks on the coast—Father Tom Loftus."

"Father Tom!" said Mrs. Rooney with a laugh, "the pleasantest crature in Ireland. There isn't the like of him. Did he sing you the 'Priest's Supper?'" The lady blushed as she said these words, as if carried away by a momentary excitement to speak of matters not exactly suitable; and then drawing herself up, she continued in a more measured tone—"You know, captain, one meets such strange people in this world."

"To be sure, Mrs. Rooney," said I encouragingly; "and to one like yourself, who can appreciate character, Father Loftus is indeed a gem."

Mrs. Rooney, however, only smiled her assent, and again changed the course of the conversation.

"You met the Bellevs, I suppose, when down in the west?"

"Yes," stammered I; "I saw a good deal of Sir Simon when in that country."

"Ah, the poor man!" said she with real feeling, "what an unhappy lot his has been!"

Supposing that she alluded to his embarrassment as to fortune, the difficulties which pressed upon him from money causes, I merely muttered my assent.

"But I suppose," continued she, "you have heard the whole story—though the unhappy event occurred when you were a mere child."

"I am not aware to what you allude," said I eagerly, while a suspicion shot across my mind that the secret of Sir Simon Bellew's letter was at length to be cleared up.

"Ah," said Mrs. Rooney with a sigh, "I mean poor dear Lady Bellew's affair—when she went away with a major of dragoons; and to be sure an elegant young man he was, they said. Pole was on the inquest, and I heard him say he was the handsomest man he ever saw in his life."

"He died suddenly, then?"

"He was shot by Sir Simon in a duel the very day week after the elopement."

"And she?" said I.

"Poor thing, she died of a consumption, or some say a broken heart, the same summer."

"That is a sad story, indeed," said I musingly; "and I no longer wonder that the poor old man should be such as he is."

"No, indeed; but then he was very much blamed after all, for he never had that Jerningham out of the house."

"Horace Jerningham!" cried I, as a cold sickening fear crept over me.

"Oh, yes, that was his name. He was the Honourable Horace Jerningham, the younger son of some very high family in England; and, indeed, the elder brother has died since, and they say the title has become extinct."

It is needless for me to attempt any description of the feelings that agitated my heart, when I say that Horace Jerningham was the brother of my own mother. I remembered when a child to have heard something of a dreadful duel, when all the family went into deep mourning, and my mother's health suffered so severely, that her life was at one time feared for; but that fate should ever have thrown me into intimacy with those upon whom this grievous injury was inflicted, and by whom death and mourning were brought upon my house, was a sad and overwhelming affliction, that rendered me stunned and speechless. How came it then, thought I, that my mother never recognised the name of her brother's antagonist when speaking of Miss Bellew in her letter to me. Before I had time to revolve this doubt in my mind, Mrs. Rooney had explained it.

"And this was the beginning of all his misfortunes. The friends of the poor young man were people of great influence, and set every engine to work to ruin Sir Simon, or as he then was, Mr Simon Barrington. At last they got him outlawed, and it was only the very year he came to the title and estates of his uncle, that the outlawry was taken off, and he was once more enabled to return to Ireland. However, they had their revenge if they wished for it; for what between recklessness and bad company, he took to gambling when abroad, contracted immense debts, and came into his fortune little better than a beggar. Since that the world has seen little of him, and indeed he owes it but little favour. Under Pole's management the property is now rapidly improving; but the old man cares little for this, and all I believe he wishes for is, to have health enough to go over to the Continent, and place his daughter in a convent before he dies."

Little did she guess how every word

sank deep into my heart. Every sentence of the past was throwing its shadow over all my future, and the utter wreck of my hopes seemed now inevitable.

While thus I sat brooding o'er my gloomiest thoughts, Mrs. Rooney, evidently affected by the subject, maintained a perfect silence. At last, however, she seemed to have summed up the whole case in her mind, as turning to me confidentially, with her hand pressed upon my arm, she added in a true moralizing cadence, very different from that she had employed when her feelings were really engaged—

“And that's what always comes of it, when a gallant, gay Lutheran gets admission into a family.”

Shall I confess, that notwithstanding the deep sorrow of my heart, I could scarcely repress an outbreak of laughter at these words. We now chatted away on a variety of subjects, till the concourse of people pressing onwards to the town, the more thickly populated country, and the distant view of chimneys, apprised us we were approaching Ennis. Notwithstanding all my wishes to get on as fast as possible, I found it impossible to resist an invitation to dine that day with the Rooneys, who had engaged a small select party at the Head Inn, where Mrs. Rooney's apartments were already awaiting her.

It was dusk when we arrived, and I could only perceive that the gloomy and narrow streets were densely crowded with country-people who conversed together in groups. Here and there a knot of legal folk were congregated, chatting in a louder tone; and before the court-house stood the carriage of the chief justice, with a guard of honour of the county yeomanry, whose unsoldier-like attitudes and droll equipments were strongly provocative of laughter. The postillions, who had with true tact reserved “a trot for the town,” whipped and spurred with all their might; and as we drove through the thronged streets, a strange impression fled abroad that we were the bearers of a reprieve, and a hearty cheer from the mob followed us to our arrival at the inn-door—a compliment which Mrs. Paul in nowise attributing to any thing save her own peculiar charms and deserts, most graciously acknowledged by a smile and a wave of her hand, accompanied by an unlimited order for small beer—which act of grace was, I think, even more popular than their first impression concerning us.

“Ah, captain,” said the lady with a compassionate smile, as I handed her out of the carriage, “they are so attached to the aristocracy!”

#### CHAPTER XLIII.—THE ASSIZE TOWN.

WHEN I had dressed, I found that I had above an hour to spare before dinner, so taking my hat I strolled out into the town. The streets were even more crowded now than before. The groups of country people were larger, and as they conversed together in their native tongue, with all the violent gesticulation and energetic passion of their nature, an inexperienced spectator might well have had supposed them engaged in active strife.

Now and then a kind of movement—a species of suppressed murmur from the court-house, would turn every eye in that direction, and then every voice was hushed; not a man moved. It was evident that some trial of the deepest interest was going forward, and on inquiry I learned that it was a murder case, in which six men were concerned. I heard also that the only evidence against them was from one of their own party, who had turned, as

the lawyer's term it, approver. I knew well that no circumstance was more calculated than this to call forth all that is best and worst in Irish character, and thought, as I walked along through the dense crowd, I could trace in the features around me, the several emotions by which they were moved. Here was an old grey-headed man leaning on a staff; his lack-lustre eyes gazing in wonder at some speaker who narrated a portion of the trial—his face all eagerness, and his hands tremulous with anxiety; but I felt I could read the deep sorrow of his heart as he listened to the deed of blood, and wondered how men would risk their tenure of a life which, in a few days more, perhaps, he himself was to leave for ever. Here beside him was a tall and powerfully-built countryman; his hat drawn upon his eyes, that peered forth from their shadow—dark, lustrous, and almost wild in their expres-



sion; his face, tanned by season and exposure, was haggard and care-worn, and in his firmly-clenched lips and fast-locked jaw you could read the resolute purpose of one who could listen to nothing save the promptings of the spirit of vengeance, and his determination that blood should have blood.

Some there were whose passionate tones and violent gestures showed that all their sympathy for the prisoners was merged in the absorbing feeling of detestation for the informer; and you could mark in such groups as these, that more women were mingled, whose blood-shot eyes and convulsed features made them appear the very demons of strife itself. But the most painful sight of all was the children who were assembled around every knot of speakers—their eyes staring, and their ears eagerly drinking in each word that dropped; no trace of childhood's happy carelessness was there; no sign of that light-hearted youth that knows no lasting sorrow. No: their's were the rigid features of intense passion, in which fear, suspicion, craft, but above all, the thirst for revenge, were writ. There were some whose clenched hand and darkened brow betokened the gloomy purpose of their hearts. There were others whose out-poured wrath heaped curses on him who had betrayed his fellows—there was grief, violent, wild, and frantic—there was mute and speechless suffering, but not a tear did I see, not even on the cheek of childhood or of woman—no! Their seared and withered sorrow, no dew of tears had ever watered. Like a blighting simoom, the spirit of revenge had passed over them, and scorched and scathed all the verdant charities of life. The law, which in other lands is looked to for protection and security, was regarded by them as an instrument of tyranny; they neither understood its spirit, nor trusted its decisions; and when its blow fell upon them, they bent their heads in mournful submission, to raise them when opportunity offered, in wild and stern defiance. Its denunciations came to them sudden and severe: they deemed the course of justice wayward and capricious—the only feature of certainty in its operation being, that its victim was ever the poor man.

The passionate elements of their wild natures seemed but ill-adapted to the slow-sustained current of legal in-

vestigation: they look upon all the details of evidence as the signs of vindictive malice; and thought that trickery and deceit were brought in arms against them. Hence each face among the thousands there, bore the traces of that hardened, dogged suffering that tells us that the heart is rather steeled with the desire to avenge, than bowed to weep over the doomed.

Before the court-house a detachment of soldiers was drawn up under arms; their unmoved features and fixed attitudes presenting a strange contrast to the excited expressions and changeful gestures of those about them. The crowd at this part was thickest, and I could perceive in their eager looks and mute expressions, that something more than common had attracted their attention; my own interest was, however, directed in another quarter; for, through the open window of the court-house I could hear the words of a speaker, whom I soon recognised as the counsel for the prisoner addressing the jury. My foraging cap passed me at once through the ranks, and after some little crushing I succeeded in gaining admission to the body of the court.

Such was the crowd within, I could see nothing but the heads of a closely-wedged mass of people—save, at the distant part of the court, the judges, and to their right, the figure of the pleader, whose back was turned towards me.

Little as I heard of the speech, I was overwhelmed with surprise at what I did hear. Touching on the evidence of the "approver" but slightly, the advocate dwelt with a terrific force upon the degraded character of a man who could trade upon the blood of his former friends and associates; scarce stopping to canvass how the testimony bore home upon the prisoner, he burst forth into an impassioned appeal to the hearts of the jury, on faith betrayed and vows forsworn; and pictured forth the man who could thus surrender his fellows to the scaffold, as a monster whose evidence no man could trust—no jury confide in; and when he had thus heightened the colouring of his description by every power of an eloquence that made the very building ring, he turned suddenly towards the informer himself, as pale, wan, and conscience-stricken, he cowered beneath the lightning glance from an eye that seemed to pierce his secret soul.

within him, and, apostrophizing his virtues, he directed every glance upon the miserable wretch that writhed beneath his sarcasm. This seemed, indeed the speaker's forte. Never did I hear any thing so tremendous as the irony with which he described the credit due to one who had so often been sworn and forsworn—"who took an oath of allegiance to his king, and an oath of fealty to his fellows, and then was there that day with a third oath, by which, in the blood of his victim, he was to ratify his perjury to both, and secure himself an honourable independence. The caustic satire verged once—only once—on something that produced a laugh, when the orator suddenly stopt—

"I find, my lord, I have raised a smile. God knows, never did I feel less merriment. Let me not be condemned. Let not the laugh be mistaken—few are those events that are produced by folly and vice that fire the hearts with indignation, but something in them will shake the sides with laughter. So, when the two famous moralists of old beheld the sad spectacle of life, the one burst into laughter, the other melted into tears. They were each of them right, and equally right. But these laughs are the bitter rueful laughs of honest indignation, or they are the laughs of hectic melancholy and despair. But look there, and tell me where is your laughter now."

With these words he turned fully round and pointed his finger to the dock, where the six prisoners side by side leaned their haggard, death-like faces upon the rail, and gazed with stupid wonder at the scene before them. Four of the number did not even know the language, but seemed, by the instinct of their position, to feel the nature of the appeal their advocate was making, and turned their eyes around the court as if in search of some one look of pity or encouragement that should bring comfort to their hearts. The whole thing was too dreadful to bear longer, so I forced my way through the crowd, and at last reached the steps in front of the building. But here a new object of horror presented itself, and one which to this hour I cannot chase from before me. In the open space between the line

formed by the soldiers and the court, knelt a woman, whose tattered garments scarce covered a figure emaciated nearly to starvation—her cheeks, almost blue with famine, were pinched inwards—and her hands, which she held clasped with outstretched arms before her, were like the skinny claws of some wild animal. As she neither spoke nor stirred, there was no effort made to remove her; and there she knelt, her eyes, bloodshot and staring, bent upon the door of the building. A vague fear took possession of me. Somehow I had seen that face before. I drew near, and as a cold thrill ran through my blood, I remembered where. She was the wife of the man by whose bedside I had watched in the mountains. A half dread of being recognised by her kept me back for a moment—then came the better feeling, that perhaps I might be able to serve her; and I walked towards her, but though she turned her eyes towards me as I approached, her look had no intelligence in it—and I could plainly see that reason had fled, and left nothing save the poor suffering form behind it. I endeavoured to attract her attention, but all in vain; and at last tried by gentle force to induce her to leave the place; but a piercing shriek, like one whose tones had long dwelt in my heart, broke from her, and a look of such unutterable anguish, that I was obliged to desist and leave her.

The crowd made way for me as I passed out, and I could see in their looks and demeanour the expression of grateful acknowledgment for even this show of feeling on my part—while some muttered as I went by a "God reward ye," "the Lord be good to you," as though at that moment they had nothing in their hearts save thoughts of kindness and words of blessing.

I reached my room, and sat down a sadder, perhaps a wiser man; and yet I know not this. It would need a clearer head than mine to trace all the varying and discordant elements of character I had witnessed to their true source—to sift the evil from the good, to know what to cherish, what to repress, whereon to build hope, or what to fear. Such was this country once!—has it changed since?

## GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. XIV.

## BARRY THE PAINTER.—PART I.

THE real incidents of Barry's life, so far as they are known, might be told in a page ; and this apparent defect is not to be compensated by any colouring drawn from the political history of his time, nor yet from the familiar events and interests of which the common records of social life must be made up. Yet few, not engaged in public affairs, have been more frequently the subject of keen and curious discussion, and none left more food for speculation and critical inquiry in the walks of art. His wayward and eccentric temper, his singular genius, and his very peculiar professional views and habits, altogether present a subject which, if it should be found defective in the ordinary interest of biography, will yet be acknowledged to have an interest of its own.

Of the earlier portion of James Barry's life the record is scanty, yet fully sufficient for every purpose of such recollections, and more than usually significant of the after consequences of his life. He was born in 1741, in the city of Cork. According to the most received accounts, his father commanded a trading vessel which coasted our southern shores. The son was destined to follow his father's business : but the constitution of his nature was both strongly and singularly composed. With the earliest dawn of reason he had already manifested a disposition curious, inquisitive, thoughtful, and concentrated ; and a proportionate tendency to be inattentive and self-willed in regard to every thing but the favourite purpose. Such a frame of mind was unlikely to find its place in the monotonous routine and wearisome avocations of a trading vessel : it fretted his active and exursive spirits, and irritated his impatience of an uncongenial constraint ;—these results were at last indicated by the not uncharacteristic act of running away. He was quickly, however, compelled to return to avocations, for which a little common observation ought soon to have discerned his utter unfitness. This discovery was

yet not made, until his pent-up spirit had obtained for itself a direction and a scope.

The tedium of the Irish channel was relieved by sketching, in red and white chalk, such objects as attracted his attention. Few who have handled the pencil are ignorant of its absorbing and engrossing charm : but Barry was by nature an enthusiast ; his high-wrought zeal, and unwearied love of exertion and attainment—the native characters of his mind—urged on those efforts which would, in ordinary youths, be but casual relaxations, into an unwearied assiduity, which soon imparted facility and powers to his hand and eye. To attain a ready faculty of coarse delineation would scarcely demand powers of the highest order ; but Barry's hand was guided by no common affluence of conception, and stimulated by an ambition as earnest and aspiring as ever warmed the human breast. His ambition was soon awakened, for his progress attracted attention, and became the theme of admiration and wonder. So striking was this progress, and so plain were the demonstrations of his inaptitude for a seafaring life, that both these facts at last became the objects of very general notice : his father was compelled to admit truths so opposed to his wishes, and at last consented to send his son James to school. What views may on this occasion have been adopted for his future destination cannot easily be inferred ; among his biographers it has been assumed that it was designed to bring him up as a Romish priest ; and it is to be allowed that his ascetic temper and extraordinary powers would have been a fortunate accession to that body. This conjecture is at least probable enough : his mother was of the Romish faith, and had, it is likely, the whole stock of family religion to herself. Had such an allotment been earlier fixed, there were, indeed, in Barry's taste and temper abundant elements to confirm it. But the deep and silent charm of the graphic art had sunk too

deeply to be displaced by the foam and froth of mediæval divinity, or lulled to rest by the ghostly fictions of the cloister. Whatever rudiments of knowledge a grammar-school (in those days) can be presumed to have afforded, he received with the ready alacrity of his active and searching intellect; but every instant of time that he could command was devoted to his favourite occupation, and the walls and even furniture of his father's house were covered with all sorts of figures in chalk. So constant was his diligence in this practice, that the hours of sleep were given to its cultivation; and his mother, anxious for his health, or for the safety of the house, thought it necessary to take away his candle. But among Barry's virtues, a tractable disposition is not to be numbered; and he soon found means to supply the want, and to add the greater portion of the night to his laborious day. Of the skill thus acquired, it would be useful to ascertain the value and the results, but such an estimate may have more interest and more obvious application at a further stage, when we shall revert to the subject.

It may here be enough to observe, generally, that the circumstances of his position, as now described, afforded few of the advantages requisite for the complete attainment of skill in the study which mainly engrossed his care. The instruction so essential in the mechanism of art, and the advantage of some recourse to models of the highest order in drawing and colouring, must have been wholly wanting, at a period when they are most especially important for the formation of the taste.

To counterbalance such disadvantages, and to supply the defects of a contracted scale of education, there was much in the native constitution both of his mind and physical temperament. In him the intellectual and moral functions seem to have encroached upon the others; his life was absorbed in study and restless aspiring; he was impatient of rest, and insensible to the cravings of animal nature. His choice is said to have been the coarsest and scantiest diet; his favourite bed the floor: no begging friar ever walked upon the road to purgatory with more sincerity of self-infliction than his

ardent and intensely-bent spirit followed its own restless desire of excellence. It was his usual custom to lock himself in his own room, to escape interruptions, and, above all, to avoid the importunities of his mother, who soon became alarmed by so singular a course of application. Such activity of mind, and such unwearied assiduity, quickly exhausted whatever sources of information his small means could command. Not having the power to obtain at will the books requisite for any settled course of study, his eager curiosity devoured whatever offered: it was his custom to transcribe, and sometimes commit to memory, the contents of such volumes as he could borrow. He also sought the company of such persons as could in any way interest him by their communications; and seldom failed, in his turn, to attract them by the intelligence of his comments, or the sedate attention of his deportment.

Thus endowed by nature, and advanced by unwearied labour, it will be imagined that Barry's attainments presently began to wear an imposing form. Though rudely and irregularly informed, and wanting in the methodical command and essential precision of art, which, being the result of trained experience, cannot be re-invented by the untaught efforts of a single mind, yet Barry's pencil soon acquired an undisciplined power which astonished the rude connoisseurship of his native city, and satisfied his own taste. His command of language and varied range of knowledge drew admiration, and he was looked upon as a prodigy of learning and sense. Here we must remark, that even in this local pre-eminence, there was much to fix the unfortunate tendencies of his disposition: the unqualified admiration of his intimates and acquaintance must have had a fatal influence upon a temper more modest and humble than his; and the absence of that salutary abatement of pride which results from comparison with rival merit, were wants which nothing in later life could have the force to countervail. Imperfectly acquainted with the higher objects of the art he cultivated—totally bereft of the advantage of a familiarity with pictures of any merit, he had reasoned out from general principles a system commensurate with his own attainments. And though his

theoretic knowledge became enlarged by fuller observation, the progress of his manual skill probably arrived too early at its full maturity.\*

In his seventeenth year Barry had, perhaps, acquired that fatal prematurity of hand and eye which cannot be untaught by any subsequent study. He was master of a rough, bold, and not inexpressive delineation of the linear elements of form. At this age he began to paint. Of the particulars of his progress during the following five years, we are unable to give any account; though, considering the character of his mind, the habits which we have already described, and the resources within his power, it is by no means difficult to attain a near estimate.

In 1763, when he had attained the twenty-second year of his age, he came to Dublin with several paintings, of which the subjects sufficiently show their author's range of selection. These were *Æneas* escaping with his family from the Sack of Troy; a dead Christ; *Susanna* and the Elders; *Daniel* in the Lion's Den; *Abraham's* Sacrifice; and the Baptism of the King of Cashel. Of these, the last-mentioned had an immediate success, which in some measure contributed to advance his fortune. This painting represented the ancient legend of the baptism of Aongus, king of Cashel, by St. Patrick, which may be found at full length in Keating. The saint was drawn leaning upon a staff, or crozier, of which the lower end, armed with a spike, has transfixed the monarch's foot. The roval guards are about to avenge their master, but are arrested in mute wonder by perceiving that the king, so far from resenting the wound, appears quite unconscious of it, as he stands absorbed in the solemn sacrament. The subject, and the selection of the incident in this picture, plainly enough attest the possession of some of the highest faculties of a master in his art. The time of his arrival was no less fortunate. It was the eve of an exhibition

of paintings by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures in Ireland; and on his own application, Barry's picture was allowed to take a place on their walls. To judge from the general state of the art at that period, and from our recollection of its tardy advance in Ireland up to very recent years, this painting could not have been subjected to any formidable competition, or to the inspection of any great severity of judgment. It is said, nevertheless—and we see no reason to doubt it—that it was hung near two historical paintings of the best Irish artists of the day, one of whom had studied in Italy. It is also mentioned that when Barry went to hang his picture, he was greatly elated by its superiority to those of the rival pieces, and retired to his inn exulting in the certainty of success. Such a sentiment is too closely connected with the radical failing of Barry, to be received as a test of success; yet in this instance, at least, his confidence was justified by the event. On the opening of the exhibition, he repaired to the scene of expected triumph, and was presently exalted to a state of fierce delight by the remarks of the crowded chamber. The approbation was universal, and there was a denseness and a crowd of eager eyes around the "*Baptism of the King of Cashel.*" After admiration and criticism had gone their round, the inquiry naturally followed as to the artist. But who the artist was none seemed to know. Poor Barry's feelings at last effervesced to the point of explosion, and he cried out, "It is my picture." "Your picture! what do you mean?" said one of the spectators, struck by the raw and uncultured trim and youthful expression of the speaker; and when he answered that it was his own work, an exclamation of incredulity was the answer. "Why do you doubt my word? I can paint a better," was the retort of Barry; but it was in vain, until a person who knew him stood forward and confirmed his claim. The

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\* It may, indeed, appear to be a questionable position which thus fixes a limit to the attainments of an artist, who is known to have attained in after years a thorough knowledge of the principles of his art. The doubt is, however, easily resolved: for we need but recall to mind that the main active principle which governs through life is not intellectual theory, but habit.



society voted him a premium of twenty pounds. The picture was shortly after purchased and presented to the Irish House of Commons by some of its most distinguished members. And there it perished in the fire which destroyed the house a few years after.

But the fortune of Barry was far more influenced, by a letter of introduction which he bore with him from Cork. It was given him by Dr. Sleight, and addressed to Burke, who was at the time in Dublin. Burke's capacious mind, the temple of every human virtue and intellectual gift, fitted him pre-eminently to be the patron of every merit. He was struck by the power and depth of Barry's understanding, and the range of his knowledge, compared with his narrow means of acquiring it. It is impossible, rationally, to compare the two men; and yet it is difficult not to perceive, in the original structure of their characters, some curious points in which, if we may compare great things with little, they strongly resembled: the gigantic perseverance, and power of studious toil; the speculative and reasoning temper; the buoyant and all-absorbing enthusiasm; and the fervent zeal that guards opinion — qualities which in the one were tempered into the virtues and talents of his high and noble career; but in the other, "sullied and absorpt" by brooding jealousies and vindictive resentments, the sad result of a disease, which we see all reason to refer to his natural temperament.

His first acquaintance with Mr. Burke was favoured by a happy incident: they were disputing on the principles of art, as connected with taste, a topic on which the natural bent and habits of Barry made him likely to appear to the best advantage. When happening to cite a recent anonymous publication, Mr. Burke treated the authority with a show of slight, which gave high offence to his enthusiastic adversary: Barry defended a favourite author with all the heat of his natural temper, and was kindling fast into rage, when Burke ended the contest by the communication that he was himself the author. Barry's delight was boundless, and he mentioned, that such was his admiration of the composition and theory of the work, that he had made a copy of it from beginning

to end with his own hand. This was the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful."

Barry now continued to reside in Dublin for the succeeding eight months, which were chiefly spent among the Burkes, and the highly intellectual circle of which Edmund Burke was the light and life. It was during this interval that Burke continued in Ireland, in a laborious, but thankless attendance, as private secretary to the celebrated William Gerard Hamilton: and though far from the meridian of his immortal fame, was yet (within the circle of eminent men to whom Barry now became personally known) in far higher esteem than his talented patron. These men were, it may be added, the most illustrious names of Irish history, such as Flood, Burgh, Langrishe, Lord Charlemont, nor less than these, though moving in a less public course of occupations, the most distinguished fellows of the University of Dublin, among whom, at the same period, it was the habit of Burke to spend half his evenings, in the discussion of topics of more permanent and profound interest than the gossip of Irish courts and senates. Such, then, may be presumed to have been the circle to which the young artist was introduced, and from which he was eminently qualified to derive improvement. Such men, wits, orators, and scholars, could not fail quickly to appreciate the intellectual glow of Barry; his rapid intelligence; his keen, ready, and curious reason; his admirable observation; and his copious information, of which the superficial character was well set off by his youth. As an artist, he had made a respectable progress in the department which men of letters are best qualified to appreciate — the theory. And if his proficiency in the mechanism of painting was not as high as the flattering estimate of his friends, it was still not only superior to his opportunities, but above the low level to which art had yet risen in Ireland.

But Dublin, at that period, was no place for the artist; at least, for the branch of art to which Barry had devoted his genius. There was, it is true, all the wealth, rank, and genius, of which the Irish capital was then the centre; but art was yet so little understood, that unless for the merely

imitative branch which supplies the never-failing market of human vanity, the demand was unequal to the creation of a school. The result of Barry's success was, therefore, a determination to try a wider field of expectation; and the friends, by whose counsel this step was probably governed, encouraged and aided him. In 1764 he travelled over to London with Burke's brother Richard. In London he was for a time domesticated with the Burkes, and also for some time with Reynolds. During this interval, he was enabled to enjoy a frequent intercourse with that pre-eminent circle of gifted men, of which his friend was the conspicuous centre. To a mind like his, so keenly sensible to the influences of intellectual discourse, and yet for a while untainted by the black brood of suspicion, animosity, and controversial gall, which were so soon to find sphere for their expansion, this must have been a bright and fortunate period of life; and it had been well for Barry to have continued longer under its sane and maturing influences. The discipline which is received from habitual communion with talent, wisdom, piety, and moral worth, cannot be too highly appreciated; the opinions and example of men, whose attainments and characters he could not fail to revere, must have constrained his conduct, and guided his impulses into directions more discreet and prudent than those which unfortunately were soon to open to his over-wrought and undisciplined spirit.

Italy, still the favourite pilgrimage of art, was then not unjustly regarded an essential step in the progress of the artist: thither, with the advice of Reynolds, it was determined that Barry should be sent to complete his studies. The means were, however, wanting, and in consequence, a very considerable interval of delay was experienced. At last, when Mr. Burke's party came into power, he contrived to levy an adequate fund, to which the Marquess of Rockingham and Sir Joshua Reynolds mainly or entirely contributed; though there is much reason to believe that Mr. Burke and his brothers added their shares. Mr. Burke's private fortune was not by any means equal to the generosity of his temper; and it has been rather jealously observed by an eminent

critic, that the "liberality of patronage exerted in the name of one, at the expense of another, is a very suspicious virtue;" but this invidious nonsense is the language of one who appears inclined to find some base alloy in all that he is forced to praise. Mr. Burke pretended to no ostentatious generosity; he effected an important kindness by the only practicable means; and every one who can appreciate the motives of an elevated and just mind, must feel that it is a far less sacrifice to give, than to submit to obligations which cannot be repaid. Those "loans," which were no more than a delicate form of donation, were fully understood by all who could, without impropriety, be admitted into such a confidence. An arrangement, alike honourable to all who were parties to it, was made, to enable Barry to pass five years in Italy.

It was in October, 1765, he left London, and directed his course to Paris. Here he remained ten months, during which time we see reason to infer that he applied himself with more diligence, and made more real progress in his professional studies, than at any other period of his foreign sojourn. He passed much of his time, at least, in the prosecution of the effectual means, the diligent practice of drawing from living models in the academy of St. Luke.

In one of his letters to Mr. Burke, written at the same time, we find him expressing his disapprobation of academies. It is a subject upon which he cannot be quoted as an authority, and which must recur in the course of this memoir; but his remarks on the French academies should be quoted as characteristic:—

"We have two of them here, the Academy of St. Luke and the Royal Academy; there are such mobs of blackguards go every night to acquire a trade there, as is enough to shock any one who has the least regard for the art. People send their children to make them painters and statuaries, (without learning, genius, or indeed any thing else,) only because it is less expensive than making them perukiers or shoemakers."

This extract may suggest much curious reflection, for which we cannot here afford space. But there is one

comment which may help to explain much of the writer's subsequent history; we are inclined to feel that his impatience of a crowd of artists of mean abilities, attaining a high degree of manual proficiency by means of industry and practice, had a considerable share in creating in his mind a strong repugnance to similar institutions: he was still impatient to soar out from the indiscriminate crowd who occupied the first steps of the ascent, and was thus impelled into an erratic course, to which he was otherwise also impelled by the propensities of his nature.

"To be sure," he goes on, "it is very true, that drawing and modelling after nature in the academy, with the assistance of a master, is not likely to mislead any one, and must be useful to a man of real genius, who has all the requisites which are so essential in art, the most complex of all things; but how unlikely is it, when after some time these locusts are spread far and near over every thing, that any man will apply to an art, or rather that any man will be at the expense and pains of acquiring such essentials in an art that is not only without reputation (the great stimulus), but that is sunk into contempt and nothingness. It is with great pleasure that I recollect your dislike to the founding of an academy in England. The truth of a remark of yours was not as evident to me then as it is now—how that without an academy the English were making great strides after perfection, whilst others with one, were every day more and more losing sight of it; that our people will go on still further I have no doubt, and that it will be without an academy I wish most ardently. There are many advantages here, which the coldness of the season will not suffer me to enjoy; in the meantime, I have hired out some busts and casts of the antique, which I study in my own room. Mr. Richard Burke will be angry with me when I tell him I have not been to make any of the visits he recommended to me since his departure."

His numerous criticisms on the French artists are very detailed; they are, however, not ill-summed in his remarks on a picture of Le Moine's, which, for this reason, we extract:—

"All the merit of the modern French, and I think a great deal more, may be found in a single performance of Le Moine's, whose effect is pleasing, his at-

titudes variegated into what may be called a pretty manner, his forms are agreeable, though I should say *form*, for he has one agreeable head for his men, one for his women; it is enough, for the sake of variety, if a beard and a few furrows now and then are introduced—if the cheeks swell out or fall in, though the monotony is as visible as it is in a puppet-show, where the same voice is traceable in all the personages, from Scaramouch up to King Solomon. We are not to look for dignity, character, or indeed any of the leading parts of the art in him; but then, without meanness or deformity, he possesses an agreeable assemblage of all the lesser ones in a superior degree. This man, with a little of the 'ontrè' of Boucher, one of the professors of the academy, is the model and standard. There are, however, here, a few, who by no means come under what I have said: as Restout, a nephew of Gouvenet, who is, I take it, the only follower of the old French school, and Greuse, who is in the Flemish manner. Vernet may also be excepted, and I believe one more, but I do not know enough of them yet, to say they are distinguished for any great perfections. Character in the different classes of men is very little attended to by the French artists, either painters or sculptors, (though I think the last very superior to the former,) and indeed it is not to be wondered at, since even in life it is entirely lost here; politeness, and an artificial carriage is too general amongst them; and laying the garb aside, it is only in dialect, or other refinements of expression or thought that they differ, while every thing in the gesticulation, and all other externals, that are characteristic in art, are visibly the same. There is a picture at the palais-royal, of Alexander taking the potion from his physician, by Le Sueur, that I shall copy, when the weather is warm enough to sit in the rooms without fire, which is one of the conditions of permission. As I am resolved to let slip no opportunity of improvement, I go to St. Luke's Academy every night to draw after the living subjects which are provided there."

In the latest of his letters from Paris, to Mr. Burke, there are some criticisms of a general nature, which display very great justness, as well as ingenuity. They occupy too large a space to be wholly extracted, but the most essential thoughts are contained in a few sentences, which may convey the whole. Having made some remarks on Le Sueur, and upon some

rising English artists of the day, he goes on—

“Comparing these people together I think one may see that the corruption and decline of art arises from an over attention to the ornamental parts. Those who best understand oratory and poetry ascribe their fall to this cause. The warmest advocates for modern music (I mean, as it is distinguished and separated from poetry—such as sonatas, &c.) have nothing to show us but unisons, harmony, and what not; they must confess its powers and impressions to reach no farther than the nerves, whilst they leave to other arts the understanding and the passions. It only concerns painting to be divested of all kind of scheme and story, and reduced to a mere harmonical assemblage of blue, green, red, and yellow colours, and it may be made as tickling and agreeable to the eye as the ear: it has been more than once attempted, and with the same success, but such contemptible tricks are beneath censure.”

Barry left Paris on the 7th September, 1766. A letter to Mr. Burke gives an interesting account of his journey, and affords a very high estimate of his power of painting, with the pen at least. Of Burgundy he writes—

“Methinks, without any great poetical amplification, it is somewhat probable, when Bacchus made his round of the earth, that his head-quarters must have been more of the valleys of Burgundy, where on every side mountain peeps over mountain, and seems clothed in all the variegated hues of the vine, interspersed with sheep, corn, and, I may say, with every thing.

We passed this mountain (Mount Cenis) on Sunday last, and about seven in the morning were near the top of the road over it, on both sides of which the mountain rises to a very great height, yet so high were we in the valley between them (where there is a fine and large lake) that the moon, which was above the horizon of the mountains, appeared at least five times as big as usual, and much more distinctly marked than I ever saw it through some very good telescopes. The mountains, seas, &c., were so evident, their lines of separation so traceable, that I would actually have stopped the mule to have made a drawing of them, if I had not been in some apprehensions of a troop of Savoyard soldiers, who were at that time

passing, and would doubtless have taken me up as a spy and a dangerous person. I was more than once cautioned how I let any of these people see me drawing, at which I was constantly employed all the way. My friend Barret was exceedingly out in his notions of Savoy and the Alpine country. The drawings he saw of them might be, as he said, bird's-eye views, but had he been here himself, he would have made a very different work of it. He would have seen as I did, for above five days together, the most awful and horridly grand, romantic, and picturesque scenes, that it is possible to conceive; he would say every thing else was but bauble and boy's play compared with them. All this tract, down to Grenoble, one sees the country Salvator Rosa formed himself upon: nobody esteems Salvator more than I do, yet I must say he has not made half the use of it he might have done. The wild forms of his trees, rocks, &c., (for which he is condemned as frantic by some cold spiritless artists, whose notions reach no further than the artificial regular productions of their own climes,) are infinitely short of the noble phrenzy in which nature wantons all over these mountains: great pines, of the most inconceivable diversity of forms—some straight as arrows, others crooked as a horn, some the roots uppermost—are hanging over frightful rocks and caves, and torrents of water rolling amongst them.

“But I should lose myself in attempting to speak of them, and shall reserve for the colours and the canvas, the observations I have made. Though in the best hands any of these views painted singly must fail in its effect, in comparison of the reality, where the continued succession of them leads on and advances the operation. One thing by the way, the people are just the species of figures for such a landscape: though I believe they may be honest as they are said to be, yet every countenance has that ferocity and assassin look, which Salvator Rosa has so truly and so agreeably to the costume, introduced into his pictures. Lest you may be tired with the length of this letter, I shall keep the king's collection at Turin, and other things, for the next; and I am, my dear sir, yours and the family's with great respect and sincerity, J. B.”

From a letter of Mr. Burke's, written to him at this interval, we learn that he obtained the warm approbation of Reynolds for the criticisms upon art contained in his letters—these Mr. Burke terms “admirable.” In the same letter he says,



speaking of Reynolds, "he conceives high things of you, and recommends, above all, the continual study of the *capella sestina*, in which are the great works of Michael Angelo." It also appears from this correspondence, that Barry had fallen back into the ascetic habits of his early life, against which Mr. Burke strongly cautions him. Among the few productions of his pencil, of which we have any account during his stay in France, there are also some notices in the same correspondence. He sent home as a gift to Mr. Burke a drawing of Alexander, which Mr. Burke, in the first letter written to Barry after his arrival in Rome, notices thus:—"I thank you for Alexander; Reynolds sets a high esteem on it—he thinks it admirably drawn, and with great spirit. He had it in his house some time, and returned it in a fine frame; and it at present makes a capital ornament of our little dining-room between the two doors." We should not here omit an incidental observation upon the mind of Barry—"The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole before you are master of the parts," &c. But on the peculiarities of Barry's temper of mind in this and some other more important respects, we shall find it necessary to enter into somewhat more detail. We must first endeavour to convey some notion of the scene of those changes in his temper, and in the moral frame of his whole mind, which came like clouds that darkened the promise of so fair a morning.

Of Rome and of the history of Roman art it is impossible to write satisfactorily in the little space which our purpose and contracted limits admit: the materials are too large and various to admit of easy selection, and the interest too deep to be rashly excited by a meagre statement.

With respect to art, that age might be described as the termination of one of those intervals which seem almost periodical in the history of human progress; and of which Rome has itself afforded the most interesting examples. The glories of the fifteenth century, the age of Leonardo, Raffaele, and Michael Angelo, had passed through many gradations of decline, and fallen into some "dark interlunar space," to

rise again, under different auspices, in another land. The first great period of modern art had ceased with the extensive demand for its productions; the churches and palaces of Italy became already crowded with master-pieces; while a more modern taste for private splendour had not yet adopted the luxury of the easel style. The contracted range of invention, confined as it then was, mainly to the representation of scriptural subjects, had soon begun to be felt; and superstition, which had helped to distort and pervert religion, presently produced effects no less injurious to art. A tone of infidelity lowered, and, as it ever will, blighted the growth of genius; and a taste which revelled in the monstrous, the shocking, and unchaste, seized and brought low the last sparks of vital warmth in the Italian and continental schools. The golden age of art had, however, left behind its ample monuments, to stimulate and defy the genius of ages; and, in the course of time, Italy became the great school of art to all the surrounding nations. Her splendid remains had, in the intervening period of decline, become gradually more eminent for their vast super-eminence above all later productions; and while it had become a maxim of unquestioned authority, that their excellence could not be approached, they had the unhappy effect of diverting the study of art from nature, to the corruptions and the stagnation which imitation invariably causes. We may not further pursue this imperfect outline; but thus it was that Italian art had departed and left behind its memory, its immortal remains, and its pride. Thus the passion was kept alive, but it was to dwell in trifles, and expend itself in criticism, which has been said not to arrive at its perfection till the decline of art. It was then, perhaps, that the "cant of criticism," which Sterne has satirized, sprung up in that hotbed of *vertu* and *conoscentes*; and that tourists, who brought home a plentiful store of spurious gems, medals, and pictures, learned also to talk fluently of the "colouring of Titian, the expression of Rubens, the purity of Domenichino, the corregiosity of Corregio," &c.

In that day, as long after, Rome was the centre of every department of



every mortal quackery. The degeneracy which appears to give his most characteristic tone to the satirist of the Augustan time, and which, in a further stage of its progress, gives a more deep and indignant colouring to the sarcastic verse of Juvenal, appears to have reached its consummation in that interval, when the ruins of the greatest empire, and the remains of the most glorious art yet known to the world, afforded food more than enough for the pride of a fallen and degraded race. A degradation, which justice requires that we should add, was the inevitable result of those vast revolutions, which are to be more wisely attributed to the will of that power which overrules the course of events, than either to the crimes and follies, or the wisdom and virtue, which are but the secondary causes of history. Italy had been long tossed aside from the mighty current which had burst its banks, and lay powerless and inert, to be the sport of every wave; to be trodden down in the contention of empires; convulsed and torn asunder by the civil feuds and intrigues of political and military adventurers; and finally protected and prostrated by the power of that spiritual empire which has continued and prolonged her existence in a state not so much resembling life as the torpor of a magnetic trance. Here, amidst the waste of a past empire, a confusion of ruins and vineyards, resembling the grave-yard of the Cæsars, a spent and degenerate, but still proud and vivacious race, wasted life in the only pursuits which were yet open to them: trifles, which after all, where grave pursuits are wanting, can give ample scope to the largest human capacities. The democratic turbulence of the forum, and the insurrectionary eloquence of the Gracchi, were, after all, not inadequately represented in the jargon of rival critics, commentators, and fluent expositors of rubbish; *mendici, mimæ, balatrões*. To this great centre of taste and strenuous trifling, repaired the antiquarian, and artist, the classic, or the collector, of every school and nation not unknown to learning and art, to meditate and explore, lecture and be lectured. Such an influx of the most fiery and vivacious particles of the social atmosphere, can be easily conceived. Among the various classes of

clever people who disturbed the repose of *studios*, or amused the leisure of *palazzos*, there were none whose objects were so connected with actual purpose, and living interest, as those of the artists. There, not only the enthusiasm of art, and the interest of cultivated taste, operated as incentives, but there was an active and most gainful trade, which, at the same time, stimulated exertion and repressed genius. Of this trade, commercial honesty was certainly not a prevailing spirit; characteristically fraudulent, its staple was the spurious imitation of the works of every great master. This traffic gave employment to a host of busy and clever hands and tongues; and had been carried so far as to have corrupted the principles of art into a convenient conformity with its own interests. To give currency to the blackened, dingy, and faded canvas which misrepresented the skill of the fifteenth century, the truth of nature, and the laws of genuine effect, were studiously excluded and discountenanced: and among the endless multitude of ancient, or ancient-seeming works, this jugglery was favoured by the sure working effects of habit. And thus a popular prejudice, an empire of false taste was set up, to which art itself was forced to bend.

Such was the stage on which Barry was now to commence his course: it brings to view much, both of the favourable and unfavourable points of his character. The keenness of his observation, and the uncompromising independence of his spirit, refused, from the first, the petty trammels of spurious taste; his masculine reason spurned at theories built in error; he flung aside, with merited scorn, the degrading chain with which prating *conoscenti* and quack discoverers of old pictures had bound the public; but his genius, or the superiority of his reason, were assuredly not equalled by his discretion and temper. Unhappily for him he opposed fraud and prejudice with the zeal of fanaticism; in the ardour of conviction, and in his eagerness to vindicate the great truths of art, he omitted to see that he was crossing the interests, and wounding the pride of those who surrounded him. His canons of taste could not be assented to; and his reasonings, not convenient to answer, were of

course, for the most part, evaded, by all the various little provoking resources, so well known in *cliques* and *côteries* which have the game in their own hands. Poor Barry, by nature self-confident and irritable, was soon stung into a fever of indignation; and here, for the first time, seems to have been developed in his constitution, the fatal seed of all the misfortunes of his after life. Of this the indications are plain enough to leave little, if any doubt; though in the writings of his biographers and critics, some mistakes seem to have arisen, from a neglect of their true character and tendency. The first symptoms of that most prevalent, though frequently unrecognised disease, which is indicated by unfounded suspicions of plots and conspiracies, are so slight, and often so apparently connected with circumstances, that they seem to be no more than features of the character: and when, in more advanced stages, they assume a more unequivocal shape, spectators seldom look back accurately enough to trace the first approaches of a fearful disease; a disease more sad and blighting than that total insanity of which it is an apparently milder form; for it leaves the moral and intellectual faculties in their full operation, to be slowly tortured by a haunting phantom of wrong and incessant enmity. The progress, too, of this affection, is fearfully liable to be re-acted on by its own imaginings, and to be called into action by every irritation which the common intercourse with mankind is sure to occasion. And unhappily, the combativeness and controversial acrimony of Barry was unlikely to go far, without provoking such irritations: the actual nature of his infirmity was, indeed, in some measure concealed, by the concurrence of the accessories of circumstance. As we are desirous to convey the clearest evidence of a statement, on which so much of his character, that has been otherwise explained, actually turns, we may here quote a letter from Mr. Burke, which places the facts in a very evident aspect, and, with prophetic truth, points out their return: this letter has too much interest not to be entirely given.

“MY DEAR BARRY—I am most exceedingly obliged to your friendship and  
VOL. XX.—No. 117.

partiality, which attributed a silence very blameable on our parts to a favourable cause. Let me add in some measure to its true cause, a great deal of occupation of various sorts, and some of them disagreeable enough.

“As to any reports concerning your conduct and behaviour, you may be very sure they could have no kind of influence here; for none of us are of such a make as to trust to any one’s report, for the character of a person whom we ourselves know. Until very lately, I had never heard any thing of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself, that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and *virtuosi* in Rome, without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune or your reputation. Depend upon it that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if it have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects on your interest; and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It will be the same at London as at Rome; and the same in Paris as in London; for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would, perhaps, be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here; as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes, a genius of the first rank, lost to the world, himself, and his friends, as I certainly must, if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here, totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me. That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and anger often. I do no ways doubt: who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? but believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combatted, and the qualities by which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others,

and a great distrust of ourselves, which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature, as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul, as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations, in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species; if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard to you, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must be, of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out to you beforehand. You will come here; you will observe what the artists are doing; and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works: they will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren; they will shun you. In the meantime, gentlemen will avoid your friendship, for fear of being engaged in your quarrels: you will fall into distresses, which will only aggravate your disposition for further quarrels: you will be obliged for maintenance to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart, for want of hope and encouragement, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined. Nothing but my real regard for you could induce me to set these considerations in this light before you. Remember we are born to serve and adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow-citizens, and that in particular, your business is to paint, and not to dispute.

“What you mention about heads, hands, feet, &c., I think is very right; you cannot, to be sure, do without them; and you had better purchase them at Rome than here; as usual, you will draw for the change. If you think this a proper time to leave Rome, (a matter which I leave entirely to yourself,) I am quite of opinion that you ought to go to Venice. In short, do every thing that may contribute to your improvement, and I shall rejoice to see you, what Providence intended you, a very great man. This you were in your *ideas* before you quitted this. You best know how far you have studied; that is,

practised the mechanic; despised nothing till you had tried it; practised dissections with your own hands; painted from nature as well as from the statues; and portrait as well as history; and this frequently. If you have done all this, as I trust you have, you want nothing but a little prudence to fulfil all our wishes. This, let me tell you, is no small matter; for it is impossible for you to find any persons anywhere more truly interested for you; to these dispositions attribute every thing which may be a little harsh in this letter. We are, thank God, all well, and all most truly and sincerely yours. I seldom write so long a letter. Take this as a sort of proof how much I am, dear Barry, your faithful friend and humble servant,

“EDMUND BURKE.”

We have extracted this letter at full length, not only on account of its great intrinsic merits, but for the light which it so strongly reflects on the true character and the real infirmities of Barry. It is quite apparent that those unhappy peculiarities which wholly characterize his after-life and exercise so fatal an influence over his fortunes, became first developed and matured during his sojourn at Rome. Under any circumstances, we cannot but conclude that a disease, of which the seed was lurking in his physical constitution, might have sooner or later attained the same growth: but the control of those whose wisdom and kindness would have strongly overruled his morbid temper, and elicited his kindlier affections, might have not only checked but modified the growth of so inauspicious a habit of mind. But Barry was thus committed to the winds and waves without compass or helm. Not by any means devoid of the social affections; not deficient in observation or common sense;—his intellectual passions (if we may be allowed so strong an expression) predominated to a morbid excess: he resented, when others dissent or censure; he was disgusted and irritated by the affectations, prejudices, and meannesses, which are in every walk of life the follies and infirmities of mankind: he gave way to resentment, where discretion smiles; and when censure and uncalled-for opposition were not answered with submission and respect, he began to resent as insult the self-protecting reserve which his own infirmities provoked.

His deportment, full of high-wrought opposition, carried to or beyond the verge of personality,—an absence of the common amenities of human intercourse,—a freedom from those small wants and amiable frivolities which form the delicate network of social conversation,—had their necessary effect: the kindly were outraged, the zealous were offended, the cant of criticism was silenced, the chattering choirs of *vertu* stood aloof. Nor indeed are sects and classes to be censured, because they will resent the impeachment of their errors and the scorn of their follies.

As might be anticipated, he was far more studious of the theory than of the practice of his art. His active understanding and rapid conception were more swift and ready than the slow labour of the hand. His aspiring ambition found its sphere rather in the poetry and metaphysics of his art than in that cautious mechanism, the acquirement of which must level for a time the gifted and the dull. His great natural power and his early habits had imparted an extreme facility, in which he was content to rest: by a most common error, he transferred, in thought, his powers of conception to his hand; and while his fancy drew ideas of form, and analysed the composition and colouring of the masters of the middle ages, and dreamed of rival performances, he forbore to disturb this magnificent ambition by subsiding into the anxious walk of trial and effort. He mentioned himself, in his letters to Mr. Burke and others, as engaged in the most laborious course of professional study, and received credit for the rightful direction of labour which was to accomplish his hand, and render him master of the practical resources of art. "You may assure yourself," he writes to Burke, "that I have made the most of my time, and have laboured to some little purpose; and my vanity will offer you the proof of my assertion, by the great pains that people have been at to hide me, even when they knew how perilous the attempt might be to their own characters."

Though the course of study which Barry pursued at Rome was one of the most intense and laborious assiduity; it was at the same time, rather directed towards the acquisition of critical knowledge, than for improvement in the mechanical resources of his profession: and the general assertion of great labour which every where pervades his correspondence, must be thus understood for the most part. He represents himself as having applied with great diligence to the works of Raffaele in the Vatican, after which he went to the study of the Cappella Sistina. In these intervals he probably attained much of that graceful conception of form and grouping which is said to be discernible in his paintings, and much also of that admirable judgment which so much more evidently appears in his criticisms. But it is rendered quite plain, both from numerous hints in his letters, as well as from the scanty results of his labours, that he drew but little beyond a few etchings and sketches, and at most four or five copies of different pictures for Mr. Burke. While he employed himself in detecting impositions, resisting prejudices, and penetrating with a sagacious eye the secrets of ancient art, his own industry was in a principal measure exerted in obtaining outlines from antique statues, by means of a patent delineator. Strongly prepossessed in favour of that large scale of delineation which for many reasons had become less practicable, he was remiss in the course which must have been necessary for the accomplishment of a style more consonant with the taste which was then in the progress of formation. He wasted too much on the study of forms and proportions that diligence which was wanting to obtain the mastery of colours; and too much neglected that study of *effects* as they exist in nature—the great source from which the masters of every school must attain the perfection of art. In studying models of ideal beauty, it is easy to forget that there is no constituent element beyond nature.\* Poussin, the boldest of inventors, spent his days in the fields.

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\* We should call the attention of the student to this important consideration: A wildness of invention is too much mistaken for poetry: as if a want of truth were enough for the ideal, and extravagance were something above nature. Such



But Barry, like numbers in every department of art, who would soar above the vulgar track, struck out a theory for his own especial use, in which, with the common facility of genius, he easily excluded from his sight whatever was unfavourable to his views. Most men of subtle intellect have indeed two very distinct understandings, of which the worst is reserved for their own conduct; and this consideration should never be lost sight of in appreciating human character. And the extent to which the difference will be carried is amply illustrated in the admirable judgment of Barry's criticisms when they had no reference to his own plans, with the seeming caprice

and inconsistency which occasionally break out. He well explains the sources of excellence, the true secret of a style, and was we believe the first who denounced the fallacy which gave currency to spurious paintings. But in his eagerness to maintain the style which his private taste had adopted, he insensibly contracted a hostility to every other. "In Turin," he writes a little before his departure from Italy, "I saw the royal collection of pictures; but except a picture or two of Guido, which I did not like, all the rest are Flemish and Dutch—Rubens', Vandyke's, Teniers', Rembrandt's, Scalken's, &c.: they are without the pale of my church, and though I must not condemn them,

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absurd achievements can only impose upon those who are guilty of them; as they have no likeness to any thing in heaven or earth, they are not to be shamed by comparison, and the fancy which is ridden by some nightmare of its own may thus dream on. It is curious to observe the contrast between the vain elaboration of beautiful and gorgeous things for the purpose of effect, with the simple magnificence of genius, which astonishes no less by the magnitude of its results than by the seeming obviousness and plainness of its resources. We have often puzzled our reason to account for the powerlessness of some of the most splendid specimens of modern landscape painting, as to their general effect, while at the same time they appear to realize the most marvellous command of all that artistic skill and talent can reach. Brilliancy, softness, keeping, harmony, correctness; presenting lessons to invite and defy the student's imitation; while after all there is one thing, not only often wanting, but comparatively seldom seen. And it is not easy to describe that one thing: it is the characteristic expression which is always to be found in the living scene and seldom in the picture. To translate this into the canvas or the page is the triumph of the few; it is the poetry of art. The forests, the mountains, the lonely lakes, the sea, the clear or clouded overarching vault, have ever about them a solemn and majestic presence, such as to subdue and chasten the obtrusion of lesser objects, which melt into the pervading harmony and never break upon the one identity—the mind of the scene. If this is not intelligible enough, we would refer to some of the instances which we are free to confess first called our own attention to these truths. There are some first-rate examples in our own metropolis of the real and legitimate poetry of art in both departments. In the department of landscape we have produced a few gems, certainly not inferior to any thing yet achieved by the English water-colour school. The "Evening Picture of Llanberris;" the lonely "Hermitage and Lake of Gougane Barra," with its sunbeam and mountain-enclosure; the "Hen's Castle at Connemara,"—soft, wild, lone, still, and veiled with a transparent haze; the Druid's circle fading into the golden dusk, with the star of Even glimmering with "shadowy splendour" over the dewy plain. These triumphs of art, all most simple copies from the great picture-gallery of the Supreme Artist, and, with one exception, undistinguished by any apparent feats of mere art, astonish and startle the eye by the force with which they reflect the face of nature, with her ever single expression. That expression, which seems life, thought, and companionship—the poet's and the painter's fond idolatry. In the department of life our metropolis may justifiably look for triumphs as great. We may proudly refer to the "Connaught Peasant's Toilette," and the "Mourn Fisherman's Drowned Child." In both of these admirable results of the modern style of art the homely and touching native expression of the characters are strikingly preserved, while they are idealized into the most consummate effect that poetry can conceive. In the cottage scene especially, the artist's power is called forth by the essential pathos and solemnity of the subject. The combined emotions of grief, terror, pity, and solemn interest, are, in this painting, finely blended and softened away through the scale of passion, as the group recedes from the agonized parents in the foreground, to the solemn chorus of figures pouring in from behind, with faces of inquiry, yet composed to the decent gravity of the scene.



I will hold no intercourse with them." Yet notwithstanding this heresy, Barry had formed so admirable a judgment upon the masters, and upon their art in many important respects, that we have always entertained much doubt whether his time was not after all employed more to the promotion of art than if he had followed the ordinary method of study. For his own interest he unquestionably did not choose the path of personal advancement. Often, indeed, it occurs, that they whose minds reach beyond their age, are found behind ordinary mortals in the race of life.

Though free from indolence,—or rather, endowed with powers of more than common industry, Barry's ardent ambition rejected those slow methods out of which all excellence which depends upon detail must grow. Addicted to vast and general conceptions, he most industriously studied the main principles of outline, grouping, and composition. For such a study the pentagraph was a valuable accessory, as it fully answered the purpose of making the eye familiar with every scale of proportion. With the same view, he occasionally practised drawing in that unfinished style known by the term sketching—a most dangerous source of illusion, when not counterbalanced by the most careful practice of detail. The fact is worth explaining. The faculty which conceives effects and expressions performs its office without any distinct notion of the actual elementary means: on looking into the fire strange and characteristic faces meet the eye—one characteristic line carries with it all its accessories, and the accustomed eye completes the face. The same process takes place in looking at an imperfect drawing;—what the artist has omitted, the spectator's eye will complete for himself. The artist, in the same way, fills up the chasm of meaning according to the suggestions of his own fancy: and thus he will see, in his unfinished design, all that he desires it to possess. He will soon arrive thus at an illusory perfection. He has only to try to fill in the details, in order to discover that the hand and eye work by processes entirely dissimilar. Now, a result of all this is, that certain main characteristic lines may convey the whole effect by suggestion; and thus a sketching artist

may produce any effect he aims at, provided he avoids entangling himself in minutiae, which demand the utmost precision. Thus it is that a certain false facility is frequently acquired, which may be termed the royal road to painting. This fact is common among the amateur artists; and one of the reasons why in Dublin, where very inadequate ideas of art even yet prevail, a strong party feeling operates in favour of a loose and unfinished style, as in fact being the only one in which mere genius can ensure a decided proficiency.

From Barry's letters we learn, that the wise and eloquent reproofs and admonitions of Burke produced a strong effect upon him, and for a time repressed his growing irritability. He was so far influenced as to reflect: and his strong understanding, when directly turned upon the dark delusions of a morbid fancy, not yet confirmed by habit, (or perhaps, by any organic change,) gave way to the control of his common sense. He forcibly repressed his incessant ebullitions of dogmatism and spleen, and adopted a tone of complaisance towards those whom he regarded as enemies to his person and fame. The consequence was, a corresponding change in their manners to him: the dislike which his savage manners had excited was tempered by the respect which commanding powers are sure to obtain; and he soon found to his surprise, kindness and candour; and he lived for some time on terms of intimacy with those whom he had avoided as conspirators and enemies.

Among the notices of art which form the main substance of his letters there are many in a very high degree indicative of great sagacity, and many of his activity in the exercise of his observation. Of these even a selection is impossible: the following is curious:—

"The belief that Cinabue, Giotto, and Taffi, were the restorers of art and improvers on the Greeks is with me suspicious; for there is at the church of St. Maria in Cosmedin, a picture of the Madonna and Child, as large as life, done with some skill, and brought from Greece in the time of the Iconoclasts. There is also in the Vatican Library, the Russian Calendar, with some hundred figures painted in it, and the Greek artist's name at the bottom. There is a

taste, spirit, and ability in the figures of this calendar, which is not to be met with in any other work of art executed in Italy from the time of Constantine, or at least from the time of Charlemagne, down to the age of Masaccio, in the fifteenth century."

His praise of Giles Hussey, an English artist, a contemporary, is enthusiastic. His frequent and high praises of Raffaele frequently communicate to the reader a sense that they are rather in deference to universal opinion than from any genuine feeling of the merits of this incomparable artist. Of all the masters, Titian was his decided favourite, and the principal object of his study. He notices Ghiberti as the original model of Michael Angelo's style, and gives a detailed description of his gate of the Baptistinum of St. John, a part of which we present to the reader. Having described the first gate, he goes on—

"But in the second gate which faces the cathedral, and which he finished some years after the first, it is the most astonishing thing that can any where be seen—how much he advanced art. I speak coldly of it, when I say, that though it has served as the model for basso-relievos ever since, yet it has never been equalled in any one part; the beautiful grouping of things, the happy perspective of his objects, his leaves and ornaments, and the laying out of his compositions none of his successors have been able to touch him in. But these were only mechanical parts, in which they might imitate him at a distance; but the noble reaches of Ghiberti's imagination is only to be paralleled amongst the ancient basso-relievos. When Eve rises into creation at the command of God, she is supported by little Loves, who are ushering into view the sweetest idea of a woman that I ever saw. His little figure of Sampson, Vasari mentions, and his praises are well bestowed upon it. In one word, this is the man that entirely removed the Gothic stiffness, and established in its place a poetical manner of treating things; ideas of true beauty and perfection on the one hand, and of real grandeur and sublimity on the other. And on the whole of his works he seems to have known every thing of art, but the expression of the soul in the countenance, which was reserved for his successor, Da Vinci, the absolute knowledge of the detail of all the parts of the figure, which belongs to Da Vinci and Michael

Angelo; but as this could not come into his little figures, they are many of them perfect."

We should not dismiss this portion of his life, without some specimen of his correspondence to illustrate the manner in which he felt disposed towards those who had a natural claim upon his affections. Isolated from all ties but those which appear to involve some degree of dependence, or some relation of personal interest, of protection or hostility;—absorbed in the enthusiasm of art, or worn with the acrimonious collisions in which it was his misfortune to become entangled—we are apt to lose sight of him in all the ordinary aspects of humanity. The following letter to his father and mother is, we think, expressive of much good feeling:—

"Rome, Nov. 8, 1769.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—  
Can I believe that my poor brother Jack should die amongst you, and no one of you think of making me acquainted with it. The satisfaction and hope you have often had from his careful conduct and application, which I so often joyed to find in your letters, interested me ten thousand times more about him than his being my brother. Poor Jack! he was the last of the family that I parted from, and amongst the last of those I would part with, and his death has blasted almost all the hopes I had of being useful to the family, as the business he was bred to, and his sober conduct, gave me great expectations of his being able to put in practice some matters of architecture which my residence in Italy gave me opportunities of taking notice of; but this is all over, and it seems you have another son remaining with you who is of a very different cast; can this be Patrick? and is it possible that his own future prospect in life, the death of his poor brother, and the situation of his parents in their decline, can work no other effects upon him? But this is not all. My father thinks of making his will; what can occasion this? For God's sake, let such of you as are living, my father, mother, my two brothers (since I have only two), my sister, and my uncle John, write their names at least, to a letter directed for me at the English Coffee-house at Rome, by the return of the post. I leave Rome in the latter end of January, and shall make but a very short stay at Venice of a fortnight or three weeks, so that if my father writes to me on the receipt

of this, I shall either receive it at Rome, or a friend of mine who is here will send it after me to Venice. My mind has some little ease in seeing that excellent man, Dr. Sleigh, interest himself about my father and family. Good God! in how many singular and unthought-of ways has the goodness of that gentleman exerted itself towards me. He first put me upon Mr. Burke, who has, under God, been all in all to me; next he had desires of strengthening my connexion with Mr. Stewart, which is the only construction I could make of the friendly letter which I received from him in London, and afterwards he is for administering comfort to my poor parents. I shall, with the blessing of God, be in England about May next; and I hope there is no need for me to mention to one of my father's experience in the world how necessary it is to be armed with patience and resignation against those unavoidable strokes of mortality to which the world is subject. As we advance in life, we must quit our hold of one thing after another; and since we cannot help it, and that it is a necessary condition of our existence, that ourselves and every thing connected with us shall be swallowed up in the mass of changes and renovations which we see every day in the world, let us endeavour not to embitter the little of life that is before us with a too frequent calling to mind of past troubles and misfortunes; and if ever God Almighty is pleased to crown my very severe and intense application to my studies with any degree of success in the world, I am sure the greatest pleasure that will arise to me from it, will be the consolation it will give my dear father, mother, and friends.

“Your affectionate son,  
“J. B.

“Mr. Burke was so kind as to send me Dr. Sleigh's letter, containing the account of the death of my brother. I had three brothers, and he does not say which it was; but by the good character he has given of him, it must be poor John.”

He soon after received the account of his friend Dr. Sleigh's death, which he laments in a pathetic letter to one of the Burkes, with all of whom he kept a constant correspondence.

He left Rome in April, 1760, and

we trace his homeward route by his letters from the several places at which he stopped on his way. We are, however, compelled to forbear, and resist the temptation of his numerous criticisms, always interesting, often masterly. The only incidents which we shall here delay to notice are those of his stay at Bologna. In this city he was detained by a most untoward delay of the provision for his journey: having drawn a bill for thirty pounds upon the London agents through whom his remittances had usually come, and given it to a Bolognese banker to negotiate, he was mortified after some time by the intelligence that it was not paid in London. As Signor Vergani communicated this circumstance to the people with whom he lodged, unpleasant suspicions appear to have been excited; and Barry, particularly sensitive to such mortifications, was consequently made for a time so wretched that he became incapable of thinking of any thing else. His first notion was that he should extricate himself by pawning his watch, a present from Richard Burke. Another scheme was, to run naked from his lodging and turn friar. It is, however, to his credit, that it never for a moment entered his mind to doubt the fidelity of his friends the Burkes, whom he supposed to be away in the country, or travelling. At last, however, he obtained the welcome intelligence that the bill was paid by his friends.

During his first stay at Bologna, he mentions that he did nothing but make a dissection—but having taken a journey to Venice, he came back to Bologna, where, by the interest of some friends, the members of the Clementine Academy sent him a diploma. His admission into their body made it necessary for him to prolong his stay to paint a picture for presentation to their institute. For his subject he selected Philoctetes in the Isle of Lemnos, following the Greek epigram on an ancient picture on the same subject by Parrhasius, and using the Philoctetes of Sophocles for a comment.

## THE TWO PASSPORTS.

BEING A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF KARL EISENKRAFT, ARTISAN, OF ESSLINGEN, IN SUABIA.

(FROM THE DRIFTINGS AND DREAMINGS OF GEORGE HOBDENTWAITE SMOGSEY.)

IN the autumn of 1830, being engaged in a tour of the Rhenish provinces, I arrived one evening about dusk at the small town of Bergheim, some half way between Aix la Chapelle and the fragrant city of Cologne. Bergheim has a quiet comfortable inn, at which Michel, my *voiturier*, (who was absolute in these matters,) had ordained that I should stop for the night; nor did I feel any disposition to quarrel with the arrangement, when Herr Hons, the landlord, all civility and broken English, ushered me into his snug *Speisesaal*, where, instead of the dull, uncompanionable German stove I expected to find, a bright and crackling wood-fire blazed merrily on the hearth. I was glad, moreover, not to find myself the sole occupant of the *saul*; for, after all, it may be doubted whether the chief pleasure of travel be not to see travellers; and I will confess for my own part, that—without disparagement either of snowy Alps or cindery volcanoes, of a Strasburg cathedral or of a Basilica vaticana, of Florence galleries or of Roman ruins—to me *the people* of any country (with one sole exception) rank by no means among its least interesting features. My exception is Switzerland, where, between the glorious earth and the inglorious race that possess it, the extremes of grandeur and littleness are brought into too painful juxtaposition and contrast. Nothing can stand higher in the scale of nature than Switzerland—nothing in that of manhood lower than the Swiss.

In the *Speisesaal*, then, at Bergheim, it was my fortune to light upon two goodly tomes (if I may so phrase it) of “the proper study of mankind:” they were moreover—to give the *coup de grace* to my metaphor—controversial, and on opposite sides of the question as well as of the fire. In other words, there sat, installed each in his

chimney-corner, and armed—the one with a cigar, the other with a mighty pendulous pipe—two “dim smokified men,”—plainly Germans both, though widely dissimilar specimens of that very heterogeneous and multiform variety of human kind—engaged, when I entered, in a conversation (or to name it in their own way, a ‘twixt-speaking) the more vivacious for the considerable discrepancy manifest in the sentiments of the speakers. The cigarrist was a pale, slight, voluble creature, under-sized and yet stooping, long-armed, round-shouldered, narrow-chested, using a great deal of gesticulation as he talked, and by a particular uniform drawing-out of the right arm, and a remarkable flourish or rather twitch of the right hand, (the left being comparatively at rest,) as well as by a look, not easily defined, of inefficiency and dubious fidget about the lower extremities, as if they were not in their accustomed position, giving you assurance of a tailor as unequivocally as if he had chosen to sit *on* the table instead of *at* it; while his sharp intonation, round-about fluency, mincing utterance, occasional lapses into a Low-Dutch dialect, frequent exclamations of “*yuter Yott!*” and continued interchanging of the pronouns *mir* and *mich*, *Sie* and *Ich*, certified you with equal infallibility of a Prussian—and truly no Rhenish Prussian, but a genuine nursling of royal Berlin herself.

He of the meerschaum was a man of another stamp: tall and bulky, yet well knit, broad of brow and chest, quiet in manner, earnest but brief in speech—saying in three words what would have cost his opponent three dozen—and now and then, but not often, letting fall a large and somewhat rusty-coloured though perfectly clean hand with the *drum* of a sledge-hammer on the table that stood near

him. You would judge him to be a grave man, yet capable of much joviality, straightforward, and hearty, and leal, and who could find his way pretty far down into the wine-stoup, as every German should. By many outward signs, I set him down for a worker in iron, and by his speech, with more certainty, for a Suabian; nor was I mistaken on either point.

On my entering the room, with German courtesy they both ceased smoking, until assured by me, that neither to cigar nor pipe, as long as they were in anybody's mouth but my own, had I the smallest objection; then, sitting down in front of the fire, while Herr Hons saw to the due setting-out of supper, I entreated that my presence might not interrupt the conversation in which I had found my companions engaged, adding that I had a sufficient acquaintance with their language to promise myself much interest, and no doubt instruction, in hearing it continued. Accordingly, in five minutes they were battling away as briskly as ever.

"Fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute," were, I found, the pleasant after-dinner topics that occupied this curiously contrasted pair, whose birth places were not more widely asunder than their habits and thoughts, and in whose handicrafts, persons, and respective provincialisms of speech there were fewer and less striking dissimilarities than in their views of things in general. The tailor, one could gather, had been a free-thinker of the French school, but now eschewed that as *rococo*, and professed the new and more fashionable German irreligion of pantheism, or Christianity according to Hegel, upon which his tongue ran—I will not say right on, but round about—through all the queer crinkles and Gordian complexities of German sentence-weaving, burthenless of all meaning. The man of iron, on the other hand, was Old-Lutheran to the back bone and beyond it, and believed and spoke as his fathers had believed and spoken from the sixteenth century downwards; his words bearing much the same proportion, whether for weight or rapidity, to those of his antagonist, that the sledge-hammer, with its measured and mighty downright strokes,

may bear to the briskest possible plying of the finest possible needle.

At length, (not to make my preface longer than my story,) roused by some reference made in a tone of derision, by the latter, to the doctrine of a particular providence, our Suabian exclaimed, with a vehemence which he had not before displayed—"Ay! you take credit to yourself for being hard of faith, and yet can believe the wonderful and mysterious ordering of our steps, of which every reflecting man must be conscious, to be the work of blind haphazard! How often are our best-considered and most promising plans thwarted, defeated by some influence which we cannot trace, but which, after the first emotions of irritation and disappointment are passed, we are constrained to acknowledge has wrought for our good, perhaps for our salvation! How often does some trifling circumstance, productive at the moment of its occurrence only of petty annoyance, prove to be the means which a benign and watchful Providence had ordained for our rescue from some impending evil, which we had not so much as dreamed of! I knew a man once who walked in his sleep, and was one night within five feet of a precipice more than a hundred feet high, when a bat flew in his face and waked him. And you would call that chance! Well, I will hope your error is more of the head than the heart—that you are an obtuse rather than an ungrateful man. You have not experienced in your own life any striking, any startling instance of the working of a power above you, caring for you, taking thought for you, disposing otherwise indeed than you had proposed, but even *thereby* plucking your feet from the trap which the devil, in his cunning, had by your own hands set for them. *I have*; and with the proofs which my own experience has furnished me of the good providence of God, I were deserving to be called, by unbelievers themselves, the unthankfullest of human souls, could I believe, or affect to believe, the disposal of man's ways to be committed to blind haphazard! You shall hear—you shall judge whether it be not as I say: that is, if *mein Herr* here will not be wearied by a story in which I must figure as my own hero."



I assured him that it would be a high gratification to me to hear his story. The tailor put on the face of one who resigned himself to the inevitable, and the Suabian began as follows:—

“I am a Wirtemberger by birth, though the greater part of my life has been spent out of my native land, and especially at Hamburg, where I served my apprenticeship under my father’s brother, who was likewise my godfather, and gave me his own name, Carolus Eisenkrafft, at the font: a kindly Suabian he was, and one, though I say it, that in his own craft had his match to seek in Hamburg or out of it. I continued to work with him about a year after my time was out; and then, being twenty-one years of age, and wishing to see other countries, and being, indeed, by the rules of our trade obliged to travel for a certain time, and learn the modes of work practised in different cities and lands, before I could be received as a free brother of the craft, and set up in business for myself, I set out from Hamburg, and travelled across East Friesland to the Lower Rhine lands, and so took the course of the river upwards into Switzerland.

“I did not stay long there. Switzerland was then, as now, a country in which little good was to be learned, and much evil. However, I left it with the same true German heart which I had brought into it, hating the French with an honest Suabian hatred, from Buonaparte down to the drum boy. Now this was in the year 1806, which, as you know, was no year of peace for Europe, least of all for our dear German fatherland; and in the journey which I had before me, perils of many kinds, and from many very different quarters, might be anticipated: nevertheless, my mind was made up not to lose any more time in Switzerland, for the year was advanced; and I was resolved that the beginning of the winter should see me again in Hamburg. After all, for the workman that combines industry with skill, there is but *one* Hamburg, just as I am told there is but *one* Paris for folks that have money, and seek a way to spend it, which, I thank my good destiny, is not my case.

“In my journey southwards I had

avoided Wirtemberg, keeping strictly to the course of the Rhine, though I confess that, as I passed the mouth of the Neckar, my heart strayed away up its waters to my Suabian home, and I looked with loving eyes on the soil it had carried down from the green valley of my childhood. Now, however, on my way to the north again, I said, ‘I will see the familiar fields and the familiar faces once more: I will take a last leave of the hills and valleys in which my earliest years passed so happily, and of the dear ones that still dwell there.’ A last leave—for you will observe that in Wirtemberg at this time I was liable to be shot as a deserter—not that I had ever taken military service, but just *this* was my crime: I was, as I have told you, one-and-twenty; and at that period, in Wirtemberg, all healthy males, of this age, were drawn for soldiers. Such was the conscription-law, which it was death to evade. To enter Wirtemberg, as a Wirtemberger, was to subject myself to it; and my first step—did I wish to avoid a disgraceful death—must have been to present myself to take my chance of being drawn; whereunto, I now take shame to myself in saying, my inclinations in no ways leaned. What then was to be done? If I visited my native place, it must be in the character of a stranger; and this was the course on which I resolved. In short, I conceived the blameable determination of providing myself with a false passport in Switzerland, that so I might with safety take my fatherland in my route to the northern states.

“By means of an acquaintance I had made in Switzerland I easily accomplished the first part of my project, and thus had in my possession two passports, in both of which indeed my true name was given; but while my original and genuine passport, which I had brought from Hamburg, described me as a Wirtemberger by birth, the new one assigned Hamburg itself as the place of my nativity. I thought, for a travelling birth-place, there was none more eligible than that in which I had actually spent so much time, and in which my uncle, whom I meant to use as a father for the time, was well known to have his domicile. I now therefore travelled safely as a

Hamburger through my native country, and from its northern frontier, with a sorrowing heart, looked a last adieu over its beloved and beautiful fields.

"I arrived the same night, at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch, in the Bavarian territory, and repaired to an inn suited to my circumstances. The landlord, when I entered his house, demanded my passport, and received it forthwith, promising that I should have it back betimes in the morning. You will remember it was the false passport, which I had used since leaving Switzerland, my old and true passport lying with other papers in my pocket-book. The morning came; I rose, breakfasted, and forgetting that my passport was still in the landlord's hands, I set off without it. I am not habitually a forgetful man, and to forget one's passport on a journey is, I suspect, a piece of thoughtlessness of which the most thoughtless have seldom been guilty: but so it was; without my passport I actually set off; nor did the circumstance recur to my thoughts until I stood, the evening of that same day, before the gates of Erlangen, where, of course, 'your passport!' were the first words addressed to me by the soldiers on guard. 'Potztausend!' said I to myself, 'thou hast left thy passport at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch.'

"I had now nothing for it but either to say I had forgot my passport, (which nobody would believe,) and so be sent back in the custody of soldiers as a suspicious character, or else to produce my first and genuine passport. 'They will never believe thy story,' said I again to myself: 'for, to speak it without flattery, thou dost not look altogether like the simpleton that would forget his passport; besides, who ever heard that a landlord asked for a traveller's passport? Thy story hangeth not well together, and they will hang thee to make it good.' In short, having no other course that bore an aspect any way promising, I presented, not without heavy misgivings, the original Hamburg passport. This document, as I need not tell you, was in its present state but an unsatisfactory voucher for the worthiness of its bearer to pass unobstructed, it having received no *visé*, nor bearing

any trace of having been submitted to any official inspection, from Switzerland to the place where I then was; a mysterious circumstance, for which of course I was called on to account. However, not to make my story too tedious, suffice it to say, that, after finding myself for some time in an unpleasant position, I got the matter arranged, and was again free to pursue my way.

"While I was at Erlangen, there began to fall in troops forming part of the vanguard of the French army; and at Bayreuth, which was the next point in my route, I found a still more considerable body. The troops, having proceeded thus far by forced marches, here made a halt, while I on the other hand, now made redoubled efforts to get on, it being easy to see that these parts would ere long become the theatre of active hostilities.

"It was about midday or towards one o'clock when, by the slackening of their pace and the increased briskness of mine, I lost sight of these undesired companions of the way; and that same afternoon, about three o'clock, I fell in with the first outpost of the Prussians. I was stopped and asked from whence I came; and on my answering 'from Bayreuth,' they said to one another—'Why, the kerl is come direct from the French outposts.' 'I'll lay my life he's a spy,' said one. 'We shall see that,' observed the officer commanding, and forthwith gave orders to carry me to Hof, where the Prussians had an encampment, first, however, taking from me my tablets and every thing in a written form, and sending these in the custody of one of my guards to head quarters. Arrived at Hof, I was compelled to strip to my shirt: my clothes underwent a rigorous search; and the very soles of my boots were ripped, to see if any thing of a suspicious nature lay hid therein. It was the first time I had been in the arbitrary clutches of soldiers, and the novelty was any thing but pleasing; however, I did not lose courage, relying upon my conscious innocence, and not doubting but the matter would, on investigation, soon appear in its true light.

"After a short examination, which took place in the guard-room, I was consigned to a prison within the pre-

cinets of the main-guard. Here I found that I was not the only person in trouble: the prison already contained two unhappy wretches—one of them a Jew of the neighbourhood; the other a tailor of Bamberg, who had been taken the day before. These were really spies, and had already made confession to that effect.

"All this gave me little anxiety; I still confided in my innocence, and did my best to make the same appear, even to my wretched companions. They expressed great compassion for me, chiefly on the score of my youth, and that I should be, as they expressed it, cut off in the very outset of a promising career. I did not like the tone of their condolences; it was evident that they took me for one of their honourable guild.

"'I assure you, *meine Herren*,' exclaimed I—unwilling to appear a miscreant, even in the eyes of such miscreants—'I assure you upon my honour that I am no spy.'

"'Ah!' said the tailor; 'that's just what I said to the officers yesterday. "I assure you, my officers," were my very words; "honourable captains, I assure you upon my honour that I am no spy. Judge of me, noble gentlemen," said I, "by yourselves; put it to your own honourable breasts whether a man of honour be capable——" and so on. That's the way I talked to them, but it helped nothing; not even when I offered to give them important intelligence of the position and strength of the French army.'

"'I offered to give my oath,' broke in the Jew, 'that I was no spy; and they did but laugh, and cast in my teeth a ribald rhyme which they are taught from their cradles—

"Comes the fox to his lair?  
Hath the Jew leave to swear?  
Both have *planted you there!*"

"All the curses——'

"'But you have both confessed yourselves spies," said I, cutting the old sorcerer short in his Jewish curses, which I had no mind to hear.'

"'I believe you,' said the tailor; 'and so will you confess yourself before this time to-morrow.'

"'Never!' cried I; 'I am an honest man, and the son of an honest man,

and will never stain my own name and my father's, with a villainy which the world's wealth should not tempt me to defile my hands with.'

"'Goodness bless you,' replied the tailor; 'what's the use of talking that way to us? I too have been to school, and know how to put words together, yea, and can make many fine speeches out of Herr von Kotzebue's plays. For example, I remember a beautiful sentiment beginning thus: "The man who——" bah! I forget the rest; but it is infinitely touching, I promise you, and makes the heart swell with the finest emotions. But what's that to the purpose? Harken to me: you are young, and a raw hand, and have run, *like* a raw hand, into a trap; now if you can talk yourself *out* of the trap, I'll say talk is a fine thing; but I'll tell you what it is, if you can talk a hole in that wall, and a clear passage for yourself out of the Prussian lines, you're safe;—but, not to discourage you, I confess I have my doubts; I'm afraid you won't find the method quite so sure as might be wished. However, you can try; and I promise you, if talk don't do *that* for you, it will do nothing else.'

"'Well!' said I, 'they can shoot me if they will; I can but assert my innocence to the last. If the officers are determined to put an innocent man to death, to take away life on a bare groundless suspicion, no doubt they have it in their power to do so. Let them do it then, I am not afraid to die.'

"'They are very punctilious, my dear,' remarked the Jew; 'very. They won't shoot you without a confession; they never do. They wouldn't put a man to death on suspicion; they are extremely particular on these points; you'll have to confess; they make a point of it.'

"'Confess!' cried I; 'confess myself a spy! falsely accuse myself of a wickedness I detest! Never!'

"'The provost-marshal,' observed the Jew, 'has great powers of persuasion.'

"I confess I winced a little at this; hanging had not entered into my calculations. After a pause, however, I replied—

"'Well! they may hang me: of the two I would rather be shot; but I will

not purchase the choice at the expense of my honest fame, neither shall even the fear of the gallows induce me to belie myself. Do what they will with me, they shall not have the satisfaction of hearing me call myself a spy: I will not die with a lie in my mouth.'

"The gracious pity the boy!" exclaimed the tailor; "hear him talk of the gallows! Death is death: and I see little to choose between the rope and the bullet; but what do you say to being *flogged* to death?" "Assert your innocence" by all means, and die under the lash, or "belie yourself," and be shot. *That's* the choice you'll have, this evening or early to-morrow. Bear the flogging, of course, as long as you can: life is worth bearing something for; but I prophesy you will not bear it long;—besides, they won't give over until they get a confession out of you. "Life is sweet," said I to myself, when they tied me up this morning. "I will save my life, though I be unable to put a coat to my back for a twelvemonth;" but I couldn't hold out—I couldn't hold out: nor were it to any purpose, for I should be a dead man ere now, if I had not cried guilty!"

"You will not die," added the Jew, with the sneer of a demon; "you will not die with a lie in your mouth. Will you die with piteous moanings and cries for mercy in your mouth, which you might as well address to the scourge that plays on your back, or to the human tool that plies it, as to the calm tyrants that sit and see it plied? Will you die with the thirst of the burning Tophet in your mouth? with the drought of the sandy wilderness in your jaws? Will you die when, from the resolved and silent man, you have become the shrieking woman, and from the shrieking woman, the sick child that plains feebly, and can only murmur, "a little water, a little water," which they will not give, because they know that a blessed drop of it were death, and thereby were much good flogging thrown away? Men die not so speedily under the lash," proceeded he, addressing the tailor; "and thou wouldst be alive till now, though thou hadst not cried "guilty!" Ah! ah! had I a thousand souls, I would give them all—all—all! that my tormentors should suffer for

ever and ever—for ever and ever—for ever and ever—what I suffered this day at their will, before I bent my will thereto, and gratified them with my confession.'

"Until now I had not seen into what a labyrinth my destiny had led me. I felt from this moment that there remained to me no other course than to prepare for death; for I resolved firmly that I would be shot, rather than be flogged to death. Since now I had but the choice between these two modes of being murdered, I determined to give, on the very first stripe, the answer desired by my oppressors.

"From five o'clock that evening till the following morning, I was conducted, at least half a dozen times, before a court composed of officers. My conductor was the provost-marshal; and at each elbow walked a dragoon, their drawn swords held edgeways across my breast and back.

"An examination more rigorous, or one more difficult—more impossible for a man to withstand, who had any thing to conceal—cannot be conceived. Interrogatories of the most subtle and ensnaring tendency—observations ingeniously calculated to throw me off my guard—insidious leading questions (which I had no learned counsel to object to)—cunning tricks of speech, intended to surprise me into a confession or admission, direct or indirect, of my presumed guilt, followed each other until my head was well nigh dizzy. If there *had* been a weak point in my defence it must infallibly have been found out—had the hollow ground of guilt been under my feet, I had been engulfed without redemption.

"But as all this ingenuity was, upon an innocent man, necessarily thrown away, the officers at last desisted from questioning me, and looked dubiously in each other's faces. Now the very strong presumption of my being a spy rested chiefly on this ground—that the Prussians, from the time they took up their position, had suffered no one, traveller or other, any more to pass on from their side in the direction of the French; and they naturally concluded that, as was customary in such circumstances, (the two armies being then but two leagues asunder,) the French would have acted on the same

rule. When they saw me, therefore, come over from the French side, the conclusion was almost inevitable that I was a spy; and the evidence of my innocence must have been very strong, indeed, to have countervailed this potent presumption against it. My judges, as I have said, looked dubiously in each other's faces. 'After all,' at length began one—for they spoke openly before me—'it is possible that at the time the young man passed, the enemy had really not taken up their position, in which case, you know, there would have been no hindrance offered to his passing: so that you see there is a possibility—mind, I say merely a possibility, for I don't build much on it—but there is a possibility of his having come over innocently, and without being aware of the danger.'

" 'I think you do well,' said another, 'not to make too much of your possibility; yet I confess myself perplexed. Appearances are desperately against the prisoner; and yet *his own* appearance and manner are as much in his favour as those of any man I ever saw. This I will say—either he is innocent or a most accomplished knave, and an infinitely more dangerous villain than a hundred such poor caitiffs as we took yesterday. If he be a spy, he is a perfect one.'

" 'I think,' remarked the former speaker, 'such a mere youth could hardly be such an adept in dissimulation: moreover, he is a Suabian by his tongue; and that is a people that have more of the ox than of the fox in them.'

" 'I see no great difficulty,' observed a third, 'in dealing with this matter: try five and twenty lashes for a beginning. My life on it, the provost-marshal will bring more truth out of the *kerl* in five minutes, than all your cross-examining will do in as many months.'

" I was now led back to my prison, and occupied myself with thinking over the necessary proofs of my innocence. At this time came to my recollection a story which had been told me in Switzerland, by one Böschel, of Pirna: it was to this effect. During the siege of Dresden, which took place in the seven years' war, communications were secretly carried on between that town

and Pirna; and the Pirna people having on one occasion hired a young girl of fifteen years of age, for a few *groschen*, to carry to Dresden one of their despatches, of the contents or nature of which she had not an idea; both the mission and its innocent bearer fell into the hands of the besiegers, who forthwith hung the poor child.

" The recollection of this story now depressed me; and when I reflected on the so called 'hussar-justice,' known to be acted upon particularly in spy trials, on the absence of any sufficing proofs of my innocence, and on the speedy effect which the torture of the lash would have, to wring from me a false confession of guilt, I saw, as I thought, that my hours were numbered; and the only consolation I had was in calling to mind, that shooting, as I had heard, was a speedy and not painful mode of execution, and that to suffer unjustly was, after all, no such unheard-of or unexampled fate.

" The prison, as I have said before, was situated within the precincts of the main-guard: it had on the outer sides three strong walls, and on the inner an iron grating, before which the sentries on guard paced to and fro. I had not long been led back from my examination, when a number of soldiers crowded to this grating, pushing and shouldering their way to gaze on us as if we had been wild beasts.

" 'One of these unlucky devils is to be shot this evening, or at day-break to-morrow,' said one of our spectators.

" 'Serve 'em right,' growled another, with many other the like sympathizing speeches. However, they were presently turned away, and no further molestation of the kind was permitted to be offered us. As for me, I knew that, as I had not yet been pronounced guilty, mine could not be the execution thus spoken of as so near: nevertheless, the impression the scene had made on me was far from agreeable.

" Still I had nothing for it but to accommodate myself as well as I could to my destiny; and I will say this, that I had at least no feeling of unmanly terror: I did not fear to die; what grieved me most was, that I should be thrust out of the world ig-



nominiouſly, and as one of the moſt abandoned of men.

“ A ſhort time elapſed, and I was called to a further examination. On entering the guard-room, I noticed a certain grating which had not appeared there on the former occaſion. What this boded, I could but too well divine: nevertheless, I felt no violent diſcompoſure; only I was ſenſible all at once of a peculiar burning heat under the tongue, nowiſe painful, but which has ſo branded itſelf on me that I retain to this day a diſtinct and lively impreſſion of it.

“ Once more I was queſtioned on the ſubjects relating to my poſition, but naturally with a reſult as little ſatisfactory to the court as before: it was reſolved, therefore, to proceed without further delay to the experiment of the laſh, and orders were given that I ſhould forthwith be ſeized up to the grating aforementiſioned. That moment I felt a new ſpirit poſſeſs me: I was another man. Every trace of fear, all trepidation, all inquietude was gone. With an undaunted mind, I looked my judges in the face, and aſked for one moment's ſpeech before the putting of their purpoſe into execution. With ſome roughneſs (for they were impatient) they aſked me what I had to ſay, and I ſpoke with emphasis as follows:—

“ ‘Sirs! I am a travelling handicraftſman, not accuſtomed to being flogged; and therefore my determination is, at the very firſt ſtripe I receive, to cry guilty! falſe as the word will be; for I can foreſee plainly enough, that once tied up to that grating, I ſhall find no compaſſion, and have no other proſpect but to periſh in the painfuller way. If, ſirs, you have found, up to this moment, either in my papers or in my words, the fainteſt trace of a juſtification of your ſuſpicions, I only pray you to have me ſhot at once. If you have found nothing of the kind, and want only to force me by torture to confeſs myſelf what you chooſe to conſider me, you will attain your aim, it is true, but you will have blackened an honeſt man's name, and you will go to battle, to-morrow or the day after, with innocent blood on your hands.’

“ There was a pauſe; and the officers looked upon me with a grave and

ſad expreſſion: for that time I was led back to my priſon unſcourged. About an hour and a half had elapſed, when the provost-maſhal came to uſher me once more into the preſence of my judges; and on this occaſion I was no more flanked, as before, by the dragoons, with their drawn ſabres. For the laſt time was the interrogatory addreſſed to me, whither I was on my way; and I answered, as before, to Dresden, by the neareſt route, namely, by Chemnitz and Friedberg. My paſſport was handed me, the route duly marked upon it; every thing that had been taken from me was returned; and I was diſmiſſed with the advice not to be too ready another time to thruſt myſelf in between two armies on the point of engagement. A ſoldier was given me for eſcort, with orders to conduct me to the diſtance of a league and a half behind the Pruſſian lines: thence I was at liberty to purſue my way without reſtraint.

“ It was but a few days after my liberation—namely, the fourteenth of October, 1806—that the battle of Jena, ſo diſaſtrous to the Pruſſian arms, was fought.

“ And now, ſirs, I aſk you, are the concerns of men indeed abandoned to the ſport of a blind haphazard? Conſider it: to my very great annoyance, I had forgot to re-poſſeſs myſelf of my ſecond paſſport, which had been taken from me by my hoſt, at Newſtadt on the Aiſch. But had this not taken place—had I been apprehended by the Pruſſians with two paſſports, varying in their accounts of me or my perſon—that power is not on earth that could have ſaved me from the ignominious fate of the vileſt of traitors.

“ I can only pity the ſceptic, who will, no doubt, ſay it was a mere chance that my paſſport was kept back from me. Never in my life, beſides, was my paſſport taken from me by an innkeeper: how little likely ſuch a thing is to happen, they who have travelled moſt will be beſt able to judge. And ſuppoſing your paſſport were thus taken away, how much more unlikely ſtill were it that you ſhould forget at parting to aſk for it, or your hoſt forget to return it!

“ No! I ſay again, with the proofs I have of a good Providence ordering

the affairs of men, I should merit to be reproached, by infidels themselves, as a soul incapable of gratitude, could I believe my steps to be directed by no higher, no holier power than my own poor prudence, or than blind chance. And so, gentlemen, that is my story; and I crave your pardon for troubling you with it; but it has turned out longer than I counted on."

While the Suabian spoke, the tailor had applied himself, as if there had been nine of him, right manfully to the

Rhine wine, and was now hardly clear-headed enough to give a very edifying comment on what he had heard. All that he could bring out was, that he considered remarks on a man's profession illiberal and beneath his notice; and that if he could bring himself to think that all that about the tailor the Suabian had spoke of was meant as a personality, he would—the rest of the sentence was unfortunately lost in the speaker's increasing thickness of articulation.

SONG—BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

OUR AIN BURN-SIDE.

TUNE—"The Briar Bush."

O! weel I mind the days, by our ain burn-side,  
When we clam' the sunny braes, by our ain burn-side;  
When flowers were blooming fair,  
And we wandered free o' care,  
For happy hearts were there—by our ain burn-side!

O! blithe was ilka sang, by our ain burn-side,  
Nor langest day seemed lang, by our ain burn-side;  
When we deck'd our woodland queen,  
In the rashy chaplet green,  
Aud gay she look'd, I ween!—by our ain burn-side.

But the bloom hath left the flower, by our ain burn-side,  
And gathering tempests lour, by our ain burn-side;  
The woods—no longer green—  
Brave the wintry blazts sae keen,  
And their withered leaves are seen—by our ain burn-side.

And the little band is gane, frae our ain burn-side,  
To meet, ah, ne'er again, by our ain burn-side;  
And the winter of the year  
Suits the heart both lone and sore,  
For the happy ne'er appear by our ain burn-side!

## BOWDEN'S LIFE OF GREGORY VII.\*

## SECOND ARTICLE.

THE trouble and heaviness of spirit by which, on his elevation to the papacy, Hildebrand was disquieted, denotes an intellect of no vulgar order. Common minds are often betrayed by the flatteries of a transient prosperity into a thoughtlessness of unseen, although impending, dangers. The mind of Hildebrand was not of this stamp, else would it have been elated, not depressed, by elevation to an office which all the ambitious of the priestly order coveted to fill, effected under circumstances so extraordinary and so encouraging as those which Mr. Bowden has described.

“On the day following that of Alexander's decease, the dignified clergy of the Roman church stood, with the archdeacon, round the bier of the departed pontiff, in the patriarchal church of the Lateran. The funeral rites were in progress, and Hildebrand, it is probable, was taking a leading part in the celebration of these solemn ceremonies. But suddenly, from the body of the building, which had been filled to overflowing by the lower clergy and people, burst forth the cry of ‘Hildebrand.’ A thousand voices instantly swelled the sound ‘Hildebrand shall be pope.’ ‘St. Peter chooses our Archdeacon Hildebrand.’ These, and cries like these, rang wildly through the church; the ceremonies were interrupted; and the officiating clergy paused in suspense. The subject of this tumult, recovering from a momentary stupor, rushed into a pulpit, and thence, while his gestures implored silence, attempted to address the agitated assembly. But the attempt was vain; the uproar continued; and it was not until they perceived the cardinal presbyter Hugo Candidus coming forward, and soliciting their attention, that the multitude suffered their cries to subside.

“‘Brethren,’ said the cardinal, ‘ye know, and as it appears, ye acknowledge that from the time of our holy father Leo, Hildebrand, our archdeacon, has proved himself a man of discretion and

probity; that he has exalted the dignity of the Roman church, and rescued our Roman city from most imminent dangers. We can find no man more fitting to be entrusted with the future defence of our church or state; and we, the cardinal bishops, do, with one voice, elect Hildebrand to be henceforth your spiritual pastor and our own.’

“The joyous cries of the populace arose anew. The cardinal, bishops, and clergy approached the object of their choice, to lead him towards the apostolic throne. ‘We choose,’ they cried to the people, ‘for our pastor and pontiff, a devout man; a man skilled in interpreting the Scriptures; a distinguished lover of equity and justice; a man firm in adversity, and temperate in prosperity; a man, according to the sayings of the apostles, of good behaviour, blameless, modest, sober, chaste, given to hospitality, and one that ruleth well his own house. A man from his childhood generously brought up in the bosom of this mother church, and from the merit of his life, already raised to the archdeaconal dignity. We choose, namely, our Archdeacon, Hildebrand, to be pope, and successor to the apostle, and to bear henceforward, and for ever, the name of Gregory.’ The pope elect, upon this, was forthwith invested, by eager hands, with the scarlet robe and tiara of pontifical dignity; and placed, notwithstanding his gestures of reluctance, and even his tears, upon the throne of the apostle. The cardinals approached him with obeisance, and the people, with shouts yet louder and more joyous than before, repeated the designation of their new pontiff, and tumultuously testified their gratification.”—Vol. I. p. 314.

An election such as this would have relieved the mind from ordinary apprehensions; it would have raised the pontiff, in whose favour all interests and all passions seemed to conspire, above the fear of conspiracy and disaffection: the difficulties and the resistance contemplated by Hildebrand, were of a nature to which it could not

\* The Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh. By John William Bowden, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841.

reach. His dejection, indeed anguish, of spirit, as described in a passage quoted in our last number, bore token that he was not entering upon the warfare he had mentally undertaken, without carefully counting the cost.

Without inquiring, for the present, into the nature or the sincerity of Hildebrand's designs for the reformation of the church, it may be regarded as certain, that he had two great ends in view—to exalt the ecclesiastical above the secular power; and to make the church powerful enough to maintain its ascendancy. The difficulties in his way were obvious; secular princes would not readily surrender their power; the disorders within the church were such as, if not corrected, must keep it for ever in a state of weakness. Hildebrand was thus called to a twofold task—resistance and reform. *Without* the church, he had to withstand and overcome warlike and potent princes; *within*, he had to correct and reform gross abuses and corruptions. His life, whether in retirement, or in the conduct of public affairs, had been passed in habits which taught him to know where lay the strength and the weakness of the parties he was about to set in opposition; and he entered upon his enterprise with a true sense of its enormous difficulties, yet not without hope.

"No sooner," writes Du Pin, "was this man made pope, but he formed a design of becoming lord, spiritual and temporal, over the whole earth; the

supreme judge and determiner of all affairs, both ecclesiastical and civil, &c. &c.\* He lived in times very lucky for him, and very proper to establish his pretensions—the empire of Germany was weak; France governed by an infant king, who did not much mind the affairs of state; England† newly conquered by the Normans; Spain in part under the government of the Moors; the kingdoms of the north newly converted; Italy in the hands of a great many petty princes; all Europe divided by several factions; so that it was easy for him, in such a juncture, to establish his authority. But this undertaking created a world of business to him, and engaged him in contests with many European princes." Thus writes Du Pin of the pontiff and his times.

In the arduous struggle which he was determined to abide and provoke, Hildebrand estimated truly (he could not over estimate) the assistance which popular opinion could afford him. To enlist this mighty force on his side, his professions, it is scarcely necessary to observe, must have been such as were likely to find favour with the masses of the people. They were such. His opposition to secular princes, in which he contended with them for power and patronage in the church, he covered with a profession that its object was to abate simony: his scheme for consolidating the ecclesiastical power, and "effacing nationality" from the hearts of the clergy, through the operation

\* History of Ecl. Wr. vol. ii. p. 211.

† Hildebrand strongly advocated the enterprise of William the Conqueror. Thierry's notice of the part he took in it is very graphic and expressive. William had preferred at Rome a complaint against Harold, grounded on various offences against morals and against his rights. Hildebrand could ill brook the delays of ecclesiastical proceedings. "His most strenuous efforts were directed to substitute, instead of ecclesiastical pleadings relative to the lukewarmness of the English people, the simony of its prelates, and the perjury of its king, a formal treaty with the Normans for the conquest of the island at common cost, and for mutual profit. . . . Upon Hildebrand's insisting on this point, loud murmurs arose, and the more conscientious prelates declared to him that there would be infamy attached to the authorization of so homicidal a course; *he remained unperturbed in his resolves, and his sentiments at length prevailed.*"—*Thierry's History of the Conquest of England*, p. 61.

William does not appear to have made the expected acknowledgments for Hildebrand's enforcement of his claims. Three acknowledgments of respect for the papacy were required of him:—1. To take an oath of obedience to the pope. 2. To leave the bishops in England and Normandy free to attend councils when summoned. 3. To pay Peter's pence. The two former services he refused; the last, in a certain sense, he promised. Gregory was not satisfied with it, saying he valued silver little without honour; but he was not in a condition to enforce his claims, and he was wise enough to know it.

of an enforced celibacy, he rendered acceptable, by representing it as having for its purpose to check the fearful progress of profligacy among ecclesiastics, and ensure that the services of the church should cease to be desecrated by the gross unworthiness of those who ministered at the altar. To abolish simony was, in its political sense, a fair pretext for wresting power from temporal sovereigns; to enforce a law of celibacy was a contrivance for organizing the whole body of ecclesiastics into an army, or at least, for detaching them from national interests: to the great mass of the people these schemes recommended themselves as holy enterprises for vindicating the liberties of the church, and reforming its worst abuses.

Mr. Bowden appears to think that Hildebrand was sincere and candid in those professions in which we confess our suspicion of a concealed purpose. But we are not altogether without excuse. Hildebrand may have felt a real abhorrence of simony, but he has certainly left room for doubt on the subject, by the part he took in the affair of Gratian, numbered in the line of popes by the name of Gregory VI. At a time when there were three claimants or competitors for the holy see; when, as an old writer quaintly observes, "in the vessel of St. Peter, vice was at the helm, and innocence held the oars," this pontiff, who was a wealthy priest in Rome, succeeded in persuading, "by arguments and gold," the three schismatics to renounce the station they profaned, and which he presently occupied. In this proceeding, Mr. Bowden informs us, Gratian had Hildebrand for his adviser. He was afterwards called upon to pay the penalty of unrighteous dealing. Henry III. took to himself the office of rectifying the disorders which had disgraced the church at Rome, and his judicial investigations brought Gregory VI. under censure. Out of his own mouth he was convicted, and, by his own judgment, this erring, but probably not ill-intentioned pontiff, was deposed.

"The principles of the false Isidore were now universally admitted; and according to these, the pope, being himself the supreme judge of bishops, and all other ecclesiastical dignitaries, could not be judged by them; and Henry was

therefore obliged to use some management in compassing his object. Under his auspices, before the council of Scotri dissolved itself, the following scenes took place:—his bishops, the cases of Gregory's rivals having been disposed of, requested the pontiff to state, for their information, the circumstances of his own election to the papal office; and when they had thus drawn from him an admission of the unholy traffic by which that transaction had been accomplished, they brought before him the impropriety of his conduct, in a manner so glaring, that the confounded pontiff at length exclaimed, 'I call God to witness, that in doing what I did, I hoped to obtain the forgiveness of my sins, and the grace of God. But now that I see the snare into which the enemy has entrapped me, tell me what I must do!' The bishops having thus obtained their point, replied, 'Judge thyself; condemn thyself with thy own mouth; better will it be for thee to live, like the holy Peter, poor in this world, and to be blest in another, than like the magician Simon, whose example misled thee, to shine in riches here, and to receive hereafter the sentence of condemnation.' And the penitent Gregory, in obedience to the suggestion, spoke as follows:—'I, Gregory, bishop, servant of the servants of God, pronounce that, on account of the shameful trafficking, the heretical simony, which took place at my election, I am deprived of the Roman see. Do you agree,' he concluded, 'to this?' 'We acquiesce,' was the reply, 'in your decision;' and the ex-pope at once divested himself of the insignia of pontifical authority."—Vol. i. p. 118.

Such was the close of a papacy, obtained, as it would seem, by clandestine means, and ignominiously terminated. Opinions appear to have been divided, whether the name of Gregory VI. should appear in the roll of Roman pontiffs, or if he should be numbered with the intrusive occupants of the papal see. The question was determined by Hildebrand; and determined in a manner which proved that there were occasions on which his zeal against simony could moderate itself, and become cool enough to take counsel from expediency.

"The name 'Gregory' appears to have been chosen by, or for Hildebrand, at the moment of his sudden election, in compliment to his unfortunate teacher and friend Gratianus, who, it will be recollected, had been elevated to the



chair of St. Peter by that name. By styling himself the 'seventh,' the new pontiff indicated, as it were, the right of that unhappy man to the papacy, and secured his insertion in the canonical list of the popes, by the designation which he had assumed, of Gregory VI."

Thus was the memory of this simoniacal pontiff honoured. Whatever may be said in extenuation of his offence, and however it may have been affected by circumstances, or palliated by motives, he was a man by his own confession, convicted of a concern in practices of "heretical simony, and of most shameful trafficking." To these practices he owed his temporary occupation of the Roman see; for these he had been deposed from it. Oblivion,\* it might have been thought, was the indulgence most to be desired for a name thus branded. In raising it out of obscurity, and claiming honour for it, Hildebrand seems to have betrayed his own secret dispositions, and to have shown, that if simony could be made in any instance profitable to the church, it would be, in his judgment, consecrated by its use, or, at least, divested of the character which rendered it especially odious. He abhorred the evil, where it added to, or confirmed the power of secular princes; he connived at it where it served the interest of the papacy. In a word, simony was the name adopted by Hildebrand, to render lay-patronage hateful. The definition of the term, as cited by Mr. Bowden, confirms this opinion.

"The definition of that crime (si-

mony) was, in the language of its impugnors, so far extended, as to include the obtaining benefices by *undue obsequiousness or adulation*, as well as by positive purchase. 'Ut tria dicantur esse munerum genera, scilicet munus a manu, munus de obsequio, munus a lingua.'"—*Darn. Opuscul*, vol. i. p. 289, note.

A convenient definition for the papal party! It was simony to obtain a benefice by "obsequiousness" (the passage cited by Mr. Bowden, shows that the word "undue" is his own gratuitous introduction,) or "adulation," no less than by "positive purchase." Such a definition was eminently well calculated to place restraint on the exercise of lay-patronage, and it seems difficult to imagine that it was not designed to have that effect. No temporal prince could regard the loyalty of an ecclesiastical subject as among the reasons for advancing him. Obedience could be pronounced "obsequiousness;" manifestations of loyalty could be proscribed under the name of "flattery;" priests must hold themselves estranged from their princes, if they would not have their advancement to dignity or emolument in the church punished as a heinous crime; and princes, if they would have their exercise of patronage unchallenged, must take care to bestow their favours wherever the pope advised; that is, must virtually surrender to him one of their most important prerogatives. Thus, while Hildebrand won favour from the people of all countries, by his expressed desire to abate the evil of simony,† he was ac-

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\* Gregory is said to have been favoured with a curious *post mortem* vindication of his fame. Agreeably to the directions given in his dying hour, the coffin containing his remains was placed outside a church, the great gates of which, conscious of the holy presence, opened of themselves; and the coffin, as if accepting the invitation, moved onwards, instinct with life, and rested before the grand altar. All who beheld this unequivocal miracle, regarded the body of Gregory VI. as that of a saint.

† While the exertions of Hildebrand against simony are thus regarded rather in their political than in a religious aspect, it is not denied that he may have sincerely abhorred the vice he condemned, and it is certain that it was flagrant and shameless enough to provoke the sharpest censure. Mr. Bowden has recorded some curious instances of the prevalence of the vice; and one in which it seemed odious even to the King Henry.

"On the day immediately following Rupert's nomination, while the king sat in council with his nobles on the disposal of the vacant Abbey of Fulda, a crowd of abbots and monks bid publicly and unblushingly before him, as at an auction, for that much coveted dignity. 'Some,' says Lambert, 'proffered mountains of gold; some rich benefices out of the territory which they sought to possess; some under-

tually engaged in an enterprise, which, so far as it was successful, would have transferred to the church, or to himself, patronage which had been previously exercised, and, in many instances, created or righteously acquired, by lay sovereigns and princes. That such was the end which Gregory had in view, became plainly manifest, when it was declared an offence punishable by excommunication, to receive investitures from any except ecclesiastical patrons.

The same policy which Hildebrand pursued in his warfare against lay-patronage, he observed also in his successful exertions to enforce celibacy on the clergy. The bad name of simony rendered the exercise of *lay-patronage* odious; the *marriage of a priest* became objectionable when it came to be regarded as *a species of incontinence*. Romanism has always proved itself thoroughly sensible of the power of names; this knowledge, however, does not constitute a very peculiar or uncommon distinction. It is the property of all who have attained lasting and general influence over mankind. Names, as such men use them, are spells for evoking popular passions, and awakening popular sympathies. The indignation aroused by a thought of vice or crime, can be directed upon practices not essentially vicious, and can be so governed and managed, as to render effectual service to vices of the very same description as those against which it has been called into action. The dexterity, no less than the determination of Hildebrand, was proved, in the conflicts upon which he was forced in his endeavours to carry into effect the laws enjoining clerical celibacy.

“In his warfare against simony,”

writes Mr. Bowden, “Gregory had unquestionably the support of all who sincerely deplored the corruptions of the church and desired her reformation. But it was far otherwise with his peremptory annulment of the marriages of the clergy. These marriages did not, like the corrupt traffic in holy things, carry with them, in the eyes of all seriously-minded persons, their own instant condemnation. They were indeed unlawful, as having been prohibited by an authority in which was recognised the undoubted right of legislating on such subjects. But those prohibitions, frequently as they had been repeated, had been in great measure forgotten; and might, at any time, be regarded in the light rather of humanly-contrived, prudential regulations, than of divinely-promulgated, necessary laws. The example of the Greek church—to mention no others—shows that, in insisting on celibacy in the priesthood, Rome was not enforcing a primitive or essential law of the church universal. And indeed, at the very time of Gregory's enactment, it came upon the clergy—though it ought not to have done so—with much of the air of a novelty. At that time it was, it is true, a measure of reform; nay, was, perhaps, the only available mode in which a sudden and efficient check could be imposed on the gross licentiousness of the degenerate priesthood. But even those who were the most deeply sensible of this, and were the most disposed, on those grounds, to advocate the enforcement of clerical celibacy in general, might well be startled at the violence of a measure by which that principle was enforced in the rending asunder of ties already existing of the tenderest nature, and in violation of obligations in appearance the most solemn and sacred. For surrounded as the clergy were, at this moment, by wives, mistresses, and families, the canon which Gregory now showed his intention of enforcing tended to effect a revolution, which, in its stern and agonizing character, could only be paral-

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took to perform greater services than the fief had been accustomed to pay; promises were lavished without moderation or modesty.’ Well may the grieving historian continue, ‘O abomination of desolation standing where it ought not! O Mammon, sitting in our times in the temple of God, and exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped!’ Even Henry was disgusted with the scene, and acted with good feeling, which showed that, with another education, and under more favourable circumstances, he might have been capable of better things. Perceiving amid the greedy crowd a monk of Hersfeld, named Ruzelin, who, having come into his court upon some business of his abbey, took no part in the nefarious traffic, the king beckoned him to approach, suddenly invested him with the pastoral staff, and hailed him abbot, calling on all who sat around him to sanction the nomination, which they did with one consent; and Ruzelin, in spite of his own opposition, was forthwith installed in his new office.”—Vol. ii. p. 73.

leled by that which Ezra, fifteen hundred years before, had been guided to accomplish in Israel. Vehement, therefore, was the indignation of the German clergy, when first the intelligence of this obnoxious enactment reached their ears, and when they found that the great moral power which the papacy had within the last few years attained, was to be wielded in enforcing, as realities, those principles of austere reformation, which, when promulged as they had been by Gregory's predecessors a few years before, had probably seemed like theoretical notions, based upon views unsuited to the state of things actually existing in the world. The pope, the clergy proclaimed aloud, was a heretic, and his decree that of a madman. The execution of it was a childish—an impossible notion. Human nature being what it was, the rigour of his laws—the attempt to make men live like angels—would only plunge the clergy, by a necessary re-action, into habits more dissolute than ever. And the letter of Holy Scripture, the plain teaching as well of our Lord himself as of his inspired apostles, was directly at variance with this wild, this extravagant enactment. But they defied him to proceed to such an extremity as to enforce its general adoption; and protested that, sooner than resign their domestic enjoyments, they would relinquish the priesthood; and when he had expelled them, for no other reason than that they were men, he might seek where he could for angels to minister in the churches in their stead.

"And long and violently did this tumult rage. Several bishops, the principal among whom was Otho of Constance, openly put themselves at the head of the clergy opposed to Gregory's authority. And prelates, who, taking a different course, attempted to promulgate the papal edict in their respective dioceses, were assailed by the refractory members of their churches with insolence and outrage."—Vol. ii. p. 19.

Hildebrand was not to be turned aside from his purpose by such opposition. Whatever may have been the strength and purity of his religious faith, he seems to have had an enlightened and well-grounded faith in the evil affections of the human heart. "Envy, malice, and all uncharitableness," he was always able to employ, and little scrupled employing, if his ends could be promoted

by them. When temporal princes opposed him, he appealed to the angry passions of the priesthood, and excited a war of religion against them. When the priesthood proved refractory, he did not scruple to call upon princes and people, and to afford a sanction and countenance under which animosities long concealed might take courage to avenge themselves. He exhorted the secular powers to employ force, if necessary, in preventing the married clergy from administering the offices of religion. "If any murmur," said he, "as if you exceed your powers, let them know that you act by our authority and command, and send them to dispute the matter before us." The most remarkable peculiarity, observes Fleury,\* in the letter which contains this advice is the circumstance that it acknowledges the novelty of the means by which clerical insubordination is to be corrected. The pope, he says, confesses as much, but yields to *the necessity of the unhappy times* in which he lived. The truth is, Gregory was determined to prevail, and would not suffer scruples as to the means of success to defeat him. The struggle which ensued when the secular powers were stimulated against the clergy by the Roman pontiff, is well described by Mr. Bowden:—

"Such partial failures as the above did but stimulate the intrepid pontiff to further exertions. His summons to Siegfried was followed, in January, 1075, by the mission of two other legates to Germany; whom Gregory accredited by a letter, which he addressed 'to all the faithful,' and in which he demanded their reverend obedience for these messengers of St. Peter, in virtue of the text, 'He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me.' And about the same time, appealing to the zeal of the known adherents to the papal cause, Rudolf and Berthold, he called on them to exert to the utmost their powerful influence in promoting the observance of his canons, and in preventing, even by force, if necessary, the ministrations of priests who disobeyed them. But another power which Gregory, for the accomplishment of the same purpose, was tempted to call into action, shows more fully than the above step, the incompleteness, or, as we

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\* *Histoire Eccles.* tom. 13, p. 164.

should perhaps say, the inconsistency of the papal views on the subject of ecclesiastical discipline and authority. By the last of the four canons above quoted, the laity were thrown into the position, if not of judges of the priesthood, at least of punishers of its irregularities. And such an invitation, thus made, was of course readily and generally attended to. The occasion seemed, to the selfish, the irreverent, and the profane, to legalize the gratification of all the bad feelings with which persons of these dispositions must ever regard the church and her ministry; and priests, whose disobedience to the papal authority furnished any excuse for such conduct, were openly beaten, abused, and insulted by their rebellious flocks: some were forced to fly with the loss of all that they possessed; some were deprived of limbs; and some, it is even said, put to death in lingering torments. And to lengths even more horrible than these did the popular violence, thus unhappily, thus criminally sanctioned, proceed. Too many were delighted to find what they could consider a religious excuse for neglecting religion itself, for depriving their children of the inestimable gift conferred on the holy sacrament of baptism, or for making the solemn mysteries of the church subjects of the most degrading mockery, or of the most atrocious profanation. Deeply is it to be regretted that a pontiff who desired from the bottom of his heart, the purification of the church; whose whole life had been devoted to that high and holy cause; and who unquestionably would have shrunk, in the abstract, from the idea of supporting that cause by any means inconsistent with the maintenance of a proper discipline in the church, should have evoked, in furtherance of his views, a spirit of so odious a character as was that which showed itself in these dreadful transactions. But such had been the line marked out for him by those who had gone before him, and it accorded but too well with the general structure of the great theological system under which he lived; a system great and glorious in its general features—on which, indeed, it yet bore the unquestioned impress of divinity—but which, blighted and distorted as it had been by its human modifications, only showed, when contemplated under partial or particular lights, the extent of its deviation from its original model, and the foulness of its consequent corruptions." — Vol. ii. p. 24.

In his strictures on Hildebrand's crusade against the married clergy, we

do not think Mr. Bowden does justice either to the impiety or the sagacious policy of that enterprising pontiff. Neither are we pleased with the allusion to the revolution effected in Israel through the instrumentality of Ezra, as if it afforded a parallel to that which Hildebrand accomplished. Such allusions as this we think ill-advised; because they seem to indicate something like a precedent for conduct altogether inexcusable. The revolution effected by Ezra did not confine itself to the condition of the priests and Levites; it was co-extensive with the whole people of Israel. Ezra did not set one part of the tribes of Israel in hostile array against the other; he did not enforce the priests to obedience, by directing against them the malice or fanaticism of the people. He did not aggravate the visitation inflicted on the priests by confining it to them. He was, in truth, in effecting the separation which took place between the Israelites and their Gentile wives, not only the minister of God, but the organ of a feeling which spread throughout all the tribes of his countrymen, and which disposed them to submit to a severe law, even before he pronounced it. In all these particulars the "revolution effected by Ezra" offered no parallel to that of Hildebrand; but there was another particular, in which the two revolutions were still more strikingly distinguished. Ezra taught the people and the priests to renounce their own usage and law for the sake of rendering due obedience to the law of God: Hildebrand forced priests and people to annul the law of God, in order to establish the supremacy of human ordinances. Ezra annulled the permission given by man where it was prohibited by the divine law: Hildebrand annulled the permission given and recorded by God, because human authorities had declared it inexpedient. These distinctions should be remembered, lest in admitting, that the sufferings occasioned by the enforcement of Hildebrand's decrees had a parallel in the Jewish history, it should be forgotten that a parallel is not a precedent, and that the moral character of the measures holily accomplished by Ezra, bears no relation but that of contrast to the daring and subtle proceedings of the Roman pontiff.

It was, indeed, a master stroke of



human policy ; and it seemed to belong to a policy which placed its reliance exclusively on human exertions. It had the effect of constituting the Romish clergy, in all countries, a distinct people ; separating them from the interests by which men are ordinarily held together, and hardening them against the influence of the best and most purifying of human and social sympathies. So far as this execrable policy could take effect, it made the interest of the clergy adverse to those of the society in which they resided ; it confirmed some in practices of hopeless profligacy ; it nurtured in others feelings of malevolence and envy ; and it released all from the cares, interests, and incumbrances, which might embarrass them in the rendering any service of crime or danger which their only-acknowledged chief held it prudent at any time to demand of them. As a measure of reformation, we wholly dissent from Mr. Bowden's judgment upon the scheme which Hildebrand enforced. It did not—it could not—effect a reformation. A scheme which regarded marriage and “recklessness of most unclean living” as equally criminal, could not be conducive to reformation ; a scheme which abolished a wise and holy law of God, and substituted in its place an edict of fanaticism and folly, could hardly have been designed to effect a reformation. The obligations imposed by Hildebrand on ecclesiastics, the vow of celibacy,

&c. were tests to prove their worthiness to be *his* ministers, not ministers of God ; and we would need much more convincing evidence than any which Mr. Bowden's work supplies, to convince us that the daring pope had not designed the results which his profane and reckless, if not impious, measures seemed calculated to accomplish.

Between an emperor like Henry, and a pope of the qualities and views of Hildebrand, it was not possible that peace could be of long continuance. Each felt that the world could not have two masters ; and neither appears to have been disposed to recede from his own pretensions. A compromise, which has in modern times been found convenient, of distinguishing between spiritual and temporal dominion, did not suit the ripened purposes of the pope, and would not have approved itself to the emperor's unsophisticated and masculine understanding. Both these great men felt that supreme power, by whatever epithet it was distinguished, implied command and the superior force which renders command effectual, and they felt that this was the real empire, which could not be divided. Either the pope or the emperor must be master.

The war soon began. In the year 1073 Hildebrand, as Gregory VII. ascended the papal throne ;—in the year 1076 he was in a condition to maintain a war against Henry. We may pass over the minor incidents\*

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\* One incident seems worthy of note, serving as it does to exhibit the character of Hildebrand, and of the times he lived in. Henry is accused of having employed an Italian, Cencius by name, to avenge him of the pope. The attempt of this daring brigand to secure the person of the pontiff was made under most extraordinary circumstances, and is thus graphically described by Mr. Bowden :—

“The night of Christmas Eve, 1075, was gloomy and tempestuous, the torrents of rain, according to Paul of Bernea, were such as to present a lively image of the general deluge ; and although Gregory, according to custom, *celebrated the holy eucharist* at midnight in the church of St. Mary Maggiore, the building, instead of being as usual thronged with worshippers, was comparatively silent and deserted ; few venturing to leave their homes in weather so inclement.

“Gregory and his clergy had partaken of the holy elements, and were engaged in distributing them to the laity, when on a sudden Cencius and his confederates burst in arms into the church. Interrupting the holy ceremonial, they seized the pontiff at the altar ; one of the ruffians, aiming a blow with a sword at his head, inflicted a serious wound on his forehead ; and the rest then dragged him, amid insults and blows, from the precincts of the sanctuary. He preserved a perfect composure, lifting up his eyes to heaven, but neither struggling nor speaking, while those abandoned wretches thus vented on him their fury. They stripped him of his pallium and chasuble, and then binding him, still clad in his alb and stole, behind a ruffian on horseback, they hurried him to one of the towers, already mentioned, of Cencius ; where preparations had already been made for bearing him at once beyond the walls of Rome. But this latter part of their project the conspirators were not



which preceded this calamitous conflict, the aggressions and expostulations which disturbed a constrained and waning courtesy, and hasten to the time when the two competitors threw off all disguises, and the powers secular and ecclesiastical became committed in the sanguinary struggle.

Hostilities were commenced on the part of the pontiff. He did not, in the first instance, aim directly at the emperor, but struck at certain officers attached to the imperial court. These he excommunicated; and because they were not immediately dismissed, took umbrage at Henry, and summoned him by his legates to appear before a council which was speedily to be convened at Rome, warning him that, in the event of his non-appearance, an apostolic sentence should immediately sever him from the community of the faithful. This summons Henry received with indignation and contempt. Under any circumstances it would have chafed his proud spirit; reaching him, as it did, when elated by victory, he felt at liberty to give expression to the feelings with which he received it. His scorn of the pope he made manifest in his demeanour, and he took measures to give effect to a more formal if not more forcible testimony of his displeasure. He ordered the instant and contumelious dismissal of the legates from his court; appeared to feel a soldier's joy in the release now afforded him from the necessity of interchanging hollow civilities with an enemy; and, with a promptitude of decision worthy of his reputation and suited to the emergency, despatched messengers to all his subjects, dependants, and friends, summoning them to meet at Worms, where he had resolved to take measures for effecting the deposition of his formidable rival. Such was the vigour and dispatch with

which Henry conducted these proceedings, that his council at Worms was assembled, and his measures carried in it, in time to anticipate the decrees of the Roman council before which he had been cited to appear. While it was sitting, a priest deputed by Henry presented himself before the amazed assembly, and delivered to Hildebrand the emperor's defiance. Mr. Bowden shall narrate this memorable incident:—

“A priest of the church of Parma, Roland by name, undertook the rather perilous duty of bearing a copy of the act now passed, and of that of Worms, together with Henry's letters above mentioned, to those whom they concerned in Rome; and, setting forward without delay to execute his mission, he arrived in the papal city at the moment in which the synod, to which Henry had been summoned, was meeting, in the second week of Lent. This council being assembled, and the echoes of the solemn strain, ‘*Veni Creator Spiritus*,’ having scarcely died away amid the holy aisles of the Lateran, Roland suddenly stepped forward before the pontiff and his prelates. The subject, to the consideration of which the assembly was, at the moment, about to proceed, affords a striking proof of the peculiar, and, to our eyes, childish superstition of the times. An egg had recently been produced at Rome, of an appearance so singular, as to entitle it to be classed among those sports of nature which, even in these days, excite sometimes our wonder, though we no longer regard them as prophetic, or as indicative of the will of heaven. This egg, it seems, presented on its shell the figure, in high relief, of a serpent thrice coiled round it, who appeared to have sprung up against a shield, from which his head, severely bruised, had recoiled. Such, at least, was the representation in the eyes of the pontiff and his friends; and making allowance for the notions of the age, we can scarcely wonder at their being struck by the singular analogy

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able to succeed in accomplishing. Clamours, even louder than those of the now-abating storm, soon rang through the awakened city. For a time the populace was agitated by a distracting uncertainty respecting their pastor's fate. An anxious search was made for him in all directions; and the gates of Rome were occupied by soldiery, to prevent his being carried, by any contrivance, beyond them. But, at length, the throngs assembled on the Capitoline Hill were informed of the place of his confinement. On the instant they rushed, with wild and dissonant cries, toward the tower of Cencius, driving before them those by whom their progress was opposed. And the first glimpse of dawn showed to the conspirators within it their enemies, provided with ladders, catapults, and every species of engine then used in assaults, and preparing for an immediate and vigorous attack.”—Vol. ii. p. 89.

between this phenomenon and the great drama then in progress in the world, or at their conceiving the probable existence of some mysterious connection between the two. Their doing so may provoke from us a smile;—but it proves, against their principles, nothing; and, against their minds and understandings, no more than that they participated in the general longing of their contemporaries for a system of visible miracle. The history of the period sufficiently shows that such a disposition might consist with clearness of intellect, soundness of zeal, and sincerity of devotion to the service of God. And it will be well for us—imbued, as we all are, in some degree with the spirit of our own time—if, when our peculiar notions shall be scrutinized by our posterity, none be found to have been universally prevalent among us, either more ridiculous, or more criminal, than were the superstitious imaginations of our ancestors.

“But the conduct of Roland soon directed the attention of the assembly to matters more manifestly important. Addressing his speech to Gregory, ‘the king,’ he said, ‘and the united bishops, as well of Germany as of Italy, transmit thee this command—Descend without delay from the throne of St. Peter, and abandon the usurped government of the Roman church; for to such honours should none aspire, unsanctioned by their general choice, and by the approval of the emperor.’ And then, ere the assembled prelates and clergy had recovered from their astonishment, the audacious envoy looked round upon them, and thus addressed them collectively:—‘To you, brethren, it is commanded, that ye do, at the Feast of Pentecost, present yourselves before the king, my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. The pretended pastor before you is detected to be a ravening wolf.’

“‘Seize him!’ cried John, bishop of Porto, a prelate of holy and exalted character, who could no longer contain his indignation. The prefect of the city rushed forward, attended by the guards and attendants of the council. Swords were brandished, even in that holy place; and the blood of Roland would, on the moment, have expiated his temerity, had not Gregory himself forced his way into the crowd, and restrained, though with difficulty, his adherents. He at length succeeded in producing a comparative tranquillity, and then, imploring the continued silence of the assembly, he proceeded to read aloud, with his usual composure, the acts of the Councils of Worms and

Placenza, and the following extraordinary epistle:—

“‘Henry, not by usurpation, but by the holy ordinance of God, king, to Hildebrand, no longer the pope, but the false monk.—A greeting like this hast thou for thy confusion deserved; thou, who hast left no order of the church untouched, but hast brought upon each confusion, not honour—cursing, not blessing. To speak but of a few of thy most distinguished deeds—the rulers of the holy church, the archbishops, bishops, and presbyters, thou hast not only not feared, seeing that they are the Lord’s anointed, to touch; but as though they were servants who know not what their Lord doeth, thou hast trampled them under thy feet. Thou hast obtained favour with the vulgar by their humiliation; and hast thought that they knew nothing, and that thou alone knewest all things. Yet this knowledge of thine thou hast used for the purpose, not of edification, but of destruction; insomuch that we believe the blessed Gregory, whose name thou hast assumed, to have spoken prophetically of thee, when he said, ‘By the abundance of subjects, the mind of him, who is set over them, is puffed up; for he supposes that he excels all in knowledge, when he finds that he excels all in power.’”

“‘And we, indeed, have borne with these things, as anxious to maintain the honour of the apostolic chair. But thou hast mistaken our humility for fear; hast dared to exalt thyself against the royal power which God has given us—yea, hast threatened to take it from us; as though the kingdom, the empire, were in thy hand, not in God’s; whereas, in truth, our Lord Jesus Christ, who called us to the throne, never called thee to the priesthood. The steps by which thou hast ascended to it were cunning and fraud, abhorrent to the monastic profession; by money thou hast obtained favour, by favour the sword, by the sword the seal of peace, and from the seal of peace thou hast disturbed peace; arming subjects against their rulers, and teaching them to despise bishops who were chosen of God to their high office; whereas thou thyself wast never called to the same. And the authority of these prelates over the clergy hast thou made over to laymen, whom thou hast empowered to depose and to condemn those who had been appointed their instructors by the hand of the Lord, through the imposition of the hands of bishops. Me, also, who, unworthy as I may be among the anointed, have been consecrated to the kingdom, hast thou assailed; though the tradition of the

holy fathers declares that God only is my judge, and that I can be deposed for no other crime than a defection from the faith; though even Julien the apostate was left by the prudence of the holy fathers to be judged and deposed by God alone. That true pope, St. Peter himself, saith, "Fear God; honour the king;" and it is because thou fearest not God, that thou dost not honour me, his deputy. But St. Paul, when condemning the angel from heaven who should preach a new doctrine, excepted not thee, who preachest novelties on earth. And he saith, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Do thou, therefore, lying under this curse, and condemned by the sentence of all our bishops, and by our own—come down! Leave the usurped apostolic throne, and let another ascend into the chair of St. Peter, who shalt teach no violence of war, but the sound doctrine of that holy apostle. I, Henry, by the grace of God, king, together with all our bishops, say unto thee, "Come down! come down!"

"Another epistle to Gregory, of similar import, had been enclosed by Henry in a letter addressed to the clergy and people of Rome, which thus concluded:—'Rise against him, ye faithful; be the most loyal among you the first in his condemnation. We do not ask you to shed his blood; for we believe that life, after deposition, will be more painful to him than death; but we enjoin you, if he be disposed to resist us, to compel him to descend from the apostolic chair, and to instal there one whom, with your consent, and that of all bishops, we shall elect to that dignity, and one who shall

be both willing and able to cure the wounds inflicted on the church by her present pastor.'"—Vol. ii. p. 95, &c.

It is remarkable that in this document, Henry seems to put himself forward as a champion for the episcopal order in general. The rights of the bishops he describes as invaded—their proper dignity overborne by the tyranny and pride of the Roman pontiff; and he declares that he will be their protector. Such professions make it perhaps sufficiently clear that the church in those days, or rather the priestly order, was possessed of high influence and authority. The subject on which the council was occupied when Roland interrupted its deliberation furnishes an indication not to be misunderstood of a state of mind and intelligence in the church which renders the ascendancy of the priesthood easily intelligible. The egg upon which the council sat in deep deliberation would seem to have been provided by the pope for that especial occasion. At least it is evident he made a use of it which would favour such a supposition. We learn from Fleury, that, in the course of his comments on the daring missive of Henry, he appealed to the egg as a proof vouchsafed by God that the monarch's aggressions were to be unsuccessful. "The pope,"\* he says, "had shown this egg in the council; in his discourse he gave an explanation† of it, and concluded thus:—'We must now employ the sword of the

\* Hist. Eccl., tom. xiii., p. 299.

† He then alluded to the phenomenon of the egg already mentioned; treating it as a prophetic symbol of the condition of the approaching time, and of the furious attacks which the church was destined to suffer from her enemies.

"Now, therefore, brethren," he concluded, "it behoves us to draw forth the avenging sword. Now must we smite the enemy of God and of his church, that the bruised head, now haughtily erect against the foundation of the faith, and of all the churches, may recoil; that, according to the sentence pronounced against him in the first days of his pride, upon his belly he may go, and eat the dust. 'Fear not,' saith the Lord, 'little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' It is enough that ye have borne thus long with the adversary. Ye have warned him sufficiently and well. Now let him be made to feel that his conscience has been seared."

Here he paused, and appeared to wait the opinion of the prelates around him. But his suspense was not of long duration; the assembly, rising as one man, seemed eager to support him by the testimony of their unanimous approval. They called on him to wield, without delay, the high powers with which he was invested, and to pronounce the sentence of the church against the blasphemer, the despoiler, the tyrant, the apostate. "Pronounce," they cried, "the doom, by which he may himself be crushed, and from which others, for ages to come, may take warning."

word to strike the serpent on the head, and to avenge the church—we have been but too patient.' " If patience were the only fault with which Gregory and his adherents could be charged, they soon made ample amends for it. No reader will complain of too great forbearance in the proceedings which are thus described by Mr. Bowden:—

"The cases of these minor delinquents being all disposed of, Gregory at length proceeded to take the most important step of his whole career; the king's insulting letters were formally read over once more, and then, amid the eager approval of his synod, the pontiff rose to declare King Henry excommunicate from the church, and suspended from the enjoyment of the throne.

"This tremendous sentence will ever serve as a record of the deep feeling and high principle which filled the soul of him who uttered it; but it affords, at the same time, a startling indication of the strangeness of that theory, with which, in the minds of churchmen of the time, the idea of the Redeemer's kingdom was combined; a theory which, in assigning to that really spiritual kingdom an unduly temporal character, tended to substitute—after a fashion—as its head, St. Peter, vested with a sort of territorial sovereignty on earth, for St. Peter's master, reigning over the 'kingdom of heaven.' Of the corruptions connected with such a theory, the following sentences will furnish a melancholy proof. But it was not for these, it should be remembered, that Gregory was contending with the king. The cause of quarrel was apart and distant from them, though their prevalence at the time was but too often illustrated, by the conduct of both parties, during the progress of the contest.

"Rising, and looking up to heaven, the pontiff spoke, in a solemn tone, as follows:—

" 'Blessed Peter, prince of the apos-

ties, incline, we beseech thee, to us thine ear; O hear me, thy servant, whom from infancy thou hast nourished, and whom to this day thou hast preserved from the hands of the evil ones, who have hated, and still hate me, for my fidelity to thee. Thou art my witness, with our lady, the mother of God, with thy brother, the blessed Paul, and with all saints, that thy holy Roman church called me against my own will to its governance; that I have not thought it robbery to ascend thy seat; and that I would rather have finished my days in wandering than have seized that seat in a worldly spirit for the glory of this earth. Through thy favour, and not through aught that I have done, I believe it to have pleased, and still to please thee, that the Christian people, specially committed to thee, should obey me in thy stead; through thy favour I have received from God the power of binding and loosing in heaven and in earth. Relying on this, for the honour and defence of thy church, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and by thy power and authority, I forbid to King Henry, son of Henry the Emperor, who, through an unexampled pride, has rebelled against thy holy church, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy. I absolve all Christians from the oaths which they have taken, or may take to him; and I decree that no one shall obey him as king; for it is fitting that he, who has endeavoured to diminish the honour of thy church, should himself lose that honour which he seems to have. And because he has scorned the obedience of a Christian, refusing to return to the Lord whom he had driven from him by his communion with the excommunicate—by spurning, as thou knowest, the admonitions given by me for his own safety's sake—and by severing himself from the church in the attempt to divide it—I, in thy stead, bind him with the bond of anathema; thus acting in confidence on thee, that the nations may know and acknowledge

Draw forth the sword!—inflict judgment!—let the righteous rejoice when he seeth the vengeance—let him wash his footsteps in the blood of the ungodly."

"Further proceedings, however, appear to have been postponed until the morrow; on the morning of which day Gregory received despatches from several German and Italian bishops, who had either unwillingly taken part in, or subsequently repented of, the proceedings at Worms and Placenza; and who wished to avert his expected censures, by this timely notification of their reluctance or repentance. Cheered by these proofs that there existed throughout the empire a feeling which the king's late violent steps had outraged—a feeling which might consequently be expected to respond to the measures which he now contemplated in return—the pontiff again took his seat in the Lateran, and, in the presence of one hundred and ten prelates, as well as of the imperial Agnes, whose sense of duty prevailed on this occasion over her maternal predilections, proceeded to pass, in form, the sentence of the council upon the king and his abettors."—*Bowden's Life of Gregory VII.* vol. ii. p. 105.



that thou art Peter—that upon this rock the Son of the living God hath built his church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

“The sentence thus passed was promulgated throughout the western world by an epistle, addressed by the pontiff to all Christians, and couched in the following terms:—

“Ye have heard, brethren, of the new and unheard-of presumption; ye have heard of the wicked garrulity and boldness of those who blaspheme the name of the Lord in the blessed Peter; ye have heard of the pride that has risen up to insult and dishonour the holy and apostolic see; such as your fathers have neither seen nor heard, and as the sacred historians do not record to have emanated at any time from pagans or heretics. And even if this were not so—even though in the ages between that in which the faith of Christ was founded and our own, a precedent for such conduct might be discoverable; such a contempt, such a trampling down of apostolical, yea, of divine authority, would not be the less to be lamented and deplored by all the faithful. Wherefore, if ye believe that the keys of the kingdom of heaven were delivered by our Lord Jesus Christ to the blessed Peter—if ye hope that, by his hands, an entrance will be ministered unto you to the joys of eternal life, think how it behoves you to grieve for the wrong that is done unto him. Unless here, where your faith and your hearts are tried by the test of temptation, ye be made partakers of his sufferings, without doubt ye are not worthy to be hereafter partakers of his consolation, or to receive a heavenly crown and glory, as children of the kingdom. We ask it, therefore, of your love, that ye would implore, without ceasing, the mercy of the Almighty, until he shall be pleased either to turn the hearts of the impious to repentance, or to show, by frustrating their wicked counsels, how blind and foolish are they who strive to overthrow the rock established by Christ, and to violate the privileges which he has bestowed. In what manner, and for what causes, the blessed Peter hath bound the king with the bond of anathema, ye can fully learn from the document enclosed.”

“And thus commenced throughout the empire a contest to which Europe, as yet, had never seen the parallel. Or thus, rather, was a visible form and body given to the great contest which had, in truth, been long in progress—the contest of principles between feudal sovereignty and the western church.”

Gregory chose his time well for the great enterprise to effect the exaltation of his see, and prosecuted his advantage with characteristic prudence and energy. He knew that the inclinations of the German princes, who could ill brook a sovereign, would be on his side—Germany was not now as it was in the time of the Othos. A long and troubled minority had allowed the feudal princes to strengthen their independence. A sovereign like Henry was not at all the chief whom they would willingly have selected. The papal manifesto seemed to set the stamp of religion on the treason they secretly meditated. Nor was it only on the ill-inclined this manifesto took effect. Friends and adherents of Henry were awed by it—bishops of his party deserted him, and betook themselves barefooted pilgrims to Rome, where they humbly besought the pope to absolve them. One bishop, more firmly devoted to his sovereign, the emperor, was smitten with sudden death, and his dying expressions of remorse and despair, as they were reported, struck terror to many hearts. At last, Henry found himself in the power of his refractory subjects; and the assembled princes dictated hard terms to him, which necessity constrained him to accept. He was to attend a council at Augsburgh, and there, according to the decision of the pope, resign his crown or retain it—and, in the meantime, he was instructed that if he were not absolved within a year and a day from the date of his excommunication, his throne would be considered forfeit, and a successor would be set in it. This was a blow which, it was thought, Henry could not parry. The pope, it was imagined, was inexorable—the period of probation had nearly expired—and, in anticipation of an attempt on the part of the emperor in his extremity to obtain a personal interview with Gregory, and propitiate him by entreaties and concessions, the passes into Italy were occupied with forces, and so carefully guarded, that a journey over the Alps in such a season as it must be undertaken was conceived impracticable. The emperor undertook this perilous journey, accompanied by his wife, in the depth of a winter in which, it is said, the Rhine was frozen from St. Martin



day, 11th or 12th of November, to April, and after indescribable hardships, accomplished his purpose. Mr. Bowden's narrative of this memorable incident is very picturesque and vivid:

"A few days, therefore, before the Christmas which closed the year 1076, the king put himself in motion from Spire. His wife and infant child accompanied his steps; and whatever meaner followers may have formed his escort, it appears that only one person of gentle blood—and he not distinguished by rank or possessions—attended the fallen sovereign. The many princely and noble vassals who had thronged in other days his palace, now looked on him whom they had once courted and flattered with hatred or contempt—nor was one of those whom he addressed on the subject found to return a favourable answer to his urgent entreaties for assistance on his journey. And the attached retainers and friends with whom he had been compelled so recently to part, were now wandering across the different passes of the Alps, on errands similar to his own, prevented by dread, as well of the pope as the nobles, from making the journey in his company. He set forward, however, and taking his way through Burgundy, halted to observe the festival of Christmas at Besancon. And thence passing the Jura, he proceeded to Vevay, on the shore of the Lake of Geneva. Here he was met by Adelaide, the widow of Otho of Susa, and mother of his queen (who, we are informed, took advantage of his distress to extort the dominion of five Italian bishoprics from him).

"The valleys were dangerous and difficult. But their descent appeared in prospect more formidable than any thing which they had previously accomplished. The whole of the precipitous mountain slope appeared one sheet of ice, on which no foot, it seemed, could for a moment, maintain its position. Henry and his men crawled down on their hands and knees. The queen, her child, and female attendants, were, by the experienced peasants, lowered down the slope, enveloped by the skins of cattle. The party were, however, able to proceed with their journey; and Henry arrived, without further obstacle, in the plains of Lombardy. In northern Italy, the imperial government, administered by his chancellor, the bishop of Vercelle, and supported by the anti-papal Lombard clergy, had still, in some measure at least, maintained its authority. Gregory's enemies, and their archbishop, the intruding Tedaldus, were still, in appearance, triumphant at Milan.

And as the Italians were but imperfectly acquainted with the details of the unprecedented changes which had occurred beyond the Alps, it need not surprise us to find that the royalists among them looked upon Henry's arrival as decisive of the speedy triumph of their cause.

"The gradual advance of a moral revolution in progress around them, has ever escaped the notice of the unthinking mass of mankind, whose attention is only caught by startling events and sudden changes. And even these, when accompanying, as they ever must to some extent, the course of such a revolution, are regarded, for the most part, by the community, as isolated events, arising from isolated causes; the generalization which—connecting them with each other—would exhibit them in their proper character, as symptoms of the successive phases of one great phenomenon, being a process beyond the powers of ordinary observers.

"By many, therefore, of the inhabitants of northern Italy, the arrival of Henry IV., in 1077, was imagined to be an event similar in character to the arrival of Henry III., in 1046. They had long lamented the non-appearance of their sovereign among them—a circumstance to which alone they were wont to attribute the boldness of Gregory's tone, and what they considered his daring defiance of the imperial authority; and they saw no reason why, now that Henry was once more among them, he should not advance toward the papal city, and renew the scene of Sutri; summoning the offending pontiff before him; removing him by authority from his see, and filling the apostolic chair with a more obsequious successor.

"The monarch's arrival was, consequently, scarcely bruited abroad, before nobles, prelates, and warriors thronged to greet him; and his crowded and brilliant court presented a striking contrast to the state of neglect and privation which he had experienced during the preceding months."—Vol. ii. p. 162.

Henry, however, knew his danger. The term allowed him by the German nobles to procure his absolution, was rapidly passing away. He had no resource but that of propitiating the pope.

"It was on the morning of the 25th of January, 1076," writes Mr. Bowden, "while the frost reigned in all its intensity, and the ground was white with snow, that the dejected Henry, barefooted, and clad in the usual garb of penance—a garment of white linen—ascended alone to the rocky fortress of

Canosa, and entered its outer gate. . . . Here he stood, a miserable spectacle, exposed to hunger and cold throughout the day, vainly hoping, with each succeeding hour, that Gregory would consider his penance as sufficient. . . . On a second day, and on a third, the unhappy prince was seen standing, starved and miserable, from the morning until the evening. All in the castle, except the pope, bewailed his condition, and with tears implored his forgiveness," &c. "The scene," observes Mr. Bowden, writing of the day (the fourth) on which Henry was admitted into Hildebrand's presence, "as the suppliant king approached the pontiff, must have been singularly striking. The youthful and vigorous Henry, of lofty stature and commanding features, thus humbling himself before the small, insignificant, and now probably withered figure of Gregory VII., must have afforded a striking type of that abasement of physical before moral power, of the sword before the crozier, which the great struggle then in progress was fated to accomplish."

The circumstances attending on the humiliation of Henry are so generally known, that it is unnecessary to dilate upon them. There is one, however, on which Mr. Bowden has fixed attention, which ought not to be overlooked. Gregory, he informs us, when about to receive the sacrament of the Lord's supper, paused for a moment, then lifting up his eyes to heaven, called God to witness that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge, and prayed that if he made this declaration falsely, a sudden and terrible death might be his punishment. He then partook of the host, amidst murmurs of admiration from all who were present. When the applause had subsided, he approached Henry, entreated him to imitate his example, admonished him, that the earthly tribunal before which he was to be judged was fallible, and promised that if he would declare his innocence in the same form which he had himself used, he would interpose between him and his accusers, and assure to him the peaceable enjoyment of his throne. Henry, taken by surprise, was for a moment disturbed and embarrassed, but, recovering himself, he put aside the temptation, unwilling, as he said, to connect his reception of the holy element with so solemn an appeal. Surprising as this transaction may appear, it seems,

if possible, more wonderful, that historians have related it without adding an expression of their abhorrence. Such a temptation, at such a moment, to one in the circumstances of Henry, was a crime of the darkest description. There seems to be only one mode of excusing it. If Gregory believed in the truths he professed, his guilt in exposing a penitent, like Henry, to so terrible a trial, admits of no palliation. That Henry came forth victoriously from the temptation was no ordinary mercy, and seems to indicate a sincerity in his religious professions for which his more sanctimonious adversary and tempter had given him little credit.

The report of these transactions was received with very different feelings by the parties which then divided the church. In Italy the submission of Henry was regarded as an act of baseness, and the fallen monarch was looked upon with feelings of indignation and contempt. In Germany, the confederates learned, with much dissatisfaction, the unlooked-for leniency of the pope. The Lombards, when informed of the affair, before Henry had left the fortress of Canosa, broke out into expressions of the most offensive nature against the pope, inveighed against his arrogance and impiety in daring, while under censure himself, to visit anathemas upon others, and denounced Henry as a betrayer of church and state in submitting to be reconciled, on so disgraceful terms, with an intruder into the papacy, excommunicated and a heretic. Henry made strenuous efforts, through trusty friends, to appease these angry feelings. He had it represented that in submitting to the conditions dictated by the pope he yielded to an uncontrollable necessity. He had an exposure made of the troubled state of his affairs in Germany, and of the fatal consequences which must ensue if he did not, within the time allowed him, succeed in obtaining absolution from censures which the confederates were determined to enforce. All was vain. The Lombards would not accept such excuses as a satisfactory apology for the monarch's weakness. Adherents fell off from him—the people were taught to insult his name; and, until, yielding to the altered necessity of circumstances, he broke through his

recent engagements with the pope, and assumed again an attitude of hostility towards him, he was unable to recover the favour and support of Italian princes and people. When he had made it known that he would commit this breach of faith, the indignation which was entertained in Italy against the pope re-instated Henry in the authority he had partially forfeited, over his former adherents.

Henry appears to have been towards the German nobles, what the pope was to the Italian—and Gregory was forced to defend himself against the imputation of culpable weakness in granting an impolitic and unmerited absolution, as Henry was to make satisfaction for having accepted it on unworthy terms. Gregory, in his letter to the Germans, parades the humiliation of the monarch, and insists on his own severity in so abasing him.\* “He was three days at my gate without any mark of royal dignity, his feet bare, his dress that of a penitent, imploring mercy with such floods of tears, that those who beheld them could not restrain their own, but prayed as earnestly in his behalf, wondering at our obduracy, which they pronounced, not the severity of an apostle, but the cruelty of a tyrant.” Such were the representations by which Gregory strove to vindicate himself in the judgment of his supporters in Germany against a suspicion of over indulgence towards their adversary and his.

The time was approaching for the Council of Augsburg, at which, it had been announced, the matters in dispute between the pope, the German confederates, and Henry, were to be judged; but, it would seem, Henry retaliated on his adversaries the stratagem by which they had endeavoured to render it impossible for him to reach Italy. He took measures to prevent the pope from reaching Augsburg—indeed which rendered it unsafe for him to attempt visiting Rome. Having learned how all access to Augsburg was cut off, the confederates thought that they could counterplot Henry by holding their council at Forcheim; but they were disappointed; the pope was guarded far too closely—he could only send legates to represent him—for

himself, he remained under the protection of the Countess Matilda, and chiefly within the walls of a fortress. The Council of Forcheim was held without the presence of either Henry or the pope; the deposition of Henry was confirmed by it, and Rodolph, Duke of Suabia, was elected king.

The election, it is worthy of remark, was not made at the suggestion, or even with the approbation, of Gregory. It was his desire, expressed by his legates, that no election should be made until he could be present in person. He did not wish, it was evident, to proceed to extremities with Henry. The council took a different view of the matters at issue, and, as they imagined, rendered all accommodation with the emperor impossible. Gregory, however, appears to have entertained a different opinion, and to have acted as if a power were reserved to him of pronouncing on which of the two competitors the crown was eventually to settle. He speaks of both as if they were kings, and behaves towards them as if they were candidates for a vacant throne, to which, according to their merits towards him, he was, at his pleasure, to exalt either.

Gregory's indecision was far from acceptable to the Germans. They complained that by his express command they had withdrawn their allegiance from Henry, and encountered all the evil consequences of opposition to so powerful a monarch. They complained that this their devotion to the pope was not regarded by him as it ought to be—that when they had elected a king, although there had never been a formal restoration of Henry to his throne, Gregory, nevertheless, (who had deposed that monarch, and had never rescinded the decree of deposition, absolving but not re-instating him,) affected to regard him still as a king, addressing letters and sending legates to Rodolph and him as to two sovereign princes, naming “the prevaricator” Henry first in his epistles, honouring his ambassadors at Rome, and discountenancing those of Rodolph. This is done, they have no doubt, with good intentions, and they believe that it may be the

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\* Fleury's Hist. Ecc., tom. xiii., p. 325.

result of a subtle policy, but, as they have too little refinement to be able to penetrate it, they content themselves with a simple statement to the pope, of the pernicious consequences which follow from his vacillation. These are civil wars, innumerable homicides, pillage, conflagrations, destruction of property, ecclesiastical and royal, to such an extent that the plundered monarchs must in the end sustain themselves by plunder—the abolition of all laws, divine and human. These evils, they insist, would have been prevented, or would have been less flagrant, if the pope had adhered to his original resolution. They intreat him, if he do not think it prudent to act an open and determined part, at least not to destroy what he had once done; and they excuse themselves for the boldness of their remonstrances by imputing them to their distress. “Exposed as we are,” they conclude, “to the jaws of the wolf, because we have been obedient to the shepherd, if we must be guarded against the shepherd also, we are, of all men, the most miserable.”

It does not appear that Gregory was roused to an energetic and decided policy by these touching remonstrances. Civil war continued to rage between the rival claimants for the throne, and to inflict upon a divided people all its desolating consequences; and Gregory persisted in his neutrality. At length he became determined to choose his party. Rodolph, in the beginning of the year 1080, gained a great, and, as it was represented, a decided victory. The army of Henry was dispersed—the monarch, himself, said to be powerless and dispirited. This was the argument for which Gregory waited. The crown which had been given by the German princes nearly three years before, and of which victory now seemed to assure the possession, Gregory, of his own pure motion, condescended to grant, in the well-known formulary—

“*Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rodolpho.*”

Baronius has thought it necessary to notice and correct the mistaken opinion that the crown inscribed with this legend was sent to Rodolph on the occasion of his being elected by the German princes. Gregory, he says, is, himself, a witness that he

VOL. XX.—No. 117.

waited for the council at which he received tidings of Henry's defeat, before deciding upon the merits of the two competitors. Baronius *does not say* that the report of Rodolph's victory had any effect, but it is not a matter of much difficulty to determine.

Gregory had now not only chosen his part, but resolved, at all hazards, and by all means at his command, to maintain it. In his epistles confirmatory of Rodolph's claims, he invokes the Apostles Peter and Paul to show, by confounding the schemes of Henry, that their judgments were not less effective upon kings than upon angels; and, not content with this earnest invocation, he put his gift of prophecy to use, and predicted the speedy downfall and destruction of his adversary. That adversary, however, was one not easily daunted. Neither the success of Rodolph, nor the prayers, and prophecies, and imprecations of the pope, had power to overcome him. No sooner had Gregory assumed and exercised the privilege to dispose of his crown, than the emperor retaliated in kind. He took measures for assembling a council, where the bishops of his party declared Hildebrand a disturber of the public peace, a suborner of perjury, a sorcerer, &c. &c.; and pronounced him, for his manifold crimes and transgressions, justly deposed from the papacy, into which he had surreptitiously entered; electing in his stead Guibert, Archbishop of Ravenna, whom they proclaimed pope by the title, Clement III.

Gregory's appeal to the apostles and to futurity was soon decided against him. Rodolph was slain in battle—an army of the Countess Matilda was defeated—and Henry, conducting the newly-elected pope, of whose claims he was the champion, arrived at the gates of Rome. Nor was he long at the gates. After a few days, Guibert was enthroned as pope, in the Lateran, and Henry, in the Vatican, crowned emperor.

Through all this the spirit of Hildebrand sustained him. Instead of seeking to reconcile himself with Henry, he had, when Rodolph fell, directed the German princes to elect a successor; he had addressed an earnest supplication to William the Conqueror that he would march to his succour, and, finally, sought assis-



tance from Guiscard and the Normans, against whom he had issued repeated remonstrances and censures. Guiscard marched to his relief. At his approach Henry raised the siege of the Castle of St. Angelo, whither the pope had retired, and left the city to the occupation of the Normans. Their protection soon proved worse than ordinary hostility. In the army of Guiscard there were Saracens, who hated Rome for its religion, and adventurers, in whom the love of rapine was stronger than reverence for the church. A pretext was readily discovered to satisfy the scruples, or to cover the rapacity of each class of plunderers; and Rome became a prey to flame and pillage, and to passions still more devouring:—

“The Saracens of Sicily,” writes Mr. Gibbon, “the subjects of Roger, and auxiliaries of his brother, embraced this fair occasion of rifling and profaning the holy city of the Christians; many thousands of the citizens, in the sight, and by the allies of their spiritual father, were exposed to violation, captivity, or death; and a spacious quarter of the city, from the Lateran to the Colosseum, was consumed by the flames, and devoted to perpetual solitude.”

This fearful calamity so exasperated the people against Gregory, that he could no longer remain at Rome. He betook himself to Salerno, borne down by the weight of heavy affliction and disappointments, and died there on the 28th of May, 1085, in the twelfth year of his papacy. The circumstances of his death, or rather his dispositions on the approach of death, are variously reported. “It is recorded,” Dr. Murray says, “by an ecclesiastical historian, who lived shortly afterwards, that, before his death he grieved very sincerely for the part he had acted, and even acknowledged that the troubles which he had excited in various countries had been occasioned through the temptation of the devil. Whether or not,” continues the most reverend witness, “that be the exact truth, I do not undertake to say; it is denied by

Baronius, and asserted by Sigebert, on whose authority the fact is stated.”\* The authority which Dr. Murray thought entitled to such deference, that the name of Baronius, and even the veneration due to Gregory VII. could not influence him to decide against it, is evidently not inconsiderable; but it does not appear to have obtained credit with Mr. Bowden, in whose work the concluding hours of the life of Hildebrand are thus described:—

“Three days before his death, on the question before him of absolving the persons whom he had excommunicated, he replied: ‘With the exception of Henry, styled by his followers, the king; of Guibert, the usurping claimant of the Roman see; and of those who, by advice or assistance, favour their evil and ungodly views, I absolve and bless all men who unfeignedly believe me to possess this power, as the representative of St. Peter and St. Paul. And then, addressing those around him, for some time, in the language of warning, he thus impressively concluded:—‘In the name of the Almighty God, and by the power of his holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, I adjure you, recognise no one as my successor in the Roman see, who shall not have been duly elected, and canonically ordained by apostolic authority.’

“On the 25th of May, 1085, he peacefully closed his earthly career, just rallying strength, amid the exhaustion of his powers, to utter, with his departing breath, the words:—

“‘I have loved justice, and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile.’

“‘In exile!’ said a prelate, who stood beside his bed,—too late, however, it would seem, to arrest the attention of his parting spirit. ‘In exile thou canst not die. Vicar of Christ and his apostles, thou hast received the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.’”—Vol. ii. p. 323.

Such was, according to the reports of those who most venerated his memory, the death of Gregory VII. His dying words were such as would have been little anticipated. They somewhat too closely resemble the querulous and distrustful sentiment,† from which the friends of Brutus were

\* Commons Committee on Ireland, 1825, p. 651. Digest, vol. ii. p. 162.

† “O Virtue, I have worshipped thee all my days, and find thee but a shade!” The admirers of Gregory, it is manifest, must understand his dying words in a sense very different from that which the expression of Brutus is said to bear; and perhaps, they are justified in such an interpretation of them. Gregory may have spoken of death and exile, not as his recompense for the love of justice, but as the



earnest to vindicate that great heathen's reputation. When Gregory was prosperous and powerful, he declared temporal disaster the necessary consequence of an evil life—he predicted the overthrow and ruin of his enemies, because they hated righteousness and loved iniquity. His dying words sadly contrast with such predictions. Are they evidence of a departed faith? are they consistent with a faith living and true? We will not affirm: but we may say, that they are not the words in which the faith and hope of a Christian might be expected to speak. He whose trust in a Saviour is steadfast—who regards his life as vanity, and accounts his death gain—if he be bold to speak of years devoted to Christian duty, and of the consequences of such a life, will thank his Lord for all that is past, and will trust and praise him for glory to come—will not pronounce death and exile as the consequences of a well-spent life; he will class them among the conditions of his earthly estate, and will look for the great end to which all conducts, not in the grave, but in the resurrection.

A very inadequate idea will be formed of the character of Gregory by regarding him only as an antagonist to Henry. In every part of the known world he had raised the renown of the papacy, and over every Christian kingdom or people he had assumed to be accounted the supreme ruler. He laid down, and, whenever he had power, asserted, the general principle, that the spiritual should rule and govern the temporal power—that the one exceeds the other as mind exceeds body, as the sun outshines the moon. And he insisted, also, that in every country there were

peculiar evidences to the justice of his claims, and in acknowledgment of the great principle on which they could be, in every instance, established. Denmark, England, France, Spain, Sardinia, Hungary, Dalmatia, &c. &c. were all claimed by Gregory as dependencies upon the Papal Empire; and all served to furnish proofs, not only of the sagacity with which he explored the weakness of which he might take advantage, and of the boldness with which he advanced pretensions, whenever a prospect of success presented itself, but of the discretion with which he temporised when he found the season unfavourable:—

“So many excommunications,” writes Voltaire, in discoursing on the enterprises of this pope, “would appear, at this day, evidence of supreme folly. But let one reflect, that Gregory VII. in menacing the King of France, addressed his bull to the Duke of Aquitaine, vassal of the king, and no less powerful than the king himself,—that when come to a rupture with the emperor, he had at his side a part of Italy, the Countess Matilda, Rome, and the half of Germany—that as regarded the Normans, they were, at the time, his declared enemies,—then Gregory VII. will appear violent and daring, rather than indiscreet. He felt, that in exalting his dignity above that of the emperor, and of kings, he would be seconded by other churches, flattered to account themselves members of a system which humbled the secular power. His design was formed, not alone to shake off the emperor's yoke, but to place Rome, emperors, and kings under the yoke of the papacy. This might cost him life;—he must have even counted such a cost, and danger gives glory.”

Hildebrand did not limit his ambi-

proofs he willingly offered of it. To us it would seem, that, if the dying pontiff spoke in this sense, his words were not happily chosen. But indeed, we feel that a Christian, on his death-bed, would have left a more edifying memorial, had he spoken words of present trust and hope in the mercies of a Redeemer, than language, which seems to denote a mind occupied with remembrances savouring at once of pride and discontent. We feel, too, as if that severity towards enemies, which approaching death could not soften, sheds a disastrous light on the closing hours of this inexorable pontiff. It may, no doubt, be said, that this severity was justice,—but, surely, Henry had claims upon the forbearance of justice, as well as demerits on which its rigour was to be visited. Gregory had once professed love for him,—and knew to a certainty that, for the vices and evil deeds which had disfigured his life, the ecclesiastics, who had so treacherously torn him in childhood from a mother's protection, were mainly censurable. At the solemn hour of death, it might be hoped, that one of gentle heart, or of Christian principle, would have remembered this, and all other mitigating circumstances of Henry's condition.

tions within the range of western Europe. The whole known world was mirrored in his capacious mind. He offered counsel and addressed remonstrances to Christian churches in Africa; and he planned a great crusade,\* even when engaged in conflicts of the most arduous difficulty, to deliver the holy sepulchre and the churches of the east from profanation and oppression. But, it should be remembered, the great aim of Gregory was not necessarily lost sight of in these various enterprises. To create, or to concentrate and govern, an empire of opinion, was a design which could be promoted by schemes in which other empires find their ruin. If all western Europe united its forces to prosecute a crusade, every separate state might suffer, but the enthusiasm in which the great enterprise was conceived and carried out would augment the influence of the religious principle, and that "opinion" from which papal ascendancy draws its strength, would yield more abundant resources. Nor did the "royalties" of Gregory suffer in his conflict with secular princes, to the same extent, or from the same causes as the estates of the powers against which he contended. It is to be borne in remembrance, that Rome compels the temporal sovereigns who resist her, to defray all the cost of the war she wages upon them. She keeps up a standing army, not the less formidable because its force is of a moral order, in every country that receives her laws, and this army is paid by the country which it garrisons. The

wars of investitures, if we may so term the conflicts which Gregory commenced,—indeed the whole history of Romanism—will be better understood when this peculiarity is remembered.

Gregory understood it thoroughly. He knew that wherever the power of popular opinion was with them, he had an army at his command; and he employed himself assiduously and artfully in attaching to himself and augmenting this force—the mightiest that could be exerted in his behalf, and the least expensive.

To avail himself of this great power, Gregory well knew, was not compatible with that carefulness for a pure reputation by which the conduct of less adventurous politicians might safely be characterised. To be blameless is not often, if it ever is, the lot of those who, in their life-time, are the successful conductors of great political movements:—to be of blameless reputation is rarely, if ever, the fortune of those in whose favour public opinion has become declared and concentrated into a great force. Gregory understood this truth thoroughly, and exemplified his practical acquaintance with it in the composure with which he listened to the most irritating accusations, and left it to the progress of events to give them an answer.

Many instances of this tranquil dependance upon himself, will occur to the reader of the Life of Gregory the Seventh; but perhaps none more worthy of note than his perseverance

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\* Gregory opens the project of a crusade, in a letter addressed to Henry, in the year 1074:—"The Christians beyond sea," he says, "persecuted by the pagans, and oppressed by misery, have prayed me to succour them, and to prevent that in our time the religion of Christ should perish among them utterly. I am penetrated with grief, so that I would expose my life for them, and welcome death, rather than command the whole earth and refuse to aid them. For this cause I labour to excite all Christians, and persuade them to offer their lives for their brethren, in defence of the law of Jesus; and to show by this splendid demonstration, the nobleness of children of God. The Italians and ultramontanes, inspired I doubt not by God, have received with a good heart my exhortation; and at this moment there are fifty thousand men, who prepare for the enterprise if they have me for their chief, resolved to march in arms against the enemies of God, and to penetrate to the sepulchre of our Lord." Gregory expresses his desire to conduct the expedition, but shows that neither religion nor romance was his actuating motive. The aggrandisement of the Roman see was in his thoughts. "What excites me powerfully," he says, "to this enterprise is, that the church of Constantinople deviated from us on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, prays to become re-united to the holy see." Here was the first suggestion of a crusade. Gregory consulted the emperor, Henry, on the project—in twenty years after the public mind was ripe for such an enterprise, and Pope Urban preached openly the *first crusade*.

in maintaining an intimacy with Matilda, "the great Countess,"\* as she was styled, so close as to furnish occasion for sinister rumours, at a time when it might be supposed the struggle in which Gregory was engaged demanded of him the utmost circumspection. A friendship so constant—a reverence so like devotion as that which females of high rank and power exhibited towards this great pontiff, would seem to excuse suspicion in any case. To what bold accusations may it not have furnished occasion, when Gregory VII. was to be the object, and his accusers were to be the clergy on whom he was most tyrannically enforcing separation from their wives. The charges against him were, as it was natural to expect, vehemently and incessantly urged. He was accused of adding to his other enormities, that of a most foul and sacrilegious profligacy—of profaning the opportunities of religious intercourse, by making them serve to promote and cover an adulterous and even incestuous connexion: and to charges such as these he had the magnanimity to make no concession. He persecuted with unmitigated severity the priests who respected the divine law, written in the Bible and in their hearts, more than his desire to put asunder those whom God had joined; he shut himself up, with undiminished confidence, in secret communications with his attached friend and protectress;—and he vouchsafed no other answer to the aspersions on her character and his, than the testimony of his austere life. We do not hesitate to apply to firmness like this the epithet—magnanimous. A wise man could readily understand the prudence of such a course—a great man only could persevere in it.

Of the objects which Gregory proposed to effect, he lived to see two accomplished. The rule of celibacy was enforced on the clergy, and the feudal engagements, which were exacted by chiefs of their tributaries, became part of the obligations of

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\* "Gregory," writes Bayle, "aware of the difficulties before him, took care to secure the support of three princesses—Agnes, the mother, Beatrice, the aunt, and Matilda, the cousin of Henry, his great adversary. The two latter were, to some extent, prepared to take a part against Henry, by feelings of hostility such as those by which families are often divided; but Agnes seems to have been influenced solely through her religious opinions."

The character of Matilda has been thus described by Mr. Bowden:—"Matilda, subsequently known to her contemporaries and to posterity by the appellation of 'The Great Countess,' was one of the most remarkable characters of the middle ages. She adorned her high station by her distinguished talents, and by the results of her learned education. Amid the various occupations connected with the administration of her extensive territories, she found time and opportunity to become the encourager, and in some degree the restorer, of ancient literature. She was acquainted with the more recent languages spoken in France and Germany, as well as in her own country. She was active and energetic in the enforcement of justice, and the maintenance of her authority over her subjects. Nor was she unequal to the task of eliciting the military resources of her territory, and bringing well-disciplined armies into the field. She was munificently charitable to the poor; systematically kind and hospitable to the exile and to the stranger; and the foundress, or benefactress, of a variety of churches or conventual institutions. Through all the various scenes of her eventful life, she never suffered secular affairs to interfere with the frequency or regularity of her exercises of devotion; and, in the hours of darkness and adversity, which were destined to form no inconsiderable portion of her period of earthly probation, she found her truest consolation in the society of holy men, and in the perusal of the holy Scriptures, which she is said to have understood better than many bishops of her time.

"Such was 'The Great Countess;' such was she who, too proud or too humble to recapitulate the roll of her titles, was wont to subscribe herself, 'Matilda, by the grace of God, what I am.' Educated as she had been, by her mother's care, in habits of devotion, her ardent spirit, as the great conflict of her time deepened around her, embraced the quarrel of the menaced church with a chivalrous enthusiasm. The moral dignity of Hildebrand, as he came forward as the great champion of that quarrel, commanded her admiration; she conceived for his high character a deep reverential feeling, such as none but characters proportionably exalted could entertain; and her talents, her energies, her influence, her treasures, were, throughout her life, devoted to the support of his power, or to the furtherance of the principles which he maintained."—Vol. i. p. 303.

ecclesiastics, and were acknowledged by them in their bishop's oath. By that solemn and stringent profession, all ecclesiastics in communion with the Church of Rome, throughout the world, became bound together in a great political confederacy, of which the pope was head. Mr. Bowden has not entered so minutely as was to be desired into the history of this great achievement. A single citation from Fleury, better than a dissertation of ours, will show the great importance of it:—

“As the Catholics, and even the pope, were reproached with having violated the oaths they had given to King Henry, Gebelard, Archbishop of Salzburg, made strong efforts to refute the charge. He affirmed, that *the oath sworn to the pope by bishops at their ordination, is to be preferred before that which binds them to the king,*” &c. &c.—*Fleury Hist. Ecc.* s. 63, vol. 13, p. 393.

Great success had been attained when an argument like this could be hazarded. Gregory bequeathed an eventful war to his successors; but he had secured to them resources by which it could be carried on. He had accustomed subjects to the thought that their sovereigns might righteously be excommunicated and deposed, and he had embodied a strong army of ecclesiastics, and insured their fidelity to the bishop of Rome, in every country in which their services, sacerdotal, feudal or military, were demanded.

Our space is exhausted. Neither Mr. Bowden nor we have exhausted the subject. We are indebted to the agreeable biographer for much—but much we would require of him also. He has given us, in a style which does credit to his accomplishments, the life of a great man; he has entitled himself to praise for happy selection, for lively description, and for many judi-

cious reflections; but we do not think he has *caught the true expression* of Hildebrand's life and character. He has not, however, effaced it irrecoverably. The likeness which he has been studious to present is that of *Saint Gregory VII.*, but, in his candour, from time to time, he has traced in the portrait, lines which call up the physiognomy of the sage, but not over saintly, Hildebrand. Mr. Bowden's object seems to be, to portray the life of an *ecclesiastic*, influenced in his enterprises by a religious sense of what he held to be right;—but he has allowed us occasionally to discern the lineaments of a wise and adventurous *political reformer*, who sought to exalt intellect above physical strength, and who, without scruple, availed himself of all practicable means to effect his daring purpose. We do not examine the question, whether Gregory was sincere in his religious professions;—but we can see plainly that they never prohibited him from profiting by any agency, however objectionable or immoral. War, perjury, treason, prayers, prophecies, visions,\* figure in the list of Gregory's resources, and seem to have their respective places allotted to them, purely according to the services they were able respectively to render. He was a great man, no doubt, who could use and govern agencies so seemingly irreconcilable; but he was not precisely the man whom Mr. Bowden has painted. In a word, the life of a saint in the Roman Calendar, as the Romanism of the nineteenth century would wish him exhibited to the readers of Mr. Bowden's work, has been written, and written well. Hildebrand has not yet found a biographer at once adequate to his difficult task, and entitled to the praise of being impartial.

\* The incident of the dove lighting on Gregory, while engaged in officiating at the eucharist, is held so creditable to him that it is recorded among the lessons appointed to be read on his festival. It is thus related in the “*Breviarium Monasticum* of Paul V:”—“*Dum missarum solemnia perageret, visa est viris piis columba e cœlo delapsa humero ejus dextro insidens alis extensis caput ejus velare, quo significatum est, Spiritus Sancti afflatu, non humane prudentie rationibus, ipsum duci in ecclesie regimine.*”—*Lectio 8.* We have an example of the aid thus afforded the pope, when acting in a judicial capacity. A bishop, driven from his see by violence, appealed to Gregory, who judged his cause in public. During the trial, a dove was seen for a short time to flutter over the head of the appellant, and then to light on him; upon which Gregory, looking round, as if convinced by a testimony from heaven, on the assembled multitude, pronounced the bishop unrighteously deposed, and declared him reinstated in his episcopate. It is not of much consequence to determine whether the dove, which acted so important a part, was a creature of Gregory's, or a creation of his biographer's.

## L E V A W N ' S   E Y E .

A LEGEND—BEING NO. III. OF THE KISHOGH PAPERS.

Long, long ago, in the fine olden time,  
 When our beautiful island was yet in its prime,  
 When Saint Patrick first taught us the use of the jorum,  
 And Old Ireland was *insula omnium sanctorum*;  
 And likewise, as history shows us, *doctorum*.

Which means saints and doctors

Were common as proctors

In subsequent times. Would we now could restore 'em!  
 But—sure doctors outnumber just now their employers,  
 And instead of the saints, we have plenty of—lawyers,  
 Who as saints may be looked on as real “top-sawyers.”

For they show every day,

In the kindest way,

That life has its “trials”—for which we must pay—  
 That “nothing is certain”—that gold is a jest—  
 And that thinking on “judgment” should frighten the best,  
 (Unless they are able to move in arrest.)

Long ago, as I've said—(the digression excuse,  
 No man can account for the whims of his muse,  
 For like all young ladies, she'll have her own way,  
 Spite of all one can do, or of all one can say,)

There lived in our island a famous old chief,  
 Whose generous notions surpassed all belief;  
 A mighty old chief of the true Irish school,

To whom Finn M'Coul

Was himself but a fool—

And brave Ollam Fodhla, and great King O'Toole.

The name of this veteran boy was Eochy;

And 'tis you that might think yourself born to good luck,

If you came to his door when the dinner-bell struck;

'Tis true that you'd get neither claret nor tokay;

But, lord! such a buck,

Such glorious wild-duck—

Such salmons,

Such gammons,

Such sirloins of beef, and such saddles of mutton,

“See his table and die,” you'd exclaim if a glutton.

Then the cock and the snipe,

And the fricasseed tripe,

And the trout—till you ended it all with a swipe

Of the finest potteen

That was ever yet seen,

And were tucked off to bed—till the sun should awake you there,

If the servants were not all too glorious to take you there.

And then when the morning came up on the hill,

With the lark in the skies, and the sun on the rill;

When the breeze that all night through the wild flowers had crept,

And their sweet kisses stole, as unconscious they slept,

Flew laughingly now with his treasures away,

To sport on the wave like an infant at play.

Where Hungry advances the ocean to meet,

And Bantry's blue waters roll deep at his feet;

While that wild torrent gleaming all pure at his side,

To the lord of the mountain clings like a young bride—



To hear the deep bugle-notes, mellowed and clear,  
 As it called up the hunter to chase the red-deer,  
 And the musical bay of the deep-mouthed pack,  
 From the crags of the mountain ring merrily back ;  
 While chieftain beloved, and vassal unawed,  
 Untrammelled and free, were together abroad :  
 Oh ! little the sluggard, who slumbers away  
 The first glorious hours of the beautiful day,  
 Can tell the wild rapture, the magical thrill,  
 That greets the young morning abroad on the hill ;  
 As he playfully kisses the bright dew away,  
 That the lone earth was weeping all night for his stay.

But the skies are blue,  
 And the joyous crew  
 Having moistened their souls with the "mountain-dew,"  
 Not the sorrowful dew that the sad earth distils ;  
 But a "spirit" that haunts yet our heather-clad hills :  
 A beautiful "creatur"  
 Ten times "more completer"  
 Than any unlucky production of natur.  
 There was never a man, that it wouldn't make sager,  
 And yet 'tis so shy,  
 That between you and I,  
 'Twouldn't look for a pound in the face of a gauger.  
 But in Eochy's time 'twas a different thing,  
 The "Queen"\* would have looked in the face of a king,  
 And no Irishman then cared a jot to be seen,  
 Enjoying a lark night or day with poteen ;  
 'Twas the ill-natured Saxon,  
 That first put the tax on ;  
 For it knocked them by dozens the flat of their backs on.  
 Having proper regard for the land of its birth,  
 It gallantly struck the invader to earth !  
 But I'm touching on politics—dear Innishone,  
 I must take up my story and leave you alone !  
 Having "wetted their whistles," to breakfast they sat,  
 With appetites keen,  
 From that glorious potteen—  
 Nothing could be too grisly, too stringy, too fat,  
 For jaws such as theirs to be exercised at.  
 And sure if the fare  
 Wasn't plentiful there,  
 With rabbits and herrings, and salmon and hare,  
 And trout whose dimensions had made Walton stare,  
 If there wasn't "lashings," and plenty to spare ;  
 And fine barley cake,  
 As an oven could bake,  
 Which they buttered on both sides for fear of mistake ;  
 For the horrid potatoe, that esculent vile,  
 Hadn't then taken root in our beautiful isle.  
 'Twas that sassenach, Raleigh, that planted it here,  
 Knowing well 'twould deprive us of all our good cheer,  
 And if I was only a joint of the "tail,"  
 I'd make it a reason for getting "repale."  
 But breakfast is over, and now for the fun,  
 To chace the wild stag,  
 Not let out of a bag,  
 But free and untamed as he first saw the sun—

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\* Whiskey which has never paid duty.

With many a whoop, and with many a hollo,  
 The lord of the forest they gallantly follow,  
     Over hill and through brake,  
     By streamlet and lake,  
 Till their game the stout stag-hounds at length overtake,  
 And the hunters arrive just to witness his wake,  
     And whip off the pack,  
     And wend merrily back,  
 To an early edition of dinner, called snack.  
     Then all do what they like,  
     Fish for turbot or pike ;  
     Or loll on the moss,  
     Or play pitch and toss ;  
     Or get up a fight,  
     Which gives wondrous delight ;  
 Or make love to the lasses—for fighting and that  
 Are matters that both come by nature to Pat.  
 And 'twould sure be a pity, if civilization  
 Should spoil such good nature by bad education—  
 But whatever they do, they're as merry as kings,  
 And all ready for prog when the dinner-bell rings.

The feast is o'er—throughout the vast  
     Expanse of those old oaken halls,  
 The memories of a glorious past  
     The aged minstrel's song recalls !  
 He aptly pays the warriors in need,  
 In tales of many a gallant deed,  
 And breathes the requiem of the dead,  
 Who in the field of combat bled.  
 To softer themes now tunes the strings,  
 And tales of love and sorrow sings,  
 And sways with ever-changing air,  
 The reckless, daring spirits there !  
 His voice is hushed—the harp he woke,  
     Shall never more be waked to song ;  
 But that wild music that it spoke,  
     Through distant shores shall echo long.  
 Long cheer the exile's heart afar,  
 When gazing on day's burning star,  
 Sinking in glory to his rest,  
 Far in his own beloved west.  
 Yes ! Erin, yes, those hallowed strains,  
     Wild music's first-impassioned sighs,  
 Which even amid thy tears and chains,  
 Rose from thy valleys and thy plains,  
     Like incense to the weeping skies !  
 Shall, wedded now to words sublime,  
 Go proudly down to future time,  
 And to thy "children's children" long,  
 Proclaim thee as the land of song !

But there is a guest at the castle to-night,  
     Who has come o'er the seas,  
     And now sits at his ease,  
 Enjoying the music—the swipes and the light,  
     A jolly old druid,  
     Who takes to the fluid,  
 As if he was nursed at a *cruiskeen-lawn*—  
 And the name of this druid is Mr. Levawn,  
 An old English gentleman who has come o'er,  
 On a tour to Killarney, Glengarriff, Glandore,  
 And some other spots on our surf-beaten shore.

And whom Eochy, quite as a natural thing,  
 Entertains at his house like the son of a king.  
 Produces a keg of his double distilled,  
 Which at least twenty strangers had gloriously killed,  
 And says, in the tone of a good man and true,  
 "Stick to this, my old hero, and drink till all's blue.  
 "And if *I* don't stand by you, as long as you tope,  
 "Why, all I can say is, bad luck to the pope!"

Then to it they go,  
 And if they don't stow

A wonderful sight of the "native" below—  
 I'd not like to pay for their drink if 'twas scored—  
 Till faith in the end the old Saxon is floored,  
 And under the table goes down like the rest,  
 With the honours becoming so noble a guest.

Oh, night, how calmly beautiful thou art,  
 What balm thou bringest to the mourning heart;  
 And thou, sweet moon, how dear thy tranquil ray,  
 To many a breast that shuns the glare of day!  
 Thou seemst to sympathize with man's distress—  
 Thou hast no smile that mocks at wretchedness—  
 No smile, that like the wanton sunbeam greets,  
 With joyous recklessness, whate'er it meets,  
 And gazes, with unshrinking fervid eye,  
 Even on the hopeless wretch condemned to die;  
 Then let me worship thee—and where, oh where,  
 To mortal eye can'st thou appear more fair;  
 Where can thy smile with softer magic play,  
 Than here in wild Glengariff's lonely bay—  
 Upon whose crags the red arbutus grows,  
 The verdant holly and the briery rose,  
 While their rude feet, the bright blue waters lave,  
 With all the freshness of the Atlantic wave;  
 As if some Ocean-nymph her home forsook,  
 To meet her lover in thy hallowed nook,  
 And stole in, trembling, from her native sea,  
 To mark how fair the sleeping earth might be!

Thus Levawn might have thought—if he hadn't got drunk,  
 And been stretched on the floor then a motionless trunk.

As it was, being screwed,  
 And infernally slewed,

And his soul with romance being little imbued,  
 He only kept snoring the blessed night through,  
 Overpowered by that beautiful sylph, "mountain-dew."  
 And when roused in the morning to go out to hunt,  
 He replied with a somewhat dissatisfied grunt.  
 Though his wishes he didn't with fluency speak,  
 That he'd rather they'd let him alone for a week.  
 But they told him that after a couple of days,  
 He'd fall quite spontaneously into their ways.  
 Vowed that lingering there would be most impolite of him,  
 And hauled him away to the stag-hunt in spite of him!

Day after day,  
 Is passed in this way,  
 Levawn for a fortnight continues to stay,  
 At Eochy's request,  
 Who gives to his guest,  
 Of eating and drinking, and all things the best—  
 The head of the latter each morn becomes stronger,  
 But at last he resolves not to stay any longer,

When after much pressing, his host in the end,  
Consents to the wish of his jolly old friend.

Out in his lawn,  
At the morning's dawn,  
The chief is bidding good-by to Levawn,  
But ere his guest goes,  
Upon him bestows,  
Gifts of all kinds, as you well may suppose.  
With a good-natured smile, he says, "Here, my old crony,  
"I give you, for ever, my best Kerry pony,  
"He's a trifle too bony,  
"But—'tisn't that I say it—  
"I'd scorn to convey it—  
"If 'twasn't the truth, but you'll not see another  
"To match him alive—always barring his mother,  
"That died the week after the beauty was foaled,  
"Of my veteran-surgeon says, 'catching a cold.'  
"Here's a greyhound, I'd swear,  
"From this to Kenmare,  
"There's not one that so soon would make game of a hare.  
"Here's a beautiful pup,  
"Whose sire won the cup,  
"And he'll beat his father, faith, when he grows up."  
But I haven't time,  
To narrate in my rhyme,  
Half the elegant gifts of the gallant old chief,  
And in fact, if I did, they'd surpass all belief;  
But he ends with, what all must as generous strike,  
"Come, old boy, is there any thing else that you'd like?"

Now, there is a secret, which you didn't guess,  
But which now on your minds it is right to impress:  
The chief, and the guest whom he now bids good-bye,  
Are each of them, odd enough—blind of an eye!

And—what do you think—

Can I trust it to ink—

Won't the paper from such an atrocity shrink?  
And yet, on the word of a bard, 'tis no lie—  
That villain, Levawn, asks the chief for—*HIS EYE*!!

Ingratitude—if Heaven allow  
One dark and damning crime—whose hue  
Even mercy's pure and pitying dew  
Weeps vainly on—that crime art thou!  
Oh! how the opening flower of truth,  
Shrinks withered by thy icy blast—  
How bends the joyous bark of youth,  
A wreck upon life's waters cast—  
Thou'rt like the wretch, an infant's wile,  
Woo to its innocent caress,  
And while the babe upon him smiles,  
With lisping words of tenderness—  
Ay! while its lips to his are prest,  
Plunges his dagger in its breast.  
And pays its little fond embrace,  
With guilt that Heaven will *not* efface—  
By man abhorred—by God accurst,  
Hell's first creation, and its worst!

"My eye!" cries the chief—but his anger he checks,  
Though, indeed, the request an archbishop might vex—

" You shall have it, sir—yes, it shall never be said,  
     " That a chief of our line,  
     " Refused to resign,  
 " To a stranger aught, even the sole eye in his head."  
 And he raises his finger to take out the eye,  
 When his chaplain, an eminent saint, standing by,  
     With a desperate shout,  
     Vociferates out,  
 " Hold fast—blood and thunder ! what *are* you about ?"  
 And addressing Levawn in a threatening attitude,  
 " Cries—" Think you that Heaven will permit this ingratitude ?  
     " After eating his beef,  
     " You infernal old thief !  
     " And his mutton,  
     " You glutton !  
 " And worse than all that, was there ever yet seen,  
 " Such villainy—drinking his double poteen ?  
     " No—rather instead,  
     " Let *your* eye quit its socket,  
     " And fly like a rocket,  
 " Into his—like a billiard-ball into a pocket :—  
 " And you—go to—Jericho or the Old Head."

The words are scarce spoken—when to his surprise,  
 Poor Eochy finds himself blessed with two eyes !  
 While Mr. Levawn, most confoundedly done,  
 To *his* surprise finds that he hasn't got one.  
     And no one could paint  
     The delight of the saint,  
 When he finds matters turn up so pleasant and quaint ;  
 While the wondering crowd rendered dumb with amaze,  
 Fall down on their knees with a stupified gaze.

And now to a close that our legend we've drawn,  
     It remains but to say,  
     That from that lucky day,  
 The chieftain was ever called *suil-Levawn* ;\*  
 And all his descendants, who numerous still,  
 Grew as thick as potatoes about Hungry Hill ;  
 Where, long, like the lion at bay in his lair,  
 Mid his wild mountains fought The O'Sullivan Bear.  
 Of the saint's future history little is known,  
 By his chieftain of course he was amply rewarded,  
 But from that period forth, it is no where recorded,  
 That he meddled with any one's eyes but his own.

Levawn, whom the chieftain's compassion prevented  
 His people from slaying—'tis said much repented,  
     He was led by a dog,  
     Over mountain and bog,  
 And the peasants, although they at first so resented  
 His act, yet on finding he so much relented,  
 Supplied him at all times with clothing and prog.  
 He wandered the country around far and wide,  
 And we don't know the time, or the place where he died.  
     The thing which, 'tis said,  
     The chief bitterness shed  
 On his age—and full oft made him wish he was dead,  
 Was, that all the young gaffers, to vex him would cry out,  
 As he passed by their huts—  
     " THERE YOU GO WITH YOUR EYE OUT !"

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\* *Anglice*—Levawn's Eye.



## A NARRATIVE OF THE AFFGHAN WAR,

In a Series of Letters of the late Colonel Dennie, C.B., Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry Regiment, Aid-de-Camp to the Queen.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—Allow me to offer for publication in your periodical, the accompanying series of letters from my relative, the late lamented Colonel Dennie, containing a personal narrative of the war in Affghanistan. They are word for word the same as in the original, omitting, of course, such parts as can be of interest to his friends alone.

I have no doubt that were my dear friend now living, he would condemn—at least in their present form—the publication of letters, intended but for the eyes of those in whom he centred all his hopes of future earthly happiness; and written without that forethought and deliberation which all deem essential in launching any new bark upon the ocean of literature. I cannot but think, however, that in this consists their peculiar excellence. If there be faults in the style and composition of these letters, they are more than overbalanced by the faithfulness and truth; and written as they were upon the scenes of those actions which they profess to describe, with that freedom which the dread of criticism naturally curtails, they cannot but be regarded as forming a valuable addition to the already published histories of our military operations in the countries west of the Indus.

Considering the high rank which Colonel Dennie occupied throughout this lamentable war, and the prominent and important parts which he so gallantly and successfully performed therein, I cannot but feel confident that the readers of THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE will be interested by their perusal—those of Ireland especially, when they know, that although he received his first breath in England, yet by paternal and maternal ancestry, Ireland may claim as her son, one other hero, who served his country and found his grave in that far distant land.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

WM. E. STELLE, M.D.

13, Hat-street, 8th August, 1842.

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HAVING, in a former number of this Magazine,\* presented to our readers an account of our *then* existing relations with Affghanistan, and the position of our troops there, illustrated by a map of the seat of war, and a description of those cities and towns, plains and passes, celebrated for our victories or disasters; it is now proposed to enter upon a narration of the stirring events, which have given to these, formerly almost unknown regions, so deep and melancholy an interest.

This narrative is composed of a complete series of letters, from an officer—now alas! no more—who not only occupied a high rank in the English army, but who, himself, led and conducted, or took an eminently conspicuous part in such of those late military enterprises, to which, almost alone, we may revert with every feeling of satisfaction or triumphant pleasure.

William Henry Dennie was born in England. His father, (a member of the English bar,) was nearly connected with the Irish family of *Denny*,† of Tralee Castle, of which Sir Edward is now the head. His mother was granddaughter

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\* No. 113—May, 1842.

† To a private pique, (which induced a great-ancestor of the writer of the following letters to alter the final syllable of the name from *ny* to *nie*,) may be attributed the difference in the orthography of each name at the present time.

of Laurence Steele, Esq., of Rathbride, in the county of Kildare, through the youngest son of that house, William. From her he inherited all that generosity and nobleness of feeling—that ardour and enthusiasm of disposition, and moral, nay, physical courage which shone so conspicuously in every action of his life. In a word, all those qualities of head and heart which endeared him to every member of his corps, as an accomplished and considerate officer, and to all who knew him, as a warm and affectionate friend. Colonel Dennie entered his majesty's army in January, 1800; and being anxious to obtain a rank in the profession which he had chosen, which, during active service, might afford him more ample opportunities for distinction, he purchased each step as rapidly as circumstances would permit; and was gazetted lieutenant-colonel of the thirteenth light infantry on the 6th of July, 1832. In the year 1810, he was at the capturing of the Isle of France, and in India served under Lord Lake with his former regiment, the twenty-second. On the return of the latter corps from India, he effected an exchange into the thirteenth light infantry, in which regiment he served during the Burmese war, and distinguished himself so highly that the Companionship of the Bath was conferred upon him. His subsequent military career may be traced in the following pages.

The first letter of the series is dated "Landour, August 22, 1838," and is as follows:—

"I much fear that I shall be too late for this mail, and that the time has elapsed for my being able to despatch this letter by the steamer, which is only now announced to sail from Bombay, on the 8th September. In ordinary times, this advertisement would suffice, but we are just now at the height of the rains of this country, and *you* may know what these periodical floods, or tropical monsoons mean. The whole face of the land is just now inundated, and to a stranger from Europe, wears all the appearance of another deluge. Here, in the mountains, it has rained forty-six days without intermission—what then must it be in the plains? The usual time of a letter from hence to Bombay, is twelve or fourteen days in dry weather; I have now seventeen to accomplish it in, but fear the floods will detain the post till the steamer has sailed—but at all events we must try our chance. The government has, however, an excuse for not furnishing us with earlier information, (as to the starting of this mail.) Their despatches are at this moment of such importance, that all other subjects become of minor interest: and the convenience of individuals cannot be consulted, when the interests of such an empire as India are at stake. We are on the eve of something momentous. A great army from our northern provinces is forming,

and our regiment has received orders to march on field service on the 14th October. I shall now, at last, be restored to the command of my regiment, for Colonel Sale will be the senior brigadier, and I have every reason to believe that it is intended to give me a brigade also.

The field is to be one of intense interest and curiosity—a classical and beautiful land, where the hostile foot of European has never trod since the days of Alexander the Great!\* They say we are going to fight the Persians or Russians, the latter of whom are now besieging Herat, in concert with the former; and are actually not much farther from our frontier, or where we are posted, than those stations of Kurnaul, Meerut, &c., are from Calcutta. The Russians have long conceived this gigantic design: they are poor, and know that the wealth of the East has been the great object of desire of all nations in the world. They have conquered Persia, after subduing Turkey, and have really stolen across this immense extent of country, without our being almost aware of their insidious advances, till we hear of them actually besieging Herat, a fortress of Cabool, which stands on the confines of that country and Persia. The Seikh kingdom† alone divides us from Cabool, and the celebrated Runjeet Singh, whose ca-

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\* Alexander the Great, after his conquest of Persia, proceeded through this country to India by the plains and mountain passes, with the names of which we are all now familiar.

† Or Punjab. The Seikhs are its rulers; or rather the government is in the hands of the Seikh dynasty, of which Runjeet Singh was then the head. The Seikhs were originally a religious sect. One of their priests, by the influence of his preaching, animated this sect against the Moslems, and established a republic,

pital of Lahore is only a few days' march from our cantonments, has, either from interest or fear, been persuaded or forced to enter into a treaty, offensive and defensive with the British, and give us not only free passage through his dominions to Cabool, but to join us in a contingent or army of fifty thousand men against our common enemy, for which he, of course, is promised a share of the spoil, although I doubt not we shall still keep the lion's share to ourselves. The first object is to drive the present king of Cabool, Dost Mahomed Khan, off his throne: he has dismissed our envoy, and joined hands of fellowship with the Persians and Russians. We have found out, therefore, that he is *an usurper!* who expelled his half-brother, Shah Soojah-ool-moolk, from his throne. The latter has been a refugee many years in our provinces and a pensionary of the honourable company. We never thought much about him or his misfortunes before—our principles or politics being that of non-interference when it suits not our interest, and all kinds of intermeddling when it does. Shah Soojah is said to have many partisans in Cabool, and it is supposed that when we have restored him, he will prove a faithful ally and a sort of bulwark or outwork to our possessions in India. To insure his fidelity, and all those objects, it is intended that he shall be *honoured* with an English force, which he will pay and entertain. The Indus is to be our frontier line, and with a flotilla of steamers on that great river, it is believed we shall keep back Russian invasion for another century, or at least for our time. But these Scythian savages—Huns, Calmucs, Tartars, semi-civilized rascals—have all the propensities of their ancestors, and the Cossacks long to leave their deserts, hungry for the fat fields of Indostan.

“Now you must procure a map of the north-west provinces of India, and those which border them, that is, the Punjab, (or ‘country of five rivers,’ being trans-

lated,) the dominions of our ally Runjeet Singh, which we shall pass through without molestation or difficulty; and next to that, you will come to the kingdom of Cabool, or Affghanistan, the country of the Affghans—a people who have conquered the greater part of Asia, or the old world, in their time, and founded dynasties in Persia, India, &c. They are supposed to be the genuine descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, and their Jewish features, complexion, names, traditions, &c., as many say, prove the fact. The climate, soil, and produce of this beautiful land render it the garden of the world. The latitude is only 34 deg. but it is so elevated that the cold in winter equals that of England, and the people are wrapt in woollen cloths and furs. In the summer, all the fruits of Europe abound in the greatest perfection. Grapes and apples are exported from thence to India, and all the neighbouring nations, together with furs, shawls, horses, and other valuable productions. You must also get Elphinstone's account of the kingdom of Cabool and its dependencies in Persia, Tartary, and India, comprising a view of the Affghan nation. The Honourable Mount-Stewart Elphinstone was sent on an embassy to Cabool from Delhi, thirty years ago, when Shah Soojah was king of the Affghans, who received our ambassador most munificently. This is the same man whom we have found it now expedient to be just or generous towards for our own special interest. You will be delighted with this book, and it will astonish you all to find such a noble people among the mountains of Asia. You will be able to trace our course, and must show me some day or other how you have followed our route. Try also to get Connolly's account of a recent overland journey to India through this country; and above all the work of Captain Burnes, who has explored so recently every part of these territories, and whose information and inquiries have furnished us with all our present

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which until the time of Runjeet Singh, rajah of Lahore, possessed no organization. Under him they subdued all the other rulers of the Punjab, and seized upon Cashmere, a province then tributary to the Barukzye chiefs, of whom Dost Mahomed is the head. Thus the territories of the rajah of Lahore were of wide extent, stretching from the eastern range of the Indian Caucasus or Hindoo-Coosh to Scinde, and from Indostan on the east to the river Indus on the west. The forces of the rajah were well disciplined, and could even boast of being commanded by some of Napoleon's officers; of whom are Generals Avitabili, Allard, Ventura, and Court. The first is governor of Peshawar. The independent Seikh states, over whom Runjeet Singh possesses no control, and through which our armies were to pass, are a few paltry dominions on the left bank of the Sutlege or Gharra, between our dominions, and the territories of their more powerful neighbour. The latter is prevented from interfering with these by treaty, and a British agent resides there, to watch our interests and preserve their independence.—See *Havelock*, vol. i. p. 50.

*materiel* of operations. He it is who was dismissed by Dost Mahomed, the present king, and has only within these few days returned with Major Todd from Herat. Our ambassador has also been dismissed by the Persians, and his personal safety endangered. The governor-general and commander-in-chief are all here in the Himalayahs, at a neighbouring station—

Simla. Thus the government being on the spot, or so close to the field of operations, no time has been lost in organizing a sufficient force, as the Bengal division is to be joined by an army from Bombay, and report says Sir Henry Fane will take the command of all  
 “W. H. D.”

It is needless here to enter into the wisdom of the policy which induced our government to enter upon that expedition. The ostensible reasons are given at length in the published declaration of the governor-general of India, dated, “Simla, October 1st, 1838.” Suffice it to say, that a period for vigorous action had arrived, and whatever might have been the means adopted by another administration, the end to be obtained was the establishment of our *influence* in those countries west of the Indus. The machinations of Russia\* were too obvious not to awaken our suspicions or fears. The chiefs of Cabool were induced to act with open audacity to our envoy and officials, and the Ameers of Scinde, with whom we had entered some time before upon a commercial treaty, were stimulated to side with the enemy against us, and even to *solicit* the aid of the Persians in destroying the hated influence of the Feringees, or English, in their country.

For the purpose of carrying out the objects mentioned in the governor-general's declaration, and establishing Shah Soojah on the throne of Cabool, the following official appointments were then made:—Mr. W. H. Macnaghten to be minister and envoy of the Indian government at the future court of Shah Soojah, assisted in other or subordinate stations by Captain A. Burnes, Lieutenant Todd, Lieutenant Pottinger, Lieutenant Leech, and Dr. Perceval B. Lord. Lieutenant Connolly was appointed to command the escort of the minister, and Mr. G. J. Berwick to be its surgeon.

The military dispositions and appointments were as follow:—The “Army of the Indus,” consisting of three divisions, (two from the Bengal presidency and one from Bombay,) was placed under the command of Sir Henry Fane, commander-in-chief of India. The first infantry division of the Bengal force was entrusted to the care of Sir Willoughby Cotton, in which were the first, second, and third brigades: the second division, under Major-General Duncan, consisted of the fourth and fifth brigades. Brigadier Sale was given the command of the first brigade, in which was the thirteenth light infantry regiment, commanded by its junior lieutenant-colonel, W. H. Dennie. Major General Nott commanded the second brigade, Brigadier Roberts the fourth, and Brigadier Worsley the fifth. The care of the engineer department was intrusted to Captain George Thompson—this, with a siege train, completed the Bengal force, consisting of about ten thousand men.

The Bombay contingent, under Sir John Keane, commander-in-chief of that presidency, consisted of an ample and well-organized force, with cavalry, siege-train, sappers and miners, and artillery, which may be estimated at about six thousand strong.

The force subsequently received the augmentation of another brigade, consisting of the first, second, and fourth regiments of local cavalry, under the command of Colonel James Skinner.

One portion of the army cannot be passed unnoticed. It was stated in the governor-general's declaration, “that his majesty Shah Soojah-ool-moolk will enter Affghanistan surrounded by his own troops;” and in order to give this mandate effect, a mass of levies was raised in *Indostan*, consisting of five

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\* It may be recollected, perhaps, that in a recent debate on this war in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel refused to produce papers to the house, on the ground that their production would compromise our then friendly relations with Russia. Thus tacitly acknowledging the existence of documentary evidence as to the interference of the agents of that country in this matter.

regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, the whole commanded by British officers, and paid from the Indian treasury: this formed the "Shah's contingent."

The Bengal force, accompanied by the Shah's contingent, was at some point on its march to be joined by the Bombay division of the "Army of the Indus," under Sir John Keane, and until that event takes place, this narrative is to be considered as being more intimately connected with the proceedings of the former force.

"Camp, 'Army of the Indus,'  
"11th Nov. 1838.

"Rather than not write at all, it were better to send you a few lines. I am here once again at the head of my regiment; and, by the blessing of God, in good health and spirits, with the prospect before me of credit, I trust, and advancement, and profit. As the senior officer in the army, too, commanding a regiment, the first vacancy makes me eligible to a brigade.

"The thirteenth is in the division of an old friend of mine, Sir Willoughby Cotton: we are in the first brigade, under Colonel, or rather Brigadier Sale. We are now four marches from Kurnaul, and as I only came down from the hills ten days ago, in time to join the regiment before it left Kurnaul, and make some necessary preparations—you may well believe how every second of my time, day and night, has been occupied. I have, in truth, been a good deal hurried and harassed, and my mind and body more than usually occupied and exercised; but it seems to do me good. The only thing I feel, and which somewhat oppresses me, is the sudden and incredible change of climate. Living, as I have done for the last six months, in a cool, and latterly a cold, atmosphere, the breath of the plains almost scalds me. When I slept at Landour, it froze every night: in little more than twenty-four hours I was in the torrid zone. There (in the hills) the season has been unusually cold; here it is as unseasonably hot. The thermometer is now

(about two, P. M.) 96 deg. in my tent; for of course, these magnificent pavilions are not as cool as a house; but the mornings and evenings are cool and pleasant; and on this account we usually march very early—as early as three o'clock in the morning. I took the command of my regiment on the 1st Nov. We have a glorious force; and the spectacle would really dazzle and delight you all; for an Indian army is truly a gorgeous sight. We are now about fifteen thousand strong, and this force will be augmented by the junction of many troops from Bombay, on some point near the Indus. All our own corps are not yet assembled in the strength I mentioned above, but we are to pick them up before we reach the Sutlege, on which river, our boundary, at a place called Ferozepore, we are to concentrate.

"I could write a great deal more, but the confusion and clamour, which yet prevails in an army newly organised, render it impossible; for appeals are made to me every minute, by officers and soldiers; by elephant-drivers and camel-leaders; besides those of the mob of camp followers, attendant on an Indian army, which are attached to my corps, necessarily lay their disputes before me for adjustment; it is as yet almost too much for any head to stand; but we still get into our places, and all will be in order in time, and arrange itself. The materials are incongruous and multifarious.

W. H. D."

A few days after this letter was written, a communication was received from Lieutenant-Colonel Stoddart, dated, Herat, September 8th, 1838, in which he stated that the Shah of Persia had raised the siege of Herat; in consequence of which, changes of importance were made in the strength and disposition of the force. Sir Henry Fane resigned his command of the "Army of the Indus," disgusted (as it is stated in a late letter signed, "H. Fane," in *The Times*) with the intermeddling of the officials in military matters; Sir Willoughby Cotton succeeding him in the charge of the entire army, until the arrival of the Bombay force should have placed the command of the whole under Sir John Keane. To Major-General Nott of the second brigade was intrusted the care of the first division of the Indus army, upon which Lieutenant-Colonel Dennie was nominated to the command of the late brigade of General Nott.

On the morning of the 8th November, 1838, the thirteenth began its march towards Kythul, and arrived at Ferozepore, on the River Sutlege or Gharra—



the ancient Hyphasis; celebrated as the boundary of Alexander the Great's conquests, on the morning of the 26th.

"Ferozepore, 'Army of the Indus,'  
"December 7th, 1848.

"In all the hurry and confusion in which I am involved, and which prevails around me, you cannot expect a long letter; but it will make you happy to know that 'thus far have we marched without impediment,' that I am quite well, in fact, in the best health and spirits, that, more than all, I am a brigadier: can I say more, than to bid you rejoice, which I know you will do; and it is the happiness I feel it will afford you all, that constitutes my chief delight.

"I wish I had time to tell you all and every thing; but a circular has just gone round the camp, notifying that on the 1st January a steamer would be despatched from Bombay, and no time must be lost.

"I must tell you, however, that one small qualification of this good news consists in my being removed altogether from my own regiment; that the second brigade, I am appointed to, has even no

British or queen's regiment in it, but is composed solely of sepoys. It consists of the thirty-first, forty-second, and forty-third regiments, N. I. Of course I shall be somewhat strange at first with such troops, but with good will and an honest desire to do justice, and behave like a gentleman to all under me, I shall soon feel accustomed to them, and they to me, and feel confident that we shall like each other.

"We marched from Kurnaul to this place in nineteen marches, and we have settled here some ten or twelve days, having been reviewed before Runjeet Singh, the chief of the Seikhs and a great potentate. We march on again, towards Shikarpore, in three or four days more, leaving half the force here. We may be six weeks reaching that place, and, after establishing a bridge of boats, &c. over the Indus, and forming our magazines, &c. there, advance upon Candahar, in the country of the Affghans.

"W. H. D."

Their march now lay along the left bank of the Sutlege and Indus, through a friendly country; but they were about entering the Scinde territory, the Ameers of which were very far from being on terms of amity with us. In consequence of this the envoy was dispatched before the army to arrange a treaty, whereby we should have an unmolested passage through their territory—which permission, in form at least, was at length obtained. At this period of their march they experienced a foretaste of those privations and disasters which they were afterwards destined to undergo: the desertions of the camp followers becoming so frequent, bringing away with them the hired camels—essential for the future progress of the army—that the abandonment of a great portion of the camp equipage and bedding was inevitable.

After remaining for a short time in the friendly state of the Nawab of Bawalpore, the army crossed the boundary line of that province and the Scinde territory; warned by Sir Alexander Burnes, that although the Ameers had promised every assistance to our troops in their passage through their states, still that we should be prepared to meet with treachery and opposition. And such precautions were indeed most necessary. Sir John Keane's force, which was moving up the Indus, was completely crippled by the want of those necessary supplies of camels, or animals of any kind, which the Scindians were by treaty bound to procure. Nor was this all; for every kind of harass and opposition was practised against this force—delaying the junction of the armies far beyond the period calculated upon.

At length the Bengal force arrived at that point on the Indus where the bridge of boats had been constructed by the skill of the engineers, and over which Shah Soojah and his armament had crossed in safety a few days before. By the diligence of Sir Alexander Burnes the insular fort of Bukkur, on the Indus, had been ceded to us—an important position, which secured an unmolested passage for our troops over that mighty river.\* This they accomplished

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\* The feeling of the Scindians on this occasion may well be imagined, and the difficulty of arranging any treaty with them conceived, when we recollect that by it the Ameers were to pay to Shah Soojah a large sum of tribute-money due to him as king of Cabool—Scinde having been a province of that kingdom before his deposition.

on the 15th of February and following days, and on the 20th the Bengal force established its head quarters at Shikarpore in company with the Shah's contingent. In three days the army was again on its march, with the exception of the second brigade, under Brigadier Dennie, and a portion of the Shah's contingent. The former was instructed to remain behind until further orders; while with reference to the latter force it was determined that a *depôt* should be formed at that station for supplying it with levies. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that the post here assigned to this officer should have been felt by him to be one of an extremely mortifying nature. Cut off for the present from the advance army and apparently deprived of all chance of distinguishing himself, he could not but feel his position as humiliating and degrading;—actually *drilling* the raw levies of the Shah's puppet-show troops.

This force cannot but be regarded as a fruitful source from whence proceeded many of those privations and difficulties which afterwards attended the army on its march; for while it added nothing to the efficiency of the entire, it deprived the actual and *bonâ fide* actors in the drama—the queen's and company's forces—of many of the necessities of life during this arduous expedition. Their commissariat too, was quite as ample as that attached to either the Bombay or Bengal divisions. And in *this instance* we perceive the entire army dismembered for the sole purpose of keeping the Shah's force together, and affording plausibility to the fiction of “the Shah entering his dominions surrounded by his own troops,” when the fact was notorious that he had not a single subject or Affghan amongst them—his army having been composed of camp followers from the company's military stations. In words to that effect Colonel Dennie remonstrated with Sir John Keane; at the same time suggesting the propriety—not only on account of the utter inefficiency of this force, but lest the queen's and company's troops should be disabled by a further diminution of supplies—of leaving the Shah's force for the present at Shikarpore, in order that they might be drilled into active and efficient soldiers, and permitting him to join the army in advance. This remonstrance was not only without effect, but he thereby drew upon himself the displeasure of the commander-in-chief, which it will be seen the latter took no pains to conceal on more than one occasion afterwards.

In the meantime the advance of the Bengal force proceeded on its march towards Candahar, a city of Affghanistan, second only in importance to Cabool, and then under the rule of the chiefs of the Barukzye clan. The government all along conceived that this would be nothing but an ordinary march; and little did they opine that an incessant and harassing opposition from man and the elements would meet them at every step. The predatory warfare of the Scindians and Beloochees, the want of provisions, of water, of food, and forage for camels and horses, and the difficult nature of the countries through which their progress lay, had almost succeeded in terminating this rashly-undertaken and ignorantly-conceived expedition; and in fact a retreat was at one time seriously contemplated and considered inevitable.\* However, they reached Candahar at the latter end of April, nearly worn out; Sir John Keane and the Bombay force having joined them at Quettah, and on the 27th Shah Soojah took formal possession of the city. Here they were obliged to remain for two months, to recruit the strength of the men and camp followers who had been living for some time before on half and quarter rations, but which, however, were then augmented.

Let us now return to Colonel Dennie, and trace him in his march to join the army in advance. Details of this will be found in the two following letters:—

“Shikarpore, 27th March, 1839.

“I have only time to tell you that I am safe and well, and was proceeding at the instant of receiving your letter of the 17th Dec. with part of my brigade to the army in advance, with a convoy of provisions and stores.

“The heat here is beyond all description—at 100 deg. in my double tent—but in a few days, with God's blessing, I may hope to be in a climate more congenial to the feelings and constitutions of white men. I told you in my last that we had been marching and counter-

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\* *Bombay Times*—May.

marching along the line of the Indus, having gone from Ferozepore almost to Hyderrabad, to relieve the Bombay army. We have been since the 12th Nov., the day we marched from Kurnaul, almost continually on the move, and all hitherto has been attended with little result, except the nominal subjugation of the Ameers, or Emirs of Scinde whose extorted friendship is worse than open enmity; for the knaves practise all sorts of annoyances against us, which they disavow of course in words, but our unfortunate camels and servants daily declare the truth. These chiefs of bandits not only refuse us all supplies, but urge their armed retainers to rob and carry off all they can lay their hands upon.

"To give you some idea of the mode of campaigning in India, I have no less than eleven camels to carry my tents and baggage, and what are not only *termed* indispensables, but really are so in this climate, and these are not more than sufficient. . . . I know not what may be in store for us at Cabool and Candahar, but hitherto there has been neither credit nor profit to recompense us for all this harass. The increase of rank and allowances, is scarcely enough to repay one for all the expense and the wear and tear of body and all belonging to us, but still we trust, when all is over, we shall be able to live and die comfortably and happy with the objects of our love—in a word, those of my dearest and only interest in this world. W. H. D."

"Candahar, June 15th, 1839.

"The last letter I wrote to you from Quettah, in the province of Shawl—the first place worthy of a name I came to after leaving the low lands of Scinde, or the countries lying on the borders of the great Indus. We ascended from Dadur to that place through the Bolan pass, an elevation of between five and six thousand feet, having previously traversed, at its foot, a long dreadful desert-plain from Shikarpore (or to reckon correctly from Boree on the banks of the Indus) to Dadur, of about one hundred and fifty miles. *Desert* will scarcely describe the aspect of that fearful tract, where no sign of animal

or vegetable life is to be found, which the wild beast, from its desolation, shuns, and which is neither inhabited by bird nor insect; no sound disturbs the awful silence, and as for the heat, you, God be praised, can form no conception of it: *I have escaped*, and can only tell you that I shudder to look back at what I and those with me underwent. The tract of country above described is by the nations of India considered the hottest in the world. The Persians and other Mahomedans hereabout have a saying to this effect, 'Oh, Allah! wherefore make *hell* when thou hast made Dadur?' The burning soil, the suffocating atmosphere exceeds all credibility, and human life cannot long exist under it, but man perishes literally *consumed*! Colonel Thompson, who commanded one of the regiments of my brigade, and who followed me a few days in the rear, died instantly in his tent, and Lieut. Brady of her majesty's seventeenth foot, fell dead in the same manner—their bodies turning as black as charcoal; between fifty and sixty persons of another convoy were suffocated by the breath of this deadly simoon, which sweeps across the face of the desert at intervals, dealing destruction to all within its hated influence.

"I had told you of my having been left behind at Shikarpore, of Sir John Keane having profited thereby, to relieve the Bombay army at our expense, by taking all our camels and provisions from us,\* which therefore kept us still longer in that dangerous position which others were anxious to fly from, and relieve themselves at our cost or expense—which was then considered at nothing less than that of our lives.

"The Bengal column felt nothing of these sufferings, for they advanced in February and March, and reached the cool and healthy table-land of Affghanistan early in April. The Bombay column, supplying themselves from us, pushed on, reckless of our fate, the plea being, *to save the Europeans*; so that my command of a 'native' or black brigade became a punishment, or misfortune. Before I could proceed, or obtain carriage or food, (which latter came in by dribbles,) and which I could

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\* While at Shikarpore, Sir John Keane sent Captain Stockley of the Bombay commissariat, who by his orders not only took all their godown and bazar camels, but tents, magazine, hospital-stores, cattle, &c. In vain Colonel Dennie represented this to his excellency. Some time afterwards, he received accounts that Captain Stockley was surrounded in the fort of Jannadeera by the Beloochees, many of his escort cut up, and three hundred and fifty camels carried off. With what means he could collect Colonel Dennie proceeded to his rescue, and, after driving the enemy out of all the forts in the neighbourhood, guarded the convoy across the desert, and delivered it over without the loss of a camel at Dadur.

effect for four companies only, the month of May and the dreadful period had arrived. To give you a correct notion of the temperature, the thermometer stood, in the tent of a young officer, my aid-de-camp—a smaller one than mine, and termed a hill-tent—at one hundred and twenty-five degrees; in mine, which is one of the best and largest, at one hundred and eighteen and one hundred and twenty degrees.\* We were here compelled to halt for some days at certain stages, which have names in the map, but neither town, village, nor creature, to give reality to the fiction. We dug holes, five or six feet deep, in the ground, under our tents, and fastened wet blankets to the doors or apertures. These precautions, with wet towels round our heads, saved us. It seems a contradiction, after all I have stated, but the surrounding nations, who dread the heat as much at that time as ourselves, poured down from the neighbouring hills, and, well mounted and armed, harassed our small bodies in the rear, who were escorting grain or treasure, which was the work allotted, of course, to us. In fact, from Shikarpore to Dadur, and all through the Bolan Pass, a long, mountainous defile, of seven days' march, (but where I was dragging along ten days,) we had to fight our way, the whole road.† But here, thank God! I am at last, with my regiment, and the head-quarters, or advance, of the army, having arrived here a few days ago, with a treasure-party from Quettah or Shawl. By Sir John Keane assuming the command of the combined forces, Sir Willoughby Cotton has fallen back to the division, and Major-General Nott to that of my late brigade, (the second,) as I myself to that of my corps. Being, however,

the next senior in the army, an early opportunity may restore me to a brigade; but pray, however, it may be never accompanied with the penalties I paid for such distinction. . . .

From this (Candahar) the army moves, on the 20th to Cabool. This is June, the hottest season in the year; yet even in our tents, by sinking the floor a few feet, and other contrivances, the climate is rendered endurable, even during the hottest part of the day. The mornings and evenings are delicious—the nights cold; perhaps the transition is too great; but, with a good house, this same Candahar would be a delightful country. It is only three thousand feet above the sea, and the latitude thirty-two degrees, yet in winter, we understand, the snow lies for a long time some feet deep. The fruits are those of Europe—apples, grapes, cherries, apricots, mulberries, plums, (or green-gages, rather,) with pomegranates, &c. Their dairies are very fine, and their milk, butter, and cheese are excellent; we only wish there was *enough* of these good things; but an army like this has an *enormous* *maw*. The mutton, here, surpasses every thing I ever saw or tasted, in any part of the world; it is, however, of a particular, or mountainous breed, and the tails weigh almost as much as the whole animal. . . .

. . . . You will have learned, long before this, that Shah Soojah was crowned here, without opposition—the people seeming to treat the matter with perfect indifference. The Candahar Lords (brothers of Dost Mahomed) having fled without offering to defend the place, which took Nadir Shah so many months to subdue. There is little or nothing in the city to gratify the eye of curiosity, with the exception

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\* In a subsequent letter he states, that in the sun, the thermometer stood at 140!

† "At Dadur Captain Anderson, commanding two newly-raised levies of the Shah's artillery, with tumbrils, ammunition-waggons, &c. amounting to fifty carriages, claimed my protection through the Bolan Pass, opposed, in like manner, by a numerous enemy, greater part of the way, with horses that could not draw, and boys that could not ride; compelled to halt (for these reasons) almost every alternate day, in this mountainous and rocky defile, destitute of all provender; (our casualties of killed and wounded being much increased by men dying and going mad,) yet were all obstacles overcome, and the guns, with all I took charge of, safely brought into Quettah. From thence I marched, with treasure, over the Kojuk Pass, and arrived at Candahar on the day specified."—Extract from a letter of remonstrance to the government of India.

He states, in another letter, that on his arrival at Candahar he learned, that his destruction, and that of his whole force was considered as inevitable; and we cannot be surprised at this opinion when we recollect, that at a later period "the same attempt was made by Captain Clibborn, in the same place, (the Bolan Pass,) and at a like season, and opposed by the same enemies; that he had one thousand men, with *four* guns, &c. &c., yet his whole force was cut to pieces;" while he accomplished this with very little more than two hundred men.

of the old palace, and a fine mosque, erected by Amed Shah, and where he and many of his race lie buried in splendid marble tombs. The people are very handsome, and in feature, complexion, limbs, &c. resemble, or rather surpass, Europeans, the bloom on their cheek being, indeed, quite English. A strange custom prevails here, unknown in India, as throughout the rest of Asia—the women, as *some* in our part of the world, painting their cheeks red, when they fancy themselves deficient in colour. We hear that Cabool, which has been for a long time past the seat of government, is really a fine city, abounding in all things. But the cold there is very great in winter; and at Ghuznee, which lies in our road thither, so intense, that numbers of the inhabitants perish annually; and not long ago, the place itself was almost destroyed by being buried in the snow. The woollen and fur dresses of the people from thence tell plainly that the cold must be severe. I know not what our sepoy and servants will do, or our camels, or elephants, if exposed to it. I conclude that the whole, or great part of the army will decamp. It is, however, said that a portion will remain at Cabool, to secure for some time Shah Soojah on his throne, or, until the country is *settled*;—If they wait for *that* it will, indeed, be a long time! for a more turbulent set of ruffians never existed. Their whole life is one of violence, rapine, and murder. They know no law but force, and the sword; and every man among them is armed

from head to foot, a state which they never quit by day or night, so insecure is life and property among them, and so little dare they trust each other!—If you reckon our route from Kurnaul to Ferozepore, and thence, down the Indus, to near Hyderabad, and back again," (to Ferozepore,) "and from Bukkur to this place, you will find we have marched two thousand miles. Try and procure two historical novels, 'The Kuzzilbash,' and 'Persian Adventurer,' they will give you as correct an account of the history of this country, and a delineation, and character of the people, their manners, &c. as can be. . . .

We have all been subject to much expense and great loss; four of my camels have already died from fatigue and want of food; and I have been forced to buy four others; I have also been compelled to leave behind me one of my tents, and part of my baggage to lighten the loads. We have all undergone considerable privations; the whole force having been, for the last two months, upon half rations, and our followers or servants upon quarter rations;—no grain whatever served out for our horses, not even the cavalry! Numbers have, consequently, perished; and our cattle are very *Rosinantish*. But the harvest is ripening, and the prospect brightening; and, thank God! we are out of that dreadful heat, and in a comparatively fine climate. Still the thirteenth, I am sorry to say, have one hundred soldiers sick in hospital.

"W. H. D."

On the 27th of June,\* the army resumed its march towards Cabool, in much better health and spirits than on their arrival at Candahar; and in little less than a month arrived before Ghuznee, where a strong resistance, on the part of the enemy, contrary to all accounts and expectations, was apparent. It had been discovered that all the gates of the town had been built up, except that that which looked towards Cabool. From a complete want of their siege train, which they had left behind them at Candahar, it was manifest that the place must be taken by other means than open assault. During the night of their arrival, (on the 21st of July, 1839,) dropping shots were fired from the citadel, and signal lights displayed, which were answered repeatedly by others, on the mountains around, demonstrating to a certainty, that the whole population was up and in arms behind them. A religious war had been proclaimed, and preached among the fanatic tribes, the Ghazees, who were sworn to exterminate Shah Soojah, and all his followers. Other tribes were also in arms, summoned to the support of Dost Mahomed by one of his sons, and awaiting the first symptom of disaster to fall on the enemy, and by their numbers overpower them. On the 22nd a sharp skirmish took place, between a body of the fanatics, and the Shah's force, but the former were defeated with loss. Several were taken prisoners, and butchered upon the spot; which barbarous act was, it is right to state, committed at the command of the Shah.

On the evening of the 22nd the general orders were issued, assigning to each

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\* On the same day, their ally, Runjeet Singh, died.



brigade its post. At midnight all were to commence moving into position. The artillery were to be placed so as to attract the enemy's attention from the Cabool gate. The sappers and miners were to move down to the gate, screened by the darkness, and supported by a battery, and a column of native infantry. The storming-party was placed under the command of Brigadier Sale, and composed as follows:—"An advance, to consist of the light companies of her majesty's second and seventeenth regiments, and of the European regiment, and a flank company of her majesty's thirteenth light infantry, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dennie, C.B.; the main column under Brigadier Sale, the support under Lieutenant-Colonel Croker, and the reserve commanded in person by Sir W. Cotton."

But we can no longer delay the account of this achievement, given by one of the principal actors in the scene. It is thus detailed in the following extracts:—

"Ghuznee, July, 1839.

"The great uncertainty of these letters ever reaching you, takes away almost the pleasure and comfort in relating to you, from time to time, all about my proceedings. But an event, of no common occurrence, within the last day, gives me hope and courage to relate the same. . . . After describing a circuit of two thousand miles, through every variety of climate, . . . we at length reached Affghanistan. The easy occupation of Shawl, Candahar, &c. led us to expect that we should meet with no serious opposition on our march to Cabool; and our information was so defective, that we confidently reckoned upon Dost Mahomed doing as his brothers had done, and flying before us. But when arrived at this place, (Ghuznee,) we were shortly undeceived. A fortress, of very great strength, which opened a fire on us as we took up our position in its front, told us that we had, at last, arrived at the point where resistance would be offered; and *that resistance* an earnest and a fierce one. A demonstration in force, made that morning by Sir John Keane, was roughly handled, and compelled to retreat abruptly, and in some disorder. Reconnaissances, made by the engineers, reported the fort and citadel, as it truly is, a place of extraordinary strength. Our leader had left his battering train behind, at Candahar, after dragging those guns over rivers, mountains, and awful passes, by manual labour in great part, for one thousand eight hundred miles; and, when within two hundred miles of the object for which they had been carried from Indostan, they were left behind.\* As the light guns of the horse artillery could be of no avail against such ramparts and bastions, a bold, and perhaps a desperate measure was proposed by the engineer officer, Captain Thompson—a man, I consider, of surpassing ta-

lent and nerve: it was, to carry these formidable works by a *coup-de-main*: that is, in the dark, an hour or two before day-break, to distract the garrison with a fire of artillery and musketry from different faces of the work; a chosen party to cross the ditch, and blow up the gateway itself, by piling bags of gunpowder against it; when the storming party, drawn up outside the walls, or on the edge of the causeway, should profit by the explosion and consternation of those within, and force their passage through all obstacles. I was asked to lead the advance, accepted it, and, although I resigned the command of my regiment, and the superior duties of a brigadier, yet, being the post of honour and peril, I, as a soldier, could not but consider it a compliment. . . . We succeeded. I was at the head of all,—the first man in the breach, the first to enter that gateway, and the first armed Briton that entered Ghuznee. The place is famed in eastern story, and our achievement, having been enacted on ground so classical, will thus gain celebrity. I escaped unhurt, thank God, and was, with my party, in the body of the fort before the main column followed. Our cheers told those without we were masters of the stronghold of Central Asia. Eight months' provisions and stores, ammunition, &c. &c. for a large garrison was found within the place, and rewarded the victors. It appears that the Affghans had reckoned upon its holding out for at least that time. The son of Dost Mahomed was captured among the other prisoners, some time after the disgusting slaughter inevitable to a storm had ceased. About two thousand horses were seized, and will serve to remount our dragoons; we shall also experience no more deprivation of food, &c. A brother of the Dost came in here yesterday, with powers to treat, from Cabool, which is eight marches

\* And this, too, *knowing* the strength of Cabool, to which city they were then marching; and which it was the great object of the war to restore to Shah Soojah.

from hence, which shows they must be struck with terror, and that little more resistance will be successfully offered. We march for the capital to-morrow,

whence I trust to send you more good news. All the captured property is selling at preposterous prices, which, however, will increase the prize-money."

Thus fell Ghuznee, the strong and (previously considered) impregnable fortress of Affghanistan; an exploit, characterised by Sir Robert Peel as the "most brilliant achievement in the history of our arms in Asia." For this successful *coup-de-main* was Sir John Keane raised to the peerage, and obtained his pension of two thousand pounds a-year; but whether deservedly or not, or whether his honours were "thrust upon him" by the skill and gallantry of others, is now comparatively a useless question. Let the fact of his leaving behind him his battering train, at Candahar, proclaim his forethought and judgment. Let the scheme devised by Captain Thompson, by which the gate of Ghuznee was blown down, and a breach effected, exhibit his skill, and the vast resources of his mind. Let the entrance of the advance party into the breach attest his daring, gallantry, and courage; and, above all, let his published despatch on this memorable occasion remain an imperishable monument of his lordship's love of truth and justice, to the world! The following is an extract from this remarkable document:—

"This opening having been effected, although it was a difficult one to enter by, from the rubbish in the way, the leading column, in a spirit of fine gallantry, directed and led by Brigadier Sale, gained a footing inside the fortress, although opposed by the Affghan soldiers in very great strength, &c. &c. The advance, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dennie, of her majesty's thirteenth, consisting of, &c. &c., and the leading column, under Major Carruthers, and the Bengal European regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Orchard, &c. &c. To all these officers and the gallant soldiers under their orders, his excellency's best thanks are tendered; and, in particular, he feels indebted to Brigadier Sale for the manner he conducted the arduous duty intrusted to him in command of the storming party. His excellency will not fail to bring it under the notice of his lordship the governor-general."

Can it now be wondered at, that Colonel Dennie felt peculiarly hurt and mortified by this acknowledgment of his dangerous exploit? or can he be blamed for refusing the paltry honour of the third class of "Dooranee order,"\*

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\* The circumstances attending this transaction are detailed in a subsequent letter from Cabool, dated October 10th, 1839:—

"The King of Cabool, by way of rewarding those who had helped him to the throne of his ancestors, instituted, after the fashion of Europe, an order of knighthood, called the Dooranee Order. The names of officers to be invested, were, of course, given in by Sir John Keane, our Commander-in-chief, and I found my name among the *third class*! which, not exactly suiting my taste, or agreeing with my notions of right, I took the liberty of declining the acceptance of. This has given great offence to Sir J. Keane. . . . I merely followed the wishes of the whole army in my rejection of the gift proffered."

The following letter, addressed to Lieutenant-colonel Macdonald, Military Secretary to Sir John Keane, contains his reasons for declining the third class Dooranee order:—

"Camp, Cabool, Sept. 17th, 1839.

"Sir—Although innocent and unconscious of all intentional offence, it has been my misfortune to suffer under severe and recent marks of his excellency's displeasure. I cannot, therefore, without great difficulty, and considerable apprehension of increasing this feeling against me, venture to address the commander-in-chief, through you, on such a subject as the present. Nevertheless, my acceptance of the third class of the Dooranee order would be so painful to me that, with all respect and submission, I beg to decline it. As, however, my doing so, without assigning some reason, might be susceptible of misconstruction, I take the liberty of stating, that when the army was organized at Ferozepore, I was nominated, by the governor-general and commander-in-chief, in India, to the command of the second brigade, which I retained during the whole of its services in Scinde, and until the junction of the Bombay army. when, being still a senior officer to a brigadier then present with the force, I was appointed, in general orders, to perform the duties of that rank; and, on the morning of the storm of Ghuznee, (the advance of which I had the honour of successfully commanding and leading,) I was

when other officers, who had not "been placed in the dangerous and difficult position which he on that day occupied, were invested with the second class of that "order," or placed along with him in the third, as being considered worthy of an equal honour with the man to whom *all* were indebted for whatever of glory or fame was reaped upon that occasion.

It was these circumstances which induced Colonel Dennie to write, more than once, upon this subject, and to give a more particular narration of the facts, as they occurred on that day, and which we may be excused for dwelling upon here. The letters, from which the following are extracts, were written at Cabool, and dated 4th Feb. and 20th May, 1840:—

"I received your letter, by which I see you had read the account, in England, by the *Despatches*, of the capture of Ghuznee. . . . It is not a pleasant task to talk of oneself; and I do not recollect what I said on that occasion; but I do not see wherefore, on all occasions, *truth* should be sacrificed to *modesty*! I must tell you the simple facts, which are known to the whole army, who are all, but Sir John Keane, ready to attest what I say, and much more. . . . You must,

then, know that it was the good fortune of *me alone* to *lead, direct, and command* the *advance* of the storming party at Ghuznee; that I had *no associate, or guide, with me*;—neither Captain Thompson, of the engineers, nor Brigadier Sale, as erroneously stated in such 'despatch.' I was followed by four light companies, selected from the four British regiments whom I commanded, and which companies consisted of sixty picked men, each, making a total of two hundred and forty. This

actually brigadier of the day. A great proportion of the officers who have been distinguished by the order of the second class, are not only my juniors, (as brigadiers or lieutenant-colonels,) but are even of the grade of majors and captains. I am aware that by the rules or customs of the British army, a junior officer, whose good fortune it has been to distinguish himself may have rewards conferred on him which are not accorded to his seniors, who had no share in the achievement. But I would humbly observe, in this case, that most of my juniors, above referred to, had no such opportunity offered them. In the third class, to which I was nominated, all are my juniors, down to the rank of subalterns.

"Under these circumstances, and after forty years' active service, and being one of the senior officers of this army, and having, more than twelve years ago, been honoured by my own sovereign with the Companionship of the Bath, I trust his excellency will not deem me ungrateful nor presumptuous in returning the third class of a foreign and Asiatic order.—I have, &c.

(Signed)

"W. H. DENNIE."

He addressed several letters of remonstrance to the various authorities, both at home and abroad, praying that honors, at least *equal in degree* with those which had been conferred on other officers, *not occupying* a post of higher importance than he did, at the capture of Ghuznee, might be granted to him, and by which he might be relieved from that censure, which the superficial mention of his name in the despatch indirectly implied, but in vain. It was manifest that those at the head of affairs at home could be directed in the distribution of their favours by the words of the despatch alone; while the Indian authorities, were they ever so anxiously disposed to do so, possessed not the power of reparation. One letter, however, from the governor-general of India cannot be omitted, being as creditable to the heart and feelings of that nobleman, as it was gratifying to the officer to whom it was addressed, and which Colonel Dennie duly appreciated and warmly acknowledged:—

"Calcutta, May 1st, 1840.

"SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st of April last, and must, in the first instance, express my regret that any circumstances should have occurred by which pain has been given to an officer who took a distinguished part in the capture of Ghuznee. You are well aware that the distribution of military honours, in such cases, is regulated by the authorities in England, and that the governor-general of India has no direct influence upon it. I can, however, have no hesitation in transmitting the letters which you have written to me to the general commanding-in-chief, and will readily bear testimony to the reports which have reached me from many quarters, of the gallant manner in which you led the attack on that day.—I am yours very faithfully,

"AUCKLAND.

"Brigadier Dennie, C.B." &c. &c.

advance, or head of the storming party, or forlorn hope, or call it what you will, was led by me, and directed *by me alone*. We forced the gate—overthrew all obstacles, animate and inanimate, and were actually sole and undisputed masters of the place, unaided and unsupported by the main column; and perhaps an hour must have elapsed, from our entrance, before they made good theirs. To explain: I must observe that I and the advance were drawn up, at two o'clock in the morning, with the main column, under General Sale, *immediately* in my rear, or, by a pace or two of my party,—in other words, close behind us, in a hollow, narrow road. The front of my position was abreast of a famous pillar, or minar,\* about seven hundred yards from the gate of Ghuznee. When I moved off after the engineers and the party carrying the powder-bags to blow open the gates, it seems, close as we then stood to each other, we were not observed, nor discovered to be gone for a considerable time. Having proceeded to the edge of the ditch, I lost no time, after the explosion, in clearing the causeway, and pushing through the ruined gateway. Major Thompson, commanding the engineers, who remained outside, under cover, close to the causeway, perceiving that the advance had won the entrance, and hearing our cheers, followed by heavy firing, became anxious about the little band, apparently severely opposed, and sent Lieut. Pigou, of engineers, to find Brigadier Sale, and the main column. He went back all the way to the second minar, and there he found General Sale's party, many sitting down, and some fallen out. He communicated his message, of our being *in*, &c. Sale made his men fall in, and was proceeding, when Pigou went back to Thompson. Sale had scarcely got half-way to the fort, when he met Captain Peat, of the Bombay Engineers, who, stunned and bewildered by the concussion, called out:—'Don't go in—it is a failure!' In other words, that the breach was not practicable. At this, Sale ordered his bugle to sound the *retire*, and the main column went to the right about, and retraced their steps. In the meantime, Captain Thompson, becoming more anxious at the non-appearance of the supporting column, ran back himself, overtook General Sale, and re-assured him, that I was positively *in*, and *that* for a considerable time. Upon which Sale resumed

his advance. When he arrived at the gateway, a violent rush was made by the fugitives, or part of the garrison, endeavouring to escape from the fire or bayonets of the advance, and, rendered desperate, endeavoured to cut their way through this unexpected opposition, and actually beat them back, and drove them over the causeway. Sale was cut down, at the head of this column, and, in the dark, narrowly escaped destruction. And here, by all accounts, a full quarter of an hour elapsed, before they rallied, and got into the fort. By that time we were at the opposite gate or extremity of the fortress, and in full and perfect possession, having overcome, unhelped and unaided, all opposition. And yet, Sir John Keane, knowing, as he must have done, from all, the truth, and hearing it distinctly from me, thus stated in his despatch, 'that the leading column,' &c. &c. I have long been stupidly supine; and a hundred times allowed myself to be deprived of my just due, in like manner, in the Burmese war. But delicacy—pride—horror of bragging—a shrinking from every kind of egotism, kept me scornfully silent, and permitted me to be filched of what was mine. I foolishly thought that circumstances so generally known, and about which *there could be no doubt*, would always make themselves known, and that it would be impossible to discolour simple and undisputed facts. I am, however, more than usually stung at the ingratitude practised in this business, because I know good fortune, or (if such be becoming) Providence did give me a great and important post on that day, upon which, perhaps, depended the safety and very existence of our army; who, had I failed, or even been checked, as the rear column after me was, must have all met one common fate of certain destruction. . . .

. . . . The whole country was up, and millions were at hand and all around us, to cut off our baggage, food, and every supply, who only waited, like the obscene birds and beasts of prey, following us for the first symptom of disaster, and the result of our desperate attempt on Ghuznee, for their slaughter to commence. Under such feelings of consciousness or conviction it was, that I *volunteered* the command of the advance. For, was it not better to win success, and I hoped equivalent honour, or die the death of a soldier, than endure the lingering miseries and disgrace

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\* This is one of two pillars, or minarets, of great beauty and antiquity, which form part of the ruins of the ancient Ghuznee. They are supposed to have been built in the age of Mahmood the Ghuznevide. The height of each is about one hundred and fifty feet.

which, in all probability, would otherwise have ensued, and die the death of a dog? I say again, that from these notions I *volunteered* the post of danger and a command so infinitely below my rank; for I was then not only in command of a regiment, but actually on the roster of duty, from my seniority in the army, brigadier of the day when

Ghuznee was taken. Why my services were accepted, I leave those who profited by them to tell, . . . but 'envy, hatred, and malice,' sufficiently explain their disinclination to confess the debt they incurred, or repay it in any way but in the poor, and pitiful manner they have done, 'drown me with half praise.'\* W. H. D."

The force was again put in motion, on the 31st of July, towards the capital city of Affghanistan, and, in seven days, the Shah entered Cabool, in solemn procession, supported by his truly valuable allies.

[Next month we shall resume this narrative.]

\* It may be necessary to state here, that the truth of all the leading facts of the capture of Ghuznee, as above detailed, is confirmed by the accounts given of this exploit in the works of Major Hough, Captain Havelock, and others, on the war in Affghanistan.

#### SAINT SINAN'S WARNING.

A LEGEND OF THE LOWER SHANNON.

"True, I talk of dreams;  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PLEASANT it is, on a summer eve, to wander, "fancy free," through the far-famed island of Scattery, with its lightning-rent round tower, and its ruins of seven churches. Scattery, where, in the "holy times of eld," abode St. Sinan. We have stood by his "bed," and, like Falstaff's extremities when dying, "it is cold as any stone." That Senanus who, sings Tom Moore, hath sworn—

"The sainted sod  
Shall ne'er by woman's foot be trod."

Pleasant it is to sit ensconced on the ivy-mantled wall of the "blessed man's" sanctum,—picturesque above all the other mouldering edifices, in its exterior: while entrance to its sacred precincts is *tabooed* to every "gentle ladie,"—the legend holding she shall be childless who passeth the mystic portal. And yet we have seen right merry damsels laughing and flitting round the venerable alder-tree, still standing in the interior; nay, pic-nicking in that place of skulls: and

the local journals have since, from time to time informed us, that sundry of those thoughtless tradition-defiers have multiplied—

"Small images of sin,"

notwithstanding their giddy violation of the popular superstition.

Looking eastward from the ruin, the pleased eye dwelleth lingeringly on the now placid waters of "the stately Shannon, spreading like a sea," its mirror-like surface dotted with white-sailed craft, sitting, swanlike, on its tides;—the opposing shores of Clare and Kerry now undulating in fantastic outline, or presenting reedy corcass or pebbly strands to the murmuring ripple; while the light-house of Tarbert, in its livery of dazzling white, sharply defined against the grey hills in the distance, stands like a goodly beacon above the waters, not always in such tranquil mood.

Turn we now on our leafy couch, and—

"Follow far the disappearing sun."



The misty hill of Rehy is tinged with his declining beams, and the broad bosom of the noble river is quickly donning its cold livery of grey. Here and there over its expanse, a western canoe is propelled homeward, with flashing paddles. The sandy beach of Bayle, and the cliffs beyond are lit up with the day's dying glory, and—but the dews of evening are sad dispellers of the vein yclept poetical.

We have raved and written of scenes and summer days gone by. It is not our wont to wander there now, for some of the "old familiar faces" are gone. Jack Moran, the honest ferryman, ever eager to oblige, hath found a grave too characteristic of his calling, and his good boat, "The Evening Star," sank with him. Micky Noonan, the "innocent," (by one of those "whirligigs of time, which," says the clown in the play, "brings about so many changes," and from which no spot of earth is exempt,) hath left the sacred isle. We miss his lack-lustre eye, ungainly, shambling gait, and unmown chin, streaked with stragglings lines of tobacco-juice.

Who could now point out to us the spot where the tutelar saint prayed, or where the angel-guided but rejected lady (St. Carnerra) visited him? Where be the guide, glib of tongue and quick of eye, to lead us, rapt in shadowy fantasies, where battled the Dalgæ and the stalwart Dane? Alas! he that oft did both is mute and sightless now. Even the cunning alchemy of a silver piece, jingled on his tombstone, would not recall (much as he liked the "price o' the snuff") Tom Crotty, our *cicerone* of the isle, to life. Well, in the words, literally transcribed, of the rude memorial above thee, Tom,—REQUIES-CAT IN PACE.

Poor fellow! We might with the Lord Hamlet say, we "knew him well." A quaint, though unlettered, day-dreamer in his way, we have seen him leaning abstractedly on his spade for an hour by the dial; and, with long, white, unkempt hair, trailing over shoulders bowed by time and toil, delivering himself up to "thick coming fancies," till, roused by a tender of our snuff-mull, (not that we have aught of the *blackguard* about us,) he delved sturdily for a brief

space, and talked of "the fine ould times, an' the people that were there long ago."

We were sitting, one fine evening, near our favourite haunt, looking now o'er the rustling page, and anon o'er the moaning river, and Tom Crotty was, not inappropriately, engaged in basket-making, close by. He had been that day to town, and his small, keen eye, indicative of humour and shrewdness, peered out with the added brilliancy of supplemental potations. The tongue, too, albeit somewhat thickened, went faster than was its wont; and the nose (like Venice, Master Crotty's countenance had "a bridge of size") loomed large and crimson; for the feature itself was a responsible one, contrasting strongly with an otherwise meagre physiognomy; as though privations had made occasional inroads on the other outworks of the face, but were utterly discomfited in their approach to the citadel—the proboscis.

"'Tis what I'm thinkin', sir," said Tom, and he ceased in the act of severing a rather stubborn sally rod—"that there's a grate change comin' over the world, one way or another: people are growin' closer, an' more knowin' every other day, in themselves, an' there's none o' the hearty diversions there used to be. Sure—sure, I—I—(hiccup)—remimber myself to see the full up ov tin, no,—what, tin? no; but thirteen boats o' people comin' in here to give their rounds ov an Easter Monday. O! murder, thim wor the sportin' times, grate divarsion ov all sorts. Well, dickens resave the sowl comes next or near id now, no more than if it was only Spy Winsday."

We ventured to observe, that perhaps it was as well the custom had been prohibited, or discontinued, as fights and accidents were often the result of the observance of such "pious pastimes."

The stickler for old habits made a gesture of impatience.

"Erra, blud alive, what else can people expect, that come hearty to the blessed work?—(Here he emitted another parenthetical hiccup.)—Choke it for damp grass, 'tis cowl'd, I'm in dhread, 'tis givin' me. I never hear of an accident here but one, an' that was the day young O'Reilly was

drowned; but, the Lord bless the hearers, he was on a spree at the time, an' as dhrunk as *banna-lanna*. Sure, the not a round he gev the same day, only cloddin' an' sthrivin' to beat people at hop-leap-an'-jump. Signs on, he tumbled out o' the boat goin' home ov him, an' the d—l a tale or tidin's was ever got ov the same youth since. Well, well! thim O'Reillys wor dhroll people; I lived wid his father, whin he done bizness in New-market, an' an imperous, cute, upsettin' little man he was; an', moreover, as timid as a lady."

"Were you with him, Tom," we inquired, "the day he fought Mr. M'Nulty?"

"Fought him!" returned the old fellow, eyeing us inquisitively from under the pent-house of an over-large "sou'-wester;" "why, Misther —, I tell you, the same man wouldn't face a tom-tit, if 'twas a thing it could hould a pistol. No; but I'll tell you how it kem about: M'Nulty dined wid me masther ov an evenin', an' sure, as God would have it, somebody, I forget who it was, now, sint us a present ov potheen, an' signs on, the pair o' buckos washed down their vittals like fun. O'Reilly was a dhroll man in himself, always usin' big words, an' as bitther a little brat as you'd meet in a day's march; well, I dunno how id kem about, but whin the dhrop was in, begor, M'Nulty an' himself grew skurrius upon one another, on the head ov an argimint, an' biginnin' to rip up ould sores, an' to pedigree one another, though indeed they were mighty slow, an' awkward in their speech, thro' the manes ov hekuppin'. Meself had grate work, to be sure, sthrivin' to sep-arate 'em, in dhread they'd destroy each other, be flingin' deccanthurs, or usin' the fire-irons, or the like, so I got M'Nulty, at long last, out o' the house, an' put me masther, clothes an' all, to bed. Well, glory be to goodness, nothin' id answer the other man, but to sind O'Reilly a challenge to fight him on the pistols, an' be this book, if he did, the other accepted id as bould as brass. It was Captain Stack, the heavens be his bed, (for tho' bein' a Prodestan' he knew how to use a poor man,) that backed M'Nulty, an' says Mr. O'Reilly to him, says he, 'I'll go to the sod, an' welcome: but

you must be cognisant of the indubitable fact—(I was listenin', wid respects to you, at the keyhole, an' hear the great language,)—'ov the indubitable fact,' says he, 'that I'm a man ov grate bizness, an' mighty important ingagemints, an' obleeged, moreover, to discharge an' attind to complicated thransactions in the multitudinous departmints ov mercantile consarns.'

"Well, come, come," says the captain,—an' be my word a fine, bould, audacious-lookin' man he was,—'what are you dhrivin' at now?' says he.

"I require a day to adjust my pecuniary claims an' calls," answers O'Reilly.

"Never say id twice," says Captain Stack, an' he looked at his beautiful goold, repeatin' watch; "I'll expect to hear from you at eight o'clock on Wensday mornin', says he, 'so good day to you, now.'

"A good day to you, Captain Stack," says the other, an' so they parted.

"Oh, murder, alive! though 'tis to the full forty years ago, since that time, I of'n an' of'n laugh a grate spell, so I do, to think ov all the work the little cock-sparrow ov a man med about the jewel, an' he havin' no more notion ov fightin' than he had ov sthrivin' to bite off his own air. What would you think, but he ordhered meself to chalk a pecther ov a man's dimensions on the stable door; an' thin he turned to, an' med a riddle ov id, for practice, I givin' the word,—'reddy, presint, fire'—like an officer ov sodgers. Well, to be sure, Captain Stack kem, I'll be bound, at the appointed time, an' he found me masther as busy as a nailer, postin' his books, an' burnin' some letthers, an' writin' more in place ov 'em; lettin' on all the time to be mighty eager entirely for the firin' match. To make a long story short, he axed another day, an' another day, an' one day more, till M'Nulty's second's heart was broke callin' an' sthrivin' to keep him to his word. At last 'twas agreed betune 'em, he should get one day more to make his sowl, an' so, on the fifth mornin', Captain Stack kem in: 'Come, sir,' says he, 'there can be no further procrastenashin' (or some such expression) 'ov this bizness,' says he. 'My friend is quite ready, an' his since

ov wounded honour will not permit him to defer id any longer.'

"'Oh, blud alive! be raysonable,' says the other to him, back again; 'didn't I sthrive,' says he, 'to make you acquainted wid all me responsibilities?'

"'None o' yer d——d humbug, —'tis all Ballysimon,' roared out the captain; 'Mr. M'Nulty is resolute, and says you *must* meet him.'

"'Did he say, I *must*?' says O'Reilly.

"'He did most sartinly,' answers Captain Stack.

"'Eh, then, the d—l mend him, now,' says the other, takin' up a big account book, an' givin' id a smack wid his lips you'd hear in the kitchen: 'Ay, mend him,' says he, 'for be this book, I wash me hands o' ye both, an' the never a meet I'll meet him, for usin' that very word!'

"An' thrue for him, he kep to his promise; I'll engage the not a jewel or any thing o' the kind ever tuk place on the head ov id, from that very identikal hour. To be sure, the dacent little man shown his sinse; there was no fear he'd be forgot: be the same token, I b'lieve he was quinched in a natural way before the year was out."

After one of those pauses, or "breaths," by which Tom Crotty's outpourings were generally characterised, he looked up, with a peculiar twinkle, savouring strongly of latent waggery lurking, in what the historian who describes Sir Walter Raleigh calls, his "small piggy eye."

"Are you any b'liever in signs or tokens that portind death, sir?" he said at length. "This is a solemn zort ov a place in itself, an' id of'n sets me ruminatin', so it does, an' considerin' wid meself; because, you see, fakes the ould age is comin' on, slow an' sure, as they say; an' 'tisn't very far at all I can be from the long journey, an' the jacket ov Norway fustian. Indeed, I don't pretend to say—why should the likes ov an obscure indivydial o' my sort pretend to it?—that we're ansiant enough to have a vanathree (benshee) tindin' our family: but the not a mother's soul ov 'em ever dhrew the breath yet, (God bless the hearers!) but what they had id foreshown 'em be some sign or warnin', or another. There

was a cousin-jarman o' mine, one Mrs. Nelligan, she that kep the cheny-ware shop, in Chapel-lane. Oh, to be sure, she was the real devotee ov all you ever see! Ketch that woman missin' an Easter Monday here! *Allilex!*—no, but givin' the rounds, atself, wouldn't satisfy her, but she'd bring home the full up o' your hat o' blessed stones wid her. Well, well! see for all that, what contrairy sinners poor mortials is: still an' for all, she couldn't keep from the grog, an' so she tumbled off ov a pillion, an' she comin' home from a weddin' behind ould M'Allisther, an' cracked her collar-bone; an' I'll engage it wasn't very long till she had to be present at her own funeral." Here Tom pulled in to "breathe himself," and after working away, as if bent on making up for lost time, indulged in a knowing oscillation of his *caput*, a hearty guffaw, and then reverted to his defunct relative. "Afther she was gone, we found out that she was in the habit ov takin' a horn o' malt over in the fort; an' that explained to meself the mighty onstuddy pace she'd go, on her way back to the boat. She was a bulky, responsible lookin' woman, in herself, an', at the time, I used to suppose that the stumble she'd give, now an' again, id be caused be her attintion to mintal devotion, or the like. Well, sir, that same woman had no less than half-a-dozen forebodin' notices ov what was in for her. First an' foremost, she med smithe-reens, through accidins, ov a lookin'-glass she ped four-an'-eightpence for, at Johnny Burke's; besides smashin' a power o' things in her own little shop: an' she seen sperrets—oh, you needn't laugh, 'tisn't what you mane, at all. Bells used to be for ever ringin' in her airs, an' one ov her front teeth fell out idout a cause. To crown it all, the night before she died a dog took to yowlin' on dher her windy, an' the minit she heard him, 'I'm a gone woman,' says she; an' thrue for her, the succond next day saw her as the song says:—

"With the tip of her nose, an' the tops  
ov her toes,  
Turn'd up to the roots o' the daisies."

"Well, glory be to goodness! that was the truth of a remarkable thing:

wasn't it, though? Oh! indeed 'twas nothin' else; but, God help your head, 'twas only child's play—ay, indeed, nothin' else, only child's play. Think what I'm tellin' you to what happened me poor father—the heaven's be his bed this day! He's dead an' gone now, an' so is his reverence; but priest Considine of'en said the same man was a pattrn to the whole island. Eh, then, it is amazin' what some people goes through beyant others. Three months before me father's death—sure I heard the story out on his own lips as of'en as I have fingers and toes—he got what we may call his notice to quit, and in a manner that there was no mistakin'.

“Some people has dhramas an' visions—more people hears dhroll noises an' sounds; but, begor, the ould man's warnin' kem sthraight from head-quarters; an', indeed, I suppose if you wor at id 'till Candlemas day, you'd never guess who gev id.”

We at once acknowledged the probability of Tom's supposition.

“'Tisn't to every one I'd like to mintion id,” he continued with a mysterious air; and, dipping his horny digits into our *sneshen*—“but you're one o' the ould stock be the gran'mother, at any rate; an' as Puck Lee says,—‘May your big jib always dhraw.’ But talkin' ov me father, 'twas no less a person than (here he crossed himself reverently) SAINT SINAN himself that discoarsed him.”

“What! Senanus of blessed memory, whose grave you first showed us, and the spot where he knelt at his devotions?”

“Oh! confusion to the other; an' if it's a thing you're not tired o' me chattin' to you, I'll tell you all about id, as I hear it a hondred times, word for word, from the ould man that owned me himself. Well—thanky, sir—there, put this ould coat undher you, an' sit a little higher up on the bank, the way you won't be oneasy. It was one o' the heavenliest summer evenin's that ever kem out o' the sky, and some o' the artillery min that wor here in thim times wor playin' ball over in the big church. Me father an' a few ould naybors wor seated on the wall quite convaniently, an' they watchin' the divarsion an' cheerin' the players, be callin' out, perhaps—‘well-tossed, be Cripis;’ or, ‘a good boy,

fakes;’ or, ‘a fine overhand sthroke,’ as the case might be; an' me father was appointed scorer, an' another man as judge—and they havin' a dhrop of comfort to enable 'em to ondherstand the intrhicacies o' the game, an' show fair play, if there was any disputed aces—because people had a fashion ov wranglin' in the ould times, whin their blood got hot: moreover, sodgers are always well fed, an' have fine times ov id durin' pace.

“Afther the games, an' the noise, an' the hillabaloo bein' over, an' the people gone away, ould Crotty remained stretched on his back, at his dead ease, amongst the ivy. He was a little tired, to be sure, from crying the scores, an' one thing or another, besides bein' dhrawin' a net on the point o' Maoule early the same mornin'. Well, there he lay, lookin' up at the stars, winkin' an' shinin' for themselves so agreeably, an' a slight little breath ov an air off the river just stirrin' the ivy leaves about him, makin' 'em rustle all's one, as if fairies (the Virgin guard us!) wor whisperin' wid one another.

“Me father, not havin' any thing else to do, fell to plottin' an' considerin' about his own affairs—to be sure, as he of'n said himself, considerin' the place he was in, the tombs all about, an' the skulls an' bones lyin' in hapes in the windy recesses, 'twould have been more becomin' ov him if he gev his mind to a spell of devotion; but instead o' that, (God help us!) he only begannd to argue wid himself whether he'd continue me brother Thady an' meself at Haye's school for another quarther or not, or how he'd manage to get paid for the acre of mock he set to Paddy Brennan, or contrive to settle with ould Griffy, the ship-carpenter, that processed him for caulkin' his boat, before he'd run him to cost.

“That was the way me ould bucko was houldin' a consultation wid his own ruminashins, 'till, begor, at last he thought 'twas time to go home, if he didn't intind lodgin' out that night. So, afther givin' a couple o' yawns, an' puttin' the bottle the others left afther 'em to his mouth, just out ov curocity to see if any thing was left in id—(indeed, he said himself the taste in id wasn't worth mintionin')—he ruz on his elbow, and prepared to be off.

“ ‘ Oh, begor, there's no use in talk-in',’ says me father, ‘ but it's one o' the beautifulest nights imaginable, so it is, ’ an, with that he biginned to admire all the millions ov sparkling dhew dhrops that wor shinin' like dimon's on every individyal blade o' grass, and to listen to the corn-crake, that was plazin' itself be squeekin' in the young oats.

“ ‘ Be me conscience, ’ says he, ‘ if they've any luck at all at their side, the fishin'-boats that's in Clonderlaw Bay are makin' their harvest this way, I'm thinkin', while I'm here as lonesome as a crane at a lake. ’

“ ‘ Thru for you, Dan Crotty, ’ says a voice just at his elbow, an' he hear that sort ov crash in the thick ivy behind him, that hare makes whin it's boultin' out o' the bush.

“ ‘ Thru for you—'tis the real summer's weather, Dan, ’ repeated the voice agin, quite convanient to me ould man. (He was called Dan afther me gran'father, that the Aiglinns kilt at the fair ov Mulloch—the d—l's look to 'em for bein' guilty o' the same act—for, be all accounts, he got no fair play at all, only stoned to death from a short distance off, because the thieves o' the world knew right well the metal was in him—his mother bein' a Dogherty, wid as red a tint o' blood in her, as runned in the veins ov e'er a lady in the land.) Well, to be sure, crusty Crotty, as the naybors used to call him sometimes, whin he'd be ill-humoured an' contrary in himself, was a'most frightened clever and clane out ov his sinses; and no blame to the man, for whin he looked round—an' a troublesome job he had mustherin' courage enough to slew the head about, an' the teeth in id rattlin' like cockle-shells that a gorsoon id be collectin' in his cap—he seen a dawny little white-headed man, standin' jist at his hip, on the corner o' the wall where the angle o' the gable joined the place he was sittin' on. Though bein' mighty low in the hight way, me father noticed that the chap was bulky enough in his body, an' had a good heavy jowl of his own, as if it wasn't entirely what he'd gether on the strand he was thrustin' to for a male's mate. He was dhressed in some sort ov a robe, ov the colour ov grass-green, an' he had a staff in his hand, and a high red cap, wid a purty long tossel swingin' from the top ov id, on his head.

“ ‘ You're wantin' below, Dan Crotty, ’ says he, wid a little ould-fashioned squeekin' voice; and he pointed to a sort of thrap-door that opened in the breadth of the wall, while he kep the ivy from chokin' id up wid his wattle.

“ ‘ I—I—I'm in the dhre-dhread, sir, ’ answered me father, ‘ that 'tis late, wid respects to you, an'-an' ti-time for all hon-honest people to be in their beds. ’

“ ‘ Oh dear me! how bl—dy partikler you are, ’ says the little ould chap, wid a pronunsheashin as sharp as a razhur. ‘ Come, come, you'd better jog whin I bid you, ’ says he, an' wid that he whistled. ‘ Ses, ses, here, here! ’ says he, and, my dear life, at the word up jumps two tearin' stag-hounds, or wolf-dogs, as large as a couple ov asses, an' ov a black and tan colour. ‘ Be alive, Punch and Boxer, ’ says red-cap, pointin' to poor Dan, an' quick enough his ordhers wor obeyed, I'll engage. The pair o' boners only kem behind him at wanst, an' puttin' their fore-paws (savin' yer presence) agin his sate, they shoved him smart enough down into the passage—their masther stoppin' behind to close the thrap-door, and sayin' to me father as he did id, wid a sort of a dhry cacklin' laugh—‘ Maybe you would now, Mистер Crotty. ’

“ You may be sure the amazed ould man didn't lave off blessin' himself for a second, an' repeatin' all the prayers he could remimber—axin' pardon, ov coorse, all the time for prayvious transgression, and vowin' all sorts ov rounds, an' pinances, an' journeys to blessed wells, if 'twas a thing he was ever restored to the light of day agin.

“ Well, down they wint, a long, long windin' passage—the small chap in the green cloak, or whatsoever sort ov a garment it was, bringin' up the rare; an' the two blood-houns (indeed I think myself they wor nothin' else) keepin' as close to Crotty's skirts, as a poor woman that id be bringin' home a dhrunken husband from the market. At long last they kem to a low-arched door, at which the small fellow battered for about a minit wid his clahalpeen, speakin' all the time in some foronious languidge, maybe givin' the password, or the like, till 'twas opened be some one inside, and my poor daddy was bundled head foremost into a mighty spacious apart



ment. The poor dear man, I remember he used always to stop at this part ov his story, an' consider to himself for a spell, an' thin he'd begin agin be sayin' he only wondered the heart didn't jump clane and clever out ov his buzzum at the sights, an' the dhroll-lookin' people, an' the quare place, an' strange doins' altogether.

"Whin he shuk himself a little, an' looked about, fakes, 'twould be an admiration if he didn't gape a thrifle. There he was, within arm's length ov a fine portly elderly gintleman, wid a three-cornered hat on him, an' a big, bushy, flaxen-coloured wig on dher that same. His coat, a comfortable frize—half jock, half surtoo—had, to the full, a score of buttons in id, as big as half-crowns, an' as bright as silver. It had large pockets, thrimmed round the edges wid lace—red plush breeches an' top-boots med his exthremities all right—and he was smokin' one o' the darlinest pipes you ever see, all ornamented, and havin' a head on id in imitation ov the face ov a monkey.

"There was four pipers, an' every one ov 'em blind ov an eye, seated in the four corners o' the room, an' my hand to you, thim boys didn't let the chanthers grow rusty. Sich rowlin' an' creanin' me father said he never before heard; and nothin' kem amiss to them: jigs, reels, hornpipes, ould Irish airs—'twas all the same, they gev it in great style; and sure small praise to them, for they had little diamond-shaped tables before 'em out, an' drinkin' vessels on 'em, in ordher to moisten the music occasionally.

"Well, the minit the ould cock looked at crusty Crotty, he gev a sort ov a smile, an' dhrivin' out a fine puff o' smoke, that had a scint wid id, that me father declared was never equalled for agreeableness to the nose in a docthor's shop, 'Your welcome; what kep you, Dan?' says he. Fakes, this staggered the dad for a minit; but he plucked up a little sperrit, whin he seen they worn't biginnin' to ill use him, so he up an' answered—'Be the light that——'

"'Oh! eazy, eazy, Misther Crotty,' says the other, interruptin' him at once; 'no swearin', you unsanctified son ov a sthroller o' the Shannon; d'ye mind?—go on,' says he. 'I humbly ask your excellency's—reverence's pardin,' says me father, determined,

VOL. XX.—No. 117.

an' sure no blame to him, to be as civil as a village publican to a supervisor of excise—'I ax pardin, indeed; but ov I knew there was sich agreeable society in these parts, 'tisn't room for me company you'd of'n see remainin'.'

"Be gor, this seemed to please the chap wid the three-cornered hat.—'Wet your whistle, Dan Crotty,' says he, handin' me father a grate big silver goblet full up o' lickor; an' if you'd like a squeeze of a lemon in id, say so. I must have some chat wid you,' says he, 'so knock the cobwebs out o' your throat in no time.'

"'Oh! be the tare o' war,' says Dan to himself—you may be sure he didn't say it out loud, afther the check he got—'be the tare o' war, this takes the coal off o' my pipe,' says he; 'but here goes;' an' wid that he tuk a hearty hoise out o' the vessel. I'd like to see the man that, afther that night, id preshume to praise any partikler sort o' dhrink in me father's presence: be Jâpers! if 'twas a thing they did, he'd give 'em a look o' the most shupreme contimpt. He of'n tould meself, that the refreshmint he swalleyed then flogged all for stringth an' flavour, he ever tasted; and he of'n got his chances aboard Ingee vessels, an' the like. 'It was as clear as chrystal,' he used to say, 'an' a rich coaxing taste like the primest o' wine; an' still an' for all, only I was in sich a holy place, I'd imagine it it had no small relish ov the best potheen.'

"'As sure as you live, Dan,' Sergeant O'Dwyer, from the batthery, used to cry, whin he'd want to rise me father—'As sure as you live, Dan, it was cobblers punch.'

"'What sort is that?' id be the questhin, then ov course. 'Oh! 'tis the real delight, Misther Crotty,' O'Dwyer id make answer, 'tis a pint o' porther stirred wid a red hot poker, an' then a glass o' whiskey hev into it head foremost.'

"The minit that was said, the sergeant id have to cut gutther, me father used to get into sich a tearin' rage: 'pon me word, I believe meself if 'twas a thing he stopped, they'd sthrike each other on the head ov it, for the ould man always said that the fellow that could spake in sich a manner ov that blessed lickor, wouldn't

scruple to kill a priest, or invaigle his niece.

"Well, sir, to go back to me story, afther crusty Crotty tuk a few more go-downs, begor, he began to feel quite at his ease. What between the music and the hates, for there was a fire on that id roast an ox, an' the dhrop o' dhrink an' the agreeability o' the man o' the house.

"Come, Dan,' says the ould chap, 'I'm a grate admirer ov our national pastimes—there's nothin' like a little recreation sometimes, whin 'tis kept within due bounds. Come, we'll have a touch at a jig.'

"Ov coorse, me father wished to excuse himself, that he wasn't fit company for sich doin's, and had, moreover, nails in his shoes. Erra, he might as well be thryin' to soften a process-sarver or a tax-gatherer.

"No gammon, Dan, but up on the table wid you,' says the bucko.

"Och, me dear life, excuse me your worship,' answered me father, 'I'd rather not.'

"SAINT SINAN commands you, an' I'm that indydydial,' says the other, lookin' as serious as a docthor at a rich man's bed-side; 'and a word in your air, Misther Crotty—you're mighty well off if that's all I require o' you,' says he; an' wid that he tuk off his hat, and swep every whole pin's worth off o' the table, an' up they both hopped on id.

"Perhaps you have a favourite teune,' says St. Sinan. 'You can't puzzle my performers.'

"Och, my lord, your holiness, plaze yourself, for goodness' sake,' says me father: so wid that the other med a sign to the pipers, be rubbin' the fore-finger agin the paulm o' the other hand, and I'll engage they understood him at wanst, though bein' dark ov an eye a piece, and sthruck up the 'Razhur Sthrap!'

"The people o' the island used to count Dan Crotty a remarkable good fut on the flure; but he of'n acknowledged himself, that he couldn't hould a candle to the saint: 'twas imazin' how his feet used to go, though bein' in top boots—an' if he showed off one step, he did five hundhred. Whin they wor at id till the dhrops o' pes-

pirashin, wid respects to you, wor coorsin' one another down me father's face, they got down o' the table an' tuk another dhrop to rest 'em afther the exercise—indeed they wanted it. 'Not to flatther your holiness,' says me father, 'your dancin' masther may be proud o' you.'

"Yes, I think I can tatther id, as St. Patrick said when he was wallop'in' the frogs,' says St. Sinan. 'Eh, ould fellow, fill yours an' give us a song.'

"Well, to be sure, the same work wint on agin, just as at the biginnin' o' the jig. The crusty Crotty, wantin' to be excused, an' sthrivin' to make the other sinsible that he had no more voice than a bonniveen—'twas no use, St. Sinan declared that he should respond to the call. 'Come, Dan, take heart o' grace,' says he, 'an' be agreeable, if you wish me to forget some thriflin' thransgressions o' yours, such as—comin' among the churches with heretical amateurs, diggin' for coins. Let me never hear agin ov the like,' says he, 'an' let this impress the warnin' on you,' wid that he tuk me father's nose betune his thumb an' forefinger, an' gev it a smart shake: indeed the same nose had a purply tinge in id ever afther 'till the day ov his death, an' 'twas a mercy he didn't soil the holy man's fingers.'

"Whin he seen the turn matthers wor takin' me father dhropped on his two knees, and was as pinitintial as the seven psalms.

"Very well, all's right,' says St. Sinan, 'contrition should always ensure a thransgressor's pace; an' to prove to you that you're not excluded from such an indulgence, top off your licker, an' then give us the stave—by-the-bye, Dan,' says he, 'how do you like that lush?'

"Oh! be all that's palatable, your holiness,' says ould Crotty, 'if the wather I use at home tasted like this, 'twould be hard to remove me from the well.'

"The song, the song,' cried St. Sinan.

"To be sure, sir, an' welcome,' answered the other; 'twas composed be one O'Kelly, a schoolmaster, in praise o' this place; and up me father lited—

Don't talk of Bermudy or Juan Ferandez,  
 The Isle o' Man, Jarsey, or Trincomalee ;  
 For sure on the face o' the say no sich land is,  
 As the spot so attractive, you stand on, dy'e see !

Och ! mavrone, its aspect's inchantin' :  
 Air, airth, and wather combinin' so rarely—  
 The soigth ov id, sure, sets behoulders' hearts pantin' ;  
 An' if they're pathetic, just bothers them fairly.

'Twas on this blest spot—

(Here me father med his best bow, an' that same was no great shakes, to St. Sinan.)

—that a saint quite celestial  
 Tuk up his abode in the ould times ov yore ;  
 An' sint back a faymale wid notions terrestrial,  
 That kem to himself, while at pray'rs on the shore.

Allilue ! the same man was a model o' varthue,  
 Let historians heretical write what they will ;  
 'Come, be off, ma'am', says he, 'for I'd only desart you,  
 Whin betther thoughts happen'd my noddle to fill.'

“ ‘ Bravo ! bravo ! Dan Crotty,’ says at the time : ‘pon my conscience, the  
 his holiness, ‘such were my sintiments song’s capithal—go on, go on.’—

Erra, isn't id a place for divine meditashin,  
 See the churches thimselves how they stand all convaynient ;  
 'Twas in thim holy min gev prophetic orashins,  
 An' pinance enforced, that was never too laynient.

There's the tower, wid a hole in its side,—larned people  
 Disputes to this day in newspapers about it ;  
 Why the ignorant heathens don't they see 'tis a steeple  
 Built up in one night—who the dickens can doubt it ?

“ ‘ By all that's vinerable, that's the on ;’ so me father reshumed—the  
 ticket, Dan,’ says the blessed man. saint timin' the theune by knockin'  
 ‘Come, wipe your eye, my nightin- the bowl ov his pipe agin the table—  
 gale o' the island,’ says he, ‘an' carry

Och, had I the pin ov Will Downes the facetious,  
 I'd dilate 'till day dawn on this jim o'the Shannon,  
 On its turpentine walks, an' its batthery, my gracious !  
 Fortified round about wid intrinchments an' cannon.

There are rabbits an' hares coorsin' smart through the bushes ;  
 An' snipes in the marsh where no frogs can be found :  
 For, St. Patrick said,—nothing but blackbirds, an' thrushes,  
 An' game should in such a fair landscape abound.

'Tis here you'd see ladies arrayed in white garminits,  
 With their rural admirers, sittin' down on the grass ;  
 Discoursin' perhaps on the last Sunday's sarminits,  
 Or other thransactions that had come to pass.

I give you permission to sarch the Atlantic,  
 The Bosphorus, Euxine, an' Ohio likewise ;  
 An' if you can show me a spot more romantic,  
 Antique, or divine—'twill O'Kelly surprise.

“ ‘There it is, your holiness,’ says me father, when he finished the chant, ‘an’ I declare I’m only sorry ’twasn’t more agreeable, harmonious, an’ en-thertainin’.’

“ Well, Saint Sinan was so playzed wid him, that be degrees he biginned to make freeer, an’ shuk hands wid Dan, an’ hummed a couple o’ verses ov a song himself—the other couldn’t remember the words if he was to be shot for id, but if he was to be b’lieved, ’twas to a mighty frolickin’ air, an’ there was allusions med to the girls an’ one bottle more in id.

“ Afther that, they biginned to tell one another dhroll stories, an’ me father declared he was in dhred Saint Sinan ’ud split laughin’ whin he hear what sportin’ Counsellor Normyle did at Flannery’s hotel. Dear me, is id possible you never hear tell o’ that joke yourself? ‘Pon me word, then, tho’ ’tis short an’ sweet, I don’t think you’ll eall it bad.

“ The counsellor, you see, was a jolly, pleasant fellow, that liked a good dinner as well as e’er a bishop from the Giant’s Causeway to Cape Clear. He had a fine cup-pacious stomach ov his own, so that, faikes, he could accommodate a thrifle o’ roast beef, or a couple o’ cuts ov salmon, or a plate o’ turbit: oh, he’d give his eyes for turbit—indeed ’tis mighty delicate eatin’, to be sure, moreover if you happen to have the convaniency of lobsther-sauce. Indeed, be all accounts, ’twas no hard matther to get yer legs on dher his mahogany, where ye might ate o’ the best, an’ dhrink o’ the strongest, an’ welcome, till the buttons ’ud be torn out o’ yer coat, from the good usage, you’d be stuffed to that degree, an’ listenin’ to stories that id dhraw a laugh from a disappointed legatee.

“ Well, sir, it happened that Mither Normyle—he was one of uz, you understhand me, the right sort in the creed line—kem late one Friday evening to Flannery’s; ’twas just afther quarter sessions’-week, an’ the house was as impty, in the provision line, as the head ov a poor-law commissioner. The dhrove from Ennis, be the ould Lochnamina road, id give a whet to a young widdy at a weddin’; signs by, ’twasn’t long ’till he had James Cassidy, the waither, before him.

“ ‘James,’ says the counsellor, ‘what

can I get to ate? I’m as hungry as an attorney: any fish in the house?’

“ ‘Oh! sorrow a thimble-full, counsellor,’ says Cassidy. ‘We had to sind all the way to Farrihy, yestherday, to get id for the sessions’ people, an’ they didn’t leave as much as ’ud soil a fork.’

“ ‘Blud alive,’ remarks the other, ‘what’s to be done—have you any eatables at all?’ says he.

“ ‘Why there is, sir,’ says Cassidy, goin’ over an’ lookin’ down the stairs, in dhread some bad mimber ’ud be list’nin’; ‘there is, counsellor, the remains ov a splindid turkey: I could knock a divil out ov ’em for you in no time.’

“ ‘That’s just the thing,’ says Mither Normyle. ‘Now, Jim, don’t be while a cat id be lickin’ his air.’ And wid that he threw him a tinpenny-bit to smarten him, an’ biginned to read the newspaper for company ’till the vittals wor ready.

“ To be sure, ’twasn’t long ’till the waither laid the dish before the gintleman—and my hand to you, that was the boy that walked into the contints, like *Ruddher-dhoun*. Well, as look would have id, just at that minit a tundherin’ double rap kem to the hall-door, an’ Jim Cassidy ran in from the lobby, where he wint to make out who it was.

“ ‘Oh! bless me sowl, counsellor,’ says he, ‘what’s to be done? Father Shanahan wants to see you, an’ he’s now wipin’ his feet at the bottom o’ the stairs.’

“ So Normyle paused for a minit, an’ cleanin’ his mouth wid great exactness—

“ ‘Take away the divil, Jim,’ says he, ‘an’ sind up the priest.’

“ His biddin’ was done in two twos. His riverince kem in, an’ they shuk hands, an’ there was the counsellor lettin’ on to be dinin’ on a crust o’ home-made bread an’ a glass o’ porter, wid as much relish as if ’twas vinison and sherry wine he was usin’.

“ Well, afther they chattin’ for a while on the state o’ the nation, an’ law business, an’ the pope’s opinion of things in giniral, an’ the prospects of obtainin’ Catholic emancipashun in partikler, the clargyman got up to go, an’ so whin Mither Normyle seen the hall-door closed afther him, he bawled out for Jim.

" ' Now, Cassidy,' says he, ' the priest is gone—sind up the divil.'

" Wid many stories ov a simylar kind Saint Sinan an' me father spun out the night 'till the small hours kem on; an' the Lord pardon me for sayin' the like, but I b'lieve the truth is best to be tould, they both got mighty capersome in their lickor, an' med futballs o' the b'lessed man's hat an' wig an' ould Dan's sow-wesether. At last the little cantankerous ould chap that brought in me father kem an' whispered in his air—

" ' Take my advice, an' be joggin', before his holiness grows throublesome, an' gives you some job to do that 'ill put you to the pin o' your collar.'

" Thru for the cute crathur; the word wasn't out ov his mouth, whin Saint Sinan hekupp'd out—

" ' Da-Da-Dan Crot-ty,' says he, I-I'm-I am a be-bee-lever in the tran-rans-mig-rashin' ov sowls,' says he, ' an', Da-Da-Dan Crot-y, I want you to get for me one o' the ravens out o' the top o' the round tower.'

" ' Don't ax me, an' I'll be behouldin' to you,' says me father; ' for I never was any thing ov a climber; moreover, I always get a swimmin' in the sight,' says he, ' whin I sit up long, an' 'tis late an' dark now; change the subject, sir,' says he.

" Well, begor, this med his holiness turn a little rusty.

" ' Why d——n your blood, you skulkin' ould toper,' says he,—an' 'twas remarkable, for a blessed man, how kindly he tuk to blasphemy, whin the dhrop o' dhrink put him off his guard,— ' I curse an' command you, on the three pains o' death, to do me biddin', or I'll thransform you into an

ould coldoy, an' leave you three feet undher ground.'

" An' wid that he med a sign to the spirsawn in the green cloak an' red cap, an' the chap called Punch an' Boxer wid him, an' they guarded me father out o' the place off to the foot o' the round tower; the thievin' dogs shovin' me poor ould fellow along whenever he'd lag at all or look round for help.

" ' Up wid you now, me lad o' wax,' says the little sinthry, ' or 'twill be worse for you. Saint Sinan is a mighty pleasant fellow whin he's in humour,' says he, ' but if you're wise you'll not cross him.'

" Instead of doin' his biddin', Dan Crotty only sat down at the butt o' the steeple, an' biginned to pillilew as if all belongin' to him wor dead. Begor, he ruz sich a lamentashin that id soon brought out the saint himself to see what on airth was the matther.

" ' He won't budge an inch for me, your holiness,' says red-cap.

" ' He won't! won't he?' answered the other. ' D'ye hear, you unfortunate ould conglomerashin of the seven deadly sins,' says he, ' didn't I caution you before? I see I must repate " SAINT SINAN'S WARNING." ' \* \* \*

" The Lord guide an' guard us, 'tis dangerous to be rovin' afther night-fall at all in blessed places. If 'twasn't a thing that my mother happened to light on her husband that night, an' he dreamin' away an' talkin' an' singin' thro' his sleep, undher the canopy ov heaven, myself thinks 'tisn't be wringin' his red nose 'till he roared, she'd bring him to stir himself, an' go home to his vartuous bed. LITTLE JOHN."



## LETTERS FROM ITALY.—NO. VI.

Rome, April, 1838.

I HAVE not said a word of the ceremonies of the holy-week, though they are just now the all-engrossing subject of public attention. Truly, if their efficacy and merit be measured by the eagerness and numbers of the votaries of religion and fashion assembled to witness their celebration or partake of their benefits, they well claim a word from me and a place among the miracles of modern Rome. To me she exhibits none so striking as the durability of her power. Ages in succession have seen her supreme in war, in art, in religion. And now, though her laurels are faded, her arts extinct, (or living only in the past,) her spiritual glory obscured, she is at this moment the capital of the world, the centre of attraction to all civilized nations. The deserted city is filled with life, the silent streets are peopled with busy crowds, the churches are thronged day and night, the pageants and processions endless. Of all the exhibitions, two only have interested me; of these, the interest would have been greater, if the actors had not plainly allowed us to see how little the reality of religion is blended with these outward forms—how little the conviction of truth sanctifies the ceremonies in which they mechanically act the part allotted to them.

On Easter Sunday we had tickets for St. Peter's, to see the procession and service. The aisle of a place of worship lined with soldiers was a novel sight to us. The two most imposing moments were those, when the pope was borne up the magnificent aisle, attended by richly-dressed cardinals, bishops, and priests, the great officers of his household, and splendid body-guard; the second, on the elevation of the host, when the soldiers sunk on their knees, their musquets striking with a sudden and startling clang upon the marble pavement. The length of the service would have been wearisome had I not found untiring interest in watching the various groups of listeners and gazers—worshippers there were none, except among the lower

classes. For these, the Easter ceremonies still possess the vitality and holy influence which have ceased to give them value with the rich and great. Nothing can be more touching than the heartfelt devotion with which the poor and lowly kneel before the shrine of a favourite saint; the humble spirit in which they pour out their prayer to the chosen intercessor, in whose gentle offices of mercy they implicitly confide. A feeling so real, earnest, and profound, commands respect. But in the groups composed of the rich and gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen, priests in black or purple robes, cardinals in white satin, scarlet and gold, bishops of Constantinople and Antioch, &c. &c. and the Exarch of Greece, I saw nought but vacant looks, lounging attitudes, and irreverence, approaching too nearly to that which pained me in the Synagogue of Leghorn. Then followed the benediction.

In the noble piazza of St. Peter's, encircled by its matchless colonnade, thousands and thousands were assembled for the closing ceremony of the holy-week. A more striking scene can scarcely be conceived. Every nation on the earth, every grade of society, seemed to have sent forth its representative. Every age, colour, form, and dress might be seen in this motley crowd. Peasant girls, with their picturesque costumes of many colours, gold ornaments, and brilliant eyes—way-worn travellers—pilgrims—and shepherds from the Campagna—even brigands from the mountains, mingled with the nobles and gentry of every land. The sky was one unbroken vault of azure, the sun shed a flood of glory on every object; and every voice was hushed, every eye lighted up with expectation. At length the pope appeared on a balcony elevated far above us. The soldiers and people in the foremost ranks fell on their knees. His lips moved—he gently waved his arms and all was over. Every one rose. The deep silence and awe-struck expression gave way to the loud murmur of glad voices, to joyous looks

and animated gesture. No sound, indeed, had reached them, but they felt that *he*, whom they regard as the viceroy of the Highest—the representative of God on earth, had blessed them, and by his blessing had purified them from sin. The peasants come from all parts of Italy to participate in the advantages of this valued benediction. The ceremonies have been curtailed of late years, whether from economy or policy I cannot say. I should think the evident indifference, not to say contempt, of the upper classes for the forms of the church, will slowly, but surely, undermine the gigantic power of this wondrous fabric. You rightly conjecture that the new aspect in which Catholicism is presented to us here—the universal church, ourselves the tolerated sect—gives fresh interest to the question of her continued stability. It appears to me, that though every principle of our moral nature may find in the bosom of this ancient church a sphere of action adapted to it, with a wisdom so farsighted as to extort our admiration, there must lie in her assumed perfectibility, which rejects every idea of change, the germ of that sure decay, which sooner or later must prove fatal to every institution that attempts to oppose the onward progress of the human mind. But whilst reason, at least *my* reason, condemns the limiting doctrines of the Catholic church, it is not in the presence of her august temples, of the lovely and benign forms in which her creed is embodied here, that my imagination can refuse its homage to her grand and venerable character. I can now readily comprehend her boundless influence over adherents, in whose minds faith in her infallibility is combined with the love and fear she so well knows how to foster. Dr. Channing has treated this subject with his accustomed liberality and ability.

To-morrow the Capitol will open, the Vatican the day after. As they will leave no time or thought unoccupied for many days, I will now tell you of the minor objects that have happily interested us since I last wrote. We have at length seen one of Raphael's frescos—the Sibyls of Santa Maria della Pace. A slip of the pen has classed it with minor objects, but it is a speaking monument of the sub-

lime power of his genius. One less fertile would have shrunk from the difficulties presented by the situation destined for this noble creation. But so graceful is the grouping, it seems almost to have gained a new beauty from what in other hands would have remained a serious defect. Painted at the desire of his friend, Agostino Chigi, the group follows the form of the arch over the altar of his chapel. Its masterly execution, harmonious, though faded colouring, leaves little doubt of its being the work of Raphael's own hand. The symmetrical arrangement—two sibyls at each side of the arch, is judiciously varied by the light aerial forms of the attendant genii, who deliver to them the divine decrees, written in Greek characters on tablets and strips of parchment. The sibyls themselves, not less happily contrasted in age and attitude, are noble majestic beings, combining the grace and beauty of woman with the elevated character assigned to them, as prophetesses, by an early Christian tradition. To it we are indebted for some of the noblest efforts of art—the noblest type of woman's beauty in its grandest form. Four prophets, I thought them poor creatures, painted above, are so inferior in effect and execution, that they are generally assigned to Timoteo della Viti, though probably designed by his master. We have also endeavoured to see Raphael's Isaiah, painted on one of the pillars of St. Agostino. The light is bad, and the evil increased by the flickering glare of the altar-lamps; I have, therefore, some hesitation in confessing it appeared to me an exaggerated and affected figure, with a singular if not dislocated knee. I have just been told, however, that this knee is a very fine one—one of the few parts untouched by profane restorations. But as I have not yet set up as an authority in painting, and have promised you my own opinions, I leave my (probably) ill-founded criticism, giving you an opportunity of correcting it on Michael Angelo's authority: modest on my part—is it not? Mrs. Jameson's French lady would add, "*et généreux.*" The government has a fine establishment for the encouragement of engraving, the Calcografica Camerale, which employs the best artists to copy the pictures and statues which are to be engraved; these draw-

ings form an interesting collection—which we were allowed to see. The engravings are well executed, and sold at a moderate price. We were sorry, however, to observe some unwarrantable liberties in draping one of Canova's groups: it is said, too, that the practice in this country of engraving from highly finished chalk drawings, executed by artists devoted to this branch, is unfavourable to the faithfulness of the engraving,\*—each copy exhibiting in some degree their individual peculiarities of taste and feeling.

The beautiful art of cameo-cutting is carried to great perfection here. Despite the temptations that assail us in the cameo shops, we find them the best and most pleasant resting-places, when our attention has long been exercised in palaces and studios. Girometti, first in the art, works only in stone—*pietra dura*. His beautifully-executed classical subjects are destined for royal and imperial cabinets. In these, the stone itself is of great value. The most prized are the oriental onyx, black and white in layers; and the sardonyx, cornelian, brown and white. Some heads are so wrought as to show four shades of colour—these are the most valuable. One set of specimens, containing eight cameos of different sizes, Girometti values at three thousand pounds. In cutting the shell cameo, too, the Roman artists are unequalled. Subjects from the antique, &c. are executed with great accuracy, and in the highest style of finish; the colour of the ground varies from shades of light brown or cinnamon to the most prized—a red orange. Fine heads, and delicately-executed groups of figures, may be bought from fifteen shillings to four or five pounds. A tempting and beautiful Medusa, in shell, is three pounds: the same in stone, forty pounds. A likeness, well executed in stone, ten pounds; in shell, four or five pounds, according to the workmanship. Before we leave Rome I hope to send you a list of the names and addresses of the different artists, which will make you independent of your *valet de place*. We are told by good authority that these gentry

expect a fee for every party they conduct to a shop or wareroom, and recommend those masters only who yield to the demand: the most respectable will not submit to this tax, and strangers are consequently often taken to inferior houses.

The mosaic work is another beautiful art. We have not yet seen the government manufactory, which is carried on in the Vatican. Works of large size only, as tables, copies of pictures, &c. &c. are executed there. The smaller works, such as are sold in England, are here in much greater variety of pattern, and considerably lower in price. We have seen Poggioli, who is considered one of the first mosaic workers, at his laborious employment. I find the Roman mosaic is composed of pieces of coloured glass made in Venice, not marble, like the Florentine; they are called *smalti*, and are said to contain eighteen thousand different tints. The beauty of the work, the gradation of the tints, and cost, depend on the minuteness of the pieces: they may be drawn out to the fineness of a thread. Each piece is separately attached to the ground of stone or metal with a strong cement: when finished, the whole is ground and polished to a level surface. It is a tedious process, and in large subjects seems scarcely worth the time they cost. We saw the top of a small table which had occupied two men a year and a-half—the price eighty pounds. A ruin or a group of flowers of two inches square will occupy a good workman two months: a brooch of this size varies in price, according to the work, from one to five pounds—I have heard, indeed, to twenty pounds. Inferior, but yet very pretty work, is extremely cheap. The Roman pearl, as we call it, is manufactured here, not, as I used to think, of glass, but of alabaster, cut into the required shape, and covered with a paste made from the scales of a small fish found in the Mediterranean.

Among the manufactures of Rome I should not omit the most profitable—the ingenious fabrication of antiquities. You may provide yourself with a whole museum of *originalissime an-*

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\* Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, October, 1840—"On the state of the Arts in Italy."

*tichità*, at a cost little more than four or five times their value. Etruscan vases, bronzes, cameos, coins; heads, hands, and ears of gods, emperors, and sages, are dug up every day—by those who bury them—to the great advantage of their finances, and the delight of amateurs who purchase them. If not as ancient as they look—*ils méritent bien de l'être*—they are, at all events, as dirty, dingy, well-cracked, and mutilated as any antique ought to be: what more do collectors need?

We have been making a pilgrimage to the different churches, beginning with St. Peter's, which I shall reserve till I can discover my own real opinion—now enveloped in such a cloud of opposite conclusions I know not where to find it. Among the ruins and occupying part of the ancient buildings of Diocletian's baths, which in extent and splendour are said to have surpassed all others, are two churches. One of the original halls has been converted into a granary; another, into the church of St. Bernardo, attached to the convent adjoining; it is a fine but deserted-looking building, lighted by a lofty dome. The great central hall, now dedicated to Santa Maria degli Angeli—altered by Michael Angelo into the noble form of a Greek cross—is three hundred and fifty feet in length. The vaulted roof is supported by sixteen fine columns—eight of them ancient, the others perfect imitations. In consequence of the dampness of the ground the pavement has been raised, which has injured, it is said, the proportion of both building and columns. This alteration, like some other more important ones, may have been made after the death of the great master; the artists who succeeded him, and the popes who employed them, being quite competent in their own eyes to improve the plans of all their predecessors. You know that considerable alterations were made in his noble plan of St. Peter's, which has essentially impaired the grandeur of the edifice: an audacity the more surprising, as he was considered by his contemporaries no less eminent as an architect than a sculptor and painter. A high authority asserts, our age has come to a different and juster conclusion, that his style in architecture is heavy rather than grand. Even the majestic church, in which I have left

you so long, is not without this fault; it is in some parts heavy and overladen. It contains several paintings—none, I think, of note or interest, but Dominichino's fresco of St. Sebastian. His frescos, said to be the very best of later times, exhibit greater strength of colouring, with less coarseness, than his oils. In this, as in many of his pictures, the composition is crowded. The multiplicity of figures, though individually interesting and expressive, disturb rather than enhance the effect of the whole. But in expressing the varied emotions excited by the painful scene of the martyrdom, he has been singularly happy, and has given more variety, with less insipidity, to his women and children than is his wont.

Saint Stefano Rotunda, formerly, it is said, the temple of Claudius, is a damp, dreary building, rarely opened for service, being in a neighbourhood infected with malaria. The arches of the Claudian aqueduct (noble objects those aqueducts are, our underground doings are not half so picturesque,) look scarcely more dilapidated than the ugly exterior of the church. The interior, however, with its beautiful circular colonnade of ancient columns, has an air of simple grandeur and elegance which repaid us for our visit. Formerly the colonnade was double. The outer row of columns is now walled up, perhaps to strengthen the building; but it has an unhappy effect on the beauty of the whole. Christianity, too, as in other churches, steps in to decorate and disfigure, and, by erecting a hideous baldachino and arching over the altar, contrived to mar the simple grandeur of the edifice, as well as exhibit the barbarous taste of pope Simplicius and his architects. Neither has the painter been idle. The whole extent of the walls is covered by some unremembered genius of the day, whom we can condemn to no worse purgatory than his own, so horrible are the martyrdoms and all the details of suffering in which his pencil has revelled, *con amore*.

The view from San Gregorio, on the Coelian Mount, over some of the most deserted parts of the ancient city, like every distant view of it, is of a mournful and picturesque character. The Colosseum and palace of the Cæsars, with stately arches of broken aqueducts, are the striking objects it

commands. The undisturbed solitude in which they repose, the gigantic masses of fallen ruins heaped around them, interspersed with the melancholy cypress, and overgrown with a vegetation whose unchecked luxuriance tells of neglect and desolation, invest the scene and its associations with a deep and impressive interest. The church contains the rival frescos of Dominichino and Guido. Fading under the combined attacks of damp and smoke, it may be difficult now to decide on their execution and technical merits. But of the taste evinced by the two artists in the choice of the represented moment, (for the subject, the flagellation of Saint Andrew was prescribed to both,) there can be, I think, but one opinion.

Dominichino, aiming generally at the expression of dramatic action, and gifted with little poetic feeling, has exhibited the actual infliction of the punishment, with a force of drawing, and truth of detail, which to me only increased the revolting effect of such a picture.

Guido, with a more just and delicate perception of the true aim of art, has represented the aged saint triumphant over the fear of death, strong in faith, sinking on his knees to adore the cross erected on the place of his execution.

San Pietro in Vincoli, made up of scraps of antiquity *a la Romaine*, has a double cupola. Its aisles are divided by some of the fine columns of Diocletian's baths, while it is indebted to those of Titus for one of its walls, as well as the pavement of its sacristy. Our visit was to the Moses of Michael Angelo, and great was my surprise to find the meek and timid Hebrew lawgiver represented by a colossal figure, with a proud, indignant expression, fire in his eye, scorn on his lip, the vast form dilated with anger and disdain—a representation, in short, of the Olympian Jove, the thunderer and avenger. In one hand he grasps his enormous flowing beard; in the other, the ponderous tables of the law. The proudly-turned head appeared to me too small, and disfigured by the two great horns which spring from it. With deference to the great sculptor, the conception is, in every point of view, at variance with the character of Moses—call it

by some other name: the statue is sublime, full of life and vigour, bearing in every line the impress of that commanding intellect which scarce knew an equal. This is the first specimen of his powers we have met with; it realizes all my early impressions of his greatness, though seen to disadvantage from being placed on the ground. It is one of the forty statues destined to adorn the colossal monument of Julius II. and was intended to be considerably elevated. The work was abandoned when the attention of the artist became necessarily absorbed by the great works of the Sistine Chapel then in progress.

I was much disappointed in another of his works—Christ in Santa Maria, sopra Minerva. The conception is poor, the attitude undignified, the figure meagre and inexpressive. The church is spacious, but in description, at least, has nothing to distinguish it from a hundred others. They all possess untold riches in gold, silver, and precious stones; are adorned with pictures and frescos, and are accounted rich in relics more precious than all.

You will not class me with the “unco’ gude,” whose orthodoxy consists in unmeasured opposition to all who differ from them, when I say, that the exhibition of relics always fills me with pity and sorrow—pity, for the prostration of reason that is implied in the belief in their sanctity; sorrow, that a prescriptive allegiance to the church should still blind men to the delusive inventions of the dark ages, regarding their value and efficacy.

Some of our days have been given to a further tour of the palaces; among them the Sciarra is pre-eminent, as well for its exterior as its most choice collection of pictures. The architecture is considered not only the best of its day, (end of the sixteenth century,) but worthy of a better period. Its beautiful proportions, its simplicity and freedom from heavy and tasteless ornaments, strike even an uninformed eye.

I have been reading some of M. Platner's able remarks on the architecture of Rome, stimulated principally by the desire to send you some notices of your favourite art; and have been well rewarded by the new interest it has given me in various



buildings here. Without this assistance, I have not scrupled to give you my almost uncultivated impressions of painting, because, apart from its technicalities, it has a direct power over the imagination and feelings, like the life it represents, and every one may judge of this power for himself. Besides it is not possible to be daily in the midst of the noblest productions of the pencil without acquiring a clearer perception of their manifold beauties, and improving in the knowledge of their technical merits. Sometimes, however, at a loss to reconcile what I have heard with what I see—still more the peculiarities of different masters, whose styles have changed under changing circumstances—I am glad to appeal to M. Platner's judgment, and, perhaps unconsciously, send you, as the result of my own observation, many of the ideas I have learned from him. Should I, therefore, amaze you by some learned piece of criticism, or appear unexpectedly wise in my artistic remarks, recollect I have no intention of rivalling the jay, and willingly acknowledge I have been led to observe, in different masters, many peculiarities which would have probably escaped my own inexperienced eye.

My admiration could go alone, however, to the Claudes, which glow with their accustomed beauty on the walls of the Sciarra Palace. The pictures are small, but combine the grace, truth, and harmonious effects of air and sunlight, which distinguish every touch of his pencil.

Several landscapes by Both approach near to Claude in delicacy, high finish, and careful imitation of nature; but in the perfection of aerial perspective, in the melting gradation of his clear and powerful colours and the softened lustre of a late sunset, Claude seems to me unequalled. In the various effects of water, when still, or rippled by the evening breeze, in the quivering reflections of foliage, gently stirred by the air, he appears to me likewise unapproached—the true poet of landscape nature.

And here is a portrait by Raphael, of his friend the violin-player, or rather improvisatore; of which it is difficult to speak with moderate admiration. It has been mistaken for a likeness of Raphael himself, probably

owing to the dress and flowing hair. From the refined elegance of the countenance, with its almost feminine softness of expression, and the liquid black eyes, so full of gentle love and tenderness, I can imagine the friends had many gifts of mind in common. The execution is so unpretending and free from effort, the quiet colouring in such perfect harmony with the soft repose of the features, I am quite sure the picture was a labour of love. Here, too, is Leonardo da Vinci's "Modesty and Vanity," considered one of his best pictures, with all the characteristics of this gifted master, rich and beautiful colouring, wonderful finish, sweetness of expression, and elegance of conception. A copy, by a Roman artist, to be sold for twenty louis, is in the same room, and, even under the disadvantage of a close comparison with the original, appeared a clever and excellent picture.

Two of Guido's Magdalenes, almost repetitions, are equally characteristic—one, of his great natural powers; the other, of the injurious haste to which, in his later period, he was frequently driven by his reckless devotion to gambling.

His choice of the Niobe, as the model of his Magdalenes shows little judgment. There is no affinity between the characters of their grief, but the reverse. The one sublime in silent endurance; the other touching, in unresisted sorrow and self-abandonment. The likeness, however, is sufficiently evident to force the conviction, that no one can successfully appropriate the thought of another's mind, or gracefully adapt, to a purpose different from its original destination, a form which is the offspring of fresh creative genius.

This principle of appropriation, the leading one of their school, sensibly diminishes the reverence I should otherwise feel for the eclectics, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for their zealous efforts for the restoration of art.

From the sorrowing Magdalene of Guido, to the cheating gamblers of Carevaggio, is a transition not more abrupt in subject than in style. What power, life, and vigour, in every touch,—what bold masses of light and shadow, what skill in the modelling of every object, how clear and trans-

parent the colouring, how faithful the expression of the faces, but all degraded by a coarse and vulgar spirit, that delighted in the scenes of vice, described with so much power on the canvas. Carevaggio sometimes attempted religious subjects, you may guess with what success. His saints and apostles are the veriest ruffians; and it is observed by a German critic, that in his hands even an entombment assumes the character of a gipsy funeral.

Now, farewell to the Sciarra; little as I have told you of its inestimable collection, we could have lingered there many a day; but old Time "gallops apace," and discourteously refuses to wait upon our wishes. Farewell, too, to the venerable guide, whose heart we gained by our admiration of the beautiful objects of his care, which he looks on with a loving eye, as if they were the children of his old age. We have, indeed, found all the cicerones of the palaces models of patience; but our Sciarra friend more than all. From his appearance, and the courtesy of his manners, we might have taken him for the noble proprietor, had he not been dressed like a gentleman at twelve o'clock in the morning. There was nothing in the exterior of the Doria to detain us. The front is a pre-eminent specimen of the corrupt and mannered style of one of Borromini's admirers, emulous it appears of surpassing even his perversity of taste. In the interior there are superb saloons, an extensive gallery, handsome furniture, crimson velvet hangings, neither faded nor tarnished, and noble pictures, mixed up with a great mob of bad ones. Landscapes form a principal feature in the immense collection. The walls of one room, and part of another, are covered with the large works of Caspar Poussin. His style is grand, but his pictures seem to me sketchy; and I miss the careful treatment, and finish of detail, so admirable in Claude. He is happy in the representations of storms—the forms of his trees are grand and ideal; but as he cares far more for the poetic effect of his masses, than for their characteristic truth, I never can distinguish what trees they are. Of his colouring, we can scarcely judge now, the shadows are opaque, and have become much darkened by time. There

are several justly celebrated pictures by Claude too. The Mill, and the Sacrifice to Apollo are among his best. In the last, figures by Filippo Lauri, happily substituted for his own very indifferent ones, add a new grace to his lovely scenes. Here, too, Annibale Caracci is a landscape painter; I admire him more in this new character, than in many of his sacred subjects; the composition and outline of his landscapes are admirable, but the colouring is generally of a gray unpleasing tone, and the execution defective in detail. Dominichino is also amongst the landscape painters. There are excellent works of his—too uniform, perhaps, in their green tint—but as might be expected, carefully executed and very pleasing in effect. I can only venture now to speak of the painters who are really new to us. If I were to tell you of their works separately, or glance at all those of the greatest masters collected here, you would be as weary as myself, when my eyes and attention had been long on hard duty, trying to carry away a life-long recollection of all that is great and good in this palace of paintings. A visitation, by Garofolo, perhaps his best picture in Rome, strikingly displays two of his distinguishing qualities—the uniform conventional character of his drawing, and the power and clearness of his colouring—the skill with which he has combined the purest and strongest, without impairing their harmony, deserves great praise. None of Titian's works I believe in Rome, (always excepting his portraits,) give an adequate idea of his powers; we must go to Venice to see him in his glory. His portraits in the Doria are noble and distinguished, as you have seen them elsewhere. The men as well as the painters of a former day, must have been cast in a different mould from ours, or Nature has not improved as we do by practice; for even in Italy, I see no living heads to be compared with those of Titian, Vandyck, &c. Those fine, dark, earnest heads, the wisdom of the world stamped on the high forehead, the fire of the eyes tempered by habitual self-command, and the stern tranquillity of the features, heightened by the dark backgrounds, and deep rich-toned colouring. Such a portrait is the splendid one of Pope Innocent X. by Velasquez,

and yet more that of the celebrated Andrea Doria, by Sebastian del Piombo, removed from his own palace in Genoa, to honour and be honoured in that of his descendant here. The sole tenant of a lofty saloon, it hangs under a crimson velvet canopy—every line on the thoughtful brow—every feature of the noble face, telling its tale of the wise and daring spirit, to whom Genoa owes so much of the splendour of her early fame. I cannot pass over the lovely but faded Joanna of Arragon, though its authenticity as a work of Leonardo de Vinci is no longer even doubtful: it is said to be by a scholar of his, who copied the true portrait by Raphael, now in the Louvre. This picture has however the same oval face, the smooth ivory finish, the sweet—I think I should say everlasting smile, were it not for my reverence for the mighty dead—which belong to every portrait attributed to Leonardo. And here is a most touching Virgin and children, just in the same predicament as Joanna: it was once a Raphael, now it is nobody's. We owe a great many good things to the Germans—the science of criticism included; but their critics do make sad havoc in the galleries. It is still a wonder, though no longer a miracle, how one small hand could execute the legion of Madonnas and little saints attributed to Raphael; it is now decided that half of them are not genuine: many are by his scholars—many more, copies. Pictures once held in reverential love, are now quietly resigned to “a scholar;” and travelling amateurs, armed with the authority of Dr. This or Professor So-and-so, limit the number of the genuines to a grievously small circle. Now this is the source of innumerable mortifications to poor learners: panting to be as wise as their neighbours, toiling to learn how and where to be pleased; no sooner have they convinced themselves that “a gem” of some old guide-book must, as a Raphael or Leonardo, satisfy all their conceptions of art and beauty, than, lo, some ruthless critic pronounces condemnation; the original sinks into a mere copy, and the whole well-built fabric of admiration topples to the ground—it is surprising how many faults spring to light at the voice of the oracle. You will exclaim, “What’s in a name?” I can

assure you whatever it may be in a rose, a name is a great thing in a picture.

There are several landscape painters in the Doria whom I have not mentioned, and several compositions to which the beauty of the landscape gives added interest. Titian was one of the first Italians who paid attention to the delineation of lifeless nature.

It is said that in its early efforts, landscape-painting in Italy was indebted to German influence; and it is curious to find, even in Rome, at this day, that the Germans still take the lead in every department of art. Thorwaldsen, pre-eminently the first sculptor; Wolff dividing with Gibson the claim to the second place; Overbeck in painting; Hopfgarten in bronze; Temel in copying, especially from Raphael. The only recent frescos (those of the villa Massimi, and Casa Bartholdy,) are by Overbeck, and Schnorr, Viet; and the only creditable piece of modern architecture, the Braccio Nuovo, is by Stern, a German also. I have forgotten to tell you of a remarkable picture in the Doria collection, a copy of the ancient Greek fresco of the Aldobrandini Marriage, by Nicholas Poussin. Our eyes are so much accustomed to the well-filled canvas of the more modern style; indeed, the just adaptation of the figures to the space allotted to them is now considered a great merit, that the composition appears to me meagre, and almost lost in the large ground that surrounds it. The figures—but this is a common fault of Poussin's, and may not belong to the original which we shall see in the Vatican—are statuesque, correctly drawn, but want life. I never can like Poussin; can you? His pictures seem to be the offspring of his understanding; and a cold, unimagined progeny they are, without life or inward power. Though I honour his rare devotion to the antique, I cannot think he ever penetrated into its true spirit: he has been accused, too, of a wish to display his reading and learning, by his nearly undeviating choice of subjects from ancient history and mythology. *Au reste*, as his countrymen say, he sins grievously to an English eye, in want of feeling for colour, a sin in which you will say he has many rivals in the French school of to-day.

The Palazzo Massimi need not have detained us nearly a whole precious hour, as there is nothing worth seeing but the Discobolus; though on the servants' authority, it is the *most original* in Rome. After we had admired the exterior of this very elegant and dirty little palace, its grand and simple Doric front, with the beautiful colonnade in the court, admirable specimens of Peruzzi's taste, we mounted a dark staircase to an ante-room still darker, owing to the venerable dust accumulated on the windows; here we had to wait, as the prince was dressing (about four o'clock). The toilet of a prince is a terrible thing to wait for; our patience was sorely tried, then exhausted; but being assured one moment more would finish Il Principe, we felt unwilling to waste our time in vain, so wasted a little more to recover it. The Discobolus, after all, did not compensate for the loss: it is a fine and genuine antique, but to an unpractised eye the repetitions are not very inferior; there is surprising life and spirit in the attitude and movement, but nothing in the subject particularly interesting or pleasing. When we came down stairs, a troop of merry, dirty little fellows rushed out of their school-room, in some part of the palace, I think, followed by a rueful-looking dominie, one of the disciples of St. Francis, who vainly endeavoured to silence the little begging mob, evidently desiring to be heard on the same question himself.

Palazzo Spada contains the statue, which, in default of an authentic name, is called Pompey, and to heighten the interest, the very one before which "great Cæsar fell." Though not of first-rate excellence in style and workmanship, (in truth I thought him a clumsy hero,) the associations with history and Shakespeare would have thrown around it a no common interest, had not those ruthless critics been as busy here as with the pictures. They say it *may* be an emperor, but as they have doubts of this, too, they might as well have left us the pleasing delusion of Pompey, until they had made up their minds. In the court of this inconceivably dirty, wretched, and decayed palace, we were shown a speci-

men of the genius of Borromini, which establishes, beyond a doubt, his superiority over Bernini in perversity of taste. A wretched little diminishing colonnade is made to give an appearance of great length to a very small court: the corruption of architecture must certainly have reached its height, when the rage for picturesque, so foreign to its legitimate objects, led to the toleration of such a paltry delusion as this; but it is not a single example of similar perversity: at the sides of the windows, in many Roman palaces, the Barberini for one, panels are introduced, designed, in perspective, to give a false appearance of thickness to the walls; and architects endeavoured to produce perspective delusion, by pilasters and cornices partly concealed by others.

The interior of the immense Palazzo Colonna is very magnificent; the gallery, in size and architecture, I am told, the finest in Rome, is two hundred and twenty-two feet long, and at each end is a vestibule, separated from the gallery by beautiful columns of *giallo antico*. The pictures are not generally first-rate: among the best are some landscapes of Orizonti, a successful imitator of the grand style of his master, Caspar Poussin, and two portraits said to be Calvin and Luther, by Titian. A paltry little twisted column of *rosso antico* is one of the shows of the palace: it is said to be that from which an arrow was shot when the Romans declared war. In this case, contrary to Æsop and all other competent authorities, it was the mouse which brought forth the mountain. The Palazzo Farnese,\* another immense structure, was designed by San Gallo, whose works show the first decided indications of the corruption of art: it was finished, however, by Michael Angelo and G. della Porte. Despite some sins against taste, it deserves to take the first place among the palaces of Rome. But what name shall we give to the architects who proposed, and the pope who sanctioned, the spoliation of the Colosseum to provide materials for their work? The Farnese, who are the highest in rank of the now regnant papal families, have taken all the moveable trea-

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\* Mr. Barry's beautiful design for the Reform Club has been adapted from it.

tures of art which this palace once contained, to their kingdom of Naples. Happily, the admirable fresco ceilings, by Annibal Caracci, were not among them: in these, he and his scholars have greatly distinguished themselves. The triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, the Galatea, and others, contain a great deal that is masterly in the drawing; and the colouring of the draperies show a more delicate feeling for beauty than is usual in their oils. The whole series excited my hearty admiration; yet I must confess that, though I am told the forms display a thorough knowledge of anatomy, there is a want, to my eye, of that delicate play of muscle which speaks the life within. The flesh tints incline rather to a brick colour, but in some of the figures are clear and delicate.

Are you very tired of the palaces? A sympathetic something whispers, "yes." I will be merciful, and let you rest after one short visit to the Farnesina, another beautiful work of Peruzzi, and the very model of a Casino. In the desolate region called Il Trastevere, and on the walls of an unfinished palace, the celebrated frescos of Cupid and Psyche, by Raphael and his scholars, are allowed to moulder away—or worse, are re-painted by the profane hand of Carlo Maratti. There is still great beauty in single figures, in others a heaviness, which must be ascribed to the scholars: Giulio Romano was one of the principal. One of the Graces is by Raphael's own hand. Amateurs, and critics, too, assert that the conception and execution are of the purest and truest beauty. I can only say, I differ from them. The Galatea is also principally his own work. Nothing can exceed the life, the joyous spirit, united with a grace and sweetness—all his own—which pervade this beautiful work. Still I look to the Vatican to show me Raphael in perfection. Amidst all the beauty, purity, and excellence of the works I have seen, I feel there must be something higher—more perfect still, to satisfy all I look for in this most gifted master. The most eminent of his scholars, Giulio Romano, is said to have penetrated almost

more deeply into the spirit of the antique than himself, and stamped it with a new character,—that of Italian art. He caught the subjects of the ancient mythology with true poetic taste, and largely assisted his master in the graceful fables of the Cupid, &c. in the Farnesina. The few of his sacred subjects we have seen are very inferior, though his drawing shows a fine taste for beauty, arrangement, and grouping. It is melancholy to see such inestimable works perishing from want of care, still more melancholy that other hands should be allowed to touch them, and one can hardly understand the apathy of the proprietor, though absent, which thus consigns them to inevitable destruction.

You must come here yourself fully to understand how differently one feels towards the "Ancient Masters," when surrounded by the living evidences of their greatness. At home we think of them as "the great men of old," far far removed from personal sympathy, and even forget the ages that separated them from the ancients of the classic era. But here, in the actual scenes of their labours, we seem to be contemporaries, we live where they have lived, walk in their steps, watch their progress in unfinished works, rejoice in the completion of others. We see how they triumphed over difficulties, and know how they were rewarded by the friendship and approbation of the learned, the wise, and the beautiful.

Here, on one of the walls, is a crayon sketch of a large head, the careless whim of a master-hand, said to have been done by Michael Angelo, as a token of his visit to the palace, while the works were in progress. It looks as fresh as if the lines had been but this moment traced by his impetuous hand.

I fear if I do not conclude this long letter, you will wish me with the ancients (if in no worse company). To prevent such a catastrophe, I will say farewell; but I warn you, there are more palaces to be visited before we leave Rome!

"And now to breakfast with what appetite you may."



## THE DREAM-TRYST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF A POETIC CHILDHOOD."

We meet in dreams ! to-night thou shalt be mine,  
Mine, and mine deeply, wheresoe'er thou art !  
Mine in that shadowy world, the phantom-shrine  
Where Fancy bowers the idols of the Heart.

Through the dim air, blank midnight's pathless waste,  
O'er haunted wood, wild dell, and dashing stream,  
My Spirit summons thee, I bid thee haste,  
Come to me, Lady ! meet me in my Dream !

Ah, *there* each timid hope, too fond for Day,  
In deepening colours flushed, shall learn to glow ;  
There those soft eyes shall shed a softer ray,  
Than waking eyes have seen, or dare bestow !

*There* nought can come to sadden or to chill,  
Each untold wish still known and still forgiven ;  
There every lovely tint is lovelier still,  
And all of Earth in thee refines to Heaven !

Skies even of hue more cloudless shall be there  
Than charm those climes where first my spirit found thee,  
The mute enchantment of Italian air,  
And all Heaven's softest sounds shall float around thee.

But these are words of weakness ! Earth hath nought  
In its least earthly forms so pure and deep,  
As fills that gorgeous inner world where Thought  
Builds her own phantom Paradise of Sleep.

Immortal longings not even yet subdued,  
Though hushed by day, at such dim hours half free,  
And struggling in their chained infinitude,  
Lisp the strange music of Eternity !

The broken echoes of celestial songs,  
Caught from the heaven immortals should inherit,  
And whispering still the glory that belongs  
To that lost homeland of the exiled Spirit !

Yes, thou must come ! Beneath my sealèd eyes  
A thought-created world shall spring to birth ;  
Midnight around ; within, the illumined skies  
Of the rapt soul's "new heaven" and newer "earth."

Splendours confused, in glory glory hid,  
Cities of sunset clouds and shadowy gleams,  
All that our dead material bonds forbid,  
Meet in the living Poetry of Dreams.

Perspectives measureless that still unrol  
Their long withdrawing vistas far and bright,  
As though this glowing chaos of the soul  
Could grasp all Space, could paint the Infinite!

Dim twilight of the mind! How every grace  
Seen through the soft folds of thy mystic veil,  
Seems borrowed from some far immortal race,  
Unearthly radiance, pensive, pure, and pale!

A charm more still and spirit-like, a ray  
In those deep-shadowed eyes yet more serene,  
Make even more witching than in witching day  
The visioned Lady of the dreamland scene.

A peace no earthly utterance may express,  
The rapture of communings lone and high,  
Shrouding in holier light of loveliness  
The dream-born Visitant of Fantasie!

She comes! my Spirit bows beneath the storm  
Of thoughts—bright thronging thoughts—that o'er me sweep;  
She comes! I see—I see that dawning Form,  
It grows—it gathers,—do I wake or sleep?

Stay, lost and lovely vision, fancy-wrought!  
By tears I bind thee, sighs no lips may number,  
Come to my lone phantasmal world of thought,  
My faerie islet in the Deep of Slumber!

Come! for our Life's far better, brighter part—  
Her home for homeless spirits—welcomes thee;  
The blest delirium of the franchised heart,  
Where Thought is Truth,—and Hope, Reality!

August 11.

B.

## THE INCOME-TAX AND NEW TARIFF.

WHEN a nation is in a high state of excitement, it is apt to pay too little attention to its financial concerns. Those who are interested in keeping up the excitement, are cautious not to turn the minds of the people to matters which require a mature and careful consideration. In this state of things, pecuniary affairs receive a very summary discussion. If a tax is complained of as too heavy, or impolitic, or injurious to trade, the ready answer is given, that every tax is a grievance, and must be felt by those who pay it; that the tax produces a certain sum, which the minister states in pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings; (producing a great sensation by this minuteness of detail;) that the nation cannot do without this income, and, that those who pray for a remission or reduction of this tax, ought to be prepared to show some mode of collecting an equal revenue, more free from objection, and likely to cause less inconvenience to the public.

This latter argument at once disposes of the question, if the petitioners are poor, uninfluential persons, unskilled in the mysteries of finance. If they endeavour to meet it by proposing some other scheme of taxation, they are sure to commit some blunders, real or apparent, or to raise such enemies, among those who would suffer by the new tax, as will effectually repel all endeavours to alter the existing system.

But if the petitioners are men of influence, they will wisely take another course. In their appeals to the public they will confine themselves to that view of the question in which their arguments will appear the strongest. They will dwell upon the inconvenience of the tax, and the advantages of reducing it; they will say as little as they can about the revenue derived from it; and, if unable to avoid that part of the subject, they will meet it by magnificent promises of the increased revenue to be derived from extended consumption; and that at the worst, the loss may be repaid in

some other manner, which they do not feel themselves called upon to state. But their most powerful argument will be, an array of their strength, and an appeal to the fears of the ministers, who will scarcely venture to refuse to agree to a proposal supported by any plausible argument, and the threats of a compact parliamentary faction.

When money is actually wanted, and the income of the state is found unequal to its necessities, the deficiency will be supplied by the ready expedient of a loan, rather than the unpopular imposition of a new tax. In this manner the finances of the country become every day more deranged, until the country is ready for a revolution. A deficient income, during peace, is a premonitory symptom of an impending revolution.

But the good sense of the people of England, and the abilities of a wise statesman have, on a former occasion, extricated the nation from similar difficulties.

When Mr. Pitt took office in 1784, he found the finances of the nation in a deplorable condition; the revenue inadequate to meet the expenses of the peace establishment, and the nation exhausted by the disastrous American war, and apparently unable to bear any additional burdens. In a short time Mr. Pitt reformed the tariff of customs, and introduced a proper relation between the income and expenditure of the country, and even succeeded in obtaining such a surplus revenue, as enabled him to lay the foundation of his celebrated plan for reducing, and ultimately redeeming the national debt, by means of a sinking fund. Such was the spirit he then infused into the councils of the nation, and the determination then excited, to keep the expenses of the state within its income, that for a period of upwards of fifty years, commencing from the end of the first year after Mr. Pitt's acceptance of office, until the last few years of the late Whig government, the expenses of the country, in time of peace never

exceeded its income, but always left a surplus to be applied to the reduction of the national debt.

Our readers are all aware how the late ministers contrived to convert a surplus of more than two millions into a deficiency of about the same amount. They were never willing to risk the unpopularity which is apt to attend the imposition of a new tax, or, in some cases, even the defence of an old one, if it is vigorously assailed. They were content to live for the present hour, and to provide for the future by magnificent promises. One only attempt they made to increase the income of the nation, so as, not indeed to create a surplus,—for the hopes of the Whigs never seemed to have aspired so high,—but to effect a small reduction in the amount of the deficiency. The mode they adopted was the clumsy, childish expedient, of adding an equal per centage to all the taxes.

We can imagine them consulting some stranger as to the best step to be taken to increase the revenue, and being answered that they must impose some new tax: “But we cannot devise any new tax that would not meet with opposition; and we are too weak to carry any measure that is opposed.” “Well, you must add, say five per cent to some of the taxes already in existence.” “Which of them ought we select for this increased taxation?” “Make no selection. Impose the same proportional increase upon all, and then there will be no room for jealousy.”

And this step was accordingly adopted; not because it was the best, but because it was the one which would give the ministers the least trouble in framing the measure, or in its passage through the House of Commons.

A remarkable incident proved how little reflection the minister bestowed upon the operation of this increased taxation. A member objected to the proposed increase to the duty on tobacco, and the answer given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, that as the duty on tobacco was already four hundred per cent, an increase of five per cent only, need not be much regarded. He did not reflect that the addition proposed was a per centage on the duty, not on the first

cost price; that five per cent on the duty was equivalent to an ad valorem duty of twenty per cent; and that therefore the proposed increase of duty made a greater proportional increase to the price of tobacco than to that of any other article, and that, too, on account of the very circumstance which was relied on by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to prove the contrary.

We all remember how the penny postage act was extorted from the ministers, contrary to their expressed opinions. The arguments on which it was supported proved utterly futile, so far as they were employed to prove that an increase, not a diminution of revenue would be the consequence of the reduction. The ministers cared very little about this, but were content with the vague, unmeaning promise, that the House of Commons would make good any deficiency in the revenue, which might be occasioned by the reduction in the rates of postage.

The last exploit of the Whigs, in the financial department, was the celebrated budget of 1841, which will raise disputes among future historians to ascertain the motives, or objects, of those who brought it in. None can fail to remark the inconsistency between the magnificent promises, made by the ministers, of the splendid consequences to result from the reception of their budget, and the fact, that during their long tenure of office (during part of which they did possess some power) they had brought in no measure of a similar nature, and had even opposed similar projects, when brought in by independent members of the house. Some will suppose that the ministers had grown desperate, from their recent defeats, and had resolved, before they retired, to run amuck, and destroy all the principal interests opposed to them, especially the colonial and agricultural. Others will suppose that they merely intended to live another year upon promises, and hoped that the country would endure them a little longer, in order to give their new experiments a fair trial.

We cannot agree with either of those opinions, for this reason,—that the ministers had made the knowledge of the strength of the different parties in the house the object of their pecu-

liar study; indeed they paid little attention to any thing else. They must, therefore, have been perfectly aware that they should be defeated, and that they could not carry their budget, nor any item of it.

Any hypothesis, therefore, which we frame respecting their motives, must be founded upon the assumption, that the ministers knew that they should be defeated; and we are to seek what object they could obtain, by proposing measures which they could not carry. We think that they had two objects in view. The first was, to form a party with some principle of union besides their love of place. The Whigs had not suffered more, in the estimation of the country, by their want of abilities than by their want of principles. For a long time they had proclaimed their one principle to be—"Let us keep out the Tories." But the people saw that they merely meant—"Let us keep ourselves in;" and would support them no longer. The Whigs, as a party, were not only growing weaker every day, but were on the point of being utterly extinct. Few men would have been able to give a better definition of the Whig party, than that it was a party which loved place, and professed to oppose the Tories. Their selfish love of place had kept them in a false position. When Sir Robert Peel became prime minister, in 1834, it was the duty of the Whigs to have supported him, and, if possible, to have coalesced with him, and by their influence in his government, to have introduced any further reforms that were safe and practicable. After they had been enjoying absolute power for four sessions, they could not allege, with any fair show of reason, that there was any urgent necessity for the passing of any measures which they had hitherto neglected to introduce. The nation did not feel any pressing want of further reform; but the Whigs did feel a very pressing want of place, and were not inclined to be content with that moderate share of place and power to which their influence and talents would entitle them, under a Conservative premier. Accordingly, adopting a principle which they had formerly opposed, and which they afterwards deserted, they joined the extreme Radicals and Roman Ca-

tholics in their attacks upon church property. This led to the retirement of Sir Robert Peel, and to the formation of the most imbecile and unprincipled government that ever ruled the country. The new Whig ministry soon fell into contempt. The people perceived that the ministers had neither the will nor the power to carry any useful measure, nor sufficient principle or resolution to resist any change, however violent, which might be demanded by any body, strong enough to be formidable. The country was without a government. It may be remarked, that "reform" can never remain the watchword of the dominant party in the state. As soon as they obtain power, they are called upon to introduce the changes which they think desirable; and then, when they have altered the constitution to suit their tastes, it becomes their duty to be Conservatives of the reformed constitution. This was the course adopted by the leading members of the reform cabinet. Not one of the names which lent a lustre to the cabinet that carried the reform bill, was to be found in Lord Melbourne's ministry in 1841. Grey, Brougham, Stanley, Althorp, Ripon, Graham, were either silently looking on, or engaged in inactive opposition to it. Such must ever be the fate of any government which does not rely upon Conservative principles. An opposition may be united by the desire of carrying some specific measure; but, as soon as it comes into office, and the measure is carried, the new ministry must depend for the support of the country, upon its ability to conduct the government according to the rules of law. A government must sink if it endeavours to unite its followers by the profession of some certain principles, instead of demanding a reliance upon its integrity and abilities: it must either fail for want of support, or produce a revolution. The late ministers endeavoured to steer a middle course, and had not sufficient abilities to conduct the government, nor any definite principles round which they could rally an opposition. At last they saw what was manifest to the most dim-sighted, that their fate could be no longer delayed, and that they must go out. They had, therefore, to seize upon some principles round which they



could rally a party, and the first that came to hand was the repeal of the corn laws. If they had foreseen the result, they would probably have become converts to the vote by ballot, the payment of members, universal suffrage, or some other of the Chartist demands. For these reasons we believe that the late government brought in their budget, not as a practical measure, but merely as a bond of union between themselves and the Radicals, with whom they were in future to associate; and in order to dissolve the parliament upon some principle besides that of keeping Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell in office. Their second object was, that they might have a pretence for opposing such measures as they foresaw must be adopted for the restoration of the finances by their successors, and for alleging that had their budget been adopted such measures would not have been required.

It is not easy to conceive a more arduous task than fell to the lot of Sir Robert Peel, when he succeeded to office. He found a deficient income,—the nation engaged in two inglorious and expensive wars, and on the brink of at least one more. He found the people accustomed by the government to hear little about their duties, and much about their rights; and taught to trust to accident, to vague hopes of the future, or to any thing rather than to their own energy and abstinence, for the means of meeting every exigency. But he set himself to the task of real reform, and proceeded with unexampled zeal and abilities to the restoration of the commonwealth. He brought in, *and carried*, a measure for the improvement of the corn-laws, and the removal of some inconveniences which were supposed to follow from the old law. The new act, certainly, gives less protection to agriculturists than the old law; but still we think, that with an increasing population, and increasing skill in agriculture, it will be found to give the farmer sufficient protection, and insure him prices which will enable him to meet all existing engagements. Under the new corn-law, it is expected that there will be a more steady trade, and more equal prices, inasmuch as the temptation to keep

the corn in bond, until the price reaches the amount at which the duty is a minimum is much reduced, and the power of affecting the averages, by fraud, which was sometimes complained of under the old system, has been removed by an alteration in the mode of taking the averages, and an increase in the number of towns in which it is taken. The new corn-law act is a real Conservative measure of reform, constructed on a comparison of the different effects of the old law, in various circumstances, so as to retain all the good, and obviate all the evil consequences which might be supposed to flow from it.

When this new corn-law shall be some time in operation, the opposition will find it impossible to keep any party united against its details. There will be no party calling for a fixed duty. The opponents of the corn-laws will consist only of those who are averse to the imposition of any duty on corn. It will be no slight advantage to the country that the principles of the several parties will appear in their true light. The disreputable artifice has not succeeded, and cannot be employed again, of endeavouring to carry one measure by means of the popular feeling raised in support of a measure utterly different from it. At the late election, although the ministers dissolved on the question of a fixed duty of eight shillings a quarter upon corn,—a measure which they assured the country would have no material effect upon the price of grain,—the votes of the people were demanded in their favour, as a means of reducing the price of corn by the total abolition of all duties upon its importation. If we have a good harvest this year, as we confidently expect, we shall hear very little about the corn-laws next session, except in occasional allusions, by the ex-ministers, to the great things which they were on the point of doing, if they had got one more trial, and been permitted to retain their offices one year more.

The alteration of the corn-laws is, however, a measure of comparative unimportance, compared with the two great measures on which the financial and commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel is based—his bill for the income-tax, and his new tariff. By the former he provides, in the simplest and most

effectual manner, the income required for the public service, which, as left by the Whigs, did not amount to within two millions of the sum required. In theory it was generally agreed, that an income-tax was the least objectionable mode of collecting the public revenue. Many writers have gone so far as to assert that it is not proper to resort to any other tax. It certainly has some great advantages. The expense of collecting it is small, in proportion to the sum produced by it; it is not so easily evaded as most other taxes, and the sum which each individual is called upon to pay is more nearly proportional to his means. But, notwithstanding its acknowledged merits as a tax, it is always unpopular. It takes money from the people without any disguise or evasion; and each individual feels and knows precisely what amount falls upon him. Every tax on consumption appears to leave it optional with the tax-payer whether he will pay the tax, or diminish his consumption of the article taxed; but in the case of the income-tax, if he has the means he must pay the tax.

This unpopularity of the income-tax has hitherto deterred statesmen from venturing to impose it, except in time of war, when the exigencies of the nation are so great as to compel the Chancellor of the Exchequer to resort to it, by leaving him no other alternative. It has been, therefore, in general called a war tax, not on account of any peculiar adaptation to the circumstances of a country at war, but because in peace, it was not anticipated that a minister would be found so honest as to propose it, or a people so magnanimous as to bear it. But, when it might least have been expected, those qualities were exhibited. A minister only just resuming office, ventured to propose the tax, in the face of a powerful party, which had held the government for several years, and the British people, after being long unaccustomed to give the finances of the country any serious consideration, at once submitted to the imposition of an income tax, in a period of European peace, with less reluctance than they had showed to it during the most arduous war which ever tasked the energies of the kingdom.

The great importance of this measure will plead our excuse for calling the attention of the reader to its operation in detail. The measure itself is a simple one, although the provisions to obviate fraud and inconvenience are of necessity rather complex. A tax of seven-pence in the pound is imposed upon all incomes exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds a-year. Irish incomes are excepted, if the possessor chooses to live in Ireland, but if he lives in England the exemption ceases—and so far the measure is a small tax upon Irish absentees. We shall proceed to consider the objections most frequently urged against such a tax; and, strange to say, the one which makes most impression upon the public mind is, that in some cases it is unequal and unjust. It is in fact more just and equal than any other tax, but its superiority in this respect is so great that people seem to expect it ought to be perfect, and complain of it for not being altogether free from those imperfections which, to a much greater extent, exist in other taxes. Every man on first hearing it assents to the objection, that the person who has an income for life only is taxed as much as he who holds the same income in perpetuity. The man who has an estate in fee-simple of one thousand a-year, which he may spend as he thinks proper, without any exertion for its acquisition or preservation, is at least twice as rich as he who has the same amount of income depending upon his professional exertions, to continue only so long as his life, or even as his health, may endure; an allowance ought therefore be made for the sum which, in prudence, he ought to save annually, in order, by insurance or otherwise, to secure a future provision for himself and his family. The answer is, that in reality a temporary income is not taxed as much as a perpetual one, for the tax only endures as long as the income. If an income-tax of one shilling in the pound be imposed upon all incomes of one thousand pounds, the produce will be fifty pounds for each thousand. The fee-simple estate of the former example will, at twenty-five years' purchase, be worth twenty-five thousand pounds, and the life estate of him who enjoys the same income only for his life is worth, at twelve years' purchase, only twelve thousand pounds. So far

their properties appear to be of unequal value, and it does not appear reasonable that their tax should be the same. But as we have compared not one year's value, but the total value of the incomes, so we ought to compare not one year's produce, but the total produce of the taxes. The income-tax on the estate is a permanent annuity of fifty pounds a-year, which, at twenty-five years' purchase, will sell for one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. The tax on the life-income of one thousand pounds is a life-income of fifty pounds, which, at twelve years' purchase, will sell for six hundred pounds. Thus, in each case, the total amount which one should pay to redeem the imposition bears the same amount to the total value of the income. Thus the inequality of the income-tax is not so great as it appears at first sight; and the income-tax merely agrees with every other tax in this, that it considers only a man's present means without regard to their probable duration or to the labour by which they have been acquired. The man who buys a dozen of wine or a pound of tea is taxed, not in proportion to his means, but to his purchases; and the very necessity of making increased purchases and thus paying increased taxes may be caused by a large family which diminishes the ability to pay the tax. Nay, as even medicine is the subject of taxation, it may be truly said that a man's taxes are increased, because he or his family are not in the enjoyment of good health. How men would declaim, if the income-tax operated with half the inequality of other taxes; and should there be one per cent upon the income of a single man, to be increased to five per cent if he had a wife and seven children, with a further imposition every time disease entered his dwelling. No tax will fall upon all in exact proportion to their ability to bear it, but the income-tax approaches most nearly to this state of perfection, and if provisions were made to obviate the supposed inequalities of which men complain, they should be so complex, and give rise to so much litigation, that those who complain most now, should pay more than they do at present, in order that the same revenue should be received by the state.

It may be observed that part of the

argument founded upon the equal duration of the income with the tax assumes that the income-tax is meant to be perpetual; and we confess that we should much desire that the produce of the income-tax should be permanently appropriated to the redemption of the national debt. If this were done, taxes to the amount of nearly quarter of a million might be taken off every year for many years, at the same time that we should be gradually reducing that debt which is at present such a grievous permanent burthen upon the resources of the country.

The objection urged most vehemently against the income-tax does not relate to the nature of the burthen, but to an inconvenience in some degree inseparable from its collection. It is objected to as being of an inquisitorial nature. Of course, in order to levy the tax, the income of every man must be ascertained in some manner, and very complicated measures have been introduced to guard against the danger of fraud on the one hand, and the necessity of inconvenient disclosures on the other. It is astonishing how many men entertain the strongest repugnance to having their incomes, their ages, or any thing that concerns them known to the public. This repugnance arises chiefly from a vague and senseless feeling which would quickly disappear when such disclosures became general, but while it exists it is supported by arguments of trivial inconveniences, which are exaggerated into importance by the very feeling which they are called up to support. Such arguments should be closely examined. Any man may say that he does not wish to have the exact amount of his income known by any body, and the argument is good so far only as to prove that he ought not to be obliged to disclose his income unless the public effects some useful purpose by means of such disclosure. But where the disclosure is necessary to any useful object, then the inconvenience of compelling such disclosure generally, is to be compared with the object to be effected by its means, and the result will determine whether the disclosure ought to be compelled or the object abandoned. Now we have no doubt that the inconveniences likely to arise from the disclosure of incomes

are very much exaggerated by those who oppose the tax on this ground, and denounce it as inquisitorial. In at least the proportion of ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, no possible inconvenience can arise even from the most public disclosure of any man's income, except that arising from the repugnance which some men have to let any thing about themselves be accurately known. When such disclosures become more general, this repugnance will disappear. Even in those cases in which the individual does suffer some inconvenience, we doubt if any public injury is caused. A. B. may dread that if his circumstances were disclosed he would not get that credit from C. D. which he now enjoys; but we suspect that A. B. and C. D. will differ very much in the name which they would give to that result. The young man with fashionable exterior and prepossessing manners, who enjoys all the luxuries of life, which he obtains upon credit, might have his enjoyments much curtailed if it were known that he was not subject to the income-tax; but the profits of the shopkeepers whom he patronises would not be much diminished by the catastrophe. Such are the cases in which disclosure is most apprehended. Some indeed affect to fear that persons in trade may suffer by having their circumstances known, and that many persons who, in fact, are well able to pay their debts would lose their credit, which frequently depends upon a belief generally entertained that they are much more wealthy than they really are. We remember when similar objections were urged against the disclosures now required every month from the bank of England, and it was said that although the bank was undoubtedly solvent, the public would never believe it to be so if they saw how little bullion the bank really held in proportion to its liabilities. The affairs of the bank are now, however, very generally known, and its solvency has certainly not sunk in public estimation. In truth, although the public is very easily led astray by unfounded rumours, it is a very reasonable being when it is aware of the entire facts of the case. Credit will always be given, and those who deserve it will gain as much by having their affairs known, as those will lose whose

circumstances prove them unfit to be trusted. For our parts we do not doubt that the public would not suffer if an accurate statement of every man's affairs should be published every week. In this, as in all other cases, ignorance and error afford the chief opportunities of fraud, and are more apt to inspire distrust than to insure a firm confidence.

Although we have argued upon the supposition that the income-tax would compel men to disclose the amount and sources of their income, yet it is right to add, that the act itself has several provisions which have the effect of preventing the public from becoming acquainted through its means with the state of any man's affairs. The necessary disclosures will be made to certain special commissioners bound by their office to preserve inviolable secrecy.

The income-tax is calculated not only to restore the finances to a safe condition, but to yield a surplus beyond the immediate necessities of the country. Of this surplus Sir Robert Peel has taken advantage, by taking the opportunity to introduce a new tariff or scale of custom's duties, which will have the effect of considerably extending the commerce and resources of the kingdom, and which, by its unostentatious character, and by the ability and industry required to frame it, and carry it through parliament, presents a marked contrast to the abortive projects which the Whigs from time to time proposed, without any serious intention of carrying them into effect. Of this tariff, extending to several hundred articles of commerce and consumption, it is not easy to give the reader an adequate idea, without going so much into details as to discourage him from all consideration of the subject. We shall merely notice a few general principles which pervade it. Our readers are aware that about fifty millions' worth of goods are annually imported into Great Britain, on which the average duty is about thirty and forty per cent, and that although several hundred articles are subject to this taxation, the chief revenue is derived from the following, viz.—tea, coffee, sugar, wine, spirits, tobacco, and timber; and accordingly the public attention is generally directed chiefly to these. The revenue arising from

tea is about three millions and a-half; from coffee, about one million; from sugar, about four millions; from wine, about one million and a-half; from spirits, about two millions and a-half; from tobacco, about three millions and a-half; and from timber about one million seven hundred thousand pounds — the whole amounting to nearly eighteen millions. Of those important articles we observe one differing in a remarkable manner from the rest. While the other articles are consumed nearly in the state in which they are imported, or at most are slightly altered or refined before they become objects of unproductive consumption, timber is found in use in almost every instance of our manufacturing and shipping industry. Every increase of timber must either enhance the price of our manufactures, or reduce the wages of our manufacturers — must compel our shipowners either to raise the rate of freight, or reduce the wages of our seamen. In every point of view a high price of timber interferes with the prosperity of our manufacturing, our commercial, and our shipping interests. The two chief materials of our machines and ships are timber and iron. The latter we possess in abundance at home; for the former we must depend on our intercourse with other countries. The only part of the price of timber over which the government could exercise any control was the duty, and this, by the new tariff, will be reduced to less than one half its present amount. It is difficult at present to compute the full effects of this measure in giving increased employment to our ships, and encouraging our shipbuilders and manufacturers, builders of houses, &c. The imagination can hardly follow a load of wood through all the hands to whom, indirectly or directly, it gives employment before it is ultimately consumed. There is scarcely an article of commerce or consumption of which the price is not in some measure composed of the price of timber.

In making this reduction, the benefit of which will be felt through the entire length and breadth of the land, the premier at the same time asserted another principle which excited not a little the anger of his opponents, by continuing, and in some instances increasing the differential duties in favour of our colonies. The

duties on foreign timber are not increased, but they are not reduced in the same proportion as those on timber imported from our colonies. The same principle is extended now to most other articles which our colonies are capable of producing. This is directly at variance with the principle held by the Whig economists, that we ought to purchase every article at the market where we can get it, for the time being, cheapest, without any regard to the certainty of our future supplies, or to any disposition in the nations with whom we deal, to take our goods in return.

As for our colonies, the doctrine of the Whigs is, that they ought to be treated like other foreign countries, in which we should purchase nothing that we can get cheaper elsewhere. In this they act consistently. They recommend us to take no part in the government of our colonies, and they wish us to adopt such a line of conduct as would insure their speedy separation from the mother country. We cannot concur in this policy, seeing, as we do, that our increasing trade with our own colonies will be soon worth all our other commerce, and that it scarcely admits of limits. We believe the generous and the prudent policy to be the same, and that we ought to consider the inhabitants of our colonies as our countrymen, separated from us, indeed, by a wide expanse of ocean, but still entitled to have their interests consulted in our general policy. We may get timber cheaper from the Baltic at present, and pay for it as we can, but the nations there are our rivals, and will not take in exchange those goods, of which we are most anxious to dispose. We can have no certain, steady trade with them; they are our rivals, and will at any time, to suit their own purpose, or even to injure us, or to secure a favourable trade with any other nation, cease to take from us those articles which were, perhaps, made expressly for their consumption. In war our trade with them will be interrupted, and will not immediately return on the restoration of peace. With all old countries our trade has a tendency to decrease, as their manufactures more assimilate to ours, and they stand less in need of any thing that we can produce.

Our trade with our colonies rests



on a different basis. Being subject to our government, they cannot impose any restriction on our commerce; and from their circumstances, they are precisely in want of those manufactures which we can supply more cheaply than other countries. It is their interest to deal with us as long as we deal with them; and the certainty of obtaining from us a favourable market for their produce, is sufficient to prevent them from diverting their industry to those manufactures in which they will meet us as rivals, not as purchasers. With our colonies we can enjoy a permanent trade, on principles of perfect freedom and reciprocity. The commerce between a new and an old country is always most beneficial to both. One possesses an abundance of land, and its capacity of producing grain, and the raw materials of manufactures, is only limited by its want of men, of capital, or of markets for its consumption. The other possesses a redundancy of capital, a greater population than it can find employment for; while it is utterly unable to produce, within itself, a supply of raw material at all adequate to its wants.

"But when in addition to this it is recollected that these colonies are part of ourselves—distant provinces of our own empire, whose blood is our blood, whose strength is our strength; that they are increasing in numbers with a rapidity unparalleled in the annals of the world; and that however fast they may augment, they are, by their situation and circumstances, chained for centuries to agricultural and pastoral employments; and consequently our export trade with them must increase in the same proportion as their numbers; while, on the other hand, the states of continental Europe are increasing far less rapidly in numbers—are actuated, for the most part, by commercial or political jealousy, and may, any moment, become our enemies, it may safely be affirmed, that the neglect of the colonies, to propitiate foreign powers is, of all human absurdities, the most absurd. Powerful as are these considerations, derived from the commercial and manufacturing interests of Great Britain, in favour of her colonial settlements, the facts, pointing the same way, deducible from the shipping interests, are, if possible, still more conclusive. The essential difference between the shipping which carries on a trade between the colonies

and the mother country is, that it is, as in the former case, all our own—in the latter, one half belongs to our enemies."

We have given the above extract from a valuable work, "*Alison on Population*," vol. ii. p. 391, as expressing, better than we could, our own opinions on the subject. The entire chapter on colonization is well worthy of serious attention, and it contains several tables, which convey much valuable information, but our space forbids us to dwell longer on it. We may remark, however, in reference to the timber trade with Canada, that it gives the greatest encouragement to emigration, not merely by giving immediate and useful employment to the emigrants,—a property common to it and several other branches of commerce,—but by providing a freight home for the ships which carry out the emigrants. Were it not for the timber trade, many of the ships which convey emigrants to Canada should return in ballast, which, of course, could not be done with profit, unless by a considerable increase of the expenses of emigration. Even the immediate loss, by not purchasing our timber at the cheapest market, is more apparent than real. Timber is not like a manufacture, of which an indefinitely increased quantity can be produced to meet an increased demand. It is a raw produce, of many years' growth, and the immediate effect of a free importation of Baltic timber would be an increase in the price, to meet the pressure of an increased demand. The proprietors of woods, in the north of Europe, would be the only gainers by the change.

The article next in importance on which the duty has been reduced by the new tariff is coffee, the duty on which has been reduced to eight pence a pound on foreign coffee, and four on colonial. The duty is still rather high, being more than forty per cent on the value; but the reduction which has taken place within the last few years is very considerable, as it is now only one third of what it was in 1825. In the meantime the consumption has increased in a greater proportion. We may consider the increased consumption of coffee, as at once a sign and a cause of improved habits of tempe-

rance among the people. Coffee-drinkers are not apt to be intemperate; and drunkards have little taste for slops. The production of coffee will afford a useful employment for the emancipated negroes in our West Indian colonies, as it does not require the same excessive toil as at present is thought necessary in the cultivation of the sugar-cane. We do not apprehend that the revenue will suffer much by the late reduction of the duty on coffee, as increased consumption will, in a great measure, compensate for a diminished rate of duty.

In tobacco no change has been made; the duty is still excessively high. No other article, yielding such a revenue, bears so high a rate of duty as tobacco, which is taxed at the rate of four hundred per cent. As long as smuggling can be prevented, we do not desire to witness any reduction in the duty on tobacco; the consumption is too great already. If much more of it were consumed, it would be found a serious impediment to civilization, by making it impossible for people to keep their houses clean and comfortable.

On tea the duty is also unaltered, and remains at two shillings and one penny a pound. In the present state of our relations with China, it might not be prudent to reduce the duty, as it might not be easy to procure the increased supply which would be called for, and without which the price of tea could not be much reduced, and the foreigner would chiefly gain by the reduction. The duty is, however, very high, and is more than one hundred per cent on that portion which is chiefly drank by those who can least afford to pay the high duty. This duty cannot but be deemed too high, when we consider what an innocent, social gratification the consumption of tea affords, and that the remarks which we made respecting the advantages of an increased taste for coffee, in preventing intemperance, extend also, in a great degree, to tea. We are content, however, to wait; being perfectly convinced, that as soon as our peaceful relations with China are restored, the wise and liberal policy of Sir Robert Peel will lead him to make as great a reduction of the duty on tea, as the finances of the country will permit him to make with

propriety. Meanwhile, if it could be done without too great danger of fraud, we should desire to see the duty on Assam tea reduced, in order to give every encouragement to the cultivation of so valuable an article of commerce in our own territories. We think some means might be devised of watching it from its production in Assam to its final exportation. Rules might be framed sufficient to effect the object, and the compliance with those rules made necessary for any person wishing to take advantage of the reduced duty. If the exporting merchant should not find it convenient to observe those rules, his condition would not be worse than it is at present, by permitting him to pay the present rate of duty.

On foreign or colonial spirits the tariff of Sir Robert Peel has made no alteration. The duty on brandy, Hollands, and other spirits, not the produce of any of the British possessions, remains at one pound two shillings and sixpence the gallon. The duty on rum and shrub, the produce of the colonies, remains at nine shillings. Those articles were probably thought of sufficient importance to be the subject of a separate act, when the propriety of reducing the duties on foreign spirits can be more fully discussed than it could have been in the general tariff, which could only pass by being considered as a whole, in the details of which every contested principle should be, as far as possible, avoided. We are convinced, however, that Sir Robert Peel will see before long the propriety of reducing the duty on foreign spirits. It is at present taxed at the rate of about four hundred per cent, and there is little reason to doubt that the revenue would be actually increased by reducing the duty one third, that is, to fifteen shillings a gallon. The increased consumption would not lead to any habits of intemperance, as it would be caused by the substitution of foreign brandy for British spirits, which at present pay a much lower duty. It may be objected that this measure would be injurious to the distiller; but we do not see any reason why the trade of making spirits should receive any artificial protection. It may, indeed, be called a manufacture, but it does not produce any article for exportation which adds

to our wealth, nor of comfort or utility, deserving of any particular encouragement. There would be no inconvenience in having the country entirely dependent upon foreign countries for its supply of spirits; nor any great advantages gained, if we were to push the art of making corn-spirits to the utmost perfection of which it was capable. The materials, also, of which our spirits are made, being oats and barley, are precisely the things for which we have an ample demand at home. For these reasons we are of opinion, that it would be desirable to reduce the duty on foreign spirits, until the quantity consumed should be about equal to the consumption of home-made spirits; taking care, however, that this reduction should be so gradual as not to injure the fortunes of the distillers now in work. It is not unlikely, that before long Sir Robert Peel may make such changes as are called for in the duty on foreign spirits, the basis of a commercial treaty, favourable to the interests of England.

The mention of a commercial treaty leads us to wine, another great article in our customs list, and one of which the importance has existed from a very ancient period. The importance of the other articles which we have mentioned as subjects of customs is of comparatively modern origin. In this article the new tariff has made no alteration. The duty on foreign wines, whether French, Spanish, Portuguese, or Rhenish, is now five shillings and sixpence a gallon, that on Cape wine is just half, *i.e.* two shillings and ninepence per gallon. Our readers are aware that by the celebrated Methuen treaty entered into with Portugal in 1703, Great Britain engaged to receive the wines of Portugal at two-thirds of the duty imposed upon French wines. This treaty was the basis on which all duties upon wine were regulated until 1831, when the duties on French, Spanish, and Portuguese wines were equalized. It was supposed that the result of this equalization would be such an increase in the consumption of French wines as would make it equal to that of the Spanish and Portuguese together. It was found, however, that this did not take place, and that the people of Great Britain seemed to prefer Spanish and Portuguese to

French wines. The advocates for French wines then asserted that it was only necessary to wait a short time, and that the French wines would soon obtain the preference to which they were entitled—that the palates of the English were depraved, and their tastes vitiated by the habit of drinking Portuguese wines, but that this artificial taste for port would soon disappear. Well—the new system has been in operation for eleven years, and the consumption of French wine has not increased. The quantity of port and sherry in proportion to that of claret drank now is as great as it was the year after the duties were altered, and yet eleven years must make a great change in the drinkers of wine. We are strongly inclined to think that a preference of the wines of the south—Madeira, port, and sherry—over the wines of France and the Rhine, is natural to the inhabitants of a colder country like England, and it is felt most strongly by those whose tastes could not have been sophisticated by any habits of drinking wine. Those who are unaccustomed to wines of any sort generally prefer the stronger wines. The duty on wines, like that on spirits, was too important to be included in the general tariff, and it also may be made the subject of a commercial treaty favourable to the interests of England. We hope that before the end of next session a treaty will be concluded with Portugal, and ratified by an act of parliament, by which, in exchange for the permission to import English goods into Portugal at reasonable duties, the import duty on Portuguese wines may be lowered to four, or even to three shillings the gallon. Even the latter rate would be equivalent to an *ad valorem* duty of forty per cent. The prospect of this reduction necessarily leads to the consideration of this question, whether any provision should be made to give the benefit of the reduction to those who have stocks of wine on hand on which the higher duties have already been paid. Private cellars scattered throughout the kingdom contain, it is probable, several millions of gallons of port. Ought an account be taken of their stock, and the excess of duty which they have paid be returned to them? This would give rise to great fraud, and be almost impracticable: it

does not seem to be called for by any principles of prudence or justice. Those who bought wine, paid, or promised to pay, a certain sum for it, and obtained the immediate right to consume it. In keeping it they ran the risk of its falling in value from more plentiful wine harvests in Portugal, or from a reduction of duty, or from any other causes. They have nothing to complain of unless they bought the wine with an understanding that they should receive the benefit of any reduction of the duties that should afterwards take place; and it is not asserted that such understanding ever existed. Indeed, we do not anticipate that any claim or complaint will be made in their behalf. But the claims of the wine merchants, who have stocks on hand for which they have paid the higher duty, rest upon stronger grounds, and cannot be rejected without a careful and mature consideration. They are a smaller body, and compelled to take out annual licences, and are subject to certain regulations, which diminish the opportunities of fraud, and make it more practicable to form a just estimate of their stock. The very circumstance of their buying only to sell again makes an essential difference in the effects which they apprehend from the reduction of duty. Those who buy to consume, possess what they bought in a state as fit as ever for fulfilling all the purposes for which they bought it. The private owner suffers nothing by the reduction of duty. His wine possesses the same flavour, and will enliven and intoxicate himself or his friends in the same manner as if the duty had been unaltered; and it is no loss to him, but the reverse, that he himself or others may in future drink cheaper wine. But with the wine merchant the case is different; he paid the duty in advance to the state, in the confidence that he should be able at a future period to recover it from the consumer with a reasonable profit on his advances. He has been treated as a kind of agent to pay the duties to the state for the consumer, instead of putting each party to the inconvenience of paying or receiving the duty on every bottle of wine that is sold. It was never expected or intended that the duty on wine or any other commodity, should be ultimately paid by the importer. It was a tax

levied upon the consumers of wine, although in the first instance payable by the merchant who imported it. The reduction of the tax will, it is alleged, deprive him of the power of shifting it upon the consumer, upon whom it was originally intended to fall, and he may be exposed to great inconvenience and possible ruin by being obliged to bear the burthen of a tax which was never intended to affect him. His case is certainly entitled to a fair consideration.

On the other hand, it is urged that it would cost the nation a million sterling were it to yield to this claim. This argument, however, ought not be allowed the slightest weight, if justice requires that the claim should be complied with; but it is a strong argument to induce men not to decide hastily, but to weigh carefully every thing that can be said on either side before they come to a final decision on a matter of such importance. The argument merely proves the magnitude of the interests to be affected by the question. It is to be remarked, however, that in reducing the duties on certain articles, a slight loss may be suffered by the holders of other articles which are not directly affected by the change. Thus, a reduction of the duty on port may make it more difficult for the holders of claret or sherry to dispose of their stock, since the cheapness of port will induce many to consume it, who, on the former relation of prices, would have given the preference to the other wines; yet no one would think of demanding compensation for such a loss. It is alleged that, although the name remains the same, yet the difference between the old port on which the old duty has been paid, and the new port to be introduced subject to the new duties, is in fact greater than that between port and sherry, or between port and claret. The price of old port is determined by the quantity in the market more than by its original cost, and that quantity is so much smaller in consequence of the high duties existing at the time when it was first imported. The merchants were careful not to import greater quantities than it was probable they would be able to sell subject to the then existing rate of duties. It is, therefore, not unlikely that old port will keep up its price notwithstanding

the reduction of duty ; and it is nearly certain that it will not sustain a fall at all adequate to that reduction ; and that if the holders thereby sustain a slight loss, they will receive some compensation by the more rapid sale of new wine at the reduced duties. After this slight sketch of the arguments on each side of the question, we may be permitted to add that our own opinion is in favour of allowing the difference of duty to the holders of wine on which the old duty has been paid. This course was pursued in 1831 to the disadvantage of the wine holders ; and the port which, in 1830, was imported at a duty of four shillings and tenpence per gallon, was charged with eightpence additional ; much of that remains on hand, and if the duty were now reduced to four shillings and ten pence, it would appear hard that wine imported when the duty was four shillings and ten pence, and sold when the duty was the same, should be subject to a higher rate merely because that rate happened to be in existence during part of the time that the wine lay in the merchants' stores. The practice hitherto pursued is equivalent to an engagement that on any alteration in the duties the wine merchant should receive or pay the difference on the stock in hand. On the subject of wine duties we shall add nothing, except an expression of our hope that in case the duty be reduced on Spanish or Portuguese wines, that produced in our own colonies, the Cape and its dependencies, may experience a corresponding reduction. If Cape wine were permitted to enter at one shilling a gallon, it would be felt as a great boon by the colonial wine growers, and the revenue would suffer very little, if any thing, by the change, which would make the duties correspond more nearly with an *ad valorem* duty, according to which the inferior article pays the least.

The last great article of the revenue from customs is sugar, and on this also the new tariff has made no change. Its importance required a separate consideration, and it may form the basis of a treaty favourable to the interests of humanity. At present the duty on colonial sugar—the produce of free labour—is one pound four shillings to the cwt. ; that on the slave-grown sugar is three pounds three shillings ; both

duties being in our opinion too high, and the latter being almost prohibitory. The revenue and the consumer would equally gain by a reduction of those duties, but very grave considerations are opposed to a premature reduction. If the duty on free-labour sugar alone were reduced, the revenue would suffer, while the consumer would derive no corresponding advantage. The quantity produced in our colonies cannot be immediately increased, and without an increase in that quantity, the price to the consumer must remain the same, and the entire reduction of duty would go into the pockets of the West India planters. The events which have taken place within the last few years have proved how completely the price of sugar depends upon the amount of the West India crops. On the other hand, any reduction of the duty on slave-labour sugar to encourage its introduction into England would be a most inhuman measure. It would give an encouragement to the slave-trade which no efforts of ours could check, and would render the condition of the slaves in the sugar countries much more lamentable than it is even now. The treatment of the slave is, with very few exceptions, a mere matter of calculation to the owner, of which the elements are—the cost of supplying his place, the value of the sugar which he can produce by a certain severity of labour, and the length of time he can survive such labour, or as it is termed, the time it takes to have him used up. If sugar is at a certain price, the value of the produce will not compensate for the loss of the slave, worn out prematurely by excessive toil ; but let the price be doubled, and the relative value of the slave becomes only half of what it was, and it will immediately become the interest and the practice of the master to impose severer tasks, and obtain additional produce by the sacrifice of the life of the slave. It has been often remarked that every increase in the price of sugar is attended with increased misery and mortality among the slaves. We think it probable that Sir Robert Peel will manage some advantageous treaty with Cuba and Brazil—offering them such a splendid market for their sugar as Great Britain, in return for stipulations which will insure the abolition of the slave-trade, and perhaps the ultimate



abolition of slavery itself. In the meantime we are content to wait, satisfied as we are that Sir Robert Peel is fully sensible of the arguments in favour of a reduction of the sugar-duties, and knowing that any impatience displayed by the people would have the effect of embarrassing him in his negotiations with the foreign powers, who would hope that the impatience of the nation might compel Sir Robert to grant, without any terms, that which otherwise they would be ready to purchase by important concessions.

The above review of the customs duties upon the articles of chief importance shows that it is to the minor articles that Sir Robert Peel's new tariff chiefly extends, by which many articles will be considerably reduced in price, and a great relief given to trade, without any parade or ostentation. The new duties are generally altered to two-thirds or one-half of their former amount. They have been altered with such discretion as to leave little room for jealousy. There is, however, in one instance an appearance of a preference shown to English over Irish interests. There can be little doubt that the alteration of the duties on corn and cattle, although beneficial to the nation at large, is chiefly so to England; and that it is even doubtful whether Ireland may not suffer by the measure. In the new tariff, therefore, the interests of Ireland ought to have been watched, and protected with peculiar jealousy; and this vigilance would not have been a matter of much trouble, as Ireland may be said to have no manufacture of importance, except linen, which was protected by a duty of forty per cent *ad valorem*. This protection has been reduced to fifteen per cent, which we hope may be sufficient; although we wish the reduction had not taken place, as we observe that the old protection of thirty per cent has been continued to the silks and ribbons of England. We have no doubt that Sir Robert has done what he thought just, but we regret that any part of this great measure should for the moment bear a contrary appearance.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the new tariff will fully compensate to the English for the income-tax, and to the Irish for the increase in the stamp-duties, which passed without

much notice through the house, but will before long excite no trifling outcry. This assimilation of the stamp-duties of England and Ireland is a fair and reasonable measure. It is sometimes, indeed, said, that Ireland being a poorer country ought not to pay so much for stamps as England. This would be a very good argument if it were proposed to levy as much in Ireland as the total produce of the English stamp acts, or if it were proposed to impose an equal poll-tax upon the population of both countries, but it has no application to the case where the tax imposed is in proportion to the wealth. A man who receives a legacy of ten thousand pounds in England must pay a certain sum in the shape of legacy-duty. If Ireland be a poorer country, it will be a sufficient reason why so many legacies of that amount should not be chargeable in Ireland as in England, but it is no reason why a person should not pay the same duty who receives the same sum.

It appears a paradox to some, how the people should gain more by the reduction of duties than the revenue loses, but this is accounted for by the increased consumption attendant upon diminished prices. Thus if a family consumed eighty pounds of coffee in one year, at the duty of six pence a pound, the total revenue from coffee paid by that family was two pounds. If the reduction of the duty to four pence induces that family to increase its consumption to one hundred pounds of coffee, the duty levied under the new system will be one pound thirteen shillings and four pence, and the loss to the revenue by the change will be only six shillings and eight pence, but the gain to the family will be about fifteen shillings—viz. thirteen shillings and four pence on the quantity which it formerly consumed, and something less than three shillings and four pence on the additional twenty pounds which the lower duty induces it to consume.

It is to be remembered that all the duties which we have mentioned are exclusive of the five per cent. added to them by the late administration. Thus the duty on coffee is four pence and one-fifth of a penny, although appearing as only four pence in the schedule to the tariff. This five per cent will probably be taken off next year, if

the state of the finances should admit of such a measure.

We cannot conclude without an expression of our hopes that Sir Robert Peel may complete what he has so boldly and so wisely commenced, and that he will not be content with recovering the finances from their late dangerous condition, when the expenditure exceeded the revenue by several millions, but consider it the duty of the minister in time of peace to collect a sinking fund to reduce the debt contracted by his predecessors. Until this is done, the finances of the country

cannot be thought in a safe or a sound state. National bankruptcy with all its dreadful consequence must be the inevitable result of a system by which, in times of war, the nation is led to make immense addition to its debt, and yet to make no provision for its reduction in time of peace. But let us not be too impatient, let us remember that amid the pressure of great difficulties and public distress, Sir Robert Peel has in one year done more to restore our finances to a sound state than even Pitt was able to accomplish in a much longer period.

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# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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### CONTENTS.

	Page
OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. XLIV.—THE BAR DINNER. CHAP. XLV.—THE RETURN. CHAP. XLVI.— FAREWELL TO IRELAND. CHAP. XLVII.—LONDON. CHAP. XLVIII.—AN UN- HAPPY DISCLOSURE. CHAP. XLIX.—THE HORSE-GUARDS. CHAP. L.—THE RETREAT FROM BURGOS . . . . .	379
THE CYMBALER'S BRIDE.—FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO . . . . .	400
CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES. No. I.—BELGIUM . . . . .	403
A DAY AT THE ROCK OF POLIGNAC.—BY LOUISA STEWART COSTELLO . . . . .	415
IRISH CHARACTER.—BY AN ANGLO-HIBERNIAN . . . . .	422
AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT IZAAK WALTON' . . . . .	432
GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—No. XIV. BARRY THE PAINTER.—PART II. . . . .	443
A NARRATIVE OF THE AFFGHAN WAR. IN A SERIES OF LETTERS OF THE LATE COLONEL DENNIE, C.B., HER MAJESTY'S THIRTEENTH LIGHT INFANTRY REGI- MENT, AID-DE-CAMP TO THE QUEEN.—PART II.—CONCLUSION . . . . .	450
MADDEN'S LIVES AND TIMES OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN . . . . .	463

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VOL. XX.

OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE BAR DINNER.

At nine o'clock the jury retired, and a little afterwards the front drawing-room of the head inn was becoming every moment more crowded, as the door opened to admit the several members of the bar, invited to partake of Mrs. Rooney's hospitalities. Mrs. Rooney's, I say; for the etiquette of the circuit forbidding the attorney to entertain the dignitaries of the craft, Paul was only at present his own table on sufferance, and sought out the least obtrusive place he could find, among the juniors and side-dishes.

No one who could have seen the gay, laughing, merry mob of shrewd, cunning-looking men that chatted away there, would have imagined them, a few moments previously, engaged in a question where the lives of four of their fellow-men hung in the balance, and where, at the very moment, the deliberation was continued that should, perhaps, sentence them to death upon the scaffold.

The instincts of a profession are narrow and humiliating things to witness. The surgeon who sees but in the suffering agony of his patient the occasional displacement of certain anatomical details, is little better than a savage: the lawyer who watches the passions of hope and fear, distrust, dread, and suspicion, only to take advantage of them in his case, is far worse than one. I confess, on looking at these men, I could never divest my-

self of the impression, that the hired and paid-for passion of the advocate; the subtlety that is engaged special; the wit that is briefed; the impetuous rush of indignant eloquence that is bottled up from town to town in circuit, and, like soda-water, grows weaker at every corking—make but a poor *ensemble* of qualities for the class, who, *par excellence*, stand at the head of professional life.

One there was, indeed, whose haggard eye and blanched cheek showed no semblance of forgetting the scene in which so lately he had been an actor. This was the lawyer who had defended the prisoners. He sat in a window, resting his head upon his hand—fatigue, exhaustion, but more than all, intense feeling portrayed in every lineament of his pale face.

"Ah," said the gay, jovial-looking attorney-general, slapping him familiarly on the shoulder—"ah, my dear fellow; not tired, I hope. The court was tremendously hot; but come, rally a bit: we shall want you. Bennet and O'Grady have disappointed us, it seems; but you are a host in yourself."

"Maybe so," replied the other faintly, and scarce lifting his eyes; "but you can't depend on my elevation."

The ease and readiness of the reply, as well as the tones of the voice, struck me, and I perceived that it was no other than the prior of the Monks of



the Screw who had spoken. Mrs. Rooney made her appearance at the moment, and my attention was soon taken away by the announcement of dinner.

One of the judges arrived in time to offer his arm, and I could not help feeling amused at the mock-solemnity of the procession, as we moved along. The judge I may observe was a young man, lately promoted, and one whose bright eye and bold dashing expression bore many more traces of the outer bar, than it smacked of the dull gravity of the bench. He took the end of the table beside Mrs. Paul, and the others soon seated themselves promiscuously along the table.

There is a species of gladiatorial exhibition in lawyers' society that is certainly very amusing. No one speaks without the foreknowledge that he is to be caught up, punned on, or ridiculed, as the case may be. The whole conversation is, therefore, a hail-storm of short stories, quips, and retorts, intermingled with details of successful bar stratagems, and practical jokes played off upon juries. With less restraint than at a military mess, there is a strong professional feeling of deference for the seniors, and much more tact and knowledge of the world to unite them. While thus the whole conversation ran on topics of the circuit, I was amazed at Mrs. Rooney's perfect intimacy with all the niceties of a law joke, or the fun of a *visi prius* story. She knew the chief peculiarities of the several persons alluded to, and laughed loud and long at the good things she listened to. The judge alone, above all others, had the lady's ear. His bold but handsome features—his rich commanding voice, nothing the worse that it was mellowed by a little brogue—his graceful action and manly presence, stamped him as one well suited to be successful wherever good looks, ready tact, and consummate conversational powers have a field for their display. His stories were few, but always pertinent and well told; and frequently the last joke at the table was capped by him, when no one else could have ventured to try it—while the rich roll of his laugh was a guarantee for mirth that never failed.

It was when my attention was drawn off by Mrs. Rooney to some circumstance of our former intimacy, that a

heartily burst of laughing from the end of the table, told that something unusually absurd was being related.

"Yes, sir," said a shrewd-looking, thin old fellow in spectacles, "we capitulated, on condition of leaving the garrison with all the honours of war; and faith, the sheriff was only too glad to comply."

"Bob Mahon is certainly a bold fellow, and never hard pushed, whatever you may do with him."

"Bob Mahon!" said I: "what of him?"

"Keatley has just been telling how he held out the jail of Ennis for four weeks against the sheriff. The jailor was an old tenant of his, and readily came into his plans. They were victualled for a long siege, and as the place was strong, they had nothing to fear. When the garrison was summoned to surrender, they put a charge of No. 4 into the sub-sheriff, that made him move to the rear; and as the prisoners were all coming from the assizes, they were obliged to let him have his own terms, if he'd only consent to come out. So they gave him twelve hours' law, and a clear run for it; and he's away."

This was indeed a very quick realization of Father Tom's prediction, and I joined in the mirth the story elicited—not the less readily, that I was well acquainted with the principal actor in it.

While the laughter still continued, the door opened, and a young barrister stole into the room, and whispered a few words into the ear of the counsel for the prisoners. He leaned back in his chair, and pushed his wine-glass hurriedly before him.

"What! Collinson," cried the attorney-general, "have they agreed?"

"Yes, sir—a verdict of guilty."

"Of course; the evidence was too home for a doubt," said he, filling his glass from the decanter.

A sharp glance from the dark eye of the opposite counsel was the only reply, as he rose and left the room.

"Our friend has taken a more than common interest in this case," was the cool observation of the last speaker; "but there was no getting over Hanlon's testimony." Here he entered into some detail of the trial, while the buzz and confusion of voices became greater than ever. I took this opportunity of

making my escape, and joined Mrs. Rooney, who a short time before had retired to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Paul had contrived, even in the short space since her arrival, to have converted the drawing-room into a semblance of something like an apartment in a private house—books, prints, and flowers, judiciously disposed, as well as an open piano-forte, giving it an air of comfort and propriety far different from its ordinary seeming. She was practising Moore's newly-published song of, "Fly from this world, dear Bessy, with me," as I entered.

"Pray, continue, my dear Mrs. Rooney," said I: "I will take it as the greatest possible favour——"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Paul, throwing up her eyes in the most languishing ecstasy—"ah! you have soul, I know you have."

Protesting that I had strong reasons to believe so, I renewed my entreaty.

"Yes," said she, musing, and in a Siddons' tone of soliloquy—"yes, the poet is right—

*'Music hath charms to smooth the savage beast.'*

But I really can't sing the melodies—

they are too much for me. The allusion to former times, when King O'Toole and the rest of the royal family——Ah! you are aware, I believe, that family reasons——"

Here she pressed her embroidered handkerchief to her eyes with one hand, while she pressed mine convulsively with the other.

"Yes, yes," said I, hurriedly, while a strong temptation to laugh outright seized me. "I have heard that your descent——"

"Yes, my dear; if it wasn't for the Danes, and the cruel battle of the Boyne, there's no saying where I might not be seated now."

She leaned on the piano as she spoke, and seemed overpowered with sorrow. At this instant the door opened, and the judge made his appearance.

"A thousand pardons for the indiscretion," said he, stepping back as he saw me sitting with the lady's hand in mine. I sprang up, confused and ashamed; and, rushing past him, hurried down stairs.

I knew how soon my adventure, for such it would grow into, would be the standing-jest of the bar mess; and not feeling disposed to be present at their mirth, I ordered a chaise, and, before half an hour elapsed, was on my road to Dublin.

#### CHAPTER XLV.—THE RETURN.

WE never experience to the full how far sorrow has made its inroad upon us, until we come back, after absence, to the places where we have once been happy, and find them lone and tenantless. While we recognise each old familiar object, we see no longer those who gave them all their value in our eyes—every inanimate thing about, speaks to our senses, but where are they who were wont to speak to our hearts? The solitary chamber is then, indeed, but the body of all our pleasure, from which the soul has departed for ever. These feelings were mine as I paced the old, well-worn stairs, and entered my quarters in the Castle. No more I heard the merry laugh of my friend O'Grady, nor his quick step upon the stair. The life, the stir, the bustle of the place itself seemed to have all fled; the court only echoed to the measured

tread of the grenadier, who marched backwards and forwards beside the flag-staff, in the centre of the open space. No cavalcade of joyous riders—no prancing horses, led about by grooms—no showy and splendid equipages; all was still, sad, and neglected-looking. The dust whirled about in circling eddies, as the cold wind of an autumnal day moaned through the arched passages and gloomy corridors of the old building. A care-worn official, or some slatternly inferior of the household would perhaps pass, from time to time; but except such as these, nothing stirred.

The closed shutters and drawn-down blinds showed that the viceroy was absent, and I found myself the only occupant of the building.

It requires the critical eye of the observant resident of great cities, to

mark the changes which season and fashion effect in their appearance. To one unaccustomed to their phrases it seems strange to hear, "How empty the town is—how very few people are in London!"—while the heavy tide of population pours incessantly around him, and his ear is deafened with the ceaseless roll of equipage. But in such a city as Dublin, the alteration is manifest to the least remarking. But little frequented by the country gentry, and never except for the few months when the court is there—still less visited by foreigners—deserted by the professional classes, at least such of them as are independent enough to absent themselves, the streets are actually empty. The occupations of trade, the bustle of commerce, that through every season continue their onward course in the great trading cities, such as Liverpool, Hamburgh, Frankfort, and Bourdeaux, scarce exist here; and save that the tattered garments of mendicancy, and the craving cries of hunger are ever before you, you might fall into a drowsy reverie as you walked, and dream yourself in Palmyra.

I had strolled about for above an hour, in the moody frame of mind my own reflections and the surrounding objects were well calculated to suggest, when, meeting by accident a subaltern with whom I was slightly acquainted, I heard that the court had that morning left the Lodge in the park, for Kilkenny, where the theatricals of that pleasant city were going forward, a few members of the household alone remaining, who were to follow in a day or two.

For some days previous, I had made up my mind not to remain in Ireland. Every tie that bound me to the country was broken. I had no heart to set about forming new friendships, while the wounds of former ones were still fresh and bleeding; and I longed for change of scene and active occupation, that I might have no time to reflect or look back.

Resolving to tender my resignation on the duke's staff without any further loss of time, I set out at once for the park.

I arrived there in the very nick of time: the carriages were at the entrance, waiting for the private secretary of his grace, and two of the aides-

de-camp, who were eating a hurried luncheon before starting. One of the aides-de-camp I knew but slightly, the other was a perfect stranger to me; but Moreton was an intimate acquaintance. He jumped up from his chair as my name was announced, and a deep blush covered his face as he advanced to meet me:—

"My dear Hinton, how unfortunate! Why weren't you here yesterday? It's too late now."

"Too late for what? I don't comprehend you."

"Why, my dear fellow," said he, drawing his arm within mine, and leading me towards a window, as he dropped his voice to a whisper, "I believe you heard from me, that his grace was provoked at your continued absence, and expected at least that you would have written, to ask an extension of your leave. I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that the duchess came back from England, with some crotchet in her head about something she heard in London. In any case they ordered me to write."

"Well, well," said I impatiently; "I guess it all. I have got my dismissal. Isn't that the whole of it?"

He nodded twice, without speaking.

"It only anticipates my own wishes," said I, coolly, "as this note may satisfy you." I placed the letter I had written for the purpose of my resignation in his hand, and continued:—"I am quite convinced in my own mind, that his grace, whose kindness towards me has never varied, would never have dreamed of this step on such slight grounds as my absence. No, no; the thing lies deeper. At any other time, I should certainly have wished to trace this matter to its source; now, however, chiming as it does with my own plans, and caring little how fortune intends to treat me, I'll submit in silence."

"And take no notice of the affair further?"

"Such is my determination," said I resolutely.

"In that case," said Moreton, "I may tell you, that some story of a lady had reached the duchess, when in London; some girl that it was reported you endeavoured to seduce, and had actually followed for that purpose to the west of Ireland. There, there; don't take the matter up that way, for

heaven's sake. My dear fellow, hear me out." But I could hear no more; the rushing blood that crowded on my brain stunned and stupified me, and it took several minutes before I became sufficiently collected to ask him to go on.

"I heard the thing so confusedly," said he, "that I cannot attempt any thing like connection in relating it. But the story goes, that your duel in Loughrea, did not originate about the steeple-chase, at all, but in a quarrel about this girl, with her brother, or her cousin, who, having discovered your intentions regarding her, you deemed proper to get rid of, as a preliminary. No one but a fool could credit such a thing."

"None but such could have invented it," said I; as my thoughts at once recurred to Lord Dudley de Vere.

"The duke, however, spoke to General Hinton——"

"To my father! And how did he——"

"Oh, behaved as only he could have done:—'Stop, my lord,' said he. 'I'll spare you any further relation of this matter. If it be true, my son is unworthy of remaining on your staff. If it be false, I'll not permit him to hold an appointment where his reputation has been assailed, without afford-

ing him an opportunity of defence.' High words ensued, and the end was, that, if you appeared before to-day, you were to hear the charge, and have an opportunity for reply. If not, your dismissal was to be made out, and another appointed in your place. Now that I have told you, what I feel the indiscretion of my ever having spoken of, promise me, my dear Hinton, that you will take no step in the matter. The intrigue is altogether beneath you; and your character demands no defence on your part."

"I almost suspect I know the party," said I, gloomily.

"No, no: I'm certain you can't. It is some woman's story; some piece of tea-table gossip, depend on it. In any case, quite unworthy of caring about."

"At all events, I am too indifferent at this moment to feel otherwise about any thing," said I. "So, good-by, Moreton—my regards to all our fellows—Good-by!"

"Good-by, my boy," said he, warmly shaking my hand. "But, stop a moment, I have got some letters for you; they arrived only a few days since."

He took a packet from a drawer as he spoke, and, once more bidding him adieu, I set out on my return to the Castle.

#### CHAPTER XLVI.—FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

My first care on reaching my quarters was, to make preparations for my departure by the packet of the same evening; my next was, to sit down and read over my letters. As I turned them over, I remarked that there were none from my father nor Lady Charlotte: there was, however, one in Julia's hand; and also a note from O'Grady: the others were the mere common-place correspondence of everyday acquaintances, which I merely threw my eyes carelessly over ere I consigned them to the fire. My fair cousin's possessed—I cannot explain why—a most unusual degree of interest for me; and throwing myself back in my chair, I gave myself up to its perusal.

The epistle opened by a half satirical account of the London season—then nearly drawing to its close; in which various characters and incidents

which I have not placed before my readers, but all well known to me, were touched with that quiet subdued railery she excelled in. The flirtations, the jiltings, the matches that were on or off, the rumoured duels, debts, and difficulties of every one we were acquainted with, were told with a most amusing smartness; all showing, young as she was, how thoroughly the wear and tear of fashionable life had invested her with the intricate knowledge of character, and the perfect acquaintance with all the intrigues and by-play of the world. How unlike Louisa Bellew, said I, as I laid down the letter after reading a description of a manœuvring mamma and obedient daughter to secure the prize of the season, with a peerage and some twenty thousand pounds per annum. It was true, they were the vices and follies of the age which she ridiculed, but why should

she ever have known them : or ought she to have been conversant with such a state of society as would expose them : were it not better, like Louisa Bellew, to have passed her days amid the simple, unexciting scenes of secluded life, than to have purchased all the brilliancy of her wit and the dazzle of her genius at the price of true female delicacy and refinement? While I asked and answered myself these questions to the satisfaction of my own heart. I could not dismiss the thought, that amid such scenes as London presented, with such associations as fashion necessitated, the unprotected simplicity of Miss Bellew's character would expose her to much both of raillery and coldness ; and felt that she would be nearly as misplaced among the proud daughters of haughty England, as my fair cousin in the unfashionable freedom of Dublin life.

I confess as I read on, that old associations came crowding upon me ; the sparkling brilliancy of Julia's style reminded me of the charms of her conversational powers, aided by all the loveliness of her beauty, and all the witchery which your true belle of fashion knows how, so successfully, to spread around her ; and it was with a flush of burning shame on my cheek, I acknowledged to myself how much her letter interested me. As I continued I saw O'Grady's name, and to my astonishment found the following :—

“Lady Charlotte came back from the duke's ball greatly pleased with a certain major of dragoons, who, among his other excellent qualities, turns out to be a friend of yours. This estimable person, whose name is O'Grady, has done much to dissipate her ladyship's prejudices regarding Irishmen : the repose of his manner, and the quiet, unassuming, well-bred tone of his address being also opposed to her pre-conceived notions of his countrymen. He dines here twice or thrice a-week ; and as he is to sail soon, may happily preserve the bloom of his reputation to the last. My estimate of him is somewhat different : I think him a bold *effrontée* kind of person, esteeming himself very highly, and thinking little of other people. He has, however, a delightful old thing, his servant Corny, whom I am never tired of, and shall really miss much when he leaves us. Now as to your-

self, dear cousin, what mean all the secret hints, and sly looks, and doubtful speeches about you here? The mysteries of Udolpho are plain reading compared to your doings. Her ladyship never speaks of you but ‘as that poor boy,’ accompanying the epithet with the sigh with which one speaks of a shipwreck. Sir George calls you John, which shows he is not quite satisfied about you ; and in fact, I begin to suspect you must have become an united Irishman, with ‘a lady in the case,’ and even this would scarcely demand one half the reserve and caution with which you are mentioned. Am I indiscreet in saying that I don't think De Vere likes you? The major, however, certainly does ; and his presence has banished the lordling, for which, really, I owe him gratitude.” The letter concluded by saying, that my mother had desired her to write in her place, as she was suffering from one of her nervous headaches, which only permitted her to go to the exhibition at Somerset-house. My father, too, was at Woolwich, on some military business, and had no time for any thing, save to promise to write soon ; and that she herself being disappointed by the milliner in a new bonnet, dedicated the morning to me, with a most praiseworthy degree of self-denial and benevolence. I read the signature some half dozen times over, and wondered what meaning in her own heart she ascribed to the words—“Yours, Julia.”

Now for O'Grady, said I, breaking the seal of the major's envelope.

“MY DEAR JACK—I was sitting on a hencoop, now pondering on my fortunes, now turning to con over the only book on board,—a very erudite work on naval tactics, with directions how ‘to moor a ship in the Downs,’—when a gun came booming over the sea, and a frigate, with certain enigmatical colours flying at her main-top, compelled the old troop ship we were in, to back her top-sails and lie to ; we were then steering straight for Madeira, in latitude —, longitude the same ; our intention being, with the aid of Providence, to reach Quebec at some remote period of the summer, to join our service companies in Canada. Having obeyed the orders of H. M. S. Blast, to wait until she overtook us—



a measure that nearly cost us two of our masts and the cook's galley, we not being accustomed to stand still, it seemed; a boat came along side with the smallest bit of a midshipman I ever looked at, sitting in the stern sheets, with orders for us to face about, left shoulder forward, and march back to England, where, having taken in the second battalion of the twenty-eighth, we were to start for Lisbon. I need not tell you what pleasure the announcement afforded us; delighted as we were to exchange tomahawks and bowie-knives for civilized warfare, even against more formidable foes. Behold us then in full sail back to old England, which we reached within a fortnight; only to touch, however, for the twenty-eighth were most impatiently expecting us; and having dedicated three days to taking in water and additional stores, and once more going through the horrible scene of leave-taking between soldiers and their wives, we sailed again. I have little inclination to give you the detail, which newspapers would beat me hollow in, of our march, or where we first came up with the French; a smart affair took place at daybreak, in which your humble servant, to use the appropriate phrase, distinguished himself—'egad, I had almost said extinguished—for I was shot through the side, losing part of that conjugal portion of the human anatomy called a rib, and sustaining several other minor damages, that made me appear to the regimental doctor a very unserviceable craft for his majesty's service; the result was, I was sent back with that plaister for a man's vanity, though not for his wounds a despatch letter to the Horse Guards, and an official account of the action.

"As nothing has occurred since in the Peninsula to eclipse my performance, I continue to star it here with immense success, and am quite convinced that with a little more loss I might make an excellent match out of the affair. Now to the pleasant part of my epistle. Your father found me out a few evenings since at an evening party at the Duke of York's and presented me to your lady mother, who was most gracious in her reception of me; an invitation to dinner the next day followed, and since, I have spent almost every day at your house. Your

father, my dear Jack, is a glorious fellow, a soldier in every great feature of the character. You never can have a finer object of your imitation, and your best friend cannot wish you to be more than his equal. Lady Charlotte is the most fascinating person I ever met; her abilities are first-rate, and her powers of pleasing exceed all that ever I fancied even of London fashionables. How you could have left such a house I can scarcely conceive, knowing as I do something of your taste for comfort and voluptuous ease; besides *la cousine*, Lady Julia—Jack, Jack, what a close fellow you are: and how very lovely she is; she certainly has not her equal even here. I scarcely know her, for somehow she rather affects hauteur with my cloth, and rarely deigns any notice of the red coats so plentifully sprinkled along your father's dinner-table. Her kindness to Corny, who was domesticated at your house for the last five weeks, I can never forget, and even he can't, it would appear, conjure up any complaint against her: what a testimony to her goodness!

"This life, however, cannot last for ever, and as I have now recovered so far as to mount a horse once more, I have applied for a regimental appointment; your father most kindly interests himself for me, and before the week is over I may be gazetted. That fellow De Vere was very intimate here when I arrived, since he has seen me however, his visits have become gradually less frequent, and now have almost ceased altogether. This, *entre nous*, does not seem to have met completely with Lady Julia's approval, and I think she may have attributed to me a circumstance in which certainly I was not an active cause. However, happy I may feel at being instrumental in a breach of intimacy between her and one so very unworthy of her, even as a common acquaintance; I will ask you, Jack, when opportunity offers, to put the matter in its true light, for although I may, in all likelihood, never meet her again, I should be sorry to leave with her a more unfavourable impression of me than I really deserve."

Here the letter broke off, lower down on the paper were the following lines, written in evident haste, and with a different ink:—

"We sail to-night—Oporto is our destination. Corny is to remain be-

hind, and I must ask of you to look to him on his arrival in Dublin. Lady Julia likes De Vere, and you know him too well to permit of such a fatal misfortune. I am, I find, meddling in what really I have no right to touch upon, this is, however, *de vous à moi*. God bless you.—Yours ever,

“PHIL O'GRADY.”

Poor Phil, said I, as I laid down the letter; in his heart he believes himself disinterested in all this, but I see plainly he is in love with her himself. Alas, I cannot conceive a heavier affliction to befall the man without fortune than to be thrown among those whose prospects render an alliance impossible, and to bestow his affections on an object perfectly beyond his reach of attainment. Many a proud heart has been torn in the struggle between its own promptings and the dread of the imputation, which the world so hastily confers, of “fortune hunting;” many a haughty spirit has quailed beneath this fear, and stifled in his bosom the thought that made his life a blessed dream. My poor friend, how little will she that has stolen away your peace think of your sorrows!

A gentle tap at my door aroused me from my musings. I opened it and saw, to my surprise, my old companion, Tipperary Joe. He was covered with dust, heated, and travel-stained, and leaned against the door-post to rest himself.

“So,” cried he, when he had recovered his breath, “I’m in time to see you once more before you go. I run all the way from Carlow, since twelve o’clock last night.”

“Come in, my poor boy, and sit down. Here’s a glass of wine; ’twill refresh you. We’ll get something for you to eat, presently.”

“No: I couldn’t eat now. My throat is full, and my heart is up here.—And so you are going away;—going for good and all; never to come back again?”

“Who can say so much as that, Joe? I should, at least, be very sorry to think so.”

“And would you, now? And will you really think of ould Ireland when you’re away? Hurroo! by the mortal, there’s no place like it, for fun, divilment, and divarsion. But, musha, musha! I’m forgettin’, and it’s get-

ting dark. May I go with you to the packet?”

“To be sure, my poor boy; and I believe we have not many minutes to spare.”

I despatched Joe for a car, while I threw a last look around my room. Sad things these last looks, whether bestowed on the living or the dead, the life-like or the inanimate.

There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding-day, it may be happy and blissful, lifts up her laughing eyes, the symbol of her own light heart, and leaves, in that look, darkness and desolation to you for ever. The boy your father-spirit has clung to, like the very light of your existence, waves his hand from the quarter-deck, as the gigantic ship bends over to the breeze; the wind is playing through the locks your hand so oftentimes has smoothed; the tears have dimmed his eyes, for, mark! he moves his fingers over them—and this is a last look.

My sorrow had no touch of these. My eye ranged over the humble furniture of my little chamber, while memories of the past came crowding on me; hopes, that I had lived to see blighted; day-dreams dissipated; heart-felt wishes thwarted and scattered. I stood thus for some minutes, when Joe again joined me.

Poor fellow! his wayward and capricious flights, now grave, now gay, were but the mockery of that sympathy my heart required. Still did he heal the sadness of the moment.

We need the voice, the look, the accent of affection, when we are leaving the spot where we have once been happy. It will not do to part from the objects that have made our home, without the connecting link of human friendship. The hearth, the roof-tree, the mountain, and the rivulet, are not so eloquent as the once syllabled “Good-by,” come it from ever so humble a voice.

The bustle and excitement of the scene beside the packet seemed to afford Joe the most lively gratification; and, like the genius of confusion, he was to be seen flitting from place to place, assisting one, impeding another; while snatches of his wild songs broke

from him every moment. I had but time to press his hand, when he was hurried ashore amongst the crowd, and the instant after, the vessel sheered off from the pier, and got under weigh.

The poor boy stood upon a block of granite, waving his cap over his head. He tried a faint cheer, but it was scarcely audible: another, it too failed. He looked wildly around him on the strange, unknown faces, as if a scene of desolation had fallen on him, burst into a torrent of tears, and fled wildly from the spot. And thus I took my leave of Ireland.

At this period of my narrative I owe it to my reader—I owe it to myself—to apologise for the mention of incidents, places, and people, who have no other bearing on my story, than in the impression they made upon me while yet young.

When I arrived in Ireland, I knew scarcely any thing of the world. My opportunities had shown me life, only through the coloured gloss of certain fashionable prejudices; but, of the real character, motives, and habitual modes of acting and thinking of others, still more of myself, I was in total ignorance. The rapidly succeeding incidents of Irish life—their interest,

variety, and novelty, all attracted and excited me; and without ever stopping to reflect upon causes, I found myself becoming acquainted with facts. That the changeful pictures of existence so profusely scattered through the land, should have made their impression upon me, is natural enough; and because I have found it easier and pleasanter to tell my reader the machinery of this change in me, than to embody that change itself, is the reason why I have presented before him *tableaux* of life under so many different circumstances, and when, frequently, they had no direct relation to the current of my own fate and the story of my own fortunes.

It is enough of myself to say, that though scarcely older in time, I had grown so in thought and feeling. If I felt, on the one hand, how little my high connexions, and the position in fashionable life which my family occupied, availed me, I learned, on the other, to know that friends, and staunch ones, could be made at once, on the emergency of a moment, without the imposing ceremony of introduction, and the diplomatic interchange of visits.—And now to my story.

#### CHAPTER XLVII.—LONDON.

It was late when I arrived in London, and drove up to my father's house. The circumstances under which I had left Ireland weighed more heavily on me as I drew near home, and reflected over the questions I should be asked, and the explanations I should be expected to afford; and I half dreaded lest my father should disapprove of my conduct, before I had an opportunity of showing him how little I had been to blame throughout. The noise and din of the carriages, the oaths and exclamations of the coachmen, and the uproar of the streets, turned my attention from these thoughts, and I asked what was the meaning of the crowd.

"A great ball, sir, at Lady Charlotte Hinton's."

This was a surprise, and not of the pleasantest. I had wished that my first meeting with my father, at least, should have been alone and in quietness, where I could fairly have told him every important event of my late life, and ex-

plained wherefore I so ardently desired immediate employment on active service, and a total change in that career which weighed so heavily on my spirits. The carriage drew up at the instant, and I found myself once more at home. What a feeling does that simple word convey to his ears who knows the real blessing of a home—that shelter from the world, its jealousies and its envies, its turmoils and its disappointments—where, like some land-locked bay, the still, calm waters sleep in silence, while the storm and hurricane are roaring without—where glad faces and bright looks abound—where each happiness is reflected back from every heart, and ten times multiplied, and every sorrow comes softened by consolation and words of comfort: and how little like this is the abode of the great leader of fashion; how many of the fairest gifts of humanity are turned back by the glare of a hundred wax-lights, and the glitter of gilded lacqueys; and how few of the charities of life find

entrance where the splendour and luxury of voluptuous habits have stifled natural feeling, and made even sympathy unfashionable.

It was not without difficulty I could persuade the servants, who were all strangers to me, that the travel-stained, dusty individual before them, was the son of the celebrated and fashionable Lady Charlotte Hinton, and at length reached my room to dress.

It was near midnight: the rooms were filled as I entered the drawing-room. For a few moments I could not help feeling strongly the full influence of the splendid scene before me. The undoubted evidences of rank and wealth that meet the eye on every side, in London life, are very striking. The splendour of the women's dress—their own beauty—a certain air of haughty bearing, peculiarly English—a kind of conscious superiority to the rest of the world marks them; and in their easy, unembarrassed, steady glance, you read the proud spirit of Albion's "haughty dames." This alone was very different from the laughing spirit of Erin's daughters—their "espiègle" looks and smiling lips. The men, too, were so dissimilar: their reserved and stately carriage, their low voices, and deferential but composed manner, contrasting strongly with Irish volubility, quickness, and gesticulation. I stood unnoticed and alone for some time, quietly observant of the scene before me, and as I heard name after name announced, many of them the greatest and the highest in the land, there was no semblance of excitement as they entered—no looks of admiring wonder as they passed on, and mingled with the crowd. This showed me I was in a mighty city, where the chief spirits that ruled the age moved daily before the public eye; and again I thought of Dublin, where some third-rate notoriety would have been hailed with almost acclamation, and lionized to the "top of his bent."

I could remember but few of those around, and even they had either forgotten me altogether, or, having no recollection of my absence, saluted me with the easy *nonchalance* of one who is seen every evening of his life.

"How are you, Hinton?" said one, with something more of warmth than the rest. "I have not met you for some weeks past."

"No," said I, smiling, "I have been nearly a year from home."

"Ah, indeed! In Spain?"

"No, in Ireland!"

"In Ireland! How odd!"

"Who has been in Ireland?" said a low, plaintive voice, turning round as she spoke—my lady mother stood before me. "I should like to hear something—but, dear me, this must be John!" and she held out her jewelled hand towards me.

"My dear mother, I am so happy to see you look so very well——"

"No, no, my dear," said she sighing, "don't speak of that. When did you arrive?—I beg your royal highness's pardon—I hope you have not forgotten your *protégé*, my son."

I bowed reverently as a large, full, handsome man, with bald head and a most commanding expression, drew himself up before me.

"No, madam, I have not forgotten him, I assure you!" was the reply, as he returned my salute with marked coldness, and passed on.

Before Lady Charlotte could express her surprise at such an unlooked-for mark of displeasure, my father, who had just heard of my arrival, came up.

"Jack, my dear fellow, I am glad to see you. How large you have grown, boy, and how brown!"

The warm welcome of his manly voice, the affectionate grasp of his strong hand, rallied me at once, and I cared little for the looks of king or kaiser at that moment. He drew his arm within mine, and led me through the rooms to a small boudoir, where a party at cards were the only occupants.

"Here we shall be tolerably alone for a little while, at least," said he; "and now, my lad, tell me every thing about you."

In less than half an hour I ran over the principal events of my life in Ireland, omitting only those in which Miss Bellew bore a part. On this account my rupture with Lord de Vere was only imperfectly alluded to; and I could perceive that my father's brow became contracted, and his look assumed a severer expression at this part of my narrative.

"You have not been very explicit, Jack, about this business; and this it is which I am really uneasy about. I have never known you to do a mean

or a shabby thing—I will never suspect you of one. So now let me clearly understand the ground of this quarrel."

There was a tone of command in his voice as he said this which decided me at once, and without further hesitation I resolved on laying every thing before him. Still I knew not how to begin—the mention of Louisa's name alone staggered me, and for a second or two I stammered and looked confused.

Unlike his wonted manner, my father looked impatient—almost angry. At last, when seeing that my agitation only increased on me, and my difficulty grew each moment greater, he looked me sternly in the face, and with a voice full of meaning, said—

"Tell me every thing—I cannot bear to doubt you. Was this a play transaction?"

"A play transaction! No, sir, nothing like it."

"Was there not a bet—some disputed wager—mixed up in it?"

"Yes, there was a wager, sir; but——"

Before I could conclude, my father pressed his hand against his eyes, and a faint sigh broke from him.

"But hear me out, sir. The wager was none of mine."

In a few moments I ran over the whole circumstance of De Vere's bet, his conduct to Miss Bellew, and my own subsequent proceedings; but when I came to the mention of O'Grady's name, he stopped me suddenly, and said—

"Major O'Grady, however, did not approve of your conduct in the affair."

"O'Grady! He was my friend all through it."

My father remained silent for a few minutes, and then in a low voice added—

"There has been misrepresentation here."

The words were not well spoken when Lord Dudley de Vere, with my cousin, Lady Julia, on his arm, came up. The easy *nonchalance* of his manner, the tone of quiet indifference he assumed, were well known to me; but I was in nowise prepared for the look of insufferable patronizing impertinence he had now put on. My cousin, more beautiful far than ever I had seen her, took off my attention from

him, and I turned with a feeling of half-pride, half-wonder, to pay my respects to her. Dressed in the most perfect taste of the fashion, her handsome features wore the assured and tranquil expression which conscious beauty gives. And here let no inexperienced observer rashly condemn the placid loveliness of the queen of beauty—the sanctioned belle of fashionable life; it is indeed very different from the artless loveliness of innocent girlhood; but its claim is not less incontestible. The features, like the faculties, can be cultivated; and when no unnatural effort suggests the expression, who shall say that the mind habitually exercised in the society of the highest and most gifted circle, will not impart a more elevated character to the look, than when the unobtrusive career of every-day life flows on calm and unruffled, steeping the soul in a dreary monotony, and calling for no effort save of the commonest kind. Julia's was indeed splendid beauty—the lustrous brilliancy of her dark blue eyes, shaded by long black lashes—the perfect contour of her cheeks—her full short lips, slightly, so slightly curled, you knew not if it were not more smile than sarcasm—the low tones of her voice were rich and musical, and her carriage and demeanour possessed all the graceful elegance which is only met with in the society of great cities. Her manner was most frank and cordial: she held out her hand to me at once, and looked really glad to see me. After a few brief words of recognition, she turned towards De Vere—

"I shall ask you to excuse me, my lord, this set. It is so long since I have seen my cousin."

He bowed negligently, muttered something carelessly about the next waltz, and with a familiar nod to me, lounged away. O'Grady's caution about this man's attentions to Julia at once came to my mind, and the easy tone of his manner towards her alarmed me; but I had no time for reflection, as she took my arm and sauntered down the room.

"And so, *mon cher* cousin, you have been leading a very wild life of it—fighting duels, riding steeple-chases, breaking your own bones and ladies' hearts, in a manner exceedingly Irish," said Julia with a smile, into which not



a particle of her habitual raillery entered.

"From your letter I can learn, Julia, a very strange account of my doings must have reached my friends here. Except from yourself I have met with scarcely any thing but cold looks since my arrival."

"Oh, never mind that—people will talk, you know. For my part, Jack, I never will believe you any thing but what I have always known you. The heaviest charge I have heard against you is that of trifling with a poor girl's affections; and as I know that the people who spread these rumours generally don't know at which side either the trifling or the affection resides, why I think little about it."

"And has this been said of me?"

"To be sure it has, and ten times as much. As to your gambling sins, there is no end to their enormity. A certain Mr. Rooney, I think the name is, a noted play-man——"

"How absurd, Julia! Mr. Rooney never played in his life; nor have I, except in the casual way every one does in a drawing-room."

"*N'importe*—you are a lady-killer and a gambler. Now as to count number three—for being a jockey?"

"My dear Julia, if you saw my steeple-chase you'd acquit me of that."

"Indeed I did hear," said she roguishly, "that you acquitted yourself admirably—but still you won. And then we come to the great offence—your quarrelsome habits. We heard, it is true, that you behaved, as it is called, very honourably, &c.: but really duelling is so detestable——"

"Come, come, fair cousin, let us talk of something besides my delinquencies. What do you think of my friend O'Grady?"

I said this suddenly, by way of reprisal; but to my utter discomfiture, she replied with perfect calmness—

"I rather was amused with him at first. He is very odd—very unlike other people—but Lady Charlotte took him up so, and we had so much of him here, I grew somewhat tired of him. He was, however, very fond of you, and you know that made up for much with us all."

There was a tone of sweetness and almost of deep interest in these few last words that made my heart thrill, and unconsciously I pressed her arm closer to my side, and felt the touch returned. Just at the instant my father came forward accompanied by another, who I soon perceived was the royal duke that had received me so coldly a few minutes before. His frank, manly face was now all smiles, and his bright eye glanced from my fair cousin to myself with a quick, meaning expression.

"Another time, general, will do quite as well. I say, Mr. Hinton, call on me to-morrow morning about ten, will you? I have something to say to you."

I bowed deeply in reply, and he passed on.

"And let me see you after breakfast," said Julia in a half-whisper, as she turned towards De Vere, who now came forward to claim her for the waltz.

My father, too mixed with the crowd—and I felt myself alone and a stranger in what should have been my home. A kind of cold thrill came over me as I thought how unlike was my welcome to what it would have been in Ireland; for although I felt that in my father's manner towards me there was no want of affection or kindness, yet somehow I missed the exuberant warmth and ready cordiality I had latterly been used to; and soon turned away, sad and disappointed, to seek my own room.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.—AN UNHAPPY DISCLOSURE.

"WHAT!" cried I, as I awoke the next morning, and looked with amazement at the figure who waddled across the room, with a boot in either hand.

"What, not Corny Delany, surely?"

"Ugh, that same," said he, with a cranky croak; "I don't wonder ye don't know me; hardship's telling on me every day."

Now really, in vindication of my father's household, in which Sir Corny had been domesticated for the last two months, I must observe, that the alteration in his appearance was not exactly such as to justify his remark; on the contrary, he had grown fatter, and more ruddy, and looked in far better case than I had ever seen him

his face, however, most perseveringly preserved its habitual sour and crabbed expression, rather increased than otherwise, by his improved condition.

"So, Corny, you are not comfortable here I find."

"Comfortable! The ways of this place would kill the Danes! Nothing but ringing bells from morning till night; carriages drivin' like wind up to the door; and bang, bang away at the rapper: then more ringing to let them out again; and bells for breakfast, and for luncheon, and the hall dinner; and then the sight of vi'tals that's wasted—meat, and fish, and fowl, and vegetables, without end. Ugh, the haythens, the Turks; eating and drinking as if the world was all their own."

"Well, apparently they take good care of you in that respect."

"Devil a bit of care; here it's every man for himself; but I'll give warning on Saturday; sorrow one o' me 'ill be kilt for the like of them."

"You prefer Ireland, then, Corny."

"Who said I did?" said he snappishly; "isn't it as bad there! Ugh, ugh, the captain won't rest asy in his grave, after the way he treated me! leaving me here alone and dissolate in this place, amongst strangers."

"Well, you must confess, the country is not so bad."

"And why would I confess it; what's in it that I don't mislike? Is it the heap of houses, and the smoke, and the devil's noise that's always going on that I'd like? Why isn't it peaceful and quiet like Dublin?"

And as I conversed further with him, I found that all his dislikes proceeded from the discrepancy he everywhere discovered, from what he had been accustomed to in Ireland; and which, without liking, he still preferred to our Saxon observances: the few things he saw worthy of praise, being borrowed or stolen from his own side of the channel; and in this, his ingenuity was striking, inasmuch that the very trees in Woburn-park owed their goodness to the owner having been once a lord-lieutenant in Ireland; where, as Corny expressed it, "devil thank him to have fine trees; hadn't he the pick of the Phaynix!"

I knew that candour formed a most prominent feature in Mr. Delany's

character, and consequently had little difficulty in ascertaining his opinion of every member of my family; indeed, to do him justice, no one ever required less of what is called pumping. His judgment on things and people flowed from him without effort or restraint, so that ere half an hour elapsed, he had expatiated on my mother's pride and vanity; apostrophized my father's hastiness and determination; and was quite prepared to enter upon a critical examination of my cousin Julia's failings; concerning whom, to my astonishment, he was not half so lenient as I expected.

"Arrah, isn't she like the rest of them, coorting one day with Captain Phil, and another with the young lord there, and then laughing at them both with the ould duke that comes here to dinner. She thinks I don't be minding her; but didn't I see her taking myself off one day on paper; making a drawing of me, as if I was a baste! Maybe there's worse nor me," said the little man, looking down upon his crooked shins and large knee-joints with singular complacency; "and maybe she'd get one of them yet." A harsh cackle, the substitute for a laugh, closed this speech.

"Breakfast on the table, sir," said a servant, tapping gently at the door.

"I'll engage it is, and will be till two o'clock, when they'll be calling out for luncheon," said Corny, turning up the whites of his eyes, as though the profligate waste of the house was a sin he wished to wash his hands of; "that wasn't the way at his honour the *Jidge's*; he'd never taste a bit from morning till night; and many a man he'd send to his long account in the meantime. Ugh! I wish I was back there."

"I have spent many happy days in Ireland, too," said I, scarce following him in more than the general meaning of his speech.

A fit of coughing from Corny interrupted his reply, but as he left the room I could hear his muttered meditations, something in this strain:—"Happy days, indeed; a dacent life you led! tramping about the country with a fool! horseriding and fighting! ugh!"

I found my cousin in the breakfast-room alone; my father had already gone out; and as Lady Charlotte

never left her room before three or four o'clock, I willingly took the opportunity of our *tête-à-tête*, to inquire into the cause of the singular reception I had met with, and to seek an explanation, if so might be, of the viceroy's change towards me since his visit to England.

Julia entered frankly and freely into the whole matter, with the details of which, though evidently not trusting me to the full, she was somehow perfectly conversant.

"My dear John," said she, "your whole conduct in Ireland has been much mistaken ——"

"Calumniated, apparently, were the better word, Julia," said I hastily.

"Nay, hear me out: it is so easy, when people have no peculiar reasons to vindicate another, to misconstrue—perhaps condemn. It is so much the way of the world, to look at things in their worst light, that I am sure you will see no particular ingenuity was required to make your career in Dublin appear a wild one, and your life in the country still more so. Now you are growing impatient; you are getting angry; so I shall stop."

"No, no, Julia; a thousand pardons if a passing shade of indignation did show itself on my face. Pray go on."

"Well, then, when a young gentleman, whose exclusive leanings were even a little quizzed here—there, no impatience!—condescends at one spring to frequent third-rate people's houses; falls in love with a niece, or daughter, or a something there; plays high among riotous associates; makes rash wagers; and fights with his friends, who endeavour to rescue him——"

"Thank you, Julia—a thousand thanks, sweet cousin. The whole narrative and its author are palpably before me."

A deep blush covered her cheek as I rose hastily from my chair.

"John, dear John, sit down again," said she, "I have only been in jest all this time. You surely do not suppose me silly enough to credit one word of all this."

"It must have been told you, however," said I, fixing my eyes on her as I spoke.

The redness of her cheek grew deeper, and her confusion increased to

a painful extent as, taking my hand in hers, she said in a low, soft voice—

"I have been very, very foolish; but you will promise me never to remember—at least never to act upon—the——"

The words became fainter and fainter as she spoke, and at last died away inaudibly; and suddenly there shot across my mind the passage in O'Grady's letter—the doubt, once suggested, gained strength at every moment—she loved De Vere. I will not attempt to convey the conflicting storm of passion this thought stirred up within me. I turned towards her. Her head was thrown gently back, and her deep blue, lustrous eyes were fixed on me as if waiting my reply. A tear rolled heavily along her cheek—it was the first I ever saw her shed. Pressing her hand to my lips, I muttered the words—"Trust me, Julia," and left the room.

"Sir George wishes to see you, sir, in his own room," said a servant, as I stood stunned and overcome by the discovery I had made of my cousin's affection. I had no time given me for further reflection as I followed him to my father's room.

"Sit down, Jack," said my father, as he turned the key in the door, "I wish to talk with you alone, here. I have been with the duke this morning; a little explanation has satisfied him that your conduct was perfectly irreproachable in Ireland: he writes by this post to the viceroy, to make the whole thing clear, and indeed he offered to reinstate you at once, which I refused, however. Now to something graver still, my boy, and which I wish I could spare you—but it cannot be."

As he spoke these words, he leaned his head in both his hands, and was silent. A confused, imperfect sense of some impending bad news rendered me motionless and still, and I waited without speaking. When my father lifted up his head, his face was pale and care-worn, and an expression such as long illness leaves had usurped the strong and manly character of his countenance.

"Come, my boy, I must not keep you longer in suspense. Fortune has dealt hardly with me since we parted: Jack, I am a beggar!"

A convulsive gulph, and a rattling

sound in the throat, followed the words; and for a second or two his fixed looks and purple colour made me fear a fit was approaching. But in a few minutes he recovered his calmness, and proceeded, but still with a broken and tremulous voice, to relate the circumstances of his altered fortune.

It appeared that many British officers of high rank had involved themselves deeply in a loan to the Spanish government, under the faith of speedy repayment. The varying chances of the peninsular struggle had given this loan all the character of a gambling speculation, the skill in which consisted in the anticipation of the result of the war we were then engaged in. My father's sanguine hopes of ultimate success induced him to enter deeply in the speculation, from which, having once engaged in, there was no retreat. Thousand after thousand followed, to secure the sum already advanced; and at last, hard pressed by the increasing demands for money, and confident that the first turn of fortune would lead to repayment, he had made use of the greater part of my cousin Julia's fortune, whose guardian he was, and in whose hands this trust-money had been left. My cousin would come of age in about four months, at which time she would be eighteen; and then, if the money were not forthcoming, the consequences were utter ruin, with the terrific blow of blasted character and reputation.

There was a sum of ten thousand pounds settled on me by my grandfather, which I at once offered to place at his disposal.

"Alas, my poor fellow! I have advanced already upwards of thirty thousand of Julia's fortune! No, no, Jack; I have thought much over the matter; there is but one way of escaping from this difficulty. By disposing of these bonds at considerable loss, I shall be enabled to pay Julia's money. This will leave us little better than above actual want: still it must be done. I shall solicit a command abroad; they'll not refuse me, I know. Lady Charlotte must retire to Bath, or some quiet place, which in my absence will appear less remarkable. Strict economy and time will do much. And as to yourself, I know that having

once learned what you have to look to, I shall have no cause of complaint on your score: the duke has promised to take care of you. And now my heart is lighter than it has been for some months past."

Before my father had ceased speaking, the shock of his news had gradually subsided with me, and I was fully intent on the details by which he hoped to escape his embarrassments.

My mother was my first thought. Lady Charlotte, I knew, could never encounter her changed condition; she was certain to sink under the very shock of it.

My father, however, supposed that she need not be told its full extent; that by management the circumstance should be gradually made known to her; and he hoped, too, her interest in her husband and son, both absent from her, would withdraw her thoughts in great measure from the routine of fashionable life, and fix them in a channel more homely and domestic. "Besides," added he, with more animation of voice, "they may offer me some military appointment in the colonies, where she could accompany me, and this will prevent an exposure. And, after all, Jack, there is nothing else for it." As he said this, he fixed his eyes on me, as though rather asking than answering the question.

Not knowing what to reply, I was silent.

"You were fond of Julia, as a boy," said he, carelessly.

The blood rushed to my cheek, as I answered, "Yes, sir; but — but——"

"But you have outgrown that," added he, with a smile.

"Not so much, sir, as that she has forgotten me. In fact, I believe we are excellent cousins."

"And it is not now, my dear boy, I would endeavour to make you more to each other. What is not a union of inclination, shall never be one of sordid interest; besides, Jack, why should we not take the field together? —the very thought of it makes me feel young enough."

I saw his lip quiver as he spoke, and unable to bear more, I wrung his hand warmly, and hurried away.

## CHAPTER XLIX.—THE HORSE-GUARDS.

I WILL not say that my reverse of fortune did not depress me; indeed, the first blow fell heavily; but that once past, a number of opposing motives rallied my courage and nerved my heart. My father, I knew, relied on me in this crisis to support his own strength; I had learned to care less for extravagant habits and expensive tastes, by living among those who accorded them little sympathy and less respect; besides, if my changed career excluded me from the race of fashion, it opened the brilliant path of a soldier's life before me. And now every hour seemed an age, until I should find myself among the gallant fellows who were winning their laurels in the battle-fields of the Peninsula.

According to the duke's appointment of the preceding evening, I found myself, at ten o'clock, punctually awaiting my turn to be introduced, in the ante-chamber of the Horse-Guards. The room was crowded with officers in full dress; some old white-haired general of division coming daily for years past to solicit commands, their fitness for which lay only in their own doating imaginations; some, broken by sickness and crippled with wounds, were seeking colonial appointments they never could live to reach; hale and stout men in the prime of life were there also, entreating exchanges which should accommodate their wives and daughters, who preferred Bath or Cheltenham to the banks of the Tagus or the snows of Canada. Among these, however, were many fine soldier-like fellows, whose only request was to be sent where hard knocks were going, careless of the climate, and regardless of the cause. Another class were thinly sprinkled around; young officers of the staff, many of them delicate, effeminate-looking figures, herding scrupulously together, and never condescending, by word or look, to acknowledge their brethren about them. In this knot De Vere was conspicuous by the loud tone of his voice, and the continued titter of his unmeaning laugh. I have already mentioned the consummate ease with which he could apparently forget all unpleasant recollec-

tions, and accost the man whom he should have blushed to meet. Now he exhibited this power in perfection: saluting me across the room with a familiar motion of his hand, he called out—

"Ah, Hinton, you here too? Sick of Ireland; I knew it would come to that; looking for something near town?"

A cold negative, and a colder bow, was my only answer.

Nothing abashed by this, indeed, to all seeming, quite indifferent to it, he continued—

"Bad style of thing, Dublin; couldn't stand those confounded talkers, with their old jokes from circuit. You were horribly bored, too; I saw it."

"I beg, my lord," said I, in a tone of seriousness, the best exchange I could assume for the deep annoyance I felt—"I beg that you will not include me in your opinions respecting Ireland; I opine we differ materially in our impressions on that country, and perhaps not without reason too." These latter words I spoke with marked emphasis, and fixing my eyes steadily on him.

"Very possibly," lisped he, as coolly as before. "I left it without regret; you apparently ought to be there still: ha, ha, ha! he has it there I think."

The blood mounted to my face and temples as I heard these words, and stepping close up beside him, I said slowly and distinctly—

"I thought, sir, that one lesson might have taught you with whom these liberties were practicable."

As I said thus much, the door opened, and his grace the Duke of York appeared. Abashed at having so far forgotten where I was, I stood motionless and crimson for shame. Lord Dudley, on the contrary, bowed reverently to his royal highness, without the slightest evidence of discomposure or irritation, his easy smile curling his lip.

The duke turned from one to the other of us without speaking; his dark eyes, piercing, as it were, into our very hearts. "Lord Dudley de Vere," said he at length, "I have signed your appointment. Mr. Hin-



ton, I am sorry to find that the voice I have heard more than once within the last five minutes, in an angry tone, was yours. Take care, sir, that this forgetfulness does not grow upon you. The colonel of the twenty-seventh is not the person to overlook it, I promise you."

"If your royal highness ——"

"I must entreat you to spare me any explanations. You are gazetted to the twenty-seventh. I hope you will hold yourself in readiness for immediate embarkation. Where's the detachment, Sir Howard?"

"At Chatham, your royal highness," replied an old officer behind the duke's shoulder. At the same moment his grace passed through the room, conversing as he went with different persons about him.

As I turned away, I met Lord Dudley's eyes; they were rivetted on me with an expression of triumphant malice I had never seen in them before, and I hurried homeward with a heart crushed and wounded.

I have but one reason for the mention of this trivial incident: it is to show how often the studied courtesy, the well-practised deception that the fashion of the world teaches, will prevail over the heartfelt, honest indignation which deep feeling evinces; and what a vast superiority the very affectation of temper confers, in the judgment of others, who stand by the game of life, and care nothing for the players at either side.

Let no one suspect me of lauding the mockery of virtue in what I say here. I would merely impress on the young man who can feel for the deep sorrow and abasement I suffered, the importance of the attainment of that self-command, of that restraint over any outbreak of passion, when the very semblance of it ensures respect and admiration.

It is very difficult to witness with indifference the preference of those we have once loved, for some other person; still more so, when that other chances to be one we dislike; the breach of affection seems then tinged with a kind of betrayal: we call to mind how once we swayed the temper and ruled the thoughts of her who now has thrown off her allegiance; we feel, perhaps for the first time, too, how forgotten are all our lessons; how dead is all our wonted

influence; we remember when the least word, the slightest action, bent beneath our will; when our smile was happiness, and our very sadness a reproof; and now we see ourselves unminded and neglected, with no more liberty to advise, no more power to control, than the merest stranger of the passing hour. What a wound to our self-love!

That my cousin Julia loved De Vere, O'Grady's suspicions had already warned me; the little I had seen of her since my return, strengthened the impression; while his confident manner and assured tone, confirmed my worst fears. In my heart I knew how utterly unworthy he was of such a girl; but then, if he had already won her affections, my knowledge came too late: besides, the changed circumstances of my own fortune, which must soon become known, would render my interference suspected, and consequently of no value; and after all, if I determined on such a course, what allegation could I bring against him, which he could not explain away, as the mere levity of the young officer, associating among those he looked down upon and despised.

Such were some of my reflections, as I slowly returned homewards from the Horse-Guards. As I arrived, a travelling-carriage stood at the door; boxes, imperials, and cap-cases littered the hall and steps; servants were hurrying back and forward, and Mademoiselle Clemence, my mother's maid, with a poodle under one arm, and a macaw's cage in the other, was adding to the confusion, by directions in a composite language that would have astonished Babel itself.

"What means all this?" said I. "Is Lady Charlotte leaving town?"

"*Mi ladi va partir ——*"

"Her ladyship's going to Hastings, sir," said the butler, interrupting.

"Dr. Y—— has been here this morning, and recommends an immediate change of air for her ladyship."

"Is Sir George in the house?"

"No, sir, he's just gone out with the doctor."

"Ah," thought I, "this, then, is a concerted measure, to induce my mother to leave town. Lady Julia at home?"

"Yes, sir, in the drawing-room."

"Whose horse is that with the groom?"

"Lord Dudley de Vere's, sir; he's up stairs."

Already had I turned to go to the drawing-room, when I heard these words. Suddenly a faint, half-sick feeling came over me, and I hastened up stairs to my own room, actually dreading to meet any one as I went.

The blank future before me never seemed so cheerless as at that moment: separated, without a chance of ever meeting, from the only one I ever really loved; tortured by my doubts of her feeling for me—for even now, what would I not have given to know she loved me; my worldly prospects ruined; without a home; my cousin Julia, the only one who retained either an interest in me, or seemed to care for me, about to give her hand to the man I hated and despised.

"How soon! and I shall be alone in the world," thought I; and already the cold selfishness of isolation presented itself to my mind.

A gentle tap came to the door; I opened it; it was a message from Lady Charlotte, requesting to see me in her room. As I passed the door of the drawing-room, I heard Lady Julia and Lord Dudley de Vere talking and laughing together: he was, as usual, "so amusing," as my mother's letter called him; doubtless, relating my hasty and intemperate conduct at the Horse-Guards; for an instant I stopped, irresolute as to whether I should not break suddenly in, and disconcert his lordship's practical coolness by a disclosure: my better reason prevented me, and I passed on. Lady Charlotte was seated in a deep arm-chair, inspecting the packing of various articles of toilet and jewellery which were going on around her, her cheek somewhat flushed from even this small excitement.

"Ah, dearest John, how d'ye do?—Find a chair somewhere, and sit down by me; you see what confusion we're in; Dr. Y—— found there was not an hour to spare; the heart he suspects to be sympathetically engaged—don't put that Chantilly veil there, I shall never get at it—and he advises Hastings for the present; he's coming with us, however—I'll wear that ring, Clemence—and I must insist at his looking at you; you are very pale to-day, and dark under the eyes; have you any pain in the side?"

"None whatever, my dear mother; I'm quite well."

"Pain is, however, a late symptom; my attack began with an —— a sense of —— it was rather —— Has Randal not sent back that bracelet? How very provoking! Could you call there, dear John; that tiresome man never minds the servants. It's just on your way to the club, or the Horse-Guards, or somewhere."

I could scarce help a smile, as I promised not to forget the commission.

"And now, my dear, how did his grace receive you? you saw him this morning."

"My interview was quite satisfactory on the main point; I am appointed to the twenty-seventh."

"Why not on the staff, dear John? You surely don't mean to leave England, having been abroad already—in Ireland I mean; it's very hard to expect you to go so soon again. Lady Jane Colthurst's son has never been farther from her than Knightsbridge; and I'm sure I don't see why we are to be treated worse than her."

"But my own wish ——"

"Your own wish, my dear, could never be to give me uneasiness, which I assure you, you did very considerably while in Ireland: the horrid people you made acquaintance with—my health, I'm certain, could never sustain a repetition of the shock I experienced then."

My mother leaned back and closed her eyes, as if some very dreadful circumstance was passing across her memory; and I, half ashamed of the position to which she would condemn me, was silent.

"There, that *aigrette* will do very well there, I'm sure; I don't know why you are putting in all these things; I shall never want them again, in all likelihood."

The depressed tone in which these words were spoken did not affect me much, for I knew well, from long habit, how my mother loved to dwell on the possibility of that event, the bare suggestion of which, from another, she couldn't have endured.

Just at this moment Julia entered in her travelling dress; a shawl thrown negligently across her shoulders.

"I hope I have not delayed you. John, are we to have your company, too?"

"No my dear," said my mother languidly, "he's going to leave us. Some foolish notion of active service —"

"Indeed!" said Julia, not waiting for the conclusion of the speech—"Indeed!" She drew near me, and as she did so her colour became heightened, and her dark eyes grew darker and more meaning. "You never told me this."

"I only knew it about an hour ago myself," replied I coolly; "and when I was about to communicate my news to you, I found you were engaged with a visitor—Lord de Vere, I think."

"Ah, yes, very true, he was here," she said quickly, and then perceiving that my eyes were fixed upon her, she turned away her head hastily, and in evident confusion.

"Dear me, is it so late?" said my mother with a sigh. "I have some calls to make yet. Don't you think, John, you could take them off my hands? It's only to drop a card at Lady Blair's, and you could ask if Caroline's better—though, poor thing! she can't be of course. Doctor Y—says her malady is exactly my own; and then if you are passing Long's tell Sir Charles that our whist-party is put off—perhaps Gramont has told him already. You may mention to Saunders that I shall not want the horses till I return, and say I detest greys, they are so like city people's equipages; and, wait an instant,"—here her ladyship took a small ivory memorandum tablet from the table, and began reading from it a list of commissions, some of them most ludicrously absurd. In the midst of the catalogue my father entered hastily with his watch in his hand.

"You'll be dreadfully late on the road, Charlotte, and you forget Y—must be back here early to-morrow."

"So, I had forgotten it," said she with some animation, "but we're quite ready now—Clemence has done every thing, I think. Come, John, give me your arm, my dear—Julia always takes this side. Are you certain it won't rain, Sir George?"

"I really cannot be positive," said my father smiling.

"I'm sure there's thunder in the air," rejoined my mother; "my nerves would never bear a storm."

Some dreadful catastrophe in the West Indies, where an earthquake had swallowed up a whole population, occurred to her memory at the instant, and the possibility of something similar occurring between Seven-Oaks and Tunbridge seemed to engross her entire attention. By this time we reached the hall, where the servants, drawn up in double file, stood in respectful silence. My mother's eyes were, however, directed towards a figure which occupied the place next the door, and whose costume certainly was strangely at variance with the accurate liveries about him. An old white great-coat, with some twenty capes, reaching nearly to the ground—for the garment had been originally destined for a much larger person—a glazed-hat, fastened down with a handkerchief passed over it and tied under the chin, and a blackthorn stick with a little bundle at the end of it, were the most remarkable equipments.

"What is it? What can it be doing there?" said my mother in a Siddons' tone of voice.

"What is it?—Corny Delany, no less," croaked out the little man in the crankiest tone of his harsh voice. "It's what remains of me, at last!"

"Oh, yes," said Julia, bursting into a laugh, "Corny's coming as my body-guard. He'll sit in the rumble with Thomas."

"What a shocking figure it is," said my mother, surveying him through her glass.

"Time doesn't improve either of us," said Corny, with the grin of a demon—happily the observation was only heard by myself. "Is it in silk stockings I'd be trapesing about the roads all night, with the rheumatiz in the small of my back—ugh, the haythens!"

My mother was at length seated in the carriage, with Julia beside her—the hundred and one petty annoyances to make travelling uncomfortable, by way of rendering it supportable, around her; Corny had mounted to his place beside Thomas, who regarded him with a look of as profound contempt as a sleek, well-fed pointer would confer upon some mangy mongrel of the road-side: a hurried good-by from my mother; a quick, short glance from Julia, a whisper lost in the crash of the wheels, and they were gone.

## CHAPTER L.—THE RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

Few men have gone through life without passing through certain periods which, although not marked by positive misfortune, were yet so impressed by gloom and despondence, that their very retrospect is saddening. Happy it is for us that in after days our memory is but little retentive of these. We remember the shadows that darkened over the landscape; but we forget in great part their cause and their duration, and perhaps even sometimes are disposed to smile at the sources of grief to which long habit of the world and its ways would have made us callous.

I was almost alone in the world—bereft of fortune, separated irrevocably from the only one I loved, and by whom, I had reason to think, my affection was returned. In that home to which I should have looked for fondness, I found only gloom and misfortune: my mother grown insensible to every thing save some frivolous narrative of her own health; my father, once high-spirited and free-hearted, care-worn, depressed, and broken; my cousin, my early play-fellow, half-sweet-heart and half-sister, bestowing her heart and affections on one so unworthy of her. All lost to me: and at a time, too, when the heart is too weak and tender to stand alone, but must cling to something, or it sinks upon the earth, crushed and trodden upon.

I looked back upon my past life, and thought over the happy hours I had passed in the wild west—roaming through its deep valleys and over its heath-clad mountains. I thought of her—my companion through many a long summer-day along the rocky shore, against which the white waves were ever beating, watching the sea-birds careering full many a fathom deep below us, mixing their shrill cries with the wilder plash of the ever restless sea; and how we dreamed away those hours, now half in sadness, now in bright hope of long years to come, and found ourselves thus wandering hand in hand, loved and loving; and then I looked out upon the bleak world before me, without an object to win—without a goal to arrive at.

"Come, Jack," said my father, laying his hand upon my shoulder, and

startling me out of my reverie, "one piece of good fortune we have had. The duke has given me the command at Chatham: some hint of my altered circumstances, it seems, had reached him, and without my applying, he most kindly sent for me and told me of my appointment. You must join the service companies of the twenty-seventh by to-morrow: they are under sailing orders, and no time is to be lost. I told his grace, that for all your soft looks and smooth chin, there was no lack of spirit in your heart; and you must take an eagle, Jack, if you would keep up my credit."

Laughingly-spoken as these few words were, they somehow struck upon a chord that had long lain silent in my heart, and as suddenly awoke in me the burning desire for distinction, and the ambitious thirst of military glory.

The next evening at sunset the transport weighed anchor and stood out to sea. A slight breeze off shore, and an ebb-tide, carried us gently away from land, and as night was falling I stood alone, leaning on the bulwarks, and looking fixedly on the faint shadows of the tall chalk-cliffs, my father's last words—"You must take an eagle, Jack!"—still ringing in my ears, and sinking deeply into my heart.

Had my accidents by flood and field been more numerous and remarkable than they were, the recently-told adventures of my friend Charles O'Malley would prevent my giving them to the public. The subaltern of a marching regiment—a crack corps, it is true—I saw merely the ordinary detail of a campaigning life; and although my desire to distinguish myself rose each day higher, the greatest extent of my renown went no farther than the admiration of my comrades, that one so delicately nurtured and brought up should bear so cheerfully and well the roughings of a soldier's life; and my soubriquet of "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman," was earned among the stormy scenes and blood-stained fields of the Peninsula.

My first experiences of military life were indeed but little encouraging. I joined the army in the disastrous retreat from Burgos. What a shock to

all my cherished notions of a campaign! How sadly different from my ideas of the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war! I remember well we first came up with the retiring forces on the morning of the 4th of November. The day broke heavily—masses of dark and weighty cloud drifted across the sky. The ground was soaked with rain, and a cold, chilling wind swept across the bleak plain, and moaned dismally in the dark pine woods. Our party, which consisted of drafts from the fiftieth, twenty-seventh, and seventy-first regiments, were stationed in a few miserable hovels on the side of the high-road from Madrid to Labeyos. By a mistake of the way, we had missed a body of troops on the preceding day, and were now halted here in expectation of joining some of the corps retiring on the Portuguese frontier. Soon after daybreak, a low rumbling sound, at first supposed to be the noise of distant cannonading, attracted our attention; but some stragglers coming up soon after, informed us that it proceeded from tumbrels and ammunition-waggons of Sir Lowry Cole's brigade then on the march. The news was scarcely communicated, when the head of a column appeared topping the hill.

As they came nearer, we remarked that the men did not keep their ranks, but strayed across the road from side to side; some carried their muskets by the sling, others on the shoulder; some leant on their companions, as though faint and sick; and many there were whose savage looks and bloated features denoted drunkenness. The uniforms were torn and ragged, several had no shoes, and some even had lost their caps and shakos, and wore handkerchiefs bound round their heads. Among these the officers were almost undistinguishable—fatigue, hardship, and privation had levelled them with the men; and discipline scarcely remained in that disorganized mass. On they came, their eyes bent only on the long vista of road that lay before them. Some, silent and sad, trudged on side by side; others, maddened by drink or wild with the excitement of fever, uttered frightful and horrible ravings. Some flourished their bayonets, and threatened all within their reach; and denunciations of their

officers, and open avowals of desertion were heard on every side as they went. The bugle sounded a halt as the column reached the little hamlet where we were stationed; and in a few seconds the road and the fields at either side were covered by the figures of the men, who threw themselves down on the spot where they stood, in every posture that weariness and exhaustion could suggest.

All the information we could collect was, that this force formed part of the rear-guard of the army; that the French under Marshal Soult were hotly in pursuit, having already driven in the cavalry outposts, and more than once throwing their skirmishers amongst our fellows. In a few minutes the bugle again sounded to resume the march; and however little disposed to yield to the dictates of discipline, old habit—stronger than even lawless insubordination—prevailed, the men rose, and, falling in with some semblance of order, continued their way. Nothing struck me more in that motley mass of ragged uniform and patched clothing, than the ferocious, almost savage expression of the soldiers as they marched past our better equipped and better disciplined party. Their dark scowl betokened deadly hate; and I could see the young men of our detachment quail beneath the insulting ruffianism of their gaze. Every now and then, some one or other would throw down his pack or knapsack to the ground, and with an oath asseverate his resolve to carry it no longer. Some even declared they would abandon their muskets; and more than one sat down by the way-side, preferring death or imprisonment from the enemy, to the horrors and severities of that dreadful march.

The Highland regiments and the Guards alone preserved their former discipline; the latter, indeed, had only lately joined the army, having landed at Corunna a few weeks previously, and were perfect in every species of equipment. Joining myself to a group of their officers, I followed in the march, and was enabled to learn some tidings of my friend O'Grady, who, I was glad to hear, was only a few miles in advance of us, with his regiment.

Towards three o'clock we entered a dark pine-wood, through which the route continued for several miles.



Here the march became extremely difficult, from the deep clayey soil, the worn and cut-up road, and more than all, the torrents of rain that swept along the narrow gorge, and threw a darkness, almost like night, over every thing. We plodded on gloomily, and scarcely speaking, when suddenly the galloping of horses was heard in the rear, and we were joined by Sir Edward Paget, who, with a single aid-de-camp, rode up to our division. After a few hurried questions to the officer in command, he wheeled his horse round, and rode back towards the next column, which, from some accidental delay, was yet two miles in the rear. The sound of the horses' hoofs were still ringing along the causeway, when a loud shout, followed by the sharp reports of pistol-firing, mingled with the noise. In an instant all was still as before, and save the crashing of the pine branches and the beating rain, no other sound was heard.

Our conjectures as to the cause of the firing were just making, when an orderly dragoon, bare-headed and wounded, came up at the top of his horse's speed. The few hurried words he spoke in a half-whisper to our commanding officer, were soon reported through the lines. Sir Edward Paget, our second in command, had been taken prisoner, carried away by a party

of French cavalry, who were daring enough to dash in between the columns, which in no other retreat had they ventured to approach.

The temerity of our enemy, added to our own dispirited and defenceless condition, was the only thing wanting to complete our gloom and depression, and the march was now resumed in the dogged sullenness of despair.

Day followed day, and all the miseries of our state but increased with time, till on the morning of the 17th the town of Ciudad Rodrigo came in view, and the rumour spread that stores of all kinds would be served out to the famished troops.

By insubordination and intemperance we had lost seven thousand men since the day the retreat from Burgos began, and although neither harassed by night marches nor excessive journeys—losing neither guns, ammunition, nor standards—yet was the memorable document addressed by Wellington to the officers commanding divisions, but too justly merited, concluding in these words:—"The discipline of every army, after a long and active campaign, becomes in some degree relaxed, but I am concerned to observe that the army under my command has fallen off in this respect to a greater degree than any army with which I have ever been, or of which I have ever read."

#### THE CYMBALEER'S BRIDE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

The duke has summoned his host to the wars—  
Our good Duke of Brittany;  
From city and village, from hill and plain,  
Thronging they come, a gallant train!  
The flower of his chivalry!

There are barons bold, from their fosse-girt forts,  
Each a king in his own domain;  
Stern knights, grown gray amid war's alarms—  
With nimble squires—stout men-at-arms—  
And my love is one of the train.

He is gone to the wars—to Aquitaine—  
And though but a cymbaleer,  
So bright is the hauberk on his breast,  
So stately his mien, so lofty his crest,  
That a captain you'd deem my dear!

A weary time—a heavy heart,  
Have been mine since he rode away !  
To St. Bridget I've prayed, till the stars grew dim,  
To watch o'er the angel that watches o'er him,  
That he quit him not night or day.

On my knees I've besought our priest to pray  
For all soldiers brave like mine ;  
And in hopes to quicken the good man's prayer,  
Three waxen tapers, tall and fair,  
I've burned at Saint Gilda's shrine.

To our blessed Mother I've vowed a vow,  
That, let me but look on his face  
Once again, the scallop and scrip I'll take,  
And a pilgrimage to Loretto make,  
In requital of her grace.

Meantime, nor letter, nor message of love,  
Has solaced or him or me ;  
The high-born dame has her page—the knight  
His squire, for such errands, and absence is light—  
But no squire nor page have we.

But the dreariest day must end at last :  
The war is over and done ;  
And the duke this day—nay, this very hour,  
Will be here with his host—if you stood on that tower,  
You could see their arms glance in the sun !

The duke will be here—and my cymbaleer—  
How my proud heart beats and burns !  
'Tis proud and happy—and well it may !  
For a lowly vassal he rode away,  
And a hero he returns !

Haste, sisters, haste ! why linger ye so ?  
For the duke must now be near ;  
Our place let us take at the ancient gate  
By which he will pass in his martial state—  
The duke and my cymbaleer !

Quick, sisters, quick—and ye will see  
How my true love bears the bell,  
As stately he rides 'mid the conquering bands,  
And, quivering under his manly hands,  
The cymbals clash and swell !

Proud of his rider, ye will see  
His war-steed spurn the ground,  
Tossing aloft the plumes of red  
With which for this festal-day his head  
Will be deck'd, at every bound.

But more than all, my cymbaleer  
Himself in his pride ye'll see—  
My beautiful ! my brave ! with the air  
Of an earl his shining casque he'll wear,  
And the mantle wrought by me !

I questioned the gipsy yesternight—  
And liked not her spiteful sneer,  
As she said, I should hie me home and pray,  
If music I loved, for the band to-day  
Would be short of a cymbaleer.

And pray I did—and I've prayed so much  
That my heart has no room for despair ;  
Though the beldame muttered—with death in her eye.  
While she pointed to a tomb close by—  
“ To-morrow I look for you there ! ”

But away with doubts and fears—for hark !  
Already I hear the drums !  
From flower-wreathed lattice and silken tent  
Fair ladies peep forth—and each eye is bent  
On the cavalcade that comes !

See ! these are the pikemen in the front,  
That march with so stern a tread ;  
And next, with their pennons broad displayed,  
The barons, in robes of silk arrayed,  
At their bold retainers' head !

On milk-white steeds the heralds see—  
The priests in their stoles of gold ;  
And squires, that bear their liege lords' shields,  
With blazonings telling of well-fought fields—  
High deeds in the days of old !

The templars next !—the pagan's dread—  
Clad in armour from crown to heel !  
And then the gay archers of Lausanne,  
That ever are first in battle's van,  
In their buff coats barred with steel !

Now comes the duke—amidst the flower  
Of his paladins and peers !  
How proudly his banner is floating ! Below  
Droop, tarnished, those he has torn from the foe—  
Ha ! there are the cymbaleers !

She said—and a long, long searching glance  
Athwart the ranks she cast—  
Then, chill and pale as a corpse in its shroud,  
Lifeless she sunk 'mid the careless crowd—  
*The cymbaleers had past !*

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## CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES.

## NO. I.—BELGIUM.

"It was neither the justice of the cause, nor the strength of the revolutionary faction, nor the sympathy of foreign states, by means of which Belgium was erected into an independent kingdom."\* Such are the words of a recent writer on this country, and to their perfect truth and accuracy we implicitly subscribe. There is ever a tendency to cover with exaggerated panegyric the circumstances of successful revolution; men are prone to praise that rebellion in prosperity which in adversity had drawn down their censure and condemnation. It will be well, therefore, to examine a little into the causes and consequences of that movement by which Belgium achieved her independence, and to ascertain on what grounds this country separated from Holland, and how far the brilliant anticipations her nationality held out to her have been realized in the eleven years of her freedom.

By the treaty of London, 1814, it was decreed that Holland should receive an augmentation of territory, Austria, in lieu of her acquired dominion in Italy, ceding her possessions in the low countries—which, with Holland, "were to form one and the same state; to be governed by the constitution established in Holland, to be modified by common accord." By this decree the Belgians not only avoided the return to that dynasty under which their country had so long been a prey to every European war, but also escaped the greater evils which so nearly menaced them—a partition among the surrounding kingdoms. They gained, on the other hand, an alliance with an old and respected people, between whom and themselves so many points of resemblance existed in habits, customs, and language—they became participators in the advantages of a country rich

in colonial possessions—with a powerful mercantile navy—and herself only deficient in the very feature of wealth in which they abounded, coal, wood, and iron. Geographical position and commercial advantages were, however, not the only inducements to render this union satisfactory. Intermarriages had taken place to a considerable extent between the great families in either country, and the bonds of attachment were drawn closer on private and personal grounds. The Dutch, on the contrary, had little to gain by this union. The productive classes of Belgium, by demanding prohibitory duties on articles of colonial or foreign produce, imposed only so many restrictions on their trade—they saw the course of their traffic interrupted—they dreaded (and with reason) the rivalry of Antwerp with Amsterdam and Rotterdam—they feared the contaminating influence of French opinions, so rife in the neighbouring country, a great part of which had long constituted a portion of the French kingdom—and lastly, they had little confidence in a people who, in the words of a French writer, were accustomed to have a revolution every fifteen years of their existence.†

If the two countries enjoyed many features of resemblance—if they possessed many interests in common—they had one great and fatal point of dissimilitude. The Dutch were a nation of fast-believing Protestants—the Belgians were about the most bigoted Roman Catholics north of the Alps. From this source sprung all the evils which resulted from their junction—every political act was tinged by the hue of religious discord. The last act of the priest party in Belgium, before the treaty of Vienna was signed, was an imperious demand for a restitution of what they deemed their rights, and

\* "Belgium, since the Revolution of 1836." By the Rev. W. Trollope, A.M. London: How and Parsons. 1842.

† Alexandre Dumas, *Souvenir de Voyage*.

a declaration, that, however politically united to Holland, they reserved their obedience to the king for such cases as the church was not averse to. They suggested the re-establishment of the Jesuits as a body—and even went so far as to predict, that if the supremacy of the Romish church was not sufficiently guaranteed, “events might arise whose fatal results no one could anticipate”—a prophecy, the accomplishment of which the year 1830 amply maintains the credit.

They went further, however—for, the union of the two countries being effected, the Romish bishops published their open dissent from the laws of the kingdom—denied the principle of equality between Protestants and Catholics—proclaimed that toleration to Protestantism was merely protection to a heresy—asserted the independence of the church of all secular power—and roundly declared, that to commit to a sovereign of a different faith any share in regulating the education of his people was scandalously betraying the dearest interests of the Catholic church. It needs little foresight to anticipate the result of such a spirit as this. The intolerance of popery never took bolder ground for its exercise—nor ever were its objects more rapidly and effectually secured.

Our limits will not permit us to dwell on the form of the constitution adopted for the government of the new kingdom. It is sufficient for our present purpose to mention, that a representative body was chosen, of which fifty-two members were returned by Holland, and an equal number by Belgium;—and here at once sprung the first grievance of the latter, who, with a population double that of the Dutch, demanded a proportionate share in the “States-general,” as if such an inequality would not at once have consigned Holland to the rule of Belgium—the very reverse of what the allied sovereigns intended—making the parent state the inferior in the union—subjecting the interests centuries had been engaged in maturing, to the capricious rule of an untried people—and placing the liberal institutions of a Protestant government at the disposal of those who had so openly avowed their religious intolerance.

Let us examine briefly the political causes which embroiled, and then let

us pass on to the religious ones which overturned the government—for to them alone are attributable the results of the year 1830, and the consequences which now weigh upon the two nations. The mistake of the King of Holland was an effort to assimilate institutions among a people where religious prejudices had already sown dissension—to lead by the tie of a common interest those who had been taught by their spiritual instructors to distrust the acts of a Protestant—and to engender a spirit of nationality among those who had never submitted in tranquillity to any rule whatever.

To establish a uniformity with Holland, the trial by jury was abolished, and the system followed in the Dutch courts adopted in its stead—a system resembling the Roman code so universally followed in Germany, and found to work well for the ends of justice in that country. A censorship was instituted over the press—a measure the more imperative, as the Belgian papers had adopted the gross licentiousness of the Parisian journals, and published attacks on the lives of individuals, and censures on the monarchy, whose disastrous results were the more to be feared among a people to whom such licence was new and such freedom unaccustomed. The first of these acts dates from Nov., 1814; the second was passed in April of the following year. Neither of them attracted much attention at the period—indeed, the rapidly-accruing prosperity of the two countries left little time for complaint; trade had revived in every town throughout the union—Antwerp had recovered her ancient prosperity, and Ghent once more became the centre of manufactures and commerce.

In the September of 1819, came forth an edict proclaiming that the Dutch language should be universally employed in all the courts of law, and in all transactions of the state—a measure which at first blush seemed pregnant with grave inconvenience and great oppression. It was argued that nothing could be more unfair than to deprive the barrister of high standing of all the benefits of his legal knowledge because he was not a Dutch scholar—that however the rising generation might assimilate themselves to the ordinance, the present race must suffer utter ruin. By whom, however,



were these arguments employed? By the Flemings? No; for they used a language so closely resembling Dutch, as to make its acquirement a matter of no difficulty. The complainants were French—men who, vastly superior in advantages, natural and acquired, to the Belgians, usurped the practice of the courts, filled all the situations where ability and talent were required—were the editors of the reviews and journals—and, in fact, were the propagators of French opinions, in politics and religion, amongst a class too ignorant and too illiterate to supply instructors of their own. Against these, especially, the king's measure was directed. It was as the *sequela* of the censorship to carry out the exclusion of all French interference in the state, that the law was promulgated, and its object was against that anti-national party who traded on the revolutionary doctrines of France amongst those but too well disposed to embrace them.

To meet the exigencies of the state—whose large debt had accumulated under the pressure of a long and severe war—two taxes were imposed, called the “Mouture” and “Abbatage”—the first a duty on ground corn at the mill, the second an impost on all butchers' meat at the shambles. These were heavy and onerous exactions, which nothing save the financial crisis of the government could warrant; but still they were borne by every part of the kingdom in common—the Dutchman claimed no exemption above the Belgians from these or any other burdens.

We have now nearly exhausted the catalogue of grievances—for in our brief sketch we have strictly limited ourselves to an enumeration of those acts which formed the groundwork of Belgian complaint, and the reasons for that outbreak by which they threw off their allegiance to their monarch. There were, it is true, many minor charges alleged. It was asserted that Belgians obtained no promotion or advancement in the civil or military service—lists were made out of the numbers employed, and the vast majority of Dutchmen above the others, pointed out as evidencing the undue preference of the king for his countrymen. The allegation was partly true; but then, it must be remembered that in selecting men for high office or

military command, there is a stronger test than mere nationality; and in looking to the two countries, little difficulty exists in deciding to which side the balance of intelligence, education, and ability inclines;—besides, the army had existed before the union—of course officered by Dutchmen—and with what justice could a government have broken up corps endeared to their country by long and loyal service, merely to establish a nursery for Belgian military genius?—for unfortunately, of its perfect development it had given little evidence to the world before that period.

That many of the King of Holland's acts were imprudent, many ill-timed, and some actually bad, we hesitate not to aver; but this we assert—and we wish to lay stress on the fact, as illustrating our views regarding the revolution—that such as they were, they never would have led to the dismemberment of the kingdom had not other measures, which excited the displeasure of the popish party, elicited all the latent disloyalty of that faction, who were but too happy to work out their own objects on the seeming grounds of national interests. The law which provided for the education of the people by persons duly examined and approved of, was the first direct blow against the intolerant bigotry of Romanism. The priests, having hitherto looked on the primary schools as their exclusive monopoly, felt at once that the foundation of the whole edifice of their superstition was assailed—that with education would come enlightenment, liberality of thought, toleration of those who differed from them—that more extended and ample views of personal advancement would follow—and that an instructed and reading people would grow up, whose bondage beneath the yoke of spiritual terrors would be no longer possible. They unanimously, then, denounced the new system, which they designated as heretical—declared that their allegiance was a conditional quality, depending on the total exclusion of all interference with the rights of their holy religion—and, in evidence of their fair dealing, republished the “*Loi fondamentale*,” with a commentary on the clauses they rejected.

The following articles of the law concerning religion were selected by

them as incompatible with their principles, and opposed to their conscientious scruples as devout Roman Catholics :—

“Sec. 190.—Liberty of religious opinions is guaranteed to all.

“Sec. 191.—Equal protection is accorded to all religious communions throughout the kingdom.

“Sec. 192.—All the king's subjects, without distinction of religious belief, enjoy the same civil and political rights, and are eligible to the same dignities, &c.

“Sec. 193.—The public exercise of all religions is tolerated, unless it shall trouble public order and tranquillity.”

Such were the intolerant and oppressive clauses against which enlightened and liberal Romanism revolted. Enjoying all the benefits of a Protestant state—possessing to the uttermost their full share in its commercial and mercantile advantages—trading on its credit—benefitting by its colonies; this party could yet see no reason for permitting the free use of their religious institutions, to those who dissented from them in belief—they would not recognise as fellow-citizens, nor regard as equals their Protestant brethren—but demanded at the throne of a Protestant monarch, an exceptional superiority for their own forms, and an exclusive supremacy in the land.

When popery is daring she is to be feared. Humility is the garb she most frequently has appeared in during the last two centuries; but whenever the hour has come, that the more legitimate costume of her creed can be worn, she has never hesitated to resume it; and that hour has been always one of dark and gloomy aspect for the interests of true knowledge and enlightenment.

No sooner, then, did the king of Holland venture thus far within the entrenched camp of superstition and bigotry, than the whole rancour of the party was poured out upon him. The college at Louvain was denounced as the hotbed of heresy—the whole acts of the government were inveighed against, as direct attacks on true religion—the prejudices of an unenlightened and ignorant population were worked on by an artful but scarcely more lettered priesthood—and all the evils which we have unhappily wit-

nessed nearer home, as the result of inflammable and exciting addresses to unthinking and unreflecting masses, ensued. Grievances were hawked about the land—complaints of tyranny rung from every altar—and the people were stimulated to overt acts of rebellion, not only as being released from all allegiance—but that in the defence of the church, such actions were “meritorious offices,” contributing to, if not altogether securing, their eternal salvation. Nothing was too high, nothing too venerable to escape their attacks; neither was any thing too absurd to excite them. As food for the insane jealousies of their sect, the very architecture of the national schools was inveighed against by the priests, as too closely resembling the simple exterior of Protestant churches. In a word, all that bigotry and licentiousness united can effect, was employed; and acts which before had won for the government praise and eulogy, were now openly denounced as the invidious attempts of Protestantism to conciliate and convert the true believers to their faith.

The Million of Industry, as it was called, a fund at the disposal of government to assist in the furtherance of all mercantile speculations, mining enterprises, factories, &c., was now attacked as being a loan for the propagation of Protestantism—though, confessedly, its benefits had enriched the kingdom with some of its most splendid establishments, the great factory of Seraing among the number. Such was the spirit of the time, and the temper of the people, that every new effort of legislation became warped and turned from its true intention, and was speedily converted into a new agent for national suspicion, distrust, and disloyalty.

Meanwhile the prosperity of the country was advancing by rapid strides, and notwithstanding all the impediments of internal dissension, commerce and agriculture continued to flourish.

“The collieries of Hainault and the Lower Meuse were in a state of full activity, with a constant demand from Holland and France—the armourers of Liege and the clothiers of Verviers were no less busily engaged, with extensive orders from the Levant, Germany, and South America—the mines

and forges of Luxembourg—the cutleries of Namur—the silk weavers of Tournay and Brussels—the paper manufactories of the Upper Meuse—the cotton mills of Ghent—the linen trade of Contray, were all at work.”\*

Having now briefly sketched the principal causes of disaffection which agitated the Belgian people, it is not for us to dwell on the details which marked their glorious revolution!—“Not satisfied,” says Alexandre Dumas, “with pirating our literature, they must pirate our insurrection, also.” And such was the case. The success of the “*trois jours*” in France, and its acceptance, as a *fait accompli*, by the allied powers, was encouragement sufficient. The prosecutions of the press were now laid hold of as legitimate causes for rebellion. An inflammatory drama at the theatre served to excite the dull Flemings to action. A pillage ensued. A series of mob contests and military blunders followed. A most ill-timed, though praiseworthy forbearance on the part of the Prince of Orange—then assurances of French sympathy and support—and after four days of mob-outrage, robbery, and bloodshed, Belgium was severed from Holland.

While imitating the example set them by France, they forgot the proudest boast the admirers of that revolution professed to make—that it was untainted by a single act of wanton outrage or cruelty. The fate of Galliard, alone, is a stain upon the conduct of the revolutionary faction that nothing can wipe out.

M. Galliard was Commandant de la Place, at Louvain; a post he had held for years, with equal respect from the citizens as from the troops he presided over. His duty compelled him to take measures to repress the rebellious outbreak in the town; which he did with firmness, tempered by his habitual mildness. Finding, at last, that the troops were not to be relied on, and discovering that the revolution had involved in its snares those upon whose support he counted, he prepared to resign his trust, while yet unsullied. This did not satisfy

the infuriated wretches who had assumed the office of liberating their country! They demanded him openly to renounce his allegiance, and declare for the revolution. His brief reply was—“Death first!”

They took him at his word. He was immediately dragged from his house; his feet were tied to the tail of a cart, and he was, in this way, torn along the streets of the town, amid the outrage and insult of the mob, who wounded him with knives and stones, as he went. When they reached the gendarmerie barrack, they held a council as to the mode of his death; but the crowd, becoming impatient, tore him from his bonds, and dashed his brains out on the pavement. Some trembling signs of life remaining, a pile of faggots was got together, the body cast on it, and burned amid the most fierce and savage exultations.

But it is not our intention to dwell on topics like this, though the catalogue of such atrocities is both large and terrific. We prefer to pass on to the course of events which succeeded the revolution, and the detail of those circumstances by which their long-coveted nationality was accomplished.

The independence of Belgium being established, the difficulty became, how to employ it. To create a republic, was simply to declare war on the rest of Europe. A re-union with France involved a nearly equal chance of war, with the certain extinction of Belgian nationality, whatever the result. Besides, most of those in the direction of affairs had tasted the sweets of belonging to France, in the time of the empire, and had little to induce them to desire a return to the state of vassalage they then endured, beneath the grinding oppression of a French prefect. An elective monarchy was then their only remaining alternative, which, by conciliating the great powers, might induce them to recognise the new kingdom, and accord it their sufferance and protection. Emissaries were despatched, then, on every side. The offer was first made to the Duc de Nemours—then to the Duc de Leuchtenberg.

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\* White's Belgic Revolution, vol. i. p. 80.

Louis Philippe refused the one proposition, and would not assent to the other. A regency had, meanwhile, been appointed, and an accredited envoy, from the Belgian government, was received at the court of the Tuilleries.

The minister despatched to London had been less fortunate, and could not succeed in being presented at Saint James's. He was, however, given to understand, that the English government had no desire to intermeddle with the affairs of a foreign state, that so long as the peace of the world was not compromised by their conduct, the Belgians might choose their own king, their own way, a strict neutrality being all that England maintained between the contending parties; and a firm resolve only to interfere when the prospects of a continental war should demand her power to repress such a calamity.

It was in vain that the Dutch ambassadors at Paris and London appealed to the conditions of the treaty of 1814, by which the King of Holland had received his Belgian dominions in exchange for the colonies of Ceylon, Berbice, Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, and Esequibo; that they demanded the right to recover the lost possession by force of arms; or, in the event of that being refused, a restitution of their colonies.

The precedent of July had established the principle, that a rebellious people, to be independent, had only to be victorious; that success was a valid title; while the effort to regain their territory by the Dutch might compromise the peace of Europe, to which the allied sovereigns were pledged by their own individual interests. So commercial advantages in England, French fanaticism, and German apathy, all conspired to the one end, and Belgium became independent.

While the Belgians turned their eyes, in vain, on every side to seek some one who should put himself at their head, their cause became daily more precarious. The press even went so far as to hint at the prospect of a partition of the country—and men were reminded that Flanders had formed a part of the conquests of Louis XIV. in former times, as if to smooth the way to a return to France, by the force of a historic recollection. In

this difficult position of affairs, the four commissioners of the provisional government, Count Felix de Merode, Count Vilain XIV., the Abbé de Foere, and M. Henri de Brouckere addressed themselves directly to Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, and on the 22d of April obtained an interview with him. Yielding rather to the exigencies of a crisis that threatened the peace of Europe, than in compliance with the dictates of his own wishes, this illustrious individual acceded, and with the consent and approbation of all the great powers, ascended the throne of Belgium on the 4th of June following.

Although the independence of Belgium had now received the guarantee of the great powers, it in nowise obtained the recognition of Holland—the old king regarding them as rebellious subjects, would accept of no conditions save absolute, unrestricted submission. Indignantly rejecting the treaty of twenty-four articles, signed by the plenipotentiaries of the five powers, and the Belgian minister, he declared himself apart from all negotiation that compromised the integrity of his dominions. It was in vain to represent to him that the revolution was a *fait accompli* which the allied powers were resolved not to disturb, that any effort to recover Belgium by force of arms would be repressed, as endangering the peace of Europe. The emperor of Russia, with whom he was closely allied by intermarriage, declared through his minister, Count Orloff, that he would not interfere to avert the grave consequences which the Dutch king's isolation and resistance were likely to involve him in; and that although he would not associate his arms to those of the other powers for the purpose of compelling, neither would he countenance the continued resistance of Holland, or aid her, in the event of coercive measures being taken against her.

To this succeeded the close alliance between France and England, followed by the siege of Antwerp—that gorgeous melodrama of war, which served to amuse the Parisian public, and satisfy the ever-craving appetite for excitement that agitates the French people. Antwerp was taken, and handed over to the Belgians, who soon displayed that banner from the walls,

which they had never shown in the besieging trenches. Still the Dutch monarch, undismayed by defeat, refused to surrender the forts of Lillo and Liefkenshoeck, which both command the Scheldt—and as an indemnity, the Belgians retained Luxemburg and Limbourg, to which hitherto they had made no pretension. In a sketch necessarily so rapid and so imperfect as this, we cannot stop to consider the part performed in these negotiations by our then minister at the Belgian court. Unhappily, it was one more conformable to his character for meddling in matters beyond his province, than to the interests and dignity of the nation he represented; and to his ill-timed and injudicious interference, much, if not all the subsequent protraction and misunderstanding between the kingdoms was owing.

A state of avowed, but not open hostility now succeeded—and for the space of seven years continued between the two people, eating into the core of their individual prosperity, loading them with enormous debt\*—cramping their energies—destroying their commerce—maintaining immense armies, they covered their frontier with troops, their arsenals bristled with cannon, their soldiers were billeted in every village. Neither party would give way; and although the Dutch, long wearied of a conflict in which the ruin of their country was involved, were disposed, at any sacrifice, to conclude the negotiations, the king of Holland remained inflexible. And let us remark here, that however it may be the temper of our times to approve of that flexible property of conscience that bends itself to the pressure of events, unrestrained by any opposing force of principle, we cannot look on the old king's conduct, without a sentiment of respect and admiration, in keeping as it was with the whole tenor of his life.

Driven from his country by Dumouriez in the commencement of the French revolution—forced by the victorious arms of Pichegru to fly his dominions—deprived of his heritage by a decree of “the convention”—de-

spoiled of his German possessions by Napoleon—then of Fieldau and Spiegelberg after the peace of Tilsit—the descendant of those haughty Stadtholders, who imposed their laws on Europe, and humbled the pride of Louis XIV. himself—with nothing left him save a small estate in the duchy of Nassau—an exile and an outcast—yet he knew not how to succumb—his stern courage rising with every new demand on it, refused to yield, even so far as a simple assent to join the confederation of the Rhine, which would have secured to him his German possessions. Neither the arms of the republic, nor the menaces of the emperor could flex his purpose, nor warp his proud resolve, never to concur in a wrong, merely because he was powerless to oppose it. Once more, however, the allied powers interfered to accommodate these everlasting broils. The Dutch, humbled by the little sympathy their situation had attracted throughout Europe, avowed their readiness to accede to any reasonable settlement; the Belgians, grown overbearing from long peace, and forgetful of Louvain, desired to decide the difference by arms. The speech from the throne, on opening the session of 1839, suggested what might be effected by “*perseverance et courage*.” The words were caught up as evidencing a warlike determination; and once again all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war resounded through the kingdom. The next day, however, these heroes of a hundred “flights” were informed that the words meant a spirit of patient and tranquil forbearance. The interpretation succeeded—the negotiations were resumed, continued, and finally concluded—an interchange of ambassadors between the contending parties at last put an end to their differences, when both, nearly bankrupt in the struggle, were heartily sorry for the cause and the consequences of their quarrel.

Proud of their newly-acquired nationality, and exulting in their independence, the Belgians now set about enjoying their acquisition. Unhappily,

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\* The war expenses of Holland during this protracted negotiation, amounted to one hundred and twenty millions of florins.



up to this moment it had not occurred to them, that productions to be profitable demand a market; that so long as their union with Holland lasted, her colonies afforded them an abundant opening for all their manufactures, while her mercantile navy conveyed them to every part of the globe. Antwerp, that within the last few years had presented the appearance of her once glorious prosperity, was now silent and neglected—the port, studded with vessels, from which the flags of every nation were flying, was now empty and deserted—a solitary steamship from London occupying the docks constructed for the navy of an empire.

The re-action after so many years of suspended industry gave a great impulse to trade—the whole energies of the country were called suddenly into play—the furnaces of Liege, the collieries of Charleroi, the looms of Ghent were again at work—innumerable commercial companies sprung into existence—and manufactures, pushed to an inordinate productiveness, deluged the country from one end to the other. This factitious prosperity, which seemed to realize all the dream of the revolutionary party, was displayed and descanted on in all the public journals; and “*Tableaux Statistiques*” were published by the government, showing, on apparently irrefragable evidence, that the trade of the country had benefitted by the separation from Holland, and asserting that no limit would now be imposed to a commercial prosperity thus happily begun. The ports of Antwerp and Ostende were even quoted as distinguished by an increased commercial movement: while enumerating, however, the greater number of vessels in those harbours above the unproductive period preceding the revolution, they forgot to add the diminished tonnage of the sum total; besides, one fact of most unequivocal import, as betokening the commercial depression of the time, was overlooked, namely, the great disproportion between the imports and exports, the former exceeding the latter to such an extent, that in the year 1834 the difference between the sums received in duties on the two, amounted to £2,252,595 sterling. This disparity has continued steadily to increase, and since 1838 has attracted so much at-

tention in the chambers, that some of those loudest in their assertions of Belgian prosperity have openly professed their disappointment, and even hinted their regret at the separation from Holland.

Meanwhile the mania of speculating had borne its fruit. A panic, similar in every respect to our own in 1825, overtook them—ruin and bankruptcy went every where through the land—the great banking company at Brussels stopped payment—and all the consequences of an over-stocked and glutted productiveness, without a prospect of a market, presented themselves in turn.

The same patient industry that had rescued a country from the ocean and habits of native thrift, could alone have saved the nation at this emergency; when just at this moment the formation of railroads in England suggested their adoption in Belgium, where, besides the abundance of coal and iron, the circumstances of the country were peculiarly favourable to such undertakings.—Neither embankments nor tunnelling were necessary—the large level tracts of land offered no obstacle of any kind—populous cities at comparatively short distances apart—the value of land generally low—labour cheap—every thing contributed to the success of the enterprise, and in a few years the country has been traversed in every direction by a net-work of these lines from Antwerp to Courtray, from the sea at Ostend to the frontiers of Prussia, connecting all the great cities of Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Liege, Malines, and Courtray, with the capital, and opening the heart of Germany to the sea, by a mode of transit the most rapid and most certain; and while France, with a population of nine times the amount, has but a collective steam-power of fifteen thousand, Belgium enjoys one equal to twenty-one thousand horses.

But already this great “*debouché*” of national industry draws to a close. The great factories fully occupied in providing engines, tenders, and iron tram-lines, have scarcely another year before them. The Rhine and the Scheldt are already connected. But a few short and compact lines remain to be perfected, and all the industry called into existence by these great

works demands such a new sphere of operation as, being wanting, will once more ruin and overthrow the country: even while we write, the great iron factories at Seraing are dependant for support on government assistance. The plethora of production goes on, and the prospect of a foreign market remains as remote as ever.

The Rhine opens the heart of Germany to the sea by a channel which, though more tedious to traverse, will not demand a tithe of the cost of railway transit. Steam companies are established to perfect the navigation of this noble river; and vessels now ply direct from London to the port of Cologne, taking goods at a rate which no railway could possibly venture to compete with; besides, however moderate the outlay in the generality of the Belgian railroads, the expense of the line from Liege to Verviers and Aix la Chapelle will be equal to that of any similar extent of line in the world: and nothing short of the most complete success would possibly remunerate the government for the enormous expenditure incurred here.

As to any prospect of an export trade, the attempt already made, in the purchase of the British Queen, is too absurd even to allude to. A London paper lately announced, that the loss on her two first, and only voyages, amounted to something like nine hundred pounds. Dearly, therefore, have the Belgians attained the knowledge of their fault; and many of those most sanguine in their anticipations of national prosperity, are now willing to confess themselves mistaken, and ready to acknowledge their regret for a revolution which has failed in every "prestige" they hoped to see accomplished.

What, then, has the rupture with Holland effected? and why do we find a strong party in the press ready to advocate its necessity, and extol its advantages? The answer is an easy one. The supremacy of Romanism.

When the movement party in Belgium, excited by the success of the *trois jours* in France, ventured to offer opposition to the government, they were directed by the *parti Pretre*, whose unforgiving hatred of a Protestant monarch had been only waiting for the moment to display itself. Popery, with its wonted tact to assume the

popular feature of the day—whether that feature affect liberalism or tyranny, democratic freedom or absolute rule—sided with the "patriots." The religion that confessed she could not brook the existence of another mode of belief in the same state with herself, suddenly found her sympathies engaged in the cause of universal freedom, and the war was pronounced one against bigotry, tyranny, and intolerance.

The conflict over, however, how has the spoil been divided? What has become of those, whose eloquence was loudest in the chamber—whose able pens were exerted in the service of their party?—where are Lebeau, Roger, Gendebieu, Potter?—where? Ranged in violent but fruitless opposition. And to whom? To the very men and the very party with whom and for whom they effected the separation from Holland—daily, hourly opposed to the popish party, whose liberal opinions had once so gained their admiration and won their esteem, but who, having no further use for such associates, are only eager how best to profit by the victory, and rid themselves of the embarrassment of such troublesome allies.

Liberty, toleration, freedom of opinion and expression, that were deemed fine things in 1830, are now termed undisguised heresy, revolution, and licentiousness. The very men whom they held forth then to the nation as its highest ornaments, are now stigmatised as its most dangerous enemies. The term *Philosophe*, in politics, is held to sum up the full measure of political depravity and religious disbelief.

So much for the gratitude of popery. Let us now glance at her political foresight. Here, certainly, we see ground to deny her claim. The church is triumphant. The Cardinal de Malines is a king in the country, and his power is felt in every province of the land, and in every department of the public service. The priests, who have multiplied to an extent almost incredible, are all active political agents, controlling the elections, pronouncing on the candidates, exacting pledges, and, in fact, conducting themselves in every point in a manner which is, unfortunately, but too easily comprehensible from our home experience.

In vain does any member of either chamber—in vain any portion of the public press, venture to inveigh against a despotism, far more grinding and oppressive than in their bitterest moments they represented the Dutch rule to be. The epithet of heretic is launched against the political opponent; his re-election as a representative is rendered, if not impossible, more than doubtful: or, if it be a newspaper, the people are warned against dark and dangerous doctrines, and told to hold themselves aloof from advisers who have bartered their souls' peace for worldly advantages.

The promotions in the civil service, the grades in the army, the distinctions of the court, the very courtesies of private life are regulated by the priesthood; and from the appointment of a minister to the Cross of Leopold, every thing is under their control. Monarchy in such a country is but a stewardship, with this additional aggravation, that every fresh concession only accelerates its doom.

Never, in the palmiest days of the inquisition, was the dominant power of the church more conspicuous. The nobles figure in her processions; the children of the first houses in Christendom perform in those half-pagan rites, by which popery awes and amuses her votaries; and a Protestant king is to be seen "assisting" at the celebration of saints' festivals, where every detail of the proceedings is a mockery and insult to the faith he assumes to profess.

Such are the rich fruits of Belgian independence, and of these she has an ample harvest. Tirlemont, with a population of some twenty-four thousand, has seven thousand of the number ecclesiastics. Bruges, besides her convents and other religious seminaries, has as many more. Malines swarms with them. Ghent, Antwerp, Termonde, Namur, Liege, Louvain, have their streets crowded with them.

Saving, then, the proud position to which Romanism has been exalted—the haughty supremacy of the priesthood—the unrestricted rule of a party whose intolerance extends to every walk in literature, and every relation of private life—what have the Belgians gained by their independence? Is it a gain that the grievances they once alleged against Holland are far

more justly attributable now to France, by whom the press is directed, the army is officered, and public opinion is swayed? Is it a gain that Antwerp is a deserted city, without trade or commerce; that Seraing, the manufactory for half Europe, is in a state of bankruptcy? Is it a gain that they have lost their only market and their only mercantile navy? Is it a gain that having thrown off their allegiance to an old and respected dynasty, they have adopted a monarchy whose existence must ever depend on the changeful fortune of France—the first shot of whose revolution will reverberate through Flanders?

Mr. O'Connell is less at fault than is usually supposed when he draws a parallel between Belgium and Ireland. The only error is this—the state to which Belgium attained by an open revolt, Ireland is fast attaining to by continued agitation.

There is, indeed, much of similarity between the two countries, and a valuable lesson may be learned from a due consideration of their respective conditions. United to a country rich in its colonial possessions, powerful in its commercial relations with the greatest mercantile navy of the world, Ireland seems disposed like Belgium to believe that her prosperity is but jeopardied, not secured by such an alliance; that to participate in the immense advantages of English credit and English capital is but a poor compensation for the sacrifice of her nationality, as it is falsely termed. All the petty jealousies which we have seen prevail in Belgium respecting Holland have been more or less in operation with us at home. The same game has been played, and the results have been wonderfully similar. Popery, adopting the garb of liberalism, has stood forward in defence of toleration, freedom of thought, and liberty of action. Making a monopoly of patriotism, it has affected the defence of measures it would be the last in the world to concede if placed in power, throwing all the odium of opposition on the true friends of the country. With us as with them the priests have come into the field as avowed political agents, using all the terrors of the church to promote their objects, and making the confessional a new agent in political warfare, they have turned the hearts

of the people from their natural friends and protectors, have disseminated distrust and discontent where confidence and good faith reposed, and presented to the world the frightful anomaly of a country rich in every feature of production, gifted in every attribute of wealth, the poorest and most miserable to be met with in Europe. The repeal of the union is alone wanting to reduce us to the condition of Belgium—but of Belgium without her agriculture and her industry.

Father M'Hale and the Cardinal de Malines are consistent politicians. They may, it is true, vary in their means, but they never waver in the object before them—to thwart and obstruct every act of a Protestant government for the advancement and benefit of the country, to instil disobedience and suggest disloyalty, and finally to attain that power in their hands which may place every office at their disposal and every enactment at their will, independent of those tools through whom they now work and whom they now support.

That the day of their success may be long distant must be the sincere prayer of every one who has seen Belgium and loves Ireland.

Our subject is far from being exhausted, but the limits we proposed to ourselves in this paper are so. We shall therefore conclude, hoping at some future opportunity to return to the consideration of this country, on grounds where our praise will require no qualification, namely, her modern school of art, which promises to rival even the palmiest days of her artistic celebrity. For the present we would simply say a few words concerning the work to which we have drawn attention in the commencement of this article—less, we confess, with any intention of criticising its contents, than as affording us an opportunity to direct our reader's attention to the course of events in Belgium, the causes which led to the revolution in that country, and the consequences that have ensued from it.

Mr. Trollope's book is, as he informs us, intended to act in the double capacity of guide-book to the traveller and a work of more detailed information for the inquiring reader. Of its claims to the former we confess ourselves most incompetent to pro-

nounce. Detesting most heartily the long and tiresome descriptions by which pages are filled with measurements of churches, names of artists, catalogues of pictures, and absurd legends, we make a practice of skipping every thing which bears any resemblance to these. We have, however, glanced over the chapters in this book which treat of these matters, and believe we may recommend it to our readers as containing the usual information agreeably and pleasantly written. Let us observe, *en passant*, that a small handbook, as it is called, by Henry R. Addison, Esq. is to our thinking the very best thing of this kind we have ever met. Dashed here and there with the peculiar drollery of the writer, it is still marked by a sharp appreciation of the people and their country, admirably adapted to make the newly arrived traveller *au courant* to "Belgium and the Bosses." Of the other feature of Mr. Trollope's book we need only remark, that although professing to treat of Belgium from the period of the revolution to the present date, there is abundant evidence that the author's personal knowledge ceased at the year 1828, since which the important political change we have briefly alluded to in this paper has manifested itself in the elevation of the popish party to power, and their avowal of hostility to the men by whose aid and assistance the separation from Holland was effected.

In other respects the work is deserving of perusal. The errors are few—fewer than are usually met with in books of this class; and in every respect it is far superior to the production of Mr. Emerson Tennant.

Some passages there are, which, however important to the general reader, we confess we would willingly see changed. Mr. Trollope, in page 72, while regretting that one of the English clergymen at Brussels should be unprovided with a place of worship, remarks, "that he has removed his congregation to the French Methodist Chapel," and then significantly asks, "Is this quite the thing?" Now we beg to observe on this paragraph, that Mr. Trollope's education, as a clergyman of the Church of England, might have saved him from the ignorance of thus calling the worship of the French Calvinistic Church, were the minister

of that church even a less distinguished individual than M. Paul Boucher, the eloquent author of the work entitled "*L'Homme en face de la Bible*," and of which, in a late number of this journal, we presented some notice to our readers. That Mr. Drury should avail himself of Mr. Boucher's kindness to accommodate his congregation is creditable alike to him who grants and who receives; and we are quite sure that, in the estimation of a large body of English residents at Brussels, we can answer Mr. Trollope's question by stating, "It is quite the thing."

Again, at page 276, when speaking of the progress that Belgium is making in the cultivation of literature, he alludes to Professor Barron, the eminent Greek scholar, forgetting to remark that he is a Frenchman.

He follows up the remark by stating that the only literary journal in Brussels is a weekly sheet called "*The Artiste*." Has he never seen or heard of "*Le National*," the Edinburgh Review of Belgium, the opposition journal, supported by the greatest names and first men of the country, Devaux and Lebeau being the editors, two men of unquestionably the widest range of information and most accurate reasoners that modern Belgium has produced,

He stigmatizes the daily press as being absolutely contemptible. It is so; and but for this fact, the articles which figure as leaders in the accredited paper of the government, "*L'Independent*," might demand greater attention at the hands of the able individual who acts now as minister at the court of King Leopold. A spirit of insulting hostility to England and the English is the pervading tone of this journal, which never omits

an opportunity to exult at any momentary check to our national prosperity, and to throw an air of ridicule on any customs or habitudes they deem characteristically English.

M. Jobard, the talented editor of "*The Fanal*," is an exception to his compeers. He is a man of considerable information, and writes with elegance and ease; but, generally speaking, the writers for the periodical press in Belgium are the third and fourth rate contributors of Parisian journals, who make up for any deficiency in caustic wit or biting sarcasm, by the greater license of their abuse, and the more virulent tone of their attacks.

Ere we conclude with Mr. Trollope, let us express our sincere regrets at the unhappy specimen he has met with of Belgian ladies. We, too, know something of the country, and certainly it has never been our lot to see the high play he alludes to in society, much less the unscrupulous conduct he speaks of in page 305:—"Cards are usually played ruinously high, *ecarté* being the game almost usually selected, and the most unblushing trickery is practised, especially by the ladies."

We lament deeply that Mr. Trollope's researches into national character should have led him to seek for traits of the people in the only walk, we hope and believe, such habits as these exist—the fact being, that in society, properly so called, no game is played but whist, the stakes invariably a trifle; it is needless to add, that the players are ladies and gentlemen, who remember that they are such.

We have now closed, and have only to express our fears that a really good work on Belgium and its people has yet to be written.



## A DAY AT THE ROCK OF POLIGNAC.

BY LOUISA STEWART COSTELLO.

WE had arrived at the singular town of Le Puy en Velay on a bright day in August, having crossed the mountains of La Chaise Dieu from Thiers, and taken a cross route in order to see the remarkable and wild country which extends for many leagues along that picturesque part of Auvergne.

The hotel we had chosen in the Place du Breuil was a particularly handsome one, and, though our only *chambermaid* was a Spanish boy, who could speak no French, we were tolerably well attended. It is true that we were awakened at a very early hour, as we had been prevented going to sleep overnight by a tremendous clatter of wooden shoes along a passage close to our chamber, and by violent rattling and shaking of a door just at my bed's head; but as this happened regularly every night and morning during our stay, we tried to get used to it, having discovered that there was no remedy, for the linen of the house was kept in a press there, the lock of the door was rusty, the key would not fit, and it required several persons to assist at the opening of it every time articles were wanting out of it. It had never occurred to the bustling mistress, the half dozen garçons, or the master, who was sometimes called up to open this refractory door, that a carpenter or locksmith might have remedied the evil at once; so the nuisance continued, and we were doomed to hear the lamentations of the whole party over the calamity, "*Mais, tenez donc, c'est unique!*"—"*est elle entelée—esta porta!*"—"mais, mon Dieu, c'est ennuyant!"—much to our discomfort.

The summer of 1841 was very wet, and a fine day was an event to be hailed with delight. We therefore saw with pleasure, the morning after our arrival, that the weather promised well, and during our breakfast, we consulted as to our excursion for the day. We agreed that it would be time enough to explore the pyramidal town of Le Puy on an occasion when there was a duller sky, and the coun-

try could be seen to less advantage. Tempting as it seemed to our eyes from the great *place* without the walls, where we were situated, we consequently determined to defer the enjoyment of climbing up its almost perpendicular streets to the cathedral which crowned the whole. While we were deliberating as to whether it would be well to visit the Cascade de la Raume, at Solignac-sur-Loire, or the grottos of Chaudeyrolls, or the natural temples of Arlempdes, or the curiosities of Yssengeaux; whether we should walk to the village of Vals, hard by, or make discoveries at the chateau of Charles VII. at Espaly, our handsome landlady made her appearance, and peremptorily decided the question.

"Of course, ladies," said she, "you will stay here some time, and we shall find amusement for you from day to day. No place is better off than Le Puy for sights, and nothing delights my husband more than showing them. He is a capital guide, and devotes himself to our travellers, particularly the ladies. You have only to name your hour; he has nothing to do to-day, and is quite at your service."

"We can have a carriage, then, and a good horse?" was our inquiry.

"Certainly; my husband will see to that. I recommend you to take advantage of the fine day—there will be no rain. Of course, the first thing you do will be to go to Polignac;—every one goes to Polignac directly they come. There is not such a castle in France—perhaps not in the world. The road is excellent, except just a little bit, which is rather rough. I will order a carriage out for you, and tell M. Mouillard to be ready in half an hour. You can take your sketch-book, for there is plenty to make a picture."

We did not hesitate to accept her offer; but as we knew by experience, half an hour in France means twice as long, we strolled out into the pretty circular promenade, opposite the great square, which is planted with young

trees, neatly kept, and, with its background of graceful mountains, is peculiarly attractive. From hence the town is seen to great advantage; tiers of houses, one above another, rise in a pyramid, with the cathedral towers above, and a ragged dark rock, called Mont Corneille, higher still, where totter the ruins of the ancient castle, threatening to crush the buildings immediately beneath. The trees of the garden of the seminaire above, and others, which appear at the base of the town, give a charming relief to its otherwise stony aspect. And at a distance, nothing can be more beautiful and curious than Le Puy and its satellite, the neighbouring and similarly-formed rock of Aiguille, surmounted, at its highest point, by the mysterious chapel of St. Michel, erected on the very spot where the archangel placed his foot.

We sat down to admire this view, on a bench, by the side of a young and pretty girl, who was working and taking care at the same time of a beautiful, but very impatient child, and we soon entered into conversation. To our inquiries, if the child belonged to her, she answered that she was only its attendant, in so sad a tone that we felt interested and surprised that one so young should be so little joyous.

"You are English, ladies?" said she. "I should like to go with you to your country, for I am fond of travelling, and long very much to do so; but if I ever do, it will be to a different part of the world."

"Why do you suppose so?" I asked.

"Because I wish to follow my poor mother and my brother, of course," said she.

"And where are they gone?"

"To Africa. My brother is one of the best young men that ever breathed, and he is gone as cook in a gentleman's family who have left Le Puy to settle at Algiers. We cried very much when he went—my mother, my little sister, and I; but *le bon Dieu* is sure to take care of him, if he goes on as well as he always did at home; for he worked to support us all more than his strength would almost allow. This was such a good situation that he could not refuse it; and it turned out so well that he sent money home for my mother to go out to him; for she can get a good living there, in the

same family, who are very kind to him. So she provided for us two, my sister Louise and myself, and is gone."

"And how are you both provided for?"

"Oh, Louise is with the *bonnes Sœurs de la Misericorde*, where she is very happy, and gains a good deal by embroidery, which she does beautifully. I can work, as you see," and she showed us some lace work she was doing, "but nothing like Louise—she is a genius, and can do any thing with her fingers! The ladies of Le Puy, who respected my mother very much, and have employed her ever since she was a widow, all subscribed to pay a pension for Louise, and to buy clothes for us all. I am servant with a very good lady—she is a little impatient, like the baby, but every body has something, and I never contradict or argue with her, so we go on very well. My mother wrote to us. We got her letter a day or two ago. She is very well and prosperous, and thinks in two years we may go out to her. It is all Louise and I wish for in the world. How happy we shall be then! I may see my sister every week for an hour, alone; and then we have such talk! She tells me all her secrets, and I tell her mine. You know one always has little things to say, which no one can understand out of one's own family; and one does not like to tell other people all one feels—so it is such a comfort to us both. I am sometimes very sad, as I sit here, taking care of the baby, all alone, but I think how *le bon Dieu* has protected us all, and I look forward to the time when we shall all be together at Algiers, and then I feel quite happy again."

We took leave of Marie with many good wishes, and left her to her pleasing visions of Africa and her mother, as we judged that our carriage was ready.

On reaching the court-yard of the hotel du Palais Royal, we found our hostess busy giving directions, our host whip in hand, and a fine strong horse being placed in a very handsome open carriage, capable of holding two persons comfortably. We were a little startled when we found that our landlord, a particularly portly man, good-looking, good-humoured, and with rather a military air, was to

form a third in the vehicle. His wife's admonitions, delivered in rather an under-tone, seemed regarded by him in the manner that such "sage advices" are usually received by husbands, as, fixing himself in his bodkin-seat, and desiring us to take *plenty of room*, he drove us out of the yard.

We went briskly along the wide open street which serves as a boulevard, occupying the place where ramparts formerly defended the town, and, leaving the rock of Aiguille on our right, passed the fine old church of St. Laurent, which contains the tomb and effigy, in full armour, of the great constable Du Guesclin.

This circumstance our host did not fail to name: "We will go and see all these curiosities together," said he. "I will take you to the cathedral, and we will climb up to the top of Cornaille—only we need not tell my wife,

or she would scold. Not that there is any danger. I have been up often, and can help you up to the very pinnacle, where you will have such a view! We will not stop now for Mesire Bertrand, but his tomb is worth seeing; he was a fine fellow, and had a great devotion to Notre Dame du Puy, in those days when religion was the fashion, and desired that his ashes should rest here, though his heart was placed in his wife's tomb, in Brittany, they say."

We delighted him by assuring him that we had seen the monument at Dinan, where the heart of the great warrior lay beside his Tiphaine; he laughed and exclaimed:—

*"Mais c'est drôle, vous autres Anglaises, vous avez tout vues!"*

He then began to sing the famous old Breton ballad, the words of which may be thus translated:—

**"FILEZ! FEMMES DE LA BRETAGNE!"**

The Black Prince came with many a lance,  
And Henry's troops before him fled;  
For in Navarre his bands advance,  
And captive is Du Guesclin led.  
Spin well! ye dames of Brittany;—  
Spin well! spin all! your distaffs ply,  
And to the prayers of France and Spain  
Bertrand du Guesclin give again.

The Black Prince knows not hate or fear.  
He said: "Sir Bertrand, thou art free!  
Name but a ransom—be of cheer—  
And pay it when thou wilt to me."  
Spin well, ye dames, &c.

The Breton hero smiled and said:  
"Brave Prince! whose soul is great and high,  
A hundred thousand crowns, well paid,  
Shall purchase Bertrand's liberty.  
Spin well, ye dames, &c.

"Once more may Henry wear his crown,  
And soon shall I my ransom bring,  
To Breton's dames, of fair renown,  
If Bertrand do but say or sing:  
Spin well! ye dames of Brittany;  
Spin well! spin all! your distaffs ply,  
And to the prayers of France and Spain  
Bertrand du Guesclin give again!"

We mounted the high long hill which leads from the town by an excellent, though remarkably steep road, bordered with octagonal posts, formed of sections of basaltic rock, which have a singular effect. On one side of us rose a perpendicular rock,

orange, crimson, and grey, marked in that peculiar manner common to the basaltic blocks in Auvergne, giving the richest colours to the scene, as if expressly for the benefit of the artist. At the foot of the mountain, on the other side, extended the emerald

"Valley of the Three Rivers," whose small silver streams glittered along their rugged bed, on the large stones of which clothes *lay drying*. Beyond the vale rose proudly the strange rocks, called *Les Orgues d'Espuly*; whose prisms, piled in fantastic and irregular masses, resemble in some parts a battery, with the mouths of innumerable cannon pointing towards the beholder: between their ranges floods of red and black lava appear to have poured down, leaving fiery stains on the surface.

We had, after reaching the level, proceeded gaily along the magnificent road, every moment exclaiming at the splendid views which opened upon us, greatly to the enjoyment of our host, who "was vaunt-y" of his own country. We watched eagerly for the moment when the fine rock of Polignac should suddenly burst upon our sight, for we had already caught glimpses of it in approaching Le Puy, on our first arrival: nor had we long to wait, for presently, at a turn, the veiling wall of rock ceased, and the great plain was discovered, where, rising from the midst, the huge black mass of the peak of The Oracle of Apollo came before us, attended by its dark red companion, like a giant and his squire, standing in the path to intercept passengers.

We paused a moment to gaze at the grim apparition, now enlightened by the rays of a bright sun, which struck upon its towers and pinnacles, and made every nook visible. The village lay crouched close at its foot, the church hung half-way up the steep, and the dark castle-walls formed a rude diadem on its brow.

Directing his horse's head down a sort of ravine, M. Mouillard exclaimed, laughing, "Sit fast, ladies—this is our road, and a rough one it is!"

As he spoke, we plunged down a declivity with a shock which threatened to dislocate our every bone: we remonstrated that to descend into this quarry could not be the only way to arrive at the chateau.

"There has never been any other," said he; "and accidents very rarely occur if one is careful—my horse is used to it, and so am I."

Obliged to be content, we jumbled on, and found our host had not too much boasted of his steed, for it picked its way wonderfully amongst irregu-

larities which seemed to us insurmountable. The hand of man appeared to have had no part in this road, which must have been originally formed by the eruption of a mountain torrent; but such as it was, we saw no other path, and were forced to follow it, between rude stone fences erected on each side as enclosures to some ill-cultivated stony ground. At length we came to a broad flat of slippery flint, and found that to remain in the carriage was almost certain destruction, we therefore, amidst the expostulations and laughter of our gay host, insisted on alighting, and he consented to do the same, leading the horse down the steep hill which led to the valley. We could not but congratulate ourselves on our escape, as we observed the vehicle tossing and tumbling before us like a boat on a stormy sea, and saw the efforts of our host to keep his horse from falling, not to mention the broken glass from one of the windows which had been dropping in pieces on my lap all the way, at every fresh jolt, however lightly the fact had been noticed by our *insouciant* driver.

When about half way down the ravine it was discovered that M. Mouillard had lost his whip; I volunteered to run back for it, and arrived at the place where it had fallen just as a pretty young peasant girl, in a geranium-coloured apron and little flat black hat, had picked it up, and came running towards me with it, showing her white teeth, and uttering exclamations in *patois*, which our host understood and seemed amused at, though they were unintelligible to us.

We floundered along in the sun in this way for nearly a mile, till the valley was gained, and then resuming our seats, commenced the ascent of the mountain on which the castle stands. Winding along a less difficult pass we came to a curious antique cross, very like those usual in Brittany, and looked upon as Celtic remains; and from thence we reached the pretty Norman-looking church, which is perched on a projection of the rock, overlooking the vale beneath. This was as high as a carriage could ascend, accordingly, while our host consigned his horse to the charge of a family of peasants who took care of the ruins, we wandered about the pretty church-yard, and admired its circular and zigzagged arches and the mosaic ornaments of its façade.

The sky was blue and cloudless, the grass filled with flowers, a soft breeze—all fragrance—waving the boughs of the trees, and swift and shining lizards darting along the mossy walls where we sat, while glittering butterflies and humming bees flitted round us. A chain of high mountains hemmed in the prospect. The entrance to the castle was before us, but there were no longer gates or defences as of yore; heaps of ruined walls, covered with weeds, shrubs, and luxuriant ivy, had usurped their place; towers rose irregularly from point to point, and the gigantic keep peered over the rest in dark and frowning majesty.

We climbed the slippery ascent of velvet turf for some time, and then sat down under the walls of a monstrous tower in a court where now grew enormous trees which threw their grateful shade over the spot. A low arch at one side conducted to an inner court higher up, through which the sunlight streamed. Our host professed himself perfectly comfortable, as he seated himself on the bank and began conversing.

"We need not tire ourselves," said he; "we have the whole day before us, and I have ordered you some fine *saumon du Loire* at your dinner when you return. It is very good, and you will like it. But when we have seen the ruins we will go to my cousin's, who is the poor woman below there, and have some of her brown bread and milk. I never enjoy any thing like that, and always recommend it when I bring strangers here. She is not well to do, poor thing, but is an honest woman and I like to serve her; and please myself at the same time. Pleasant, as is this place now, it is the scene of a sad tragedy, which you would hardly suppose to see how tranquil and pretty every thing looks."

As we saw he wished to tell us the story and had some inclination to hear it, we begged M. Mouillard to indulge our curiosity.

"Poor Emile!" said he; "he was a promising young artist—I got him several sitters, and he did my wife's portrait and my own, which you shall see in our room at home. He would, no doubt, have got on well in his profession if he had given himself time, but just at the beginning he unluckily fell in love with a very pretty young girl at Le Puy, who was an orphan,

and lived by working at her needle. You never saw such a pretty little foot as she had, and he was never weary of praising it. As they had neither of them any thing, and his family was proud, they would not hear of his marrying her. They were quite young enough to have waited a year or two, but young folks are so impatient. They agreed to make, each of them, a last appeal to their relations, and if they were refused, had fixed on a means of escaping from their tyranny. All their eloquence could not soften the obduracy of the old people, who knew that nothing but hardships and poverty were before them if they took such a step. They appeared therefore to be content. Emile went on with his drawing, though he got but little employment, and Julie worked with a heavy heart, and began to grow pale and look sad enough. It was on the Fete of Notre Dame du Puy, just at this time, when they both got a holyday, and came out to Polignac, as many do, to spend the day together. They sat under this tower—just where we are sitting—and several parties passing by remarked them talking earnestly, when all on a sudden, the echoes of these old towers were startled by the report of a pistol, and immediately afterwards another. Some of the visitors ran down from the heights, and there they found the lovers lying side by side—both dead. Emile had shot his poor Julie through the head and himself afterwards.

"I am told these things often happen in England, so it will not so much surprise you; and yet it is very odd, all the English I have ever seen are cheerful, happy people. We have had many at our hotel—and the ladies are all so handsome—not but what we are famous at Le Puy for beauty, as you may have observed."

Not sorry to forget the story of the lovers, we were glad when our volatile host had passed to another subject. We commended the beauty of his wife, who was a magnificent specimen of Puy beauty.

"Oh, she is a Burgundian, from Maçon," said he, "where they wear smaller hats, even more *gentil*, than they do here: she will show you one she brought back on her last visit to her relations. We take it by turns every year or two—she goes home to her friends for a few weeks, and I take



a little trip *pour me désennuyer*; last year I went to Lyons and Marseilles—where I recommend you to go; there you will see a beautiful country, different from this, and very well to see after it, though we have features here to be found nowhere else in the world. For geology no place approaches us—all the men of science in Europe declare we are the richest any where. Your Professor Lyall was here some time back with his family. How he did enjoy himself roaming about the mountains with his hammer! He lived upon tea only, and was out from daybreak till sunset—almost wild with delight at what he found. He said Le Velay was a mine of treasure. I can show you some precious stones which I found myself in the bed of one of our rivers—they are called *zircons*—and my wife wears a ring made of one. The common people think they are cut into their regular shape by the fairies, and say they may be heard at work in the rocks above Espaly on still moonlight nights."

Our talkative guide now conducted us through the postern to the next court, overgrown with shrubs and trees; and we went on, climbing, till we reached a broad plateau, where a little hut was constructed in the walls. We were not a little thankful for a glass of the cold sparkling water, presented us here by a poor woman, who draws it from the castle well, at that immense height. On this spot the enormous castle keep towers in infinite majesty, and at its base is a confused mass of time-worn ruins—walls and chambers, towers and turrets. Through their wide rents and loopholes the distant mountains are seen, as in a frame; and many are the perilous seats, placed under apparently tottering arches, which, nevertheless, have stood the storms of ages. One fearful spot we dreaded to approach, for the stone seat in the embrasure of a window, seemed kept in its place only by a single block, which rested on a crumbling mass beneath; but we were assured it had remained in that state as long as the memory of any one could reach, and was as firm as possible.

Along the interior surface of one hollow tower runs a cornice, to climb to which is the great ambition of adventurous travellers, who frequent

these ruins; and the feat is one of extreme peril. M. Mouillard, in spite of the bulk of his person, was half inclined to convince us it was not difficult; but the timely recollection of a vow, made to his wife, (of whom he evidently stood in awe,) relieved us from our anxiety on the subject.

The young Prince Esterhazy, by his account, not having any such salutary check, it appears accomplished the whole tour, with infinite agility, much to the admiration of an assembled party of gay friends, who came here, invited by the young Vicomte Armand de Polignac, to a *fête champêtre*, only a month before the three glorious days of 1830 deprived him and his father for ever of their French possessions.

We enjoyed the splendid panorama spread out before us, from this stupendous height, as we sat for an hour in the shade of the ruins, on a projecting portion of the buildings, and many were the nooks and corners into which we ventured. We did not fail to peep down the huge well, from whence once came the Oracle of Apollo; for above this rose the temple of the god. The huge stone mask, carved on a stone which is said to have covered the mouth of this enormous opening, lies in a shed hard by. But all these wonders I have described elsewhere, in speaking more at large on the subject.

From this commanding height, the tyrants of Le Velay for centuries looked down on the surrounding country, and sallied forth, when they saw fit, to overwhelm all that opposed them. How strange, that of their power, their pride, and their grandeur, nothing is left but these mouldering ruins, on this barren rock, and that late circumstances should even have deprived the last descendants of the mighty line of Polignac of the few stones which excite the wonder of the passing traveller!

Our promised repast, at the foot of the lower tower, was an extremely agreeable episode in our day's adventure; and we took our seats, under the shade of trees, at a wooden table, with much satisfaction, while the cousin of our host bustled about to bring us refreshment. A loaf of gigantic size, of very dark rye bread, was divided for us, and enormous earthen

bowls of new milk paraded before us ; as if we really intended to exhaust the whole dairy of the good woman, whose pretty, sunburnt, shy children, stood at a distance, looking on, while she remained conversing, in Auvergnat *patois*, to her relation, who was doing the most ample justice to her good cheer, and seemed an especial favourite with the whole party.

We judged by his looks that we were the theme of inquiry ; and at an exclamation of the woman, which elicited his hearty laugh, we begged to know what she was saying :—

“ She says,” said he, “ in her *patois*, that madame (glancing at my companion) has a hand as white as the skin of the Blessed Virgin herself ! We are not used to English complexions here, though her children are fair enough, too, only that the sun has burnt them to a cinder.”

We left our hospitable entertainer, charmed with a few francs with which we rewarded her, and the little russet babes equally so with some sous we put into their dark hands ; and, declining to venture down the steep in our carriage, we went on in advance, while M. Mouillard finished his bowl, almost as large as that “ duly set ” for the hairy fiend who had threshed the corn—

“ Which ten day-labourers could not end.”

We rejoiced that we had chosen a pedestrian descent, when we saw, floundering behind us, coming from the farm, a waggon, drawn by bullocks, in a path scarcely wide enough for two vehicles to pass. We retreated to an opening, where stood the curious cross I have mentioned, while the train passed by ; and our walk was long, and somewhat fatiguing, till we again thought it safe to mount.

Our dinner, of Loire salmon, considered a great delicacy, was not forgotten on our return to the hotel, nor did M. Mouillard forget to present us with some *zircon*, as a souvenir of Le Puy. They are crystals of a fine crimson colour, formed in the volcanic rocks by the action of the fire once within them, and are really brilliant and pretty. We were also favoured

with a view of the portraits done by the unfortunate lover, which possessed considerable merit.

We found our hostess in some tribulation at the sudden illness of one of her children, who was in bed, crying with the head-ache. We recommended a little dose ; but were told, that they had never taken any medicine in their lives, and never meant to do so. I offered my salts for the boy to smell to, but found, by the trial M. Mouillard himself had made of their properties, that he considered them little less than murderous. The mother, however, anxious to procure some relief to her suffering child, persuaded him to inhale them, but the tremendous scream which followed, almost startled them all out of their wits. As, however, he felt better after the application, the bottle was gratefully accepted, and locked up by the mother, with great reverence, in case of future necessity.

We were greatly amused at all this simplicity and childlike conduct, as well as pleased with the extreme good humour and wish to oblige manifested during our stay at Le Puy ; and it deserves to be told, as a phenomenon in inn-keeping annals, that on our requesting to know what we had to pay for all our excursions, and the time of M. Mouillard, he altogether refused to be paid a sous.

“ *Mon Dieu !* ” said he, “ it is a thing unheard of ! To wish to pay for that which gave me so much pleasure ! I always take all my visitors out this way, and if they are pleased I am satisfied. As for the horse, it is a good one, and my own ; the carriage is just as it comes ; I take whatever I find in my stable, provided it is not wanted by the owner on that day.”

This manner of arrangement we could not dissent from, and the only means of returning his civility we could think of was, by making his wife happy by the present of a shawl, of English manufacture, which we fortunately found amongst our baggage.

Whatever traveller happens to pass through Le Puy, on their way to or from the south of France, we cannot do better than recommend him to the care of the hospitable famille Mouillard, at the hotel du Palais Royal.

## IRISH CHARACTER.—BY AN ANGLO-HIBERNIAN.

PREFIXED to the new edition, now in course of publication, of Mr. Carleton's truthful and graphic stories of the Irish peasantry, there are some remarks upon Irish character, which may, usefully perhaps, be made the subject of further consideration. Of the excellence of Mr. Carleton's stories, no one who is thoroughly acquainted with Ireland can doubt.\* In no other book will be found such minute and faithful—sometimes painfully faithful—portraits of the habits and strange humours of the Irish peasantry. To the new and illustrated edition, now publishing in monthly numbers, he prefixes the essay to which reference has already been made, because, as he states, "it will naturally be expected upon a new issue of works which may be said to treat exclusively of a people who form such an important and interesting portion of the empire as the Irish peasantry do, that the author should endeavour to prepare the minds of his readers—especially those of the English and Scotch—for understanding more clearly their general character, habits of thought, and modes of feeling, as they exist and are depicted in the subsequent volumes." Having stated this design, Mr. Carleton scarcely allows himself sufficient scope to carry it out, and the result is—as in so many cases where Irishmen undertake to write of Irish character—that he gives us rather a vindication than a statement—rather an eulogium than an analysis.

I really know not why this should be; for even a patriot may afford to admit the dark and unfavourable spots in Irish character, since he may so easily restore the brightness of the picture, without in the least violating veracity. Mr. Carleton is displeased with the crowd of writers who have introduced Irish character, because they have so frequently chosen to re-

present it as full of blunders and burlesque. Very possibly this may have led to a generally-erroneous impression among the English vulgar, who, being somewhat dull and heavy in themselves, are glad to find any thing lively and laughable in others, though they are at the same time ungrateful for the amusement afforded them, and certainly do not regard those who have been in this way their benefactors, with much respect. But educated Englishmen and Scotchmen are not generally unconscious of the better parts of Irish character, nor unwilling to acknowledge them. They know that the writers for the stage, who are chiefly those that have represented Irish personages in an exclusively burlesque aspect, had no serious object of developing national character. Their aim was merely to amuse the audience of a theatre, and they picked out that part of Irish character which was most likely to provoke a laugh. No doubt there is so much more of the odd and humorous in the Irish than in the English or Scotch, that an author seeking materials for mirth, might naturally turn to the richest mine, not troubling himself to seek the serious passion and the melting pathos, which he would have found as easily had that been his object.

As I think that one may tell the truth about *Irish character* without being immoral,† it is intended, in a few pages following, to set down in no very methodical manner, the results of some thought and various reading, bearing upon this really curious subject.

Some philosopher—I don't remember the name—has described man as a bundle of contradictions. This is more true in Ireland than in any other country under the sun. Another philosopher, whose name or names I do recollect—to wit, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, says that if man is not rising

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\* *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.* By William Carleton. A new edition with Introductory Preface and Notes by the Author. 8vo. Dublin: 1842.

† "But now I'm going to be immoral; now I mean to show things really as they are, Not as they ought to be."—LORD BYRON.

upwards to be an angel, he is assuredly sinking downwards to be a devil. He ought to have said, (saving his favour,) that if an *Irish* man is not rising upwards, &c. The dictum is specially true in Ireland; but it is only in an abstract and high-flying philosophical sense, that it can be said to be true in Great Britain. At all events this may be said—that whereas in Britain men are uniformly good, or uniformly bad, or uniformly a sort of hum-drum something, between good and bad, in Ireland no such uniformity must be looked for. The same man is an angel to-day, or that way tending, and a devil to-morrow, or *that* way tending. Nay, in the morning he will, perhaps, be engaged in doing that which no man could do, unless he were generous, affectionate, and gentle; but the shadows of night fall not more darkly upon the earth than upon his soul, and he will then exhibit himself a very demon of revenge and cruel ferocity. This is what makes the great peculiarity of Irish character—its want of uniformity—its exhibition of opposites in the same individual or multitude. In English people generally the good and evil principle are not existing separately—now leading a man one way, and now another. They have united together, and formed a new homogeneous, somewhat selfish and formal, but prudent, punctual, and, upon the whole, respectable. It is not a mingling of the good and bad in irregular veins and streaks, as when two metals having no chemical affinity are fused together. It is rather like that chemical combination of an acid and an alkali, the result of which is not a mixture, but an entirely new substance—a *neutral* salt. But such combination of bad and good, and such neutral formation as its results, does not take place in the ordinary Irish character. The good and the bad are there, each acting by turns, with its own full unmitigated vigour, and the same individual, Pat, (I say nothing of Sheelah,) is angelic, or devilish, as the one spirit or other happens to rule. While you are admiring the wings of Paradise, they fade away before your sight, and haply the hoof and horn of the fiend reveal themselves!

This it is which makes the Irish so difficult to be understood—a difficulty which I think is often alluded to by the brilliant and joyous Harry Lorrequer, who understands the whole matter so well himself, and which Inglis with some *naïveté* acknowledges, when he says, that “during his journey through Ireland he found *more to correct in his previous impressions and opinions*, than in any journey he ever made through any other country.” And again he says, that when he was in Ireland “he was every where informed that it is a country *difficult to know*; that in case of attempting to glean opinions on all hands, their contrariety would bewilder him, or that if in endeavouring to avoid this cause of wilderment, his inquiries took a more limited range, it would in that case be difficult, if not impossible, to escape the influence of the peculiar opinions of those amongst whom he might be thrown.”\*

Inglis was here alluding in some degree to politics, or to matters connected with political considerations; but the difficulty of understanding the Irish belongs to every thing which passion, feeling, and an acute reasoning power can place in different and opposite positions. For all these agencies are in constant operation; and the same individual reasons fairly one hour, the next allows his mind to run riot under the influence of passion, and the next again he is swept away by the tide of feeling into the land of pathos, and he sheds tears with almost feminine weakness.

Even the above disposition leads them to speak most favourably when speaking in general terms of the Irish, but they no sooner come into details than they seem to contradict themselves, by stating something which is altogether at variance with general good character. Thus O'Driscol, after an eulogium, which tasks the utmost powers of his florid eloquence, upon Ireland and the Irish, admits that “there is an evil spirit in the lower classes of the people, and an intractable obstinacy; and there is often a want of sufficient zeal for the task they have undertaken amongst those who would moralise and improve them.”† But

\* Inglis's Ireland. Vol. i pp. 2, 3.

† Views of Ireland, by John O'Driscol—vol. i. p. 30.

he adds that this spirit was not *originally* evil, which may be discerned from this, that "it is accompanied even in its fallen state by virtues of such high character as never consort with what is decidedly and naturally wicked—kindness, generosity, good-humour, fidelity, and goodness of heart." And again he urges that the *original* good character of this now evil spirit may be seen in those of the same race who possess the advantages of cultivation, and who "having been redeemed from the ruin which had fallen upon their less fortunate countrymen, escaped the fearful perversion of their fine qualities." O'Driscol then allows the dark spots in the character of his countrymen; but his theory is that they are altogether the result of the ill usage they have received. All the evil in their character he regards as perverted good. That which *was* high and heroic devotedness, has now, as he views it, fallen to something so bad, that "men may be incredulous that it ever could have been engaged in a good cause; and benevolence itself, wearied and disgusted with an *obstinacy which no kindness can conciliate or perseverance subdue*, may turn away in despair, as from something which God and nature had cursed with an impracticable obduracy." This is about as strong an example of a mind dwelling over the inveterateness of bad habits, and lamenting their hopelessness, as could be met with in the pages of writers most hostile to Ireland.

O'Driscol's gallantry will not allow him to say any thing against his countrywomen; but in praising them, by contrast, he lets out his strong opinion of the deep shades of badness which exist even in the Irish heart. In the women of Ireland, he tells us, we discern "the kindness and goodness of the Irish heart, without its depravity; its faithfulness and devotedness, without its fierceness."

O'Driscol was a Whig patriot of the Lansdowne school, and his disparaging admissions apply, of course, to the lower classes of the people. The famous J. K. L., who was a Romanist bishop and a Radical, besides being an Irish patriot, does not

say any thing against the common people; but he falls foul of the lesser sort of squires, and to this portion of his countrymen he certainly does not afford the most amiable of characters. I dare say that a great deal of what is said in the following passage has some foundation in truth; but if the persons of whom this mild prelate thus deigns to speak had been as fast friends of the Romish establishment in Ireland as they are generally its boisterous enemies, I have no doubt that with *equal truth* this clever writer could have said as much in the way of praise as he has said in the way of blame.

"But the great mass of our little squires who are called gentry are men of much pride and little property, possessing a few hundred pounds a-year—God knows how acquired; labouring, perhaps, to keep a carriage—if not, to have at least a dog, a horse, and a gun. They are made up of every possible description of persons. I could delineate them accurately and minutely; but I think it better to state, generally, that a great portion of these men are the very curse and scourge of Ireland. They are numerous; they are very ignorant; they are extremely bigoted; they are exceedingly dishonest; they tell all manner of falsehoods, and so frequently as to assume with themselves the appearance of truth. In a word, they could not be entrusted with your honour or your purse, and multitudes of them have no regard for the sanctity of an oath; they are these men who often obtain the commission of the peace, and trade by it; who get all the little perquisites arising from grand jury jobs, who foment discontent, who promote religious animosity, who are most zealous with the saints in distributing tracts and bibles, who are ever ready to attend vestries, to impose taxes, to share in their expenditure, to forward addresses, to pray for the insurrection act, or any other act which might serve to oppress the people, and render permanent their own iniquitous sway."

In this there is no small amount of mere rancour and political enmity; but allow an inconsiderable portion of it to be true, and then add hospitality, generosity, bravery, vivacity, and good humour, and you will have something near the character of the Irish little squire.



Another Irish patriot, the biographer of Lord Charlemont, a more sensible man than O'Driscoll, and much fairer than J.K.L., bears strong testimony to the unruly and contentious spirit of the Irish noble,—that spirit which appeared to make necessary on the part of England the severity of government, with which she has been so often reproached. Speaking of the “great lords,” the descendants of those who shared the land of Ireland, after the invasion of Henry II., Mr. Hardy, says that they were, generally speaking, only known to the sovereign by their *rebellions*; and if they were not found in arms against him, they were certainly to be found in arms against *one another*.\* Century after century, he continues, beheld the Geraldines and Butlers engaged in mutual hostilities. But acquisition of power was not always the sole object of their warfare. Not unfrequently their dissensions, or those of other chieftains, had their most ridiculous origin. The counties of Waterford and Kilkenny were doomed to witness the sad array of Geraldines, Botelers, and Berminghams, against the De Burghs and Le Poers, and to be destroyed by fire and sword, because the Lord Arrol Poer, with the piteous insolence of an unlettered man, had called the Earl of Kildare a rhymer. This miserable quarrel, was only terminated by the interposition of parliament, which was summoned on purpose, says Sir John Davies, to quiet this dissension.

Such are the statements given by favourable witnesses—men, who when speaking generally of the Irish nation and people, employ the warmest terms of panegyric. And though there be some contradiction in this, there is possibly no great departure from accuracy or truth, for the truth of Irish character is a series of contradictions.

Mr. Carleton himself allows a consciousness of this contradictoriness, in respect to the touching beauty of his countrywomen; and when we consider how much the dispositions of the Irish men are dependent upon the smiles or sadness of the more charming part of the creation, it is not surprising that the general conduct of the people

should be contradictory. Speaking of the fictions of Mrs. Hall, Mr. Carleton says—“About the female creations of this lady there is a touching charm, blending the graceful and the pensive, which reminds us of a *very general* but *peculiar* style of Irish beauty, where the lineaments of the face combine at once both the melancholy and the mirthful, in such a manner, that their *harmony* constitutes the *unchangeable*, but ever-varying tenderness of the expression.” This is exceedingly well said, though there are many English readers who would consider it very like a jumble of contradictions in terms. The passage is in truth a happy adaptation of language to the contradictoriness of the thing described; like those artful lines of Pope, in which he breaks from his continuous harmony, into words, of which the sound illustrates the sense of the passage.

Mr. Moore too, of whose poetry Ireland has so much reason to be proud, does not scruple to admit, in plain prose, that the wild transitions of Irish music are but the reflections in sound, as it were, from the variations of Irish character. To Sir John Stevenson, he says:—“The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that *rapid fluctuation of spirit, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music*. Even in their liveliest strains, we find some melancholy note intrude—some minor third, or flat seventh—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting:”† and afterwards in his more elaborate address to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal, he pursues the same vein of thought. “It has been often felt,” he says, “that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency, (contradiction again)—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and

\* Hardy's Life of Charlemont. Second edition, p. 4, vol. i.

† Advertisement prefixed to Irish Melodies, first number.

sadness which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or to forget the wrongs that lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music.\* Mr. Moore seems to share the opinion of Mr. O'Driscoll,—or, perhaps, it should be said that Mr. O'Driscoll borrowed the opinion of Mr. Moore, in attributing the bad features of Irish character to a perversion of good, arising out of political oppression. The poet is bold enough to state, that though much has been said of the antiquity of Irish music, "it is certain that *the finest and most popular* airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century, for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body—*decantare loca dolentia*."

And what impartial critic can look at Mr. Moore's works, as he has lately re-published them, without being conscious of the strong example which he himself affords of a contradictoriness of mental spirit, such as Ireland alone produces. If we turn to the Irish Melodies we find them full of nobleness and grace—the pathos of the poet, and the dignity of the rhetorician—the ardour of a patriotic spirit, expressed with all the refinement, as well as the force, of exquisite lyrical genius! Who but must be proud of such a man! But then again we take up another volume, and we find the "Fudge Family," or some other bundle of petty detractions, expressed in a manner quite as waspish as it is clever. Why should such mean rancour be re-collected, and pushed forward in company with that which does the poet so much honour? The little stinging versicles which were no more than excusable when they first appeared in newspapers or pamphlets, ought to have been allowed to die there. But such is the strange contradictoriness of the Irish mind, that he who conceived all the nobleness of the "Irish Melodies," and all the beauty of the "Fire Worshippers," did not revolt

from the task of re-producing all the paltry personal calumnies which his evil genius had formerly prompted him to write. Oh, that this vile spirit of detraction could be wiped away from the records of Irish genius! But let us listen for a moment to Moore's own delightful strain, and mark how early (when the full tide of freshness was in his heart) the sentiments of Irish variableness occurred to him. It is the third song in the first number of the Melodies:—

"Erin! the tear and the smile in thine  
eyes  
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in  
thy skies!  
Shining through sorrow's stream  
Saddening through pleasure's beam  
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,  
Weep while they rise.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease.  
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall  
increase,  
Till like the rainbows light  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven's sight  
One arch of peace!"

These are exquisite lines; but while reading them my eye has glanced over another page—to the very first song of those Melodies—and as I read it, with the touching air associated as it ever must be to me, my gushing tears alone can speak its praise. And now I would willingly burn the page in which I have presumed to find fault with any thing which the author of the Melodies has written; but justice is justice, so let it go.

Here I am reminded of the dictum of that learned lawyer, Sir John Davies, concerning the Irish, which patriots quote with a just pride. He says very emphatically that "there is no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law, when upon just cause they do desire it."† No doubt this acute person spoke faithfully his own opinion from the experience he had had, which as attorney-general and

\* Address prefixed to No. III. of the Irish Melodies.

† Historical Tracts by Sir John Davies. Edit. 1786, p. 227.

speaker of the Irish House of Commons, must have been considerable. But see how another eminent man reports at the same, or not far from the same, period—I mean Edmund Spenser, the poet, who was secretary to the Deputy, Lord Grey, of Wilton, in Elizabeth's reign, Sir John Davies holding office under her immediate successor, James the First. In the dialogue on the state of Ireland, between Eudoxus and Irenæus, written by Spenser, the latter says—"Now most of the freeholders of that realm are Irish, which, when the cause shall fall betwixt an Englishman and an Irish, or between the queene and any freeholder of that country, they make no more scruple to passe against an Englishman and the queene, though it bee to strayne their oaths, than to drink milke unstrayned," Upon this Mr. *Eudoxus* remarks in the following emphatic manner:—"But doth many of that people (say you) make no more conscience to perjure themselves in their verdicts, and damne their soules?" To this interrogatory *Irenæus* answers in a way that certainly does not particularly harmonize with the statement of Sir John Davies, that the Irish so delight in justice, and will rest satisfied with it, though it be against themselves. "Not only soe," says he, "in their verdicts, but also in all other dealings, especially with the English, they are most wilfully bent, for thoe they will not seeme manifestly to doe it, yet will some one or other subtle-headed fellow amongst them put some quirke, or devise some evasion, whereof the rest will likely take hold, and suffer themselves easily to be led by him to that themselves desired. For in the most apparent matter that may bee, the least question or doubt that may bee moved will make a stoppe unto them, and put them quite out of the way. Besides, that of themselves (for the most part) they are so cautelous and wylie-headed, especially being men of so small experience and practice in law matters, that you would wonder whence they borrow such subtiltyes and slye shifts."\* I doubt not that men who go the assize, and others who, at this day, have opportunities of ob-

serving the Irish character, as developed in suits and litigated quarrels, will be as much inclined to side with the less favourable account of Spenser, as with the more favourable of Sir John Davies.

It seems to me that there is a great deal of short-sightedness, and not very wise theorizing, in Inglis's volumes on Ireland; but many matters of fact he relates with a simplicity which is very favourable to truth. In one place he tells us:—"In a cottage, without a chimney or windows, or a particle of furniture, excepting two broken stools, I found an old infirm man at his breakfast of potatoes and salt. This man was able to work but little, and was supported almost solely by going about the country begging of the farmers: *he offered me a potato*, which I accepted, and I gave him in return—what I advise every traveller in Ireland to carry with him—a little tobacco."†

This incident of the offering a potato is purely Irish, and very touching. It is a beautiful gleam of the spirit of the gentleman, shining through the poverty and rags of this old beggarman. Possibly he was the descendant of some prince, and received his handful of meal or potatoes from the farmers of the district, as his ancestors had received their tribute. But what can be more genuine hospitality than that of the poor man offering a share of such as he had, though himself but a poor beggarman, subsisting on the humblest of humble fare. It was worthy of a contemplative philosopher. Yet this man, I doubt not, had his history been inquired into, would have been found to have "assisted," as the French say, in his more youthful days, at the shooting of sundry tithe proctors; probably he had fractured several skulls in faction fights, and when an opportunity occurred of drinking whiskey, had done many things which in England would have been looked upon as extremely savage.

O'Driscoll states truly enough, in his declamatory style, that the materials of the Irish character "are not the fittest for the ordinary business of life; they belong to its *great occasions*. War, politics, poetry, philosophy, are

\* Spenser's View of the State of Ireland. Dublin edition. 1809.

† Inglis. Vol. i. p. 59.

accordingly the subjects which chiefly attract Irish ambition, rather than the more safe and profitable pursuits of trade. Hence much of the disease called Irish pride—a distaste for little things, and a longing after such objects as by their grandeur and importance furnish food *for the imagination*, and fill a mind which has travelled out of itself and its little concerns, and made another home in its wide speculations.\* This theory finds its illustration in the magnificent canals and docks, harbours and custom-houses, of Ireland, which indeed fill the imagination, but fills no one's pocket, and are themselves empty and falling to decay. And yet it is true also, (more contradiction!) that the most successful traders of Ireland are cunning, bustling, ready-witted people, who work in a small way in country towns. There is a taste for great designs; but trade in a great way is not carried on. When accumulation arrives at a certain point, instead of inciting men to still greater commercial operations, as in England, it excites to fine buildings, carriages, horses, and prodigious ostentation. But there are other and more homely reasons, besides that of a too lofty and imaginative turn of mind, for the Irish not being specially qualified for business. In such matters nothing is more necessary than punctuality, and strict attention to promises, especially when made upon stamped paper. Now, there is a mnemonical phenomenon very often exhibited in the Irish mind, which is this—that while other things will remain perfectly clear in the memory, promises to pay on a certain day do not. This is a serious hindrance to the carrying on of business in a satisfactory manner, and until some professor shall teach the Irish people, especially people of genius, to cure this defective peculiarity in the organ of memory, their success in many laudable pursuits of gain must be pronounced doubtful.

Ingles—with the utmost ingratitude for the excellent feeding which was placed before him by all sorts and conditions of men in Cork—very broadly insinuates that there, and elsewhere, there is a disposition towards improvidence and display, which is unfavourable to

the pursuits of business. I have laughed heartily at the quiet simplicity with which the poor little Scotchman pours forth his lamentation upon these matters. "The passion for country houses," quoth he, "I have already spoken of; but there are other passions that trench upon both industry and economy—particularly the passion for horses and hunting, which indeed is not confined to Cork, but is observable in every part of Ireland where I have yet been. Six packs of hounds are kept in the neighbourhood of Cork, and everybody hunts who can possibly contrive to keep a horse: nor is the indulgence of this passion looked upon as at all inconsistent with business. The young merchant may, without any imputation on his business habits, mount his hunter at the door of his counting-house. This is very different from our English commercial habits." No doubt, this love of horse-flesh, and of scampering over fields, hedges, ditches, five-barred gates, and six-foot stone walls, is not perfectly consistent with the Italian method of book-keeping by double entry. Every book is likely to be a waste book on the days the hounds are out; and no leger is found so interesting as the St. Leger at Doncaster. I remember me of a grave man, with an elaborately-powdered head, who was chief clerk to a London banker, and was sent over to Dublin to see after some securities upon which it was proposed to borrow money. Arrived in Dublin, his first call was upon the solicitor who held the documents, and was to explain them. He wished to come to business at once; but the man of law begged he would come to dinner. The Londoner thought that the solicitor merely wished for a few hours' time to look into the papers, and that he would set to the business after dinner, as London lawyers are wont to do. He found, however, at six o'clock, that there was a dinner party, and that business was wholly out of the question. The party he found pleasant, but rather odd, 'and out of his line:' so he got away as early as he could, first asking what time next day he could enter upon his business. "Oh, any time," said his host: "come in the

morning—come early—come to breakfast.” “No,” said the Londoner, “I never go out before breakfast; but I shall breakfast early, and be with you soon after.” The next day, shortly after nine A.M., he was at the solicitor, not a thousand miles from St. Stephen’s-green. “Mr. W. is at home, I presume?” “No, sir; he’s out.” “Indeed!—will he be long?” “It’s hard to say, sir; he’s gone to try a young horse, and said he’d be back to breakfast.” “And when will that be?” “Faith, sir, that very much depends upon the young horse.” The Londoner returned to his hotel, and thence returned to London in disgust, protesting that it was impossible to do business in Ireland.

No doubt, the common vulgar notion in England concerning the Irish is, that they are a wild, rollicking, harum-scarum set of people—exceedingly fond of fun and fighting, and kicking up a row. And this perhaps is not a very erroneous view of the *public* character of the lower orders of Irish, especially in the great English towns. But that which is much more extraordinary and interesting, and not less true, in the character of the Irish peasantry is, their patience and resignation in the midst of such misery and desolate distress as would almost drive an Englishman mad. I believe it is true that in times of famine many of the poor people “die, and make no sign.” Deep mournful dejection takes possession of them—the fierceness which possesses them in more plenteous times passes away—crossing their hands upon their breasts, they submit to the agony of hunger as the will of God, and then sink down, and are no more. An author of much sensibility who wrote from the “far west” ascribes this in some degree to a spirit of indolence inherent in their disposition. Speaking of the comforts which a little more active industry on the part of the peasantry of the west coast might obtain for them, this writer says—“‘sure it was too much trouble entirely,’ reconciles them to the smoke which darkens their little cabin, and the rain that patters through the unthatched roof; and the same feeling inclines them to lie down and die, when Providence has blasted their

potato crop, and deprived them of the fruit of their labours. Hard as was the task, it was sometimes necessary to refuse that relief which could not be extended to all in full proportion to their wants; but *never was the refusal met with a murmur or a reproach*. On one occasion, ‘God help us!’ was the answer of the poor man with an expressive movement of his shoulders, ‘God help us, then, for if your honour can do nothing for us there is no one that can.’ There is something peculiarly touching in this submissive patience; and clamorous and reiterated supplication is much more easily repulsed than the ‘God bless you; sure it can’t be helped then.’”  
The same writer then comes to a more specific instance of this patience in the following narrative:—“I went yesterday to see a woman who had been lately confined of her seventh child. I found her in what you would call the lowest ebb of distress; but still she uttered no complaint, and the prevailing expression of her countenance was contentment even to a striking degree. Her cabin was without a window, the holes in the door were filled with rain-water, and of the two opposite doors one was open to give light to the room, the other off its hinges rested against the framework, and but partially protected the woman from the effects of a thorough draught of air. It was impossible not to recollect the comforts with which even the meanest of your English cottagers are surrounded at this trying moment, and to compare them with the privations endured uncomplainingly by this poor creature. Her scanty bed of straw was spread upon the damp floor; a single blanket her only covering, while her head was literally supported by a block of wood. Yet she asked for nothing; and her eyes glistened with tears of gratitude while she thanked us with a profusion of blessing for the trifling assistance she had received. ‘Indeed then I was loth to be troubling your honour after all you have done for me and mine,’ was her reply when I reproved her for not having sooner apprized us of her illness.” The amiable writer of all this subsequently states his opinion that this woman’s supineness in health



and patience in sickness were both attributable to the want of an active and industrious disposition. The conclusion is a very reasonable one, but it must also be allowed that there is a certain grace and poetry of feeling about this Irish supineness which makes it a different thing from mere English laziness. I do not say that it is less to be deprecated, but it is not so odious, nor should it be treated in the same way as mere unwillingness to work. In short, this supineness and submission have some connection with piety, though they are very irregular and pernicious off-shoots. A page or two farther on we find another anecdote of this same woman which throws some light upon the matter. "I shall not easily forget," says the writer, "the expression in the poor woman's countenance after she had seen her little ones dressed in the clothes provided for them by English benevolence. I happened, unobserved, to see her after she had left the house, kneeling down in the path, her children in each hand, her eyes raised to heaven, praying aloud. Are not such the prayers which rise like incense to heaven? Are not such the prayers

which fall back in blessings on the heads of those for whom they are offered?"

The English reader will perhaps say that the woman was acting, and was aware that she was *not* "unobserved." Now it may be that she thought she might perhaps be observed, and that *something* of the spirit of the actress entered into her pious performance. But even the best emotions are apt to be dashed with some minglings of that which is of the earth, earthly. There may have been some acting in the attitude and manner of the poor woman's prayer, but I doubt not that there was also a great deal of pure devotion, and ardent gratitude in her breast, apart from the merely human craft.

In my own mind I have always associated with the profound melancholy spirit of the Irish—with their mournful submission to untoward fate—the verses in Moore's *Melodies* which he calls "The Address of the Irish Peasant to his Mistress," but which I think might as well have been called at once—"The Address of the Irish Patriot to his Country."

"Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way,  
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;  
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,  
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned:  
Oh, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,  
And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honoured, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;  
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;  
She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves;  
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves:  
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,  
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

• They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—  
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!  
They say, too, so long hast thou worn these lingering chains,  
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—  
Oh! do not believe them, no chain could that soul subdue,  
Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too."

I cannot conceive any thing more deeply, utterly Irish in spirit and sentiment than this, nor do I suppose that that sentiment could be more touchingly conveyed in the English language, whatever might be done with the more expressive native tongue, which I understand is very powerful in conveying ideas of melancholy affectionateness. In such verses as the above, there is, or to me there seems to be, a union of

the oratorical with the poetical spirit—a spirit of passionate declamation, combined with the melancholy music of sad minstrelsy—which is peculiar to the Irish nation, or at least to the race to which its ancient people belong.

But deep as Irish melancholy is, and sad as are the occasions which call it forth, it is a mistake to suppose that, upon the whole, they are an unhappy people. Unlike the English,

they may be ill-housed, ill-clothed, and ill-fed, without being wretched in mind. The late Archbishop of Cashel, who was an Englishman, when examined before a committee of the House of Lords, as to the character and condition of the Irish peasantry, said that the gratitude of the Irish poor was great. They were accustomed to act from immediate feeling and impulse, and very much disposed to receive every favour with a respectful gratitude, *almost bordering on excess*. Now when we reflect that gratitude is one of the most pleasurable emotions of the human breast, we shall not be surprised to hear the archbishop continuing in the following strain:—"I do not consider them as what I have often heard them called, an unhappy people, for they appear to me to be *the happiest I ever saw*. Their cheerfulness is remarkable, and with respect to their mode of living, I confess I do not know whether they are not as well off, and even better, than some of the poor peasantry of England. They generally have as much food as they want, *such as it is*, when they can get employment, and their children appear stronger than the children here. It is true they usually go bare-footed, and *their cabins are miserable*, but they seem happy, and *their humanity towards each other is very great*."\* A very fair witness was the worthy archbishop, and yet it is most true that though their humanity towards each other is very great, yet they break each other's heads with very little ceremony, and sometimes beat each other to death with a savage ferocity which is quite shocking to contemplate.

Let us return, however, to the judgment of Archbishop Lawrence, that the Irish peasantry are, upon the whole, the happiest he ever saw, and with this cheerful view, I shall beg leave to close this imperfect and desultory notice of Irish character. I am very sensible that I have touched upon, rather than worked out, many of those points of deep interest which must occur to those who study the ordinary language, and manners, and modes of thought of the Irish people. But what has been said may perhaps

throw some light upon the difficulties which stand in the way of coming to a distinct general judgment upon the national character of the Irish, and upon the reason of the very conflicting opinions which are held regarding that character. The end of the whole is, that the most certain thing about Irish character is its uncertainty. You may find out the elements of it, but as these do not work in combination, but separately at different times, according to the impulses of varying circumstances, the character is not only uncertain, but it is ever developing opposite extremes, such as mirth and sadness, pity and ferocity, delicacy and rudeness, generosity and vengeance.

I have purposely abstained from entering upon that wide field of speculation, the effect upon Irish character of political and religious institutions. For the sake of candour, however, it may be as well to avow the opinion, that ardent men on either side attribute much more effect to these institutions than they ought. I believe that the more any man will study Irish history—if he do so in a calm and patient spirit—the more reason he shall find to conclude that the national character has been all along pretty much the same—that before the English invaded Ireland, as well as after, the Irish were an imaginative, passionate race, not holding well together—not willing to submit to any fixed rule of conduct—more noble in their sentiments, and in their occasional actions, than in the general practice of their lives—romantic in their friendships, fierce and cruel in their enmities. And at this day, I for one think it very doubtful, that if the peasantry of the south were converted to the Church of England, and the peasantry of the north converted to the Church of Rome, it would make any very great difference in the moral and social character of the two sets of people; the one would still be Scotch, and the other Irish.

Further, as to the very important effects which many writers, and very intelligent writers too, attribute to what they call the subduing oppression of English laws and English government, it seems to me that facts

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\* Report of the Lords. Sess. 1825. Evidence.

do not by any means bear out their conclusions. We have seen that Mr. Moore, writing in the present century, describes the last as one which, on grounds of national sentiment, the Irishman should regard as disgraceful. With all deference to Mr. Moore, I must take leave to differ from this opinion. True it is, that during the greater part of the last century, the majority of the Irish people were not free, but lived and died under the confinement and pressure of the penal laws. Yet that very time produced the men whose names are now the renown of Ireland. In poetry, in oratory, in general litera-

ture, how bright with genius, and radiant with glory are the names of the Irishmen of the eighteenth century. When shall Ireland look upon their like again? Setting other names aside, memorable as they are upon the roll of Irish fame, ought an Irishman to call that century "disgraceful," which produced a Goldsmith and a Grattan—a century at the commencement of which Swift flourished, and at the close of which Edmund Burke finished his career, and went down to the grave amid the blaze of an undying glorious fame?

ANGLO-HIBERNICUS.

#### AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT IZAAK WALTON.

##### FIRST HALF HOUR.

"Meek Walton's heavenly memory."

WORDSWORTH concludes one of those divine sonnets which are as lullabys to the tired spirit, in the glorious line we have inscribed our article with. The name of Izaak Walton has not died—on the contrary it has become with us quite a household word; but his literary merits are, we grieve to say, in great measure forgotten; and it is the "heavenly memory" of these we would be glad to revive in our present article.

Long and reverently have we dwelt over his honest, heart-speaking communications; and we confess ourselves fervent worshippers at their holy shrine. His kind and winning tone—his gentle and lowly feelings—and his familiar colloquies, (familiar in their friendliness,) are all so characteristic of the writer, that a delightful task will it be to plead for him with our readers, and invite them to the same feast of nectared sweets which we have long revelled at ourselves.

And we have a particular object in view, in bringing him forward at this present season. We would fain see our people's tastes improved; never needed they amendment more than just

now. We would be glad to hear them calling for more solid food, than the *cuisines* of the penny pantologies afford them. The genius of the present day—let who will deny it—is petty and trifling, when compared with our national character; and the surest proof of this may be found in the almost universal neglect of the study of our sound and vigorous English prose literature.

Our people now-a-days look far more to amusement than to original thinking. Hence in an age which has been pregnant with great minds, we find but few productions that are of a lasting character—few that we can point to as likely to survive many generations. The public taste is superficial; and our authors have themselves increased it by quietly submitting to, not conscientiously opposing it; and by writing to please, not to reform. And those amongst us who look for better things, are constrained to turn to a continental school for that freshness of mental culture, which our instructors at home have denied us. We find a vigour and solidity of thought in our foreign literary percep-

tors to charm and captivate ; and in the modern fiction writers of Allemagne for instance, recognise suitable compeers of our own Swifts, and Sternes, and Goldsmiths. Goethe and Schiller are now almost as much read as Shakespeare ; and the ballads of Bürger are infinitely better known than the collection of our English ones which was made by Bishop Percy.

We do not regret these things, we can satisfactorily account for them with ourselves, and were it necessary, could show how such exchange was naturally to be expected. And rather—far rather—would we have our maidens' blue eyes filled with the dews of sympathy, and see their dear cups overflow and send the tear-drops swinging along the silky lash, until they fall clear and pure as she who sheds them, pat, pattering upon the leaf, over the pages of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, for example, than would we put into their hands perhaps the last new novel. There is a sickliness, an unnatural distension, in our modern books, which painfully indicate their forced growth. When we take them in hand, we know that their seed was not first dead as to earth ; that then there came not up the tender blade to be watered by the dews of heaven, and expanded by the breath of the wandering winds ; that after the blade there was no time-formed ear, nor at last—oh ! glorious consummation—the full corn in the ear. But on the contrary we are continually reminded that they sprang up in a night or two ; like those hideous fungi, whose smell is rankness and whose taste is sweet but poisonous.

We do not regret, we repeat, the foreign taste which is abroad ; it is only what we had looked for, and we are more than content. But we would insist that there is no need of our giving up our English writers ; they will stand the test with any ; and could we only revive, in the respect of their countrymen, the names and memories of the great master-spirits of our forefathers—could we induce our authors to draw more from these deep wells, and less from their own shallow pools ; and our readers to have more care for the purity and simplicity of the draught, than for its inspiring and intoxicating nature, we should expect great things

from the genius which is happily so abundant amongst us now. Our writers would have higher ends than to gratify ; and our national taste would, we feel assured, be very much purified and exalted by the change.

Yes ! we should look for great and manifold benefits, were the mighty spirits of two or three centuries past, again evoked from their silent slumbers ; if the sound and pure blood that thrilled through the veins of Milton, and Taylor, and Hall—of Bacon and Burton—of Robert Boyle and Sir Thomas Brown, could, by a kind of transfusion, be sent once more chasing and bubbling through our English heart. What energy of purpose—what depth of learning—what elegance of language—what fervour of piety—what beauty of holiness are not present in those honoured names ! Would that the same spirit were abroad now : then might we look for some national regeneration in taste, and feeling, and influence, to which our present condition is but as a dream !

The one, whose honoured name heads our article, cannot compete with any to whom we have above referred, in style, eloquence, or learning ; but it is for that very reason (of being more suited to our own capabilities,) that we have made our election of him. We would fain exhibit to our readers some of the treasures which they have been so long themselves neglecting ; and shrinking from the presumptuous idea of being equal to fathoming any of those mighty intellects, we shall run over the writings of this humble man, culling here and there a flower—stooping occasionally to bring to light some forgotten wilding—and twining them together, with a little arrangement and order, we hope in the end to present our readers with a wreath for which we shall receive at their hands many hearty benisons.

The few particulars of his uneventful life, it will be of course necessary more or less, to allude to ; but these we shall employ only to illustrate his literary compositions ; and in this way we shall find the pleasantest mode of life-sketching, to consist in the imitation of this quiet and unpretending, but unequalled writer of biographies.

Within the last month, a new me-

moir of Izaak Walton has appeared ;\* we prefer, nevertheless, the former life-sketch by Sir John Hawkins, Knt. (published with a reprint of the *Complete Angler*, in 1760.) The chief guiding marks for each, are the same that are spread before us as we are writing—the good old man's own writings. In the course of our investigation we shall endeavour to illustrate his life and labours from our own independent sources, giving, in proper place, the authorities from which we draw our conclusions.

IZAACK WALTON, for so he loved to subscribe himself, was born at the chief town in the shire of Stafford, in England, in the month of August, 1593. The Oxford Annalist, who has left us this record,† supplies us with no notice of his family or connexions ; neither does he inform us of his place of education, or position in society at his birth. Accordingly, Sir John Hawkins, his first biographer, passes over the early portion of his life without comment, as though nothing certain could be said about it ; whereas Walton most distinctly tells us himself of the college in which he was educated, and in the following beautiful passage,‡ which rivals the poetical address of Gray on the same theme, describes his emotions in returning to that same scene in after years :—

“ And as he (Sir H. Wotton) returned from Winchester towards Eton College, he said to a friend, his companion in that journey, how useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place ; because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there ! and I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in THAT SCHOOL, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me : sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares ; and those to be enjoyed when time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood.

But age and experience have taught me that these were but empty hopes ; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, ‘ sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.’ Nevertheless I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.”

At Eton, doubtless, he became acquainted with many of those distinguished personages with whom we find him mixing in familiar converse in his more matured years. But of these more anon. We have possessed ourselves of his place of education—thus amending the oversight of his biographers ; and we think we can afford equally conclusive evidence that he was born to a moderate competency—a competency for him, who had no repining wishes or ambitious desires to torment him.

In the *Complete Angler*, we find in various places abundant allusions to, and encomiums upon, such a state of life. And who that knows his honesty of heart, and openness of purpose can doubt, but that he was speaking out all his feelings in the following extract from Master *Venator's* conversation—(page 179 of our copy of the *Complete Angler*.)

“ Let me tell you, that very hour which you were absent from me, I sat down under a willow tree by the water-side, and considered what you told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow in which you left me : that he had at this time many lawsuits depending : and that they both damped his mirth, and took up so much of his time and thoughts, that he himself had not leisure to take the sweet content that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields : for I could there sit quietly, and looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver stream—others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours ; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves ; looking down the meadows could see, here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks, and there a girl cropping

\* Englishman's Library, vol. xxii. W. H. Teale, Leeds.

† *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Vol. i. p. 305.

Lives of English Laymen, by the Rev.

‡ Life of Sir Henry Wotton—ed. *fm*.



culverkeys and cowslips, all to make them garlands suitable to this present month of May. . . . I say, as I thus sat, joying in my own happy condition, and pitying this poor rich man, that owned this and many other pleasant groves and meadows about me, I did thankfully remember what my Saviour said, that the meek possess the earth; or rather, they enjoy what others

possess and enjoy not; for anglers and meek, quiet-spirited men, are free from those high, those restless thoughts which corrode the sweets of life."

And then he quotes from the author of the *Purple Island*, old Phineas Fletcher, "certain verses in praise of a mean estate and an humble mind":—

"No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright,  
No begging wants his middle fortune bite,  
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,  
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content;  
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him  
With coolest shade, till noontide's heat be spent.

His humble house or poor state ne'er torment him—  
Less he could like, if less his God had lent him,  
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb content him."

And we find his will drawn consistently with this, and the fortune bequeathed to his son, (who also bore his name,) of this same moderate character, its principal part being a farm adjoining old Izaak's native town, Stafford.

But these matters belong more to the Herald's College; we must hasten onward, and in his twenty-seventh year, in the year of grace 1620, we find the subject of our sketch in London, engaged in trade. The narrowness of his private means made this occupation desirable, if not necessary; and fortunately in England no false pride arising from gentle blood prevents in any, such engagement when it is called for. Izaak engaged himself in the humble business of a *sempster*, (which perhaps our fair readers will tell us if we are right in interpreting a *man-milliner*); and diligently and faithfully, and with the same true honest heart did he apply himself to the occupation; first fixing his quarters in the Royal Bourse, at Cornhill, the building of that famous citizen, Sir Thomas Gresham; and after a while, probably on the increase of his business, removing to

Fleet-street, to the vicinage of Chancery-lane.

We mention this change to Fleet-street, because to it, in all probability, do we owe the five biographies which have brought honest Izaak such fame, those of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson. The men live before us in them; and it is impossible not to love their portraiture as drawn by his graphic pen!

By this removal of his residence, Walton became a parishioner of Dr. John Donne's, the celebrated dean of St. Paul's, and vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West, and afterwards, as he says himself,\* his "convert." A near acquaintance sprang up between them, and a harmony of tastes cemented a friendship that was only dissolved by Dr. Donne's death (in 1631). Even then did the survivor show his deep affection; and there is not a line in his biographical sketch of his departed friend, that breathes not the holy spirit of sweet and unchanged affection.

And it was no doubt from a thankful remembrance of the benefits he had derived from his friend's ministration, that he gives us this glowing de-

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\* "Dwell on these joys, my thoughts! Oh! do not call Grief back, by thinking on his funeral.

Forget his powerful preaching, and forget  
I am his convert."—*Elegy on Dr. Donne, by J. W.*

scription of the doctor's pulpit oratory:—

"Though much were expected from him, yet he was so happy, which few are, as to satisfy and exceed their expectations: preaching the word so, as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to instil into others: a preacher in earnest: weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it, and a virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those who loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness."

Nor was Donne the only kind friend that Walton possessed in the metropolis; on the contrary, the highest names of the age were numbered among his acquaintances. Either then, or afterwards, he was intimate with our own Ussher; Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury; King, bishop of Chichester; the witty Fuller; Sir Edward Sandys, the traveller; Sir Henry Wotton, provost of Eton, and many others. And many years afterwards, when the troublous times of the parliament obliged him and other royalists to flee from London, he found shelter and comfort "in the families of the eminent clergymen of England, of whom he was much beloved."

In 1632, he was united in marriage to Anne, daughter of Thomas Ken, a barrister of Furnival's Inn, and sister of the Bishop of Bath and Wells of the same name—one of the seven whom King James committed to the Tower; and who, from a refusal to take the oath of allegiance, was at the revolution, deprived of his see. With her he lived happily for thirty years, and the affectionate epitaph inscribed to her memory in Our Lady's Chapel, Worcester Cathedral, seems—if epitaphs may be trusted—to record singular worth in character and conduct.

The life of his beloved friend, Dr. Donne, which appeared in 1640, was the first published of Walton's writings. Nor does he seem to have undertaken it, save at the request of others, and as a memorial of his own

love. Sir Henry Wotton, who was dear to them both, having undertaken to collect the doctor's works, and prefix to them a memoir, requested Walton to assist him by collecting *matériel*, to which the latter very gladly assented. But when, with his task unfinished, Sir Henry died, in 1639, the labour devolved upon Izaak, who brought it to a happy conclusion in the year following, when the doctor's sermons appeared, with the biography we have now, and a few words of introduction from honest Izaak's pen. And no where does the simplicity of Walton's mind more appear, than in these last. In them he compares himself, in this last duty of affection, to Pompey's bondsman on the Egyptian shore, with the forsaken dead body of his master—endeavouring to do honour to it, and yet unequal to the task—his love and his weakness both contending together, and only enabling him to evidence—his gratitude!

The concluding sentence is so full of lowliness, and yet of confiding love, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

"If the author's (of the sermons, to which this life was prefixed,) glorious spirit, which is now in heaven, can have leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory; for whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent; and I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven."

It is from this introduction likewise, we may discover the secret of the success of Izaak's biographies, in the determination wherewith he entered on the first of them—to give, as he says himself, "the best plain picture of the author's life, that an artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, can present;" and he adds: "certain I am, it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the author's picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken; for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted."

Now it is here, we assert, the magic

of these lives is to be found—they are **LIFE-LIKE**. The mirrored reflection bears no closer resemblance to the original, than do these faithful transcripts of these good men's livings. It was their writer's ambition to give them truly; and his eminent success is to be attributed to his rigid adherence to this fundamental rule. There is no gloss, no artifice discoverable. You are introduced, you feel, into their very society and converse; and those whom Izaak Walton loved as his friends, he irresistibly makes the friends of those also for whose instruction he has recorded their lives.

And here we may be pardoned for offering a remark upon our author's style. It has been called "gossiping," and perhaps with justice. If we would desire more exact language, we might use the term "discursive;" and it is very easy to give a reason for its being so. Walton seems to have written without effort, and in dwelling upon subjects endeared to him by their association with those he loved, to have been led away very often by his feelings; and losing the exact thread of his narrative, he is obliged in consequence, occasionally to retrace his steps, which accordingly he does, though in a somewhat sudden manner. But then his charming simplicity—his quiet leaving of his characters in their retirement, until he be ready to let them continue their enacting part, and his noon-day sincerity amply compensate for these (if they so be) defects. His conversational idiom, too, in some measure prepares you for digression; and you willingly follow with him, albeit a devious guide. The river, though a winding one, pursues its course through nodding woods and verdant slopes and all the noble characteristics of a rich and romantic country.

But to return. The biography before us has been always held of great value. Hales, the Eton critic, affirmed of it, that he "had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer than that of Dr. Donne;" and in this opinion we concur, for we deem it without question the best of the five that Walton wrote. It is of all the most framed according to regular rule, and proceeds throughout in systematic order. It embraces the advantages

of the author's semi-poetical style, without the defects of his intricate doublings; and in all probability received, in part at least, its arrangement from the hands of that immortal Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton.

We run over, without comment, its earlier portion, which describes the many difficulties and disappointments Dr. Donne had in his youth to contend against. In 1612, in his thirty-ninth year, when, with his wife and family, he was resident in London, in Sir Robert Drury's house, in Drury-lane, (from whom we may remark *en passant*, that famous locality received its title,) his biographer relates the following curious incident, as having occurred to him. If it be true, and Walton tells it for truth, we would be glad to receive a philosophical explanation: there are many mysteries in our being, upon which little light has been yet thrown; and while the vulgar swallow down with greediness, the most absurd fictions, and the incredulous laugh to scorn all that is not the merest common sense—the solitary student, the deep-thinking investigator, and the man who has, in his studies and investigations, discovered how very little the best of us know, will pause before he gives a dogmatic opinion; and should he find it sufficiently confirmed, confess his ignorance of its nature, and be contented to reckon it among the **SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES**:—

"At this time," says Walton, "of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French king, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey; and this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her, saying, her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence, and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it; and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him; and told his wife so, who did therefore with an unwillingness give a

faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but two months; for about that time they determined to remain. Within a few days after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London, and ere the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert and he, and some other friends had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour, and as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone, but in such an ecstasy and so altered as to his looks as amazed him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence; to which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say: 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you.' To which Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which Mr. Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stopped and looked me in the face, and vanished.'

"Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day: for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said, that desire and doubt have

no rest, and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drury-house, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive, and if alive, in what condition as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account: that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the same hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

"This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased; and though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched being laid upon a table at a fit distance will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls: and I am well pleased that every reader should enjoy his own opinion."

We say not "yea" or "nay" to the above story; our author has left the reader to form his own judgment upon it, and we would desire to do the same: it is one of those things which Coleridge would have delighted to have numbered among his *psychological curiosities*.\*

On his return to England, the great abilities of Mr. Donne attracted the

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\* That there may be an influence cast upon the soul from the sufferings of one who, though absent, is to us very dear, the writer of these pages entertains no doubt. The following, for the truth of which he can vouch, and which occurred not a dozen years since, is strikingly similar to Walton's anecdote, and confirmatory of the opinion of the *sympathy of souls*—a thing, by-the-by, very widely different from the puerile belief in ghosts:—

A dear friend of our own, who resided in the country with her husband and family, left in Dublin, in a declining state of health, a father who from her infancy had made her his favourite child. He was very dear to her, much dearer than in ordinary cases, for her other parent was unkind; and now at the call of duty, she had torn herself away, and given him what they both felt was a final earthly adieu. On a particular evening after her return, towards nightfall, she was attacked with a sudden and severe illness—a sort of combined bodily and mental agony, which was inexpressibly terrible. This continued for some three or four hours, and then took its departure just as unexpectedly as it had come to her. Astonished as she was at this unusual and most peculiar illness, her thoughts naturally reverted to her father, and to use her own words, "she dreaded the arrival of the post." She was right in her fears. Explain it as ye will, gentlemen philosophers; I profess my own inability, while I simply chronicle the fact. *At the same season the daughter was thus strangely attacked, her parent's death-struggle commenced; and at the identical hour her illness left her, his spirit passed away.*

watchful eye of the king; and with his wonted discrimination (and few princes have possessed such natural and acquired abilities as did he,) our first James singled him out as a man eminently fit for the sacred ministry, and did not scruple to urge upon him the taking of holy orders. Donne's inclinations seem to have always tended in this direction; nevertheless, from an awful appreciation of the responsibility, he had hitherto shrunk from the labour; and now, though royalty itself entreated him, yet managed to defer the matter for nearly three years. During this while, though now of middle life, and well known in the world, he sedulously applied himself to diligent study and severe self-examination; and being at last in some measure better satisfied with his capabilities, he signified his dutiful obedience to the royal wish, and was forthwith ordained by King, Bishop of London.

And well did he answer—yea, exceed, the fond expectations that were formed of him. He gained, and through his lifetime preserved, the love of his sovereign and the respect of the people; and so eager were the great ones of the day to secure him for themselves, that we have it on record, the advowsons of fourteen different benefices were laid at his feet during the first year of his ministry. The king made him at once his chaplain in ordinary, and he was soon after appointed their lecturer, by the benchers of Lincoln's Inn.

In little more than a twelvemonth after this, during which time, however, he served his majesty in a foreign embassy, the deanery of St. Paul's, London, becoming vacant by the promotion of Dr. Valentine Cary, King James at once appointed Dr. Donne to it; and the emoluments of this preferment being at the time very scanty, St. Dunstan's vicarage, when it fell in, was added to the deanery; and these posts he occupied during the remaining years of his useful life.

We pass over the intervening years—our limits oblige us—and hasten to the setting of this glorious sun, which is lovely to contemplate, and which truly went down in all splendour and majesty. We shall give, without alteration, our author's own words:—

“And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die, to do

which he stood in need of no longer time; for he had studied it so long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness he was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution. In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever, and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident that he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of the last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatific vision, he said, ‘I were miserable if I might not die!’ and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, ‘Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.’ His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him; not to serve another—for who speaks like him?—but died before him: for that it was then become useless to him that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing heaven by that illumination, by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, look steadfastly into it till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his Father; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such posture as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.”

In addition to his other merits, Donne was a sweet poet, and his verses are far less embued with the stiffness and affectation of the age than any of his contemporaries, with whom we are acquainted. We have been sometimes ourselves tempted to collect and edit his poems, and perhaps shall do so yet; but we love our indolence so well, that we shall be very happy if another will undertake the pleasing labour. Let him bring them out of an uniform size and style with the Aldine poets of Pickering, and we warrant him sufficient sale. We shall, of course, have a glowing dedication of the work, on account of our suggestion, and take this opportunity of giving our embryotic editor this public



permission. Our space forbids our offering any other specimen of his poetry,

save the following fine piece which is also quoted by Walton in his life :—

## AN HYMN

TO GOD THE FATHER.

“ Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
Which was my sin, though it were done before ?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,  
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won  
Others to sin, and made my sin their door ?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
A year or two—but wallowed in a score ?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;  
But swear by Thyself, that at my death 'Thy Sun  
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore ;  
And having done that, thou hast done,  
I fear no more.

But now the political storm which had been for some time louring in the darkened sky of England, burst upon the heads of the unhappy people. Those who were suspected of attachment to the royal cause, found the metropolis a dangerous residence ; and in 1643, Izaak Walton had to give up his business, and withdraw from London to a more obscure lodgment in the country. To Stafford then, his native town, he first betook himself, where he seems to have lived on his family property ; but no murmuring or repining did his lips give vent to. He grieved over the national loss of character, and was thankful that he had been saved from assisting personally in effecting it.

“ I saw it,” said he, “ and suffered by it. But when I look back upon the ruin of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain-dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning, I praise God that he prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it.”

Who does not here recognise the same spirit, which in the *Complete Angler* spake—“ Every misery that I miss is a new mercy ; and therefore let us be thankful?”

Yet in this retirement, and amidst these distresses, did Walton compose the biography of Sir Henry Wotton—

the kind friend on whose account the previous memoir of Dr. Donne had been commenced. To it he seems to have been partly moved by the suggestions of his literary counsellor, the Bishop of Chichester ; and partly by his own inclination so to do, on account of his previous connection with Sir Henry in the life of Dr. Donne. This work, which he completed in 1644, did not see the light for seven years, when it appeared prefixed to the *Reliquie Wottoniæ*, of which volume our friend appears to have been editor. Natural causes no doubt prevented its publication at an earlier season ; nor need we regret this, for in his seclusion the author had the greater opportunities of verifying the incidents contained in it, and of bestowing upon it all necessary care of emendation previous to its public appearance.

And indeed we may discover upon examination the tokens of this discriminating diligence. Like the former biography, this is not very digressive. He begins his subject with some account of the Wotton family, tracing down their several generations to the subject of his memoir : he then, in due place, takes up Sir Henry from his childhood, follows him to Winchester school where he was educated, thence to Oxford where he completed his studies ; and in his twenty-second year, he tells us, he entered upon his Continental travels, which occupied

him ten years. But they were not spent in vain; during some of them passed at Geneva, he numbered among his acquaintances, Beza and Casaubon, with the latter of whom his biographer alleges that he lodged. In his thirtieth year he seems to have returned to England, but almost immediately to have gone back to the Continent, family disagreements and state troubles not permitting his constant residence at this time: when he was residing at Florence a romantic incident occurred to him (too long in the account Walton gives of it for our extract), which was the germ of all his future good fortune; for by it he was enabled to make known to James, King of Scotland, a horrible plot for his assassination at the hands of foreigners.

When some time after this new alliances were being entered into with the kingdoms of France and Spain and the state of Venice, the king who had now succeeded to the throne of England showed himself not ungrateful for this loyal affection, and Sir Henry Wotton at his own desire proceeded to the last-named place as our ambassador. He seems to have been swayed in his preference from the double reason of a small estate and a love of elegant retirement. And to Venice he proceeded accompanied by Sir Albertus Morton his nephew,\* as his secretary, and for his chaplain the dearly-beloved and venerated WILLIAM BEDELL.

And here the kindness of his manners and the winning frankness of his address effected for his sovereign the most happy results; for at that time a growing difference between the state of Venice and the papal court induced the former government to look for aid in its opposition to the pope's encroaching tyranny. England was appealed to for assistance, and our national influence brought to bear upon the affairs of Europe.

The principal movers in this negotiation were, on the Venetian side, the Padre Paulo, and on that of the English Mr. Bedell. The former at the instance of our King James, now engaged himself in his famous "History of the Council of Trent;" and according as the sheets of this work were written, they were transmitted in the ambassador's letters to the king,

by whom they were entrusted to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Sir Henry Wotton honourably distinguished himself also during his sojourn at Venice, by his humane interference on behalf of some of his countrymen in misfortune. In their frequent conflicts with the Turks, it had been the policy of the Venetians to employ mercenaries against the Moslem forces, and among the rest many English soldiers were found. Of these, at the time of Sir Henry's arrival, some hundreds were, from their irregularities or improvidence, suffering in the galleys or the scarcely less terrible prisons; and the English ambassador's influence was earnestly and successfully exerted in their behalf. They were released, their necessities supplied, and they were sent back to their country in comfort and peace.

On his own return to England in 1627, weary of wandering, and now three score years of age, and in consequence desiring some quiet repose, Sir Henry Wotton was appointed by his sovereign to the provostship of Eton—the very year before this sovereign expired. And here he found that rest and retirement so necessary for his years; and here, upon his death in 1639, was his dust laid, with that famous apophthegm of his inscribed upon his tomb:—

Hic jacet

Hujus sententiæ primus author,

DISPUTANDI PRURITUS, ECCLESiarUM  
SCABIES.

We have casually mentioned the honoured name of BEDELL in part of the foregoing account of Sir Henry Wotton; but we may not conclude this paper without a more detailed account of Sir Henry's part in his advancement—so creditable as it was to Wotton's discernment.

BEDELL had proceeded to Venice as chaplain to the embassy, and there by his skill and judgment nearly emancipated the state from the thralldom of the see of Rome. During an eight-years' residence he had made himself complete master of Hebrew and Italian; and returned to England with these new gifts to devote himself to

\* On whose untimely death he wrote his touching poem—"Tears wept at the grave of Sir Albertus Morton."

his sacred calling at Bury St. Edmunds—a cure he had held previous to his departure. In 1629, when King Charles would know something more of his character and his abilities, before he would appoint him provost of Dublin University, Sir Henry Wotton addressed to the king the following letter of recommendation—alike creditable to its subject and its author:—

“May it please your most gracious Majesty:—Having been informed that certain persons have, by the good wishes of the Archbishop of Armagh, [Ussher,] been directed thither, with a most humble petition unto your majesty, that you will be pleased to make Mr. William Bedel, (now resident upon a small benefice in Suffolk,) governor of your College at Dublin, for the good of that society; and myself being required to render unto your majesty some testimony of the said William Bedel, who was long chaplain at Venice, in the time of my first employment there, I am bound in all conscience and truth—so far as your majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment—to affirm of him, that I hardly think a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformity to the rights of the church, and zeal to advance the cause of God, wherein his travails abroad were not obscure in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians.

“For it may please your majesty to know, that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took, I may say, into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart; from whom he professed to have received more knowledge in divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that he had ever practised in his days; of which all the passages were well known to the king, your father, of most blessed memory. And so, with your majesty's good favour, I will end this needless office; for the general fame of his learning, his life, and Christian temper, and those religious labours which himself hath dedicated to your majesty, do better describe him than I am able.

“Your majesty's most humble and faithful servant,

“H. WOTTON.”

The application was successful. On the sixteenth of August, 1627, Bedell took the oaths of Provost of our University, and two years after was consecrated Bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh, through the influence of Sir Thomas Jermyn.

And here—well known as it is, we cannot forbear ourselves—he rendered his name lovely by his anxiety on behalf of the Irish people. Being thoroughly convinced of a truth, of which happily now-a-days most are sensible, that the only access to the national heart is through the national language, he engaged himself with ardour in completing the translation of the Irish Bible, in order that the people of his adopted country might “hear in their tongue the wonderful works of God.”

Before him, Archbishop Daniell had published a version of the New Testament, and of the Book of Common Prayer; to these the good bishop now added the Old Testament, and our own Robert Boyle had the glory of printing it at his own expense.\*

The awful rebellion of 1641 found him still in possession of his see; and amidst all the ruin, and desolation, and bloodshed that were then poured upon the land, the name of the Bishop of KILMORE was received with blessings on both sides. But the good man's days were drawing to a close; age and increasing infirmities were multiplied, and on the seventh of Feb. 1641-2, William Bedell “fell on sleep.”

We have been wandering, but we trust not unprofitably. In the pages of our Irish periodical the reader naturally looks for illustrations of that neglected volume—Irish history, and for that reason we have enlarged upon the account of Bedell which Walton has left us.

In a future article we hope to consider the remaining portion of Izaak's works—the famous treatise on *Angling*, and the lives of Hooker, Herbert, and Saunderson, with such poems of our author as have descended to our times.

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\* Walton erroneously imagined that this translation of the Irish Scriptures perished in the troublous year of 1641. What we give above is the true story. The bishop was unequal to the expense of publishing it himself, for which reason the labour was undertaken by Robert Boyle. It has been frequently since re-printed; and we have by us as we write a London edition, of 1830, of the *Bíobla Naomh*—the Old Testament by Bedell, the New by Daniell.

## GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. XIV.

## BARRY THE PAINTER.—PART II.

WITH the time of Barry properly begins the history of art in England. Till then, although there had been a considerable demand for paintings, this demand was mainly supplied by foreign skill; and the exceptions are too inconsiderable to be dwelt on here. This apparent deficiency of English genius, was at the time attributed to something in the climate, or in the nature of the people. And Barry himself has the distinguished honour to be the foremost who attempted to reason against this prejudice, since amply overthrown by time. But antecedent to the period of which we speak, the taste which should have brought forth as well as encouraged the higher productions of the pencil, was circumscribed within a very narrow circle; and this was governed by fashion and by conventional prejudices, from which the world has ever (except in certain eras of transition) been slow to depart. Vanity was, it is true, a more diffusive patroness; but beyond the narrow circle of the court, the vanity of the vulgar was easily satisfied by portraits which would now at best be tolerated on a sign-board. A few absurd canons forbade improvement, and a few established models could not be departed from without risk. There was in fact no public to uphold the audacity of genius, and privileged pedantry walked sovereign and unchecked among its faded master-pieces, and their dingy imitations. In this fact we are inclined to place the whole secret—the unproductive interval during which art was but a sterile scion vainly grafted by the munificence of our kings, rather than the genuine growth of British mind. In the meantime, it is true, many of the choicest master-pieces found their way to England—several foreigners of eminence had made fortunes, and founded schools—and it may be also admitted, that in the branch of portraiture there was a progress, however slow.

But the mind of the British nation had now for a long time been ad-

vancing towards maturity; and knowledge as well as taste, while they became juster and more refined, became also more widely diffused. It has been observed, that the learning of one generation tends to become, at a further advance, the common mind of another. However the fact may be disputed, the tendency is indisputable. In a commercial nation, blest with free institutions, wealth becomes diffused down from rank to rank, bearing with it its consequences, refinement and luxury, as well as knowledge. There is even now little doubt of the fact, that with the growth of these predisposing causes, a proportional refinement takes place in the physical organization, and the transmitted instincts of a race: so that both in numbers and in intensity, the soil favourable to intellectual cultivation becomes enlarged and fertilized. In reality, the same general causes, which at different periods acted variously on the genius of other nations, had at length gained in England an energy and diffusion, only to be paralleled in the best days of ancient Greece and Rome. A line of illustrious poets of the highest order, had, from early times, indicated the indigenous seeds which slumbered in the soil. Shakespeare and his brethren were not less than Raphael and Buonarrotti and their cotemporaries. John Milton, "last in the train of night," if rather he "belong not to the dawn," is not to find his peer in the records of Italian art. From his time there is a more connected and evident transmission of the intellectual morn. The illustrious philosophy of Newton's school did its part in bursting fetters and dispelling clouds. The educated classes had enlarged: the day of Pope, Addison, and Swift, was closely followed by that of Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith, and that brilliant circle of wits, orators, and statesmen, of whom they were the nucleus. The theatre and the senate both rose to their maximum of power, and scattered intellec-

tual impulse widely through the system: and the hosts of commentators, critics, and controversialists, grew too large and thronged for notice. Similar indications marked the dawn of a brighter period of art. Hogarth led the way, and was immediately followed by Reynolds, Wilson, and Gainsborough, and several other artists of high, but still far inferior power in their several walks.

The morning of British art had already advanced far into the day, when Barry arrived in London, to encounter the eye of keen competitors, and a public already grown fastidious. He had also to meet the sanguine expectations which his reputed genius had awakened, and which was augmented by the reflected splendour of his friend Burke's reputation. He was himself quite aware that the hour of preparation was over, and that clever talk could no more avail to sustain his character, or secure the station which it was his ambition to gain.

Under these circumstances, he painted two pictures: one of Venus rising from the sea-wave; the other of Jupiter and Juno. Of the first of these, it seems to be allowed that it was not unworthy of the pretensions of Barry, and it is not easy to rate it higher. It has been called exquisite, by critics who cannot be supposed to have been imposed upon by mediocrity. It was, nevertheless, received with chilling coldness by the public, for taste had been conducted into other directions, and the taste for the magnificent idealities of the grand style was past. The other was scarcely inferior in design and drawing, but displayed, too perceptibly, the defect in colouring, which had been the fatal neglect of Barry's education. And while the merits of such pictures were little adapted to the taste of the age, the defects were most unhappily opposed to the attainments then most earnestly cultivated. We can only now estimate the merit of those pieces from the praise and censure of others: they were praised in terms too enthusiastic to be insincere, yet too indiscriminate to give distinct ideas. They have been censured with far more skill, but with too much gall for the pure decision of impartiality. We are therefore inclined to cast the balance between praise and blame, by

claiming for Barry's pictures that poetical conception of effect which seems to be his well-authenticated property; and that power of delineation, to the cultivation of which he had dedicated so much of his life. It would seem that the first-mentioned of these paintings, was such as not very strongly to test his skill in the use of colour; but it is evident from the most favourable criticisms on the other, (to which we can allow authority,) that it was in this respect very deficient. We must, therefore, cast into the scale the crude colouring and the unfinished style of handling, of which he has been so confidently, and we would say, authoritatively accused; and (what gives especial importance to the consideration) these are the natural consequences of the habits and mode of study which we have had to relate.

As yet, however, there was much in Barry's favour. It cannot be reasonably doubted, that with the help of discretion and prudence, his high and exuberant genius might have attained its proper place in the estimation of the world, either by conformity to the general direction of the public taste, or even by a judicious adaptation and correction of the style of art into which he had been betrayed by his enthusiasm. His undoubted merits were recognised by some of the most illustrious spirits of the age, and were sufficient to create a strong party in his favour. The prepossessions created by report and by the circle in which he had obtained a footing, would alone have worked wonders for him. An incidental fact was also highly favourable. Reynolds, who was at the moment the great oracle of his profession, had adopted, or feigned to adopt, a theory, which, while it was wholly and systematically excluded from his practice, was strongly and speciously inculcated in his lectures and conversation. We cannot stop to sift his errors here; but one of them was precisely that magnificent Quixotism of art, known by the name of the grand style, of which Barry was the devoted enthusiast. It was also much in favour of Barry, that as yet the school of modern art was but in its beginnings. There was not the same nice judgment founded on minute knowledge, which now renders a painter in a high degree dependent on



the utmost refinements of his art. Men like Burke and Johnson, whose voices had much weight in the awards of public taste, were far more competent to appreciate the poetry of a composition than to decide on its artistic merits; and their warm admiration stands even yet as a high record of his genius and of his real powers. We must indeed confess, that we should prefer the admiration of Burke to the censure of Mr. Knight, who, with all his admirable cleverness and accomplished knowledge of art, was barren of genius, and endowed but with the vision of the outward eye.

But before we can satisfactorily proceed, we must give some slight account of the Royal Academy; with the history of which the fortunes of Barry are strangely and unhappily mixed.

The society of arts, commerce, and manufactures, was a natural result from the fast-growing spirit of English commerce. It was founded in 1750, and we believe for the first time established a school of drawing in the kingdom. Its patronage was by degrees extended to artists of established name, and it offered premiums for distinguished works in sculpture and historical painting; still, notwithstanding the important benefits thus conferred, and the great and strenuous efforts of the leading artists, who, many of them kept their private schools, the insufficiency of such encouragement was felt or imagined: and about the year 1767, the artists began to hold frequent meetings to consult upon the establishment of an academy. They did not, at the time, succeed in this desirable object. After several years, during which they laboured with commendable industry and liberality, by instruction in their private school, and by subscriptions among themselves, for the promotion and tutelage of youthful talent, they appear to have made a gratuitous offer to decorate the walls of the Foundling Hospital. The undertaking was propitious to the advancement of their cherished object—the public attention was awakened—and a sense arose which they did not long allow to sleep. They determined upon an exhibition, and in 1760 petitioned the Society of Arts for the use of its apartments. With a liberality which attests the pure and disinterested

nature of their zeal, the public were admitted gratis to this first exhibition in England. The concourse was considerable, and the *conoscenti* were surprised by a display far beyond their anticipations. Not unfortunately perhaps, some difference arose between the society and the artists; on which the principal artists concerned in this exhibition withdrew from the connection, and in the following year exhibited in rooms hired in Spring Gardens—this exhibition was still gratuitous. In 1762 however it appeared that such liberality must be self-destructive, and would indeed defeat some of the most important objects in view: it also appeared that the public impression had so far matured, as to warrant the charge of a shilling for admission. They obtained the powerful aid of Johnson, who wrote a preface for their catalogue; the small demand gave no check to the taste and curiosity of the public, and the exhibition at Spring Gardens prospered.

The obvious step of a charter suggested itself; the king was petitioned; and they were for the first time incorporated in January, 1765. Dissension soon arose, and the leading artists were annoyed, browbeaten, and counteracted by the low ambition and paltry manœuvres of that inferior grade of mere mechanists and imitators, who are the last to admit their inferiority, and though but the *servum pecus*, always striving for mastery by the only means within their power—intrigue, detraction, and cabal. A few illustrious men, in whom the hope of art lay, happily acted with decision: they seceded, with the resolution to obtain another charter, and their petition having been transmitted through Sir Wm. Chambers, the king assented, and the Royal Academy held its first meeting on the 10th December, 1768. On the same day, Sir Joshua Reynolds, up to this time among the foremost of Barry's friends and supporters, delivered his inaugural discourse, having been elected president.

With this great institution—an era in the history of modern art—is connected the most prominent and interesting portion of poor Barry's life. It is at once apparent, how with his vast abilities and his active and powerful friends, it might have been the means of favouring the display and

profitable application of his talents. But it was also pregnant with low and dangerous elements, and he shaped his course so as to provoke, and indeed in a great measure to justify their direction against himself. On this subject, the biographers of Reynolds and Barry, the reviewers, the critical dispensers of justice, take views so opposite in spirit and language, and assail each other with such a show of splendid bile or laudable indignation, that the subject would seem to be involved in some great and formidable intricacy. But in truth the whole seems strangely plain, when looked on without any prepossession. The same assertions and allowances are made on both sides, and the difference is simply this, that the praise and censure of either party are respectively the reluctant admissions of the other. Let us dwell for a moment on this fact. Those who take the views adverse to Barry, admit and praise his great and commanding intellectual power: they admit that his paintings display the mind of an artist of the highest order, and all those merits which could possibly co-exist with so inadequate a training of the hand. His writings on art they treat with the highest respect; but they say that his mind was harsh, intractable, and overbearing—that his conduct to his benefactors was ungrateful—and that his insults to the academy were not to be excused. On the other hand the failings of his temper are veiled by his admirers, under the general term of infirmities, which it would be cruel and unfeeling to rake up from the grave: his conduct to the academy they justify by the allegation of faults and corruptions in that body: his paintings they praise in loftier but less distinct language than the other party; and they sum up all in the oft-repeated password, “excellent,” a title to which, with all due respect to the memory of our gifted and unfortunate countryman, we see no real pretension. Great powers, and a degree of industry and perseverance, which may not often be

equalled, more aptly merit the title of heroism, and win our wonder and sympathy, without demanding the needless concession of that full eulogy which may deceive the living, but may not

“Soothe the dull cold ear of death.”

The Royal Academy had been established about three years at the time of Barry's return; and the pictures mentioned in the foregoing pages appeared on its walls with great effect. One of these, Venus rising from the sea, was a subject adapted to embody all that his fancy could conceive of perfect beauty. In the other he had chosen to tread in the steps of Homer and Phidias, the bard and the sculptor of antiquity.\* The next attempt which he made was most unhappy; as independent of any imperfections in the execution, it manifested some of the peculiar disadvantages of the style of which he was the champion. The grand and heroic school of antiquity could scarcely admit of the vulgar and ungraceful costume of these degenerate ages: and Barry having selected the death of General Wolfe—the hero and his gallant companions were represented in a state of entire nakedness.

It is needless, as it would be disagreeable to dwell in detail on a succession of pictures, all of which must be presumed to have merited more or less the praise of a bold selection, an original idea, and a vigorous conception, with the merits of a free and commanding pencil.

We have next to notice an incident in Barry's life which tells far more to his prejudice than any other we can recollect to have met—as it subjects him to the charge of ingratitude. But we think the facts have been commented upon with undue severity. Dr. Brocklesby wished to obtain a portrait of Burke, to whom it was perhaps also a tribute of regard, that he desired to have it painted by Barry. As the reader can conceive, Mr. Burke's varied and important avoca-

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\* The incident selected by Barry, was from the same passage of the Iliad which Phidias professed to have meditated over for his statue of Jupiter:—

‘Η καὶ κορινθίου τοῦ ἀφ’ οὗ καὶ οὐκ ἔμελλεν  
 Ἀμφικύβητος δ’ ἀπὸ χαλκῆς ὑπερφανὲς ἀνέστη  
 ἔκαστος αὖ ἀλαλκῆτος, &c.

tions were such as to admit of no great leisure for the necessary sittings. Barry, whose mind was wrapped in the idealities and the theory of his art, and who much disliked any application of his skill, which he considered as derogatory to his genius, found occasions sufficiently important to put off the ungenial task. Between these two sources of delay, the portrait which he could not refuse to execute was deferred for more than two years; during which Mr. Burke was occasionally compelled to break appointments with the artist; but still anxious to oblige their common friend, he made frequent visits whenever he could find leisure: in all of these he was put off by Barry under the plea of some engagement, which was in most instances too evidently a pretext. At last, thinking that his visits amounted to the appearance of importunity; and at the same time feeling that Barry's conduct was neither discreet in itself nor friendly towards him, he wrote a letter to the artist, explanatory of the seeming importunity of his calls, but expressed in language of so much modesty as regarded himself, and compliment to the genius of Barry, that the petulant and jealous temper of the latter took the alarm, and understood the whole as a severe ironical reproof. He answered Burke under that impression; complained of it as an attack upon his peace of mind; and insisted upon the right of artists to have due and full notice of the sitter's visit. Mr. Burke replied. He regretted the mistake of his old friend—reminded him of the profound respect he had always expressed for all genius—disclaimed calling in question the right asserted by Barry, but mentioned that he was at the very time sitting to Reynolds for the *Thrales*, and had already sat to four other artists in great employment, and that he had sat on no other terms but those to which Barry objected. He also observed, that as a portrait had ever been one of those forms in which vanity was known to display itself, he had thought it the more necessary to write the apology which had given offence. We should gladly have extracted the entire of these letters, but they are far beyond our limits.

This interruption to a long friendship was soon made up; the picture

was painted, and is said to have been an excellent resemblance, and to have even been regarded as an indication of the probable success which might have followed such an application of Barry's talents. We are minute in our notice of this incident, as it has been briefly related and severely treated by critics and biographers. It has been given up indeed by flattering and friendly writers as a painful instance of ingratitude. We think that a fair, and therefore, full view of Barry has in it much extenuation, and as such is the design of this memoir, we shall say a little more upon the merits of the case. If Barry's offence was ingratitude, it did not at least originate in the ordinary fountain, or involve the base moral vices usually connected with that defect. The same result may arise from other and unusual combinations of human character. The mind that becomes, like Barry's, wrapped in the enthusiasm of an art or a philosophy, may be regarded as existing out of self, and isolated from the ties, the wants, many of the weaknesses, and some of the virtues of social humanity. And from such a state poor Barry's spirit was only awakened to common life, by wants, obstacles, and disappointments, which call forth and exercise none but the fiercer and gloomier dispositions of man's nature. Those who can conceive the position of Barry in the lofty elevation of his own sphere of theory, and who will measure his pretensions by his own scale, will neither think it absurd, nor, as some of his friends pretend to think; impossible that he could have really resented Burke's preference for Reynolds. A very little reflection on the angry sense which Barry entertained of the injustice of the public estimate which showered fortune and fame upon one whose works and capabilities appeared to him so contemptible in comparison with his own, will fully show the keen mortification with which such a preference must have been felt by poor Barry. Mr. Burke was in his mind (as in truth) the great arbiter of taste; he was, moreover, his own patron and his best friend—one to whose protection he conceived himself to have a special claim; it was truly no light or secondary grievance to be apparently deserted by him in the combat against mortal odds, and to

be cast aside for an inferior and an enemy. It was thus he felt: it was error, but not ingratitude, that betrayed him in the exposure of a jealousy which some of his admirers have denied, but which certainly existed.

In truth, Barry's life was a dream of the imaginary splendours of a restoration of ancient art, his spirit teemed with visions of the graces of Raffaele and the sublimities of Michael Angelo, from the hands of British artists; and in the impulse which England had now received, he dimly saw a day of glorious success, for which life would be in his estimation a light sacrifice. And this dream was the world in which he existed; he was an enthusiast, perhaps a fanatic in the passion of his art; with a spirit too intensely pitched for the commerce of ordinary life, he had the virtues and failings which belong to the heroes of antiquity, and would perhaps, like Brutus, have slain his friend for the republic—but he was incapable of the baseness of ingratitude.

The most sanguine wishes of his heart appeared at this time in a fair way to meet their fulfilment. The leading artists who entered with strong zeal into the laudable ambition to advance the interests of their profession, were impressed still with the old persuasion that one of the main departments of their art was the delineation of Scripture subjects, and its principal end the decoration of religion. In their zeal they proposed to exert their skill and genius in the embellishment of St. Paul's Cathedral—itsself one of the most splendid results of British art. The dean and chapter readily consented. Barry rejoiced in the prospect, and volunteered his skill. He was indeed the first proposer of the project a little after he became an associate in the academy. The academy now chose him, Cipriani, Angelica, Dance, Reynolds, and West for the execution: Barry's picture was to have been Christ rejected, when Pilate had proposed his release to the Jewish people. This plan was, however, frustrated: however laudable on the part of the artists, it could not fail to be felt by the more instructed wisdom and piety of the heads of the church, that such decorations were inconsistent with both the letter and spirit of scriptural worship, and had been, both on these and other just and

prudent considerations, rejected by the Church of England. The bishops of London and Canterbury interfered, and the proposal was thus defeated. The resentment of Barry, whose adherence to the papal church was very probably a consequence of his professional enthusiasm, was strongly excited.

The Society of Arts, Commerce, &c. took up the suggestion, and offered to avail themselves of the zeal and liberality of the artists. But the academy had by this had time to reflect, and reflection brought more sober views than so wild a sacrifice of emolument and skill. Barry was again disappointed and irritated. He now undertook to enlighten the taste of the age by "Inquiring into the real and imaginary obstructions to the progress of art in England." The argument of this work had been long before suggested to his mind, when in Rome, by the taunts of foreign artists, who formed their creed upon the theories of Wincklemann, Du Bos, and Montesquieu, who had all concurred in representing the inaptitude of the British genius for art. To refute this notion, fatal to improvement, Barry entered with very considerable learning and ability into the history of ancient art, and exposed most conclusively the fallacious argument principally depended on by these writers, and derived from the varied characteristics of the schools—an argument fortunate in this, that the originating causes of a style are so far incidental and complex in their nature as to escape the distinct record of history. The theorists whom Barry opposed allege in maintenance of their proposition—the fine colouring and faulty design of the Venetian; the rigid drawing and bad colouring of the Florentine; the grace and elevation of the Romans; the clumsiness of the Flemish, and the poverty and vulgarity of the Dutch. From these facts it is inferred by them that there must be some determining cause in the circumstances of race and climate to determine the peculiarities of genius. Barry meets the argument by a historical inquiry, in which he ascertains the origin of those characteristic differences; in the course of which he shows that the marks by which the principal schools have been distinguished had their origin in other schools.

Giorgione, the Venetian master, for example, was a follower of Leonardo, the Florentine; and Titian, adopting the same model and devoting himself to the perfection of colouring, completed that department of art, and fixed the character and method of the Venetian school. Neither of these masters gave sufficient care to the art of mere drawing, and in this they were also followed by their numerous imitators. In truth, for one man of genius in any art there are thousands of expert and talented followers; and thus will ever arise those peculiarities which constitute a school. Thus seen, the argument of the foreigners will be found to prove too much: the schools of poetry in England are full as diversified as all the schools of painting ever known, and might as well support a similar argument. But we cannot pass on without noticing what strikes us as a happy provision for the progress of the human mind, which this argument exemplifies: the different perfections of art were each enough to demand the devotion of a master-mind and of his followers: the schools are but a natural division of labour—an economy for the regulation of human progress; and but one of the propositions of the great science of man's social nature. In this respect a curious illustration may be found in the Bolognese school, which followed the eclectic principle, and first aimed to combine the excellencies of the schools. Their success was not indeed considerable; in fact it was the premature interference with a natural order of things; but it was itself one of its ordinary results. Barry notices the fact with a view to his own argument, and there is some expertness in the application. How absurd, he observes, it would be to imagine "that the Bolognese artists were influenced at one and the same time by the different climates and mediums of air of Rome, Florence, Venice, and Parma." The argument of Du Bos is indeed not maintained by any very formidable abilities or by any facts difficult to deal with. It mainly illustrates the natural disposition to find permanent reasons for the fleeting and mutable phenomena of human life, and composing theories to be confuted by time. The sagacity of Barry easily penetrated the fallacy

of theories which our own times have scattered to oblivion.

Among the topics to which Barry was led in the course of this discussion, there was none more important or more likely to give an improved direction to the public taste, than the corruption which it must have sustained from the impositions of the picture-dealer, and the vast importations of spurious or decayed paintings of the Italian schools. As ages have impaired the colouring, while they increased the price of these precious and venerable remains, a taste was formed which had their defects for its groundwork; and vicious or defective habits of the eye were necessarily to be satisfied by the painter. The artist followed the aberrations of taste, and in successive generations departed more and more from nature. Thus art had been for some time under a course of gradual decline from its purer types, and had acquired a character essentially at variance with its primary intent: a well browned and blackened piece of wood, framed in tarnished gold, could, by the force of association, possess a charm beyond the most costly furniture. The new and brilliant style, then, in its birth, though vitiated by this crazed corruption of taste, was nevertheless little in accord with it: it was a new heresy springing in the hotbed of an old superstition, and was the more likely to be ill received because it tended to depreciate many a costly collection. A false system of taste helped to maintain the price of many a spurious gem of art, as well as of many a decayed masterpiece, which age had reduced to the shadow of a shade. Considering this, there was much boldness in the denunciations which invaded the repose of collections of ancient art, and stripped them of many of their boasted ornaments. Barry's essay was received with interest in the literary circle; and would have been of less qualified advantage to his professional prospects but for the fanaticism which animated him against all whom he looked upon as opponents, and led him to interperse the latter part of his book with sarcastic hits, which, as he explained in his letter to Mr. Burke, "alluded to certain matters agitated among artists, and were satires upon some of them." On this, Mr. Burke com-



mented with the frankness and dignity inseparable from his character :—“ With regard to the justice or injustice of these strictures (of which there are several in the latter part of the book) Mr. Burke can form no opinion. As he has little or no knowledge of the art, he can be no judge of the emulations and disputes among its professors. These parts may, therefore, for aught he knows, be very grateful, and possibly useful to the several parties which subsist (if any subsist) among themselves. But he apprehends they will not be equally pleasing to the world at large, which rather desires to be pleased with their works than troubled with their intentions. Whatever merit there may be in these reflections, the style of that part which most abounds with them is by no means so lively, elegant, clear, or liberal as the rest.” We should balance this stricture with the compliment contained in the same letter—it is, we have no doubt, equally merited as sincere. He thanks Barry for the early communication of his “most ingenious performance on painting, from several parts of which he has received no small pleasure and instruction. There are throughout the whole many fine thoughts and observations, very well conceived, and very powerfully and elegantly expressed.” There is, however, a cold and somewhat stately tone in the form and phraseology of the letter from which we have extracted, which has led some writers to suspect that the difference on the subject of Mr. Burke’s portrait had not been very cordially made up. We are not of this opinion, as there are proofs of a frank and friendly intercourse between the two occurrences. Of that nature there is an incident mentioned by Mr. Prior, whose words we shall quote. “Shortly after this (the affair about the portrait) Mr. Burke finding Barry busily at work when he called, inquired the subject, and was told that it was a bagatelle—young Mercury inventing the lyre, by accidentally finding a tortoise-shell at break of day on the sea-shore. ‘Ay,’ replied the orator, with his accustomed promptitude, ‘that is the fruit of early rising—there is the industrious boy. But I will give you a companion for it—paint Narcissus wasting his day in

looking at himself in a fountain—that will be the idle boy.’”

As to the real or supposed alteration of Mr. Burke’s manner, there are some very obvious reasons for such a change without the assumption of even a diminution of regard. Mr. Cunningham has marked the true reasons. Barry had become the fierce opponent of Reynolds and others with whom Mr. Burke was on terms either of strict friendship or in habits of kindly intercourse; and, as Mr. Cunningham observes, “to continue on intimate terms with one so fierce of nature it was necessary to become his partisan; he expected those who loved him should share his griefs, and resent whatever he thought worthy of resentment. To become Barry’s friend was like being a second in a duel of old, when both principals and seconds drew their swords and fought the quarrel out. Into disputes with a rich and influential body of men, Burke was likely to be slow in precipitating himself: he felt that his friend Reynolds had suffered from the pen and tongue of Barry, and he was glad to retire at such a distance as gave him the power to remain neuter in these unhappy contests.”

These contests had not only embittered the mutable and over-concentrated spirit of Barry, but had created him numerous and implacable enemies among the members of his profession. They had also accelerated and darkened the progress of the malady which had perhaps its roots in his constitution, and which can at least be traced from an early date in his life. He became reserved and solitary, and wrapt in the dream of imaginary triumphs and heart-wearing enmities. He neglected his attire, and became careless of the order and manners of social life. He who keeps apart, and ceases to cultivate the intimacies and friendships of society, will be forgotten by his friends sooner than any one can willingly believe: the brightest incidents of success form but a small object in the thoughts of any but the one on whom they reflect the insidious light of glory: enmity has longer recollections; whether it is that it is a more active principle, or, what is nearer to the truth, more deeply concerns self-regard. The retreat of Barry, while it sequestered him from the

charities of life, was not the abode of peace or rest ; while he fed his vindictive temper with fancied antagonists and persecutors, he was active in contriving insults and mortifications, and in making real and formidable enemies for himself. Of this we shall soon meet ample illustrations.

But above all, the magnificent scheme of vindicating his professional creed by some vast work of unprecedented and surpassing splendour and sublimity filled and fired his breast, and burned more intensely in the desolation he had created round his feelings. With this hope, plan after plan was formed and thrown aside, and every open sought to realize the favourite vision of his thoughts.

At last, after sustaining repeated disappointments to his hopes of being profitably employed in the only branch of his profession to which he attached any value, Barry adopted a course which indicates the stern devotion of his nature, and the profoundness of the enthusiasm which could abandon all other cares for the one in which the whole man was absorbed. In the year 1777 he offered gratuitously to decorate with paintings the rooms of the Society for the Improvement of Art, &c. and the offer was accepted. At the time of this offer he possessed no income, and his whole stock of wealth is said to have amounted to sixteen shillings. On this occasion he wrote to Mr. Burke, requesting his advice as to the most suitable class of subjects for the undertaking. Mr. Burke's answer is extant, disclaiming any knowledge of art, and promising to call on Barry shortly, after having previously considered the various topics which might seem most suited to the purpose. Of the promised visit we have no record, but to those who know the vast and seemingly boundless expansion of Mr. Burke's knowledge, the freedom and fertility of his combinations, and the almost miraculous promptness with which he could bring together and arrange all that could be effectively said upon any subject of interest, it will be thought no more than reasonable to say, that after receiving his communication, it is not very likely that Barry could have taken further ground. We say this the more confidently because among the combinations of knowledge and thought displayed in those pictures,

there is much which we should say was not precisely within the habitual conversation of Barry's mind and pursuits, and very much belonging to those considerations of which Mr. Burke is known to have been a master. On this great task the following seven years of Barry's life were employed, with an industry which refused all rest. As his labour supplied no remuneration, he was under the necessity of passing the greater part of the night in the humble drudgery of working for the printshops, and those cuts and decorations with which it was then usual to adorn the commonest books. But he was characteristically indifferent as to the wants of the body, and it is mentioned by a friend to whom his habits were familiar, that he chiefly lived on bread and apples during that interval. Considering, however, the ascetic temper and ardent enthusiasm of the man, it may perhaps be reckoned among the really most happy intervals of his existence. Men, for the most part, measure by their own desires and wants the happiness of others. But Barry was indifferent about all which he did not possess, and passionately engrossed by the object which was the purpose of all his thoughts—the summit of his ambition stood palpably before his steps, and all beside was not worth a thought.

During this interval nothing is recorded to delay our narrative, and we, therefore, pass at once to the completion of his arduous labours. These labours he finished in 1783, and if the toil, endurance, and patience which it had exerted were alone to be taken into account, they would assuredly be admitted as unquestionable indications of a memorable combination of qualities essential for great and noble undertakings. For the success of the undertaking, Johnson's observation may be admitted to express the merit, and imply the defect of his work:—"Whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you will find no where else." The pictures were in number six, their object was, to illustrate the dependence of mankind on the cultivation of the faculties of mind and body, and the history of civilization is abstracted in a series of allegorical representations. The first is the story of Orpheus;

second, a harvest-home scene, or a thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; third, the victors at the Olympian games; fourth, navigation, or the triumph of the Thames; fifth, the distribution of premiums in the Society of Arts; sixth, the Elysian fields—a singular retrogression of thought. For these pictures, the Society of Arts voted him two exhibitions, besides several sums amounting to two hundred and fifty guineas, their gold medal, and a seat as a member of their body.

A letter of great length and very ably written was addressed to Barry on the first opening of his exhibition. Mr. Prior, who gives it at full length in his life of Mr. Burke, attributes it to the pen of this illustrious man. In the absence, however, of Mr. Prior's reasons for such an appropriation, we are inclined to agree with a writer in the "Edinburgh Review," whom we believe to have been Mr. Knight, in thinking the sentiments expressed not quite those of Mr. Burke, though we think the objection of style not difficult to get over. This letter appears to us to display more skill and a more elaborate attention to the principles of art, than should have been anticipated from Mr. Burke at that anxious and busy period of his life. After giving the highest praise to Barry's pictures, this letter turns from them to review some of his known opinions on the subject of art, which it takes up on the justifiable ground, that they were likely to operate prejudicially on the taste and practice of painting. We cannot, however, avoid considering it as directed, in some measure, for the purpose of intimating to Barry those defects of his practice, which withheld him from a more available style of art. It takes up and discusses, with great good sense and perspicuity, two important errors, which the writer alleges to be those of the young artists of the day. Of these, one is the natural fallacy which confounds size with sublimity: this point the writer illustrates with great clearness and knowledge of art and of pictures. We shall here only quote a striking example. "I have seen," he says, "a large cartoon copied from the little picture of the vision of Ezekiel, by Raffael, in which the copyist no doubt thought to

expand and illustrate the idea of the author; but by losing the majesty of the countenance, which makes the original so sublime, notwithstanding its being in miniature, his colossal copy became ridiculous instead of awful." The magnitude of Barry's pictures was so great as to give some appearance of severity to this application. They were each eleven feet ten inches in height; the breadth of four of them was fifteen feet two inches, and of two forty-two feet. Barry's taste and judgment were attracted by the masterly criticism and reason of the letter. He made some efforts to obtain an interview with the writer. But the writer was evidently too conversant with the then existing walks of art to be entangled in the maze of Barry's predilections and antipathies, and had the sense to preserve his *incognito*. We shall conclude our notice of Barry's pictures with an extract from Mr. Cunningham, with the sentiment of which we agree. "Those who have examined these extraordinary works, will hardly dispute that the artist grappled with a subject too varied, complicated, and profound for the pencil. The moral grandeur of the undertaking, and the historical associations which it awakened, together with the room which it afforded for the display of imagination, imposed upon the ardent and indiscriminating Barry, and he probably began with desperate charcoal round the darkening walls of the Adelphi, in the belief that the subject would unfold and brighten upon him by degrees; but the sunrise of knowledge, and the full day of art and science, involved discoveries and inventions which painting could not well find shape nor colour to express. The fault of the work lies in the subject: he that runs cannot read, and he who reads cannot always understand. The description by Barry's own pen, opens the secret somewhat: without it these six pictures, instead of presenting one continued story—simple in conception and unembarrassed in detail—would appear like so many splendid riddles. The *grand style*, which our artist thought to revive in this fashion, is the simplest of all, and can be comprehended without comment."

In the substance of this criticism

we entirely concur with the able and estimable writer. In truth, the simplest allegory demands exquisite skill and caution to preserve the truth and fitness of the comparison on which it depends, without becoming forced and obscure, or falling into incongruities. Barry had the inadvertence to take a subject which demanded more than the powers of language, and which exposed him to the perpetual necessity of the most forced and whimsical resources to maintain his style, and avoid that mixture of the real and symbolical, tantamount to the broken metaphor, but so much the more absurd, as it becomes more apparent when represented to the eye. Of this there are, indeed, related some amusing illustrations. Dr. Burney appears in the attire of the year 1778, playing a tune to Drake and Raleigh;—and a lady of fastidious modesty was scandalized to see him “with a parcel of naked girls dabbling in a horse-pond.”

Barry, although justly elated with his hard-earned success, was not yet content to leave his pictures to tell their own story. He wrote a pamphlet of great ability, to explain his details, and to vindicate his designs. On this, it may now be enough to remark, that the fame of his pictures caused it to be the more widely circulated; and, as it abounded with sarcasms and severe innuendos against other authors, it did the more mischief to its author.

In 1782, one year before the foregoing incidents, Barry was elected professor of painting to the academy. Being at the time wholly engrossed by his great undertakings, he could not prepare the course of lectures which it became his duty to deliver to the students. The president having, at one of the sittings of the academy, animadverted on the delay, Barry rose with shut fist and angry eye, and answered:—“If I had no more to do in the course of my lectures, than produce such poor, mistaken stuff as your discourses, I should soon have them ready for reading.”

His lectures were afterwards delivered; the first in March, 1784. They were numerous attended, and still hold their place in the studies of the painter. Their merit continues

to be variously estimated; but it is admitted that they display knowledge of his subject, and much power and variety of illustration. They were devoted to the purpose of his life, to prove the superiority of the historical branch of art, and comparative insignificance of every other. He availed himself to the full extent of this comparison, to wound feelings and offend the brethren of his craft. These lectures are nevertheless sanctioned by the approbation of posterity, and still are to be found among five or six works which the Royal Academy in London puts into the hands of its students. The salary attached to this professorship did not exceed the very inadequate and paltry amount of thirty pounds a year: but it was a station of professional rank, and, to a person of ordinary prudence, must have been the stepping-stone to a respectable competency. But poor Barry was no person of prudence, or indeed of common discretion. Painting was to him as a profession of faith, to which he had taken monastic vows; and with the devotion came the spirit of the sect. His pride has been largely dwelt on, and made to explain many things to which it will not apply. He was proud; for all such minds are proudly constituted by their nature. His pride, however, was not self-admiration, but the consciousness of power, and the elevation above small motives. But the spirit which common persons mistake for pride, presumption, arrogance, or by whatever names they, meaning the same thing, are used, in absence of just distinction, to call it—and we dwell on the mistake because it is nearly universal—was little more than the earnestness of purpose, which, in the contemplation of one object, loses sight of all beside. Barry, in his blind zeal, overlooked the opinions, places, pretensions, and characters of others; but it is an error to assume that this disorderly and fatal temper had its basis in self-esteem. With the native animosity of his spirit, there unhappily co-operated that morbid vein of character which is so often its hapless accompaniment, and from which it may derive, under circumstances, so fatal a direction. And for this most inauspicious combination, Barry's advancement was but the stage.

In many of the notices now before us, the mention of this professorship seems to be the signal for discussions on the demerits of academies. These notices of such a subject appear to us to exemplify too often the difficulty attendant upon all attempts to pronounce on subjects of any extent, in a few smart sentences. We cannot enter upon the subject, but we think it just to say, that we think that those popular attacks have, mostly, the fault of not contemplating the real uses of academies, and censuring them for the want of merits, which no person of common sense ever could expect from them\* otherwise than incidentally. It is quite correct to say, that most of the great artists of that day, among whom was Barry, did not proceed from the academy; the academy proceeded from them. But at that time, assuredly, the academy was to do its work. It gave art and artists a station, to which every artist since has been more or less indebted. It imparted to the British public the eye for art and taste, diffused through a thousand ramifications, and thus prepared the way both for the production and estimation of genius; but it has only in later times brought forth the last result, "the bright, consummate flower," which has been, in the course of the few intervening generations, gathering its lustre and beauty in concealment—the British school of art. Let any sensible person for a moment reflect on the vast effect produced on the public through those secondary branches of design, which only cultivate the mechanism of art, to such an extent, that our Wedgwood ware is redolent of Greek antiquity, and our cups and saucers are schools of no inferior art to millions. And hence insensibly grows the tact of perception, to which the artist is far more indebted than he is fully aware. The gentlemen who can do little better than point out when a leg happens to be turned the wrong way, or an eye has lost its way on the face, in this alone do much: they may be permitted to continue human, and carry with them, even into the academy, those infirmities and smallnesses which human nature continues to preserve in all its aggregations.

But such an institution was, perhaps, no place for Barry, who, in common with his great friend, may lawfully claim Goldsmith's line,—

"Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient."

Mr. Burke's infirmity, if such it might be called, the "great infirmity of noble minds," in a truer sense than the love of fame, was governed and restrained by a masterly sagacity, and a sound reason. In him the temper to revert to elementary laws and first principles was held in check by the breadth of his mental vision, and his clear perception of the realities of life.

Barry's theories were largely alloyed with illusion, and in his speculations, the contingent, the practicable, and the actual, formed too small a part. He could inquire, with the mind of a philosopher, into the laws of pictorial effect, and the elements of the art: but when translated from his studio, into the involved and subtle machinery of a corporate institution, he took it up as a theorem for the direction of certain means for certain ends, wholly forgetful of the real nature and operation of those means, and ignorant of the laws of their constitution and government. Looking on his brother artists as academicians, he overlooked the fact that they were men. Viewing the academy as an institution for certain ends, he refused to see the small but peremptory limits on which the very existence of such bodies is dependent. In a word, he saw every thing with a spirit not unlike the liberalism of our own day, in the light of a contracted generalization, which separates *some one law* from the whole vast and involved system of co-operating and mutually counteracting agencies of our social nature, and then abstracts it so as to be inconsistent with facts and the reality of things.

Barry omitted no step that could generate a feeling of dislike against him. Inflamed with the zeal of a martyr for the promotion and the vindication of the "grand style," he flung unsparing contempt on those branches of art which he considered

\* Such is the common fallacy of those who assail corporate institutions.



as standing in its light. Portrait-painting, in which the highest skill may be displayed, but in which the common mediocrity of profession must needs find its exclusive level, he sneered at and declaimed against with a blind inveteracy, which did not spare Reynolds himself. The body of his profession, which, like any body of cultivated men, would have been won by his commanding powers, were alienated and offended by contumely, and by the assumption of superiority. They were human, and could not fail to be affected by unremitting insolence, rendered effective by talent and uncompromising zeal. With this, the combative temper of Barry daily involved him in disputes with those who were so unfavourably disposed; and his hypochondriac fancy, which would have peopled Elysium with fiends, thus found, in reality, enough to feed upon.

Through life he had been harassed with imaginary cabals and conspiracies, and so alert was his fancy in the creation of such illusions, that even any public incident, which seemed to bear remotely upon his undertakings, was interpreted into some such design. The sacred oratorios in Westminster-Abbey, he repeatedly, and in different companies, was used to mention as a contrivance to interrupt the success of his exhibition, which took place at the same time. And the academy was, in his belief, the great centre of plots against him.

It was under the operation of such causes that he soon became involved in angry contests with the academy. In fact, he not only took a part in every complaint, just or unjust, which appeared in pamphlets or public journals against that body, but availed himself of the privileges of his station, to give them utterance where they were most pernicious, and least likely to be endured. The professor's chair, in his possession, became a magnifying reflector to every stray gleam of hostility; and it must have been felt, that such language within their own walls sounded like the admission of every charge. Matters were thus disposed when these provocations took a distinct form.

Among other impracticable proposals, which served as the nucleus for all his grievances, he had proposed to the council of the academy the appro-

priation of their funds to the purchase of several masterpieces of Italian art from the gallery of Reynolds, and from the collection of the Duke of Orleans, to serve as models to illustrate his instructions on the subjects of composition and colouring. The inexpediency of such a step is made apparent by Barry's own statement, and the academy refused to comply. In 1798, it so happened that no prize was given to any of the competitors in the academy, and Barry seized on the occasion as demonstrative of the ill consequence of not attending to his suggestion, and launched out, with all his characteristic severity, against the injustice of the academy, in withholding from the pupils that assistance which was their right. A conduct so laden with mischief could not be silently allowed to pass; and in March, 1799, charges were preferred against the professor of painting, in the council, and referred to the body of the academy, with a resolution, that should they concur with the council in considering them of sufficient importance, the heads of accusation should, in this case, be communicated to the professor. The academy met, and appointed a committee of its own, to which the charges were referred. Barry received notice, and on the 15th of April the academy met to receive the report of its committee. On this occasion Barry attended, and demanded a copy of the report, which was not granted. On being refused, he exclaimed: "That if they acted in conjunction with his enemies, without giving him the opportunity of answering for himself, and refuting the charges alleged against him, he should be ashamed to belong to the academy." He then retired; and after full consideration was, by two consecutive votes, removed from the professor's chair, and expelled from the academy. This severe measure was confirmed by the king.

Very opposite views have been taken of these decisions, and we may be allowed, without the charge of presumption, to state our own opinion, in opposition to both parties. With the sage Sir Roger de Coverly, we think that much may be said on either side. We quite agree with those who think that the academy acted with the precipitancy of an angry and vindictive temper; and have no doubt, that

whatever were the merits of the case, they were actuated by a small and mean hostility, and that the charge was conducted and decided on without regard to the principles of justice, or the decorum, if we may not say dignity, to be preserved in the proceedings of a public body. There was not fair play.

On the other side it may, with some force, be pleaded that Barry's offence was so public, and of a character so decided, that there was no possible room left for a valid defence. The charge could not have been rebutted, and it was apparent that the defence must have been an extenuation founded upon a re-statement and further affirmation of the same pernicious charges against the academy. Were they bound to suffer this? We are inclined to think not. But what, it may be said, if Barry's charges were just? Now, to set this fallacy in its true light, we must observe, that on Barry's own statement of the transaction, which will be found among his published works, his conduct was quite incompatible with his continuing a member of the academy. No corporate body can safely permit internal hostility to exist in continued operation within its own frame. When this hostility, however, instead of acting by means of the laws of the institution itself, and thus forming a constitutional opposition, assumes the power and action of an *external* enemy, it then ceases to be a question, what degree of abstract justice it may have on its side. The great fundamental law of self-protection is against it. The difference is the same as that between the mob-oratory of the hustings and the canons of Napoleon. The academy was, or contained within it, a faction, and was more alive to the separate interests of its members, than to its public functions. But he who was its public accuser could not be an academician. It is easy to see the limits of such a principle; but we cannot enter into the question in its full extent. Barry's offence is well summed up by Mr. Cunningham:—

“In this work\*—which is neither commendable in aim, nor temperate in language—he embodied almost all his disputes with mankind, collectively and individually. After describing the

leading principles of national art—the objects which the Royal Academy had been instituted to accomplish, and the purposes to which their money as well as their energies ought to be directed—Barry plunged into the actual conduct of the academy's affairs—denounced private combinations and jealousies—asserted that the funds were dissipated by secret intrigues—and, as a finishing touch to this picture of weakness and corruption, proposed, seriously to all appearance, that whenever the judgment of the body was appealed to, the honest vote of each member should be secured by oath!”

From this time his history offers no incident in any way worth a detailed narration. There are, it is true, anecdotes enough of every part of his life, but the scale of this memoir must exclude such materials as have no direct connexion with the main events of his life. He was not idle, and in despite of his infirmity, it was not possible for him to continue long in a state of depression. The same diseases of the mind, under which some brood over shadowy horrors, with a maddening monotony of spirit, is, in minds of a more active and energetic structure, subdued and held in check by speculations and active employments, which reduce these intervals of irritation. Barry, haunted by conspiracies and cabals all his life, yet only yielded by fits to their gloomy pressure, or else confined their ordinary influence to that stern consciousness, which, without interrupting, yet throws a gloom over the habitual pursuits. He then occupied a house in Castle-street, Oxford-market, which, with his natural indifference about external circumstances, he allowed to fall into a state of dis-repair, hardly consistent with its occupation by any respectable person. The internal accommodations were on a level with the outside, in dilapidation and squalidness of appearance. In this sordid habitation one room served for kitchen, parlour, and *studio*. There books, pictures, and gridirons—the implements of art and of cookery, richly decorated with cobwebs and stains of every colour of the palette, were mixed together in picturesque disarray. And the living occupant of so strange a scene, was not out of keeping with the surrounding whole.

\* Letter to the Dilettanti Society.

We have two descriptions of his person—one on Burke's authority, the other by Dr. Southey—at different times, but both agreeing in the image they present. The latter, however, refers to the scene here noticed:—“He wore, at that time, an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered. His wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scare-crow; all round it projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone, in a house which was never cleaned; and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on one side.” In his former lodgings, in Saint Martin's-lane, he had one attendant, an old woman, from Cork, who had conformed herself to his morose and solitary habits, and performed the office of a she-Cerberus to the few whom his morbid and unsocial temper did not deter from the enjoyment of his clever and spirited conversation. But now the gloom of his ideas began to wear a deeper shade; the phantom-circle had thickened and contracted around him; his suspicions and dislikes had in some measure realized the enmities which they had begun by fancying, and the oppositions and hostilities he had thus forced into existence, seemed to justify the apprehensions of his fancy. Convinced of the existence of a conspiracy which aimed at his destruction, he resolved not to trust even a servant, whom his enemies would not, he thought, fail to corrupt. He therefore lived in perfect solitude in Castle-street, cooking and performing every menial office for himself. The explanation might be questioned on the ground of his extreme poverty, which might have made it rather a matter of necessity than choice; but, admitting this premiss, we consider that the opposite interpretation, resting on Barry's own authority, was not only in strict keeping with his temper and avowed notions, but in fact; and it is a fact worth adverting to; the same mental ailment is common, uniform in its results, and never fails to lead to the same precise conduct, to the utmost extent that circumstances permit. The hypochondriac temper, when it leads to that result which is always to be feared from it, and terminates in that monomaniac suspicion, which was

VOL. XX.—No. 118.

growing through poor Barry's life, will always consistently follow out the reasonable conclusions from its false and fearful premises, and adopt such means of self-preservation as would be naturally suggested by the facts, had they any reality. We are aware how many admirers of Barry, admitting the hapless infirmities of his temper and mind, seem to protest against uplifting the veil from these hapless consequences. But consequences far harsher than the reality, have been drawn by hostile pencils. He has been described as a quintessence of pride, bitterness, and malignity; and we consider that much of his life is more kindly, as well as more truly, referred to disease.

Barry was, indeed, reduced to a condition of poverty, which might well excuse the utmost privation. The small sum which constituted his entire property, and was the fruit of his paintings for the Society of Arts, &c., was stolen from him, by persons who broke into his house at two several times. And as his earnings, if any, were only in some penurious line of art, he was reduced by these misfortunes to a state of total indigence. But happily, a man of Barry's known genius and moral character (irreproachable in the more high and important sense) could not be thrown by without support from some, whose understanding and good taste could appreciate the more excellent qualities of his unhappy nature. The Earl of Radnor, and two other gentlemen, of the name of Holles, came forward and made up the amount of his loss.

He had planned and commenced a series of pictures on the progress of theology, which would most probably supply his wants in a manner more agreeable to the independence of his temper, but unhappily he could not, in his poverty, command the means.

Under those circumstances it was, that his deserted condition attracted the notice of a Scottish nobleman, whose patronage is mentioned honourably by many writers, but is described by Mr. Cunningham with a severity which, if not strictly just, (and we have no means of deciding,) is at least very conformable to human nature and the history of such affairs. This nobleman's ambition was, to bear the character of a Mæcenas. “He spent his long life in speaking kind

words, writing encouraging letters, and dispensing patronizing looks to all who had visited the Vatican, or were found loitering about the nether regions of Parnassus."

The smiling patron seems to have looked for a large discount on his smiles and patronising looks, and an ample return for his more thrifty generosity. He astonished those who knew him best by subscribing ten pounds for Barry. But he drew on the painter's gratitude and practised on his pride:—"He praised the set of proof engravings which Barry sent in a present to Dryburgh; fell in love with others which were in London; longed to possess an 'easel picture,' as a memorial of friendship; condescended to name the picture he particularly affected, the interview of Milton with Elwood, the Quaker, and finally requested, in addition, a proof engraving from the Birth of Pandora!"

Many friends of Barry were ready to take the hint thus offered; and in some time the subscription rose to a thousand pounds. A meeting of his friends resolved that it should be laid out in the purchase of an annuity. An annuity of one hundred and twenty pounds was purchased from Sir Robert Peel, and thus a secure independence was at last obtained for one so long and so severely tried by poverty. But it was now late; his constitution was broken, and a mortal disease had perhaps already obtained the mastery in his frame.

No external indication, however, awakened the apprehension and depressed the expectation of those partial friends and admirers, who hoped for new and great achievements from his genius, now at last happily free from the bonds and impediments of a galling penury. He was apparently unbroken and alert, and there was in his appearance the promise of a long life. His seal, also, promised that he would not fall into idleness. He had been slowly working out his great plan of a series of pictures on theology.

But a sudden illness seized him as, on the evening of the sixth of Feb. 1806, he was entering the house where he used to dine. We here extract the account left by one of his most intimate friends:—

"On the evening of Thursday, February 6, 1806, he was seized, as he

entered the house where he usually dined, with the cold fit of a pleuritic fever, of so intense a degree, that all his faculties were suspended, and he was unable to articulate, or move. Some cordial was administered to him; and, on coming a little to himself, he was taken in a coach to the door of his own house, which, the keyhole being plugged with dirt and pebbles, as had been often done before by the malice, or perhaps the roguery of boys in the neighbourhood, it was found impossible to open. The night being dark, and he shivering under the progress of his disease, his friends thought it advisable to drive away, without loss of time, to the hospitable mansion of Mr. Bonomi. By the kindness of that good family, a bed was procured in a neighbouring house, to which he was immediately conveyed. Here he desired to be left, and locked himself up, unfortunately, for forty hours, without the least medical assistance. What took place in the meantime, he could give but little account of, as he represented himself to be delirious, and only recollected his being tortured with a burning pain in his side, and with difficulty of breathing. In this short time was the death-blow given which, by the prompt and timely aid of copious bleeding might have been averted; but, with this aid, such had been the re-action of the hot-fit succeeding the rigours, and the violence of the inflammation on the pleura, that an effusion of lymph had taken place, as appeared afterwards upon dissection. In the afternoon of Saturday, February 8, he rose and crawled forth to relate his complaint to the writer of this account. He was pale, breathless, and tottering, as he entered the room, with a dull pain in his side, a cough, short and incessant, and a pulse quick and feeble. Succeeding remedies proved of little avail. With exacerbations and remissions of fever, he lingered to the 22nd of February, when he expired."

His body was allowed to be removed to the great room of the society which his genius had adorned. His remains were deposited in the vaults of St. Paul's cathedral, between the tombs of Wren and Reynolds. A plain tombstone marks the place, it is inscribed:—

A P O

THE

GREAT HISTORICAL PAINTER,

JAMES BARRY,

Died 22nd February, 1806.

AGED 65.

## A NARRATIVE OF THE AFFGHAN WAR,

In a Series of Letters of the late Colonel Dennie, C.B., Her Majesty's 18th Light Infantry Regiment, Aid-de-Camp to the Queen.

## PART II.—CONCLUSION.

WE closed our article last month—our readers will recollect—by a description of the assault and capture of Ghuznee; alluding to the occupation of Cabool, and the restoration of Shah Soojah to his long lost throne. We may now be excused for interrupting the onward and direct course of this relation, by giving a hasty sketch of the Affghans and their classic land, their origin and early history, and a brief view of those events which preceded, and from which in part originated, this expedition west of the Indus.

The geographical relations of the kingdom of Cabool\*—of which Affghanistan may be considered a province—were, at an earlier date, of much wider extent than at the present day. The country lying between Persia on the west, and Indostan on the east, and stretching northwards from the Indian Ocean to the confines of Tartary, including Bokhara and Budakshan, were, until comparatively speaking, a modern period, comprehended within the limits of the kingdom of Cabool. Now, however, these boundaries are far more confined: the provinces of the Punjab, Beloochistan, Bokhara, and Scinde, asserted, and gradually gained their independence, until the limits of the entire kingdom became almost coincident with those of one of its provinces, Affghanistan—a fact sufficiently indicated at the present day by the indiscriminate, or indifferent use of either name, Affghanistan or Cabool, to denominate territories lying within boundaries so nearly identical. Affghanistan may be roughly stated to include all the high lands of Cabool west of the Soliman range of mountains to Persia, and lying between 30 and 34½ degrees north latitude.

The name Affghanistan, the origin of which is but hypothetical, is seldom or never employed by the natives of this country. When speaking *generally*, they call *themselves* Pooshtaneh: hence Patan, the name by which the Affghans are known throughout Indostan.

In the government and social condition of this people, many striking peculiarities are manifest, when contrasted with the Hindoos on the one hand, and the Persians on the other. Their independent and warlike character, their nominally monarchical, but more really patriarchal government, sufficiently distinguish them from either of those eastern races.

The Affghans are subdivided into numerous independent tribes, the organization of which is intricate and complicated. The following, however, will serve to give a clear general idea of the manner in which their social and legislative combinations are formed. The union of several families, by ties of real or supposed consanguinity, constitutes what is called an *Ooloos*. This is governed by a *Khan*, who is chosen from the oldest family in the Ooloos, in war appearing as its leader, and in peace bearing the office of magistrate and representative. When several Oolooses unite, the confederacy is termed a *Khail*—a union, however, which among many tribes is obsolete. The next combination may be termed a *Tribe*, which is formed by the union of several Khails; and the whole is under the rule of a common sovereign, who obtains, and maintains his throne more by the physical strength of his tribe than absolute right of possession, by inheritance, or otherwise. The Khans, uniting, form what is called a *Jeergah*, which is not only a judicial but a legislative court. Their religion is a sect of the Mohammedan.

The Affghans are intensely attached to their country and their clan, and take

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\* To those who desire to obtain a correct idea of this and the neighbouring countries, the maps Nos. 75 and 80, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are recommended, as being cheap and excellent.



a pride in reciting their genealogies, counting no man a true Affghan who cannot trace his descent through six generations at least.

Their character is thus summed up by Elphinstone:—"On the one hand, they are revengeful, avaricious, rapacious, and obstinate; on the other, they are fond of liberty, faithful to their friends, kind to their dependants, hospitable, brave, hardy, frugal, laborious, and prudent; and they are less disposed than the nations in their neighbourhood to falsehood, intrigue, and deceit."

The most powerful tribe among the Affghans, and by far the most interesting in every respect, is called by the name Dooranee. These people inhabit the western, and central portions of Affghanistan, and, until about a century ago, bore the name of Abdalli Affghans, when Ained Shah, the founder of the present dynasty, gave to them the title they now possess. This powerful tribe consists of nine Khails, of which the Populzye and Barukzye are alone worthy of note here. In the former is the Ooloos of the Suddozyes, to a family of which Shah Soojah belongs, and to the latter Dost Mahomed claims kindred. The Dooranees are not only the most powerful of the Affghan tribes, but they are also the most civilized,—possessing all the virtues of the inhabitants in an eminent degree, with far less of their vices. Herat and Candahar are their principal cities.

Next in importance are the Giljhies, who border the Dooranees on the east. For a long time they possessed the regal power, but were engaged in constant struggles with the Dooranees to maintain their claim to the throne of Cabool. The right of monarchy was, however, finally wrested from them by Amed Shah, the celebrated Dooranee chief, in whose family the royal inheritance is now vested. Cabool, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad are the principal Giljhan cities.

The tribes more easterly still are included amongst the Berdooranees, who inhabit the north-eastern parts of Affghanistan. The most remarkable Khails among them are the Eusofzyes and the Khyberees, who are notorious as being the worst of the Affghans. The latter possess all the hills and valleys under the Hindoo-Koosh, from the Suffaid-Koh to the Indus. The Khyberees are professional robbers and plunderers, which occupation the nature of their country especially favours. They levy a toll on all who may require the use of their defile, and were paid a large sum by Nadir Shah for the unmolested passage of his armies through the pass which bears their name.

These are the most remarkable tribes in Affghanistan. There are numerous others, however, who are so insignificant,—at least in connexion with our present purpose,—that even a recital of their names would be a superfluous task.

The remote origin of this people is obscure. However, it now appears to be satisfactorily established that Bokhara and Affghanistan were, so early as the eighth century before Christ, inhabited by the Medes; and that Zoroaster here first promulgated his religio-political doctrines, which, spreading with surprising rapidity, concentrated and civilized all the surrounding tribes and nations in its progress, until, finally establishing itself in Persia, it gave to that nation a creed and a monarchy.\*

The traditions and records of the Affghans all assert their Israelitish origin; and although these accounts are mixed up with many absurd fables, and contain many anachronisms, yet a foundation in *fact* is not wanting to give support to the story. They maintain that they are the descendants of Saul, the king of Israel; and, like all Mahomedans, relate the Jewish history from Abraham down to the captivity; asserting that, after the captivity, part of this people withdrew to the mountains of Ghore—the western Hindoo Koosh—and part to Arabia; and that when Mohammed appeared they became his followers. In this relation there are many circumstances,—not introduced here,—which, if permitted to have absolute weight in the matter, must decide the question of their Israelitish origin in the negative. Considerable allowances, however, must be made for the inaccuracies and absurdities which appear to be the inno-

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\* *Researches into the Politics, &c., of Ancient Nations*, by A. H. L. Heeren, Professor of History in Gottingen.

parable accompaniments of tradition. The Scripture account of the captivity, alluded to in the Affghan records, is given in the seventeenth chapter of the second book of Kings, the sixth verse of which is as follows:—"In the ninth year of Hosea, (king of Israel, B. C. 721,) the king of Assyria (Shalmanezar) took Samaria, (after a siege of three years,) and carried away Israel into Assyria, and placed them in Halah and Habor, by the river of Gozan, *and in the cities of the Medes.*" Since then no definite traces of the lost tribes of Israel have been discovered, until we hear of the modern Affghan laying claim to their title and descent—a claim which, if not quite sound, rests, at least, on no slight foundation.

In a history of the revolution of Persia, or rather the conquest of that country by the Affghans, in the year 1722, from the memoirs of Father Krusinski, procurator of the Jesuits at Ispahan, their origin is thus given:—

"The *Aghvans*, (for such is the orthography of the name throughout the work,) who were originally of the province Szyrvan, which was anciently called Great Albania, and situate between the Caspian Sea and Mount Caucasus, were formerly subdued by Tamerlane, who, in order to keep them in greater subjection, placed them between Persia and the Indus. 'Tis said they were anciently *Christians* of the Armenian sect,\* but that they turned Mohammedans from want of their priests and doctors, whom Tamerlane took away from them that they might sooner embrace that religion."† This, however, appears to refer to a more recent period.

From these relations it is manifest that, whatever may have been the origin of the Affghan nation, they must at the present day be looked upon as a mixed people, having among them traces perhaps of the seed of Abraham, and records of that favoured race; both, however, obscured, perverted, and confused by amalgamation with the blood, and fables of those Gentile nations with whom either in war or peace they intermingled.

It is, however, a fact, universally admitted, that the mountains of the Hindoo-Koosh, and Soliman range were inhabited at a very remote period by these people, who, like all mountain tribes, preserved that independence which was so frequently lost and won by their brethren of the plains.

Little of interest is known of the history of this country until the year 330, B. C., when Alexander the Great, flushed with the success of his arms in Persia, turned the tide of his conquests to this country and India. A mere enumeration of the names of those provinces and towns through which he passed, and a reference, for more accurate information on this subject, to any biographical record of this mighty conqueror, are all that these limits will permit.

The first city of this country he marched towards was Artacoana, the site of the modern Herat. He crossed the Helmund to Candahar, which it is supposed he founded, calling it by his own name, Alexandria. He passed over the Hindoo-Koosh amid privations and hardships, which we may believe our unfortunate troops have so lately appreciated, and in the year 329, B. C., arrived in Bactria, the modern Bokhara,‡ making himself master of several of its cities, at one of which—Bactra, the modern Balkh—in a drunken revel he slew his friend Cleitus. In 327, B. C., having again scaled the lofty mountains of the Hindoo-Koosh, he arrived at Alexandria after a hasty march, whence he set out on his expedition to India. He crossed the river Indus at Attock, and passed through the Punjab with the intention of enriching his army with the plundered wealth of India; but his soldiers worn out by fatigue, famine, and disease, and such formidable enemies appearing at every step, he was compelled to relinquish this

\* See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," &c., chapter lxx., paragraph 6.

† To support this account, the worthy father adds the following curious remark:—"As to their name, that alone seems to justify what is said of their origin with respect to Albania; for as in the Arminian tongue our letter *l* is changed into *gh*, and our *b* into *v*, so from the word *Albans* is formed *Aghrans*." We fear this derivation is somewhat *far-fetched*.

‡ His memory is still preserved in Bokhara, by a priest being appointed to read in public the deeds of Iskander the Great.

design, and make the Hyphasis, or Sutlege, the boundary of his eastern conquests; and, dropping down the Indus, he returned back, mortified and subdued, through Gedrosia or Beloochistan, to Persia.

The subsequent history of Affghanistan, until the establishment of Mohamadanism, is comparatively of little interest. During their religious wars with the Arabs, they lost the government of the country; but ultimately succeeded, after a long series of struggles, in throwing off the Ishmaelitish yoke.

In the year 1000 the brilliant career of Mahmood of Ghuznee commenced. He was son of the Governor of Khorassan and Bokhara; and, for having rendered a signal service to the Caliph, his master, was rewarded with the government of Cabool. However, gaining an increase of strength and power, he subdued the Persian provinces, and made Ghuznee his capital, which he enriched with the plunder of his annual Indian invasions; and the countries from Persia to the Ganges, including Bokhara, acknowledged his sway, and paid him tribute. He died in 1030 at Ghuznee, where his tomb at the present day forms a striking object, and his memory is preserved by a priest reading daily the Koran over the grave of the conqueror.

In the century succeeding his death, disorder prevailed throughout the kingdom, until a descendant of one of the Affghan princes overthrew the Guznevite dynasty, dethroned the king, and reduced his city to ashes. The Affghans now added considerably to their empire by conquest, and in the twelfth century founded the Patan, or Affghan kingdom of Delhi. But while intent on extending and strengthening their possessions east of the Indus, their own land became a prey to Genjhis Khan and his numerous Tartar hordes, under whom the Mogul dynasty was established in Affghanistan.

In the latter part of the fourteenth century the invincible Timur, or Tamerlane, appeared, to whose all-powerful arms this country soon became a prey. He conquered Persia, made numerous excursions into India, and, seizing upon the Affghan kingdom of Delhi, extended his dominions even to the Ganges. Egypt bowed before him; and thence advancing into Europe, he pushed his successful arms up to the very walls of Moscow itself.\* But his power, which was so quickly established, was not destined to be permanent; and his death was soon followed by the Affghan tribes again assuming their independence.

In the year 1483, in Bokhara, his descendant, the Sultan Baber, was born. So early as his twelfth year did his turbulent career commence; and after many vicissitudes, he was forced to fly into exile and concealment among the mountains of Tartary. He next appeared as a conqueror; and, having advanced upon Cabool, took possession of that city after a short siege, and made it his capital. Here he recruited his armies with Affghan troops, and proceeded, like his predecessors, to the conquest of Indostan. This he effected, and, having returned to Cabool, occupied the last days of his life in improving the internal condition of his adopted country. His tomb at the present day at Cabool forms an object of veneration to the natives, and of attraction to the curious.

After his death (A.D., 1530) the Affghans again recovered their independence. But the Persians now assumed their short-lived possession of the country. The two great Affghan tribes, the Dooranees (or, as they were then called, the Abdallees) and Giljhies, drove them from all their cities, and, in 1722, Mahomed, a chief of the latter, advancing into Persia, seized on Ispahan, and, having expelled the monarch, mounted the Persian throne. His reign was but of short duration: he was slain by the hands of some of his own house, and his successor saw the termination of the Affghan rule in Persia. A child was born to an obscure tradesman, a serf of the exiled house of Persia, called Nadir Kouli, who, on arriving at man's estate, devoted himself to the restoration of the monarchy. He proclaimed Tamasp, son of the deposed Persian king, as sovereign; and having, in the year 1727, raised a body of five thousand men, advanced at their head, with the determination of driving the Affghans out of the kingdom. His successes were so great, that in two years few of that people remained in Persia, and Tamasp was restored to his paternal throne. For these services

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\* See Gibbon, chapter lxx., paragraph 4.

his sovereign presented Nadir with four of the finest provinces of his kingdom. But his popularity soon enabled him to seize the Persian throne itself, and he was proclaimed king on the 26th February, 1736. He then directed his conquests into Affghanistan, commencing with the invasion of Candahar, which he took, and, marching upon Delhi, conquered it also.

But the close of the reign of Nadir Shah was marked by extreme cruelty. His eldest son, who had frequently distinguished himself by his bravery, was blinded by his father's orders; and, on one occasion, suspecting the fidelity of his Persian soldiery, he formed the diabolical design of putting them to death. The conspiracy, however, was discovered by some Persian officers, and his assassination paid the penalty of his treachery. His army was dispersed, and the Affghans, who formed a large portion of it, under the guidance of Amed, a khan of the Abdalli Affghans, and of the Suddozye family, returned to their native lands, laden with treasures plundered from their late masters. This man, supported by the Barnkzye chiefs, was crowned king of all the Affghans, and assumed the title of Dooranee,\* which his tribe have since borne. He added the Punjab and Cashmere to his dominions, subdued Khorassan and the kingdom of Balkh, and succeeded in making Scinde, and Beloochistan tributary to the throne of Cabool.

He died in 1773, and was succeeded by his son, Timour Shah, who, having reigned ingloriously for twenty years, died, leaving behind him a numerous progeny, of which his sons Humaioon, Zeman, Mahmood, Soojah, and Eyoob were the most remarkable.

At his father's death, the eldest son, Humaioon, Khan of Candahar, attempted to have himself crowned king of the Affghans. But his brother Zeman, supported by the chiefs of the Barukzye khail, had already seized the vacant throne of Cabool, and, advancing at the head of a large army against his elder brother, routed his forces, and, having taken Humaioon prisoner, incapacitated him for ever wielding an eastern sceptre, by depriving him of both his eyes. Zeman now feeling himself secure on the throne of Cabool, led his victorious arms into the adjacent kingdoms, overran the Punjab, and, in 1797, advanced at the head of a powerful force, for the purpose of invading the British possessions in India. The Indian government immediately organized an army to oppose his advance; but circumstances occurring at home diverted Zeman from this project, and recalled him hence without having struck a single blow. His brother Mahmood, Khan of Herat, had organized a conspiracy to deprive him of his hereditary kingdom of Khorassan, inducing the Persian monarch to espouse his cause. This project, however, was unsuccessful: Zeman, rushing with his hosts from his meditated invasion of Indostan, overthrew all opposition, dispersed the combined forces of his enemies, and again returned, with increased power, to the Punjab. He there reduced all the rajahs into submission, and among them Runjeet Singh, nominating him to the governorship of Lahore, and making that province subject and tributary to his crown. On his return home, however, having incurred the displeasure of the Barukzye chiefs, a conspiracy was formed against him for his destruction; but its timely discovery enabled him to seize the principal conspirators, who were all immediately beheaded. But the sons of one of his victims (one of whom is Dost Mahomed) were bent on revenging their father's death. For this purpose, the eldest of these, Futteh Khan, immediately joined himself with Mahmood, Zeman's third brother, and, mustering a large army, totally routed the Cabool forces and having taken Zeman prisoner, had him blinded, and placed in confinement; he was shortly released, and has since lived in comparative ease and comfort. Mahmood then mounted the throne of Cabool; but he was constantly employed in suppressing the insurrections raised by his brother Soojah, our late minion, which terminated in his being obliged to relinquish it in the latter's favour.† But this position he was destined not long to enjoy. Mah-

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\* Door-i-Doorin—"Pearl of all pearls."

† It was now (1809) that Elphinstone's embassy arrived at the court of Soojan, but left it without having obtained the object of the mission.

mood, and his vizier Futteh Khan, were again in arms, and drove Soojah from the kingdom; who, in a pitched battle with Dost Mahomed, having suffered a final defeat, fled to the court of Runjeet Singh for protection; but, imprisoned, plundered, and otherwise cruelly treated, he thence escaped to Loodiana, where he since enjoyed, in peace, a pension from the Indian treasury.

In the meantime, Mahmood, being now in comparatively peaceable possession of his kingdom, became a tyrant; and, jealous of the popularity of his vizier, and forgetful of the valuable assistance he had so frequently received at his hands, had him blinded, and, by the express commands of his ungrateful master, cruelly butchered.

But his death was not permitted to be long unavenged. His brother Azim and Dost Mahomed, assisted by other Barukzye chiefs, drove him from his throne, (whence he fled to Herat,) and solicited Soojah to resume the sceptre. But his conduct being displeasing to these chiefs, the younger brother, Eyoob, was set up in his stead. It is manifest, however, that those who had the power of making and unmaking kings would not long refrain from possessing themselves of the sceptre, which was then all but in their grasp. Eyoob was unseated, and Azeem and his brothers seized upon and partitioned the kingdom among them.

Meanwhile, in consequence of the unsettled state of the kingdom, the chiefs of all the tributary states were enabled to sever their connexion with the Cabool throne, and recover their independence. Balkh, Scinde, Beloochistan, and the Punjab refused any longer to acknowledge the power of the king of the Affghans in their territories. Runjeet Singh became by degrees more and more powerful, and, thirsty for conquest, seized upon the rich province of Cashmere; and in a final battle with Azeem and Dost Mahomed, he having totally routed their Affghan forces, added this province to his already extensive dominions. Azeem's death soon followed this defeat, and the vacant throne of Cabool was speedily filled by his brother, Dost Mahomed Khan. Three other brothers seized upon Candahar. Herat alone remained in the Suddozye family, being governed by the fugitive, Mahmood, who, at his death, in 1829, was succeeded by his son Kamram.

For more than twenty years a Barukzye ruled in Affghanistan, until those circumstances which are related in Colonel Dennie's first letter occurring, induced the British government to espouse the cause of the exiled Soojah, and replace him on the throne he had so often lost and won.\*

After this long, though perhaps not unnecessary digression, we shall return to the position of our forces at Cabool; and we offer the following letter, not only on account of the fresh incidents it relates, but as it also serves—by a hurried recapitulation of those events recorded in our last month's number—to connect the present with the former part of this narrative, and preserve the chain unbroken.

“ Cabool, Sept. 1st, 1839.

“ At length, after a march of ten months, behold us safely arrived at this far-famed capital of the Affghans. We moved from Kurnaul early in November; and this circuitous and dreadfully lengthened route has—thank God!—at last terminated. Man and beast are fairly worn out. We have traversed great part of the line of the Indus, upper and lower Scinde, scaled precipitous mountains, forced desperate and difficult passes, crossed boundless wastes, howling wildernesses, endured the most intense heat—the thermometer at 140 degrees in the sun,—suffered

equal varieties, and extremes of cold at night, had nought to cool our burning tongues but brackish and filthy water, and that most scanty at best of times, and often not procurable at all. . . .

Our losses in animals and property have been fearful: no less than thirteen of my own camels have perished, or been carried off by the different tribes of marauders through whose country we have passed; and who, although they never ventured upon an open attack, yet hung upon our flanks, or plundered our baggage, and murdered our defenceless followers, or parties they found too weak to oppose them; well armed, well

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\* For the information contained in the preceding pages we are indebted chiefly to Elphinstone and Burnes' works on Cabool, &c.



mounted, and being in considerable numbers, they inflicted serious mischief on us; harassed our weary infantry, and laughed at our cavalry, whose horses were quite unable to follow them, or almost to drag through their daily march: in fact, the greater part are dismounted.

"We have now seen all of these horrid countries of Beloochistan, Scinde, &c.," and more inhospitable soils and climates cannot be imagined, or more unfit for animal life. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that for days, weeks, and months we have travelled over an unbroken surface of sand; at other times of rock or stone; again of a long dreary line of a hundred miles of thorns and thistles;—not a town or village, not a bird or beast to relieve this dreadful solitude. Our route across these dreary plains will never be forgotten: they are skirted by chains of mountains,—the residence of our friends the Cossacks I before alluded to; and those bands of predatory cavalry bear the same name as with their kindred tribes among the Russians;—indeed the name is common through the east, but whether Tartar, Persian, or Arabic, I have not learned.† One thing we have satisfied ourselves of, viz.—that no INVADING ARMY—be it *Russian or Persian, or of any other nation*—could ever take the line we have moved along on its road to India. It has cost the government no doubt a serious sum to purchase this information.‡

"One amusing or absurd fact I cannot help noticing:—According to our maps, this journey is marked by names of towns and cities: they stand in large Roman capitals, as if they were not only realities, but places of great consequence. Vain, however, would prove the search to caravan or wayfarer: no solitary hovel marks the spot where a far-famed metropolis stood, or ought to stand. With as much truth and propriety might one take a chart of the ocean, and mark certain latitudes and longitudes with names of market towns, villages, &c.

"Affghanistan differs little from its neighbouring countries or boundaries. From Shawl to Cabool is a series of valleys, surrounded by mountains, or hills, chiefly desert, and rather thinly peopled, or totally without inhabitants. Some few exceptions may be found, as in those of Candahar, especially Cabool. But the beauty of those favoured spots lies more, I believe, in the contrast than in the reality: our feelings, rather than our judgments, transform what elsewhere might be but commonplace into Paradise itself. Such it is that Cabool appears to me and all of us; its fruits and climate are certainly delicious; sheets of cultivation, streams of water, even rivers, and, above all, trees and shrubs—which we have not seen, scarcely one of, since leaving India—refresh, delight, and surprise us too. All those fruits which are considered peculiar to our climate are here larger and finer than I have ever seen; and musk melons, which surpass the world, are in abundance and profusion. Even pomegranates, although a tropical fruit, are seen in piles beside the fruits of Europe; and in the shops, which are very tastefully laid out, are disposed large blocks of ice and pails of snow, to cool the sherbets and lemonades all indulge in. Let me not forget that cherries, strawberries, and green gages abound, that would not be despised in our own dear home. The animals, also, are very fine—be they of whatever description. The men are striking and handsome; large, fine, noble features and limbs, and their costume exceedingly picturesque. Many of these people are fair as ourselves, and blue eyes and light hair are not unusual among them, and they have the same bloom on their cheeks as we see among our peasantry. . . . Their horses are very superior; and no picture can be more imposing than these Affghans mounted and armed—as they are to the teeth—with costly matchlocks, spears, shields, pistols, and sabres. Among these troops, the Kuzzilbashes, ¶ or Persian Royal Guard, are most distinguished:

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\* We beg to recommend our readers, in order to acquire some ideas of the difficulties of this march, to possess themselves of "Atkinson's Sketches in Affghanistan," lately published by Graves and Gilbert, of London. Independently of the peculiar interest attached to these views, their beauty and fineness of execution, as works of art, alone entitle them to support.

† The name Cossack is derived from a Tartar word signifying "light-armed cavalry."

‡ A piece of information, which, if known to our government four years ago, might have saved the many thousands of lives, and millions of pounds this destructive war has cost the British.

¶ The Kuzzilbashes are a clan, chiefly of soldiers, who were imported from Persia by Nadir Shah, and are of that colony of Toorks which now predominate in

these are called so from the black Astrakhan lambskin caps, with red tops or bags, they wear.

"I have endeavoured to give you, from time to time, as full and accurate an account as possible of our proceedings; but the number of our mails that have been robbed, and the escorts murdered, give me but faint hopes of these ever reaching their destination. We have been often a month without hearing even from the posts in our rear, and without a single letter or order reaching us from India. Nothing tends more to dispirit those employed on distant service than their communications being cut off. I have not heard now a long time from home. . . . I told you before of my having been left behind at Shikarpore, in command of the second brigade. . . . Whence I proceeded to Dadur. . . . I had only four companies with me, for the purpose of overtaking the army. I volunteered to escort two troops of horse artillery—newly raised levies of the Shahs—through the Bolan Pass. The difficulties we had to encounter were very great. We were ten days in the pass, and the heat beggars all description. The heights were crowned with Beloochees, our numbers small, and the road so steep, and deep with loose stones or shingle, that the sepoys—for I had no British soldiers with me—were completely exhausted dragging through their guns,—the water brought with us being all exhausted, and none to be procured for many days. I was fourteen hours in one part of the defile. We suffered a great deal from the rocks and stones thrown down upon us, as well as from the heavy fire we were exposed to—the enemy being under cover, while we were entirely exposed,—and of course lost many men and horses. But I brought them through

without the loss of a gun, or any of the ammunition, or leaving a single wounded man behind me. After getting all safe to Shawl or Quettah, I proceeded, with another convoy, over another and a worse pass—the Kojuk Pass; and finally reached the army and my regiment at Candahar, in time to move on in command thereof to Cabool. Arrived at Ghuznee, although I had resumed the duty of a brigadier from my seniority, I agreed, at the request of Brigadier Sale, to lead the storming party, or forlorn hope, consisting of two hundred and fifty picked men. . . . We blew open the gate at three o'clock in the morning, and the little band I commanded and led rushed in, bore down all opposition, and by day-break the fort, town, and citadel were completely ours: the killed and wounded on the part of the enemy being fifteen hundred, and nearly as many prisoners fell into our hands. We had little loss, and—thank God!—although, of course, I was most exposed, as being in front of all—the first to enter the gateway—yet was I spared by his goodness. The effect of this success has been so great, that Dost Mahomed, who came out with his force to meet us, found himself abandoned by his whole army, and, leaving his guns, &c., on the field, fled with a few retainers to Bokhara, across the Hindoo-Koosh mountains covered with perpetual snow.

"The war may now be considered at an end, the king being once again seated on his throne. The 13th (with two sepoy corps) has been selected to remain here on the breaking up of the army on its return to India. The king and envoy, seeking warmth and safety in the plains, retire to Jellalabad.

. . . . The winter here is very severe, so that the frost and snow will pinch us not a little after the

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**Persia.** They chiefly inhabit the more western towns of Affghanistan, and generally live apart from the rest of the inhabitants, with whom they hold little intercourse. Elphinstone describes them as being lively and ingenious, but false, designing, and cruel. The Kuzzilbashes form the king's body-guard, and constitute an important division of the Affghan armies. The following anecdote strikingly exhibits one trait in their character:—After the capture of Ghuznee, Dost Mahomed had determined on retreating to a position on the Cabool river, and there giving battle to our forces. He was soon forced, however, to abandon this intention: his Kuzzilbash guards, seeing the tide of success running against him, began to waver in their attachment to their brave leader. He rode into the midst of his treacherous troop, with the Koran in his hands, and conjured them, by its contents, not to desert the true faith, or break their allegiance to him. "Since it is plain," he said, "you are resolved to seek a new master, grant me but one favour in requital for thirteen years' maintenance and kindness—enable me to die with honour; stand by the brother of Futteh Khan, whilst he executes one charge against the cavalry of those Feringee dogs: in that onset he will fall; then go, and make your own terms with Shah Soojah." But, notwithstanding these solicitations of the brave Dost Mahomed, his perfidious followers, almost immediately, deserted, and enrolled themselves in the now more promising service of his enemy. —See Havelock, vol. ii., p. 101.

intolerable heats we have been exposed to. I feel chiefly for the poor soldiers of my regiment, who are unprovided with the comforts which in Europe set the elements at defiance: the officers have usually great advantages over them, but *their* sufferings will be great, I fear, with the thermometer so extremely low, after recently burning under 140 degrees in the sun. The winter, too, lasts very long, and already in our tents the water is frozen nightly half an inch thick. Furs of all kinds, however, are cheap and plentiful, from sheepskins to sables and ermine, so we must manage as well as we can. But still the corps is the most sickly and insufficient in the army, and Sir John

Keane's choice of us appears a mystery. Thank God! we have abundance to eat at Cabool;—we are no longer on half rations. Fuel is the only thing, we learn, that is wanting here. I hope the government will repay us for our losses. The whole army has been without wine, beer, or fermented liquor of any kind, for months. Tea and coffee are almost unattainable luxuries. But I have kept my health, and trust, for all our sakes, it will continue; and when this service is over, look forward to a life of quiet and happiness, in the society of all I love. I am getting weary of a life of harass and exile from all that is dear to me.

“W. H. D.”

After the successful assault of Ghuznee, we learn by this letter that Dost Mahomed had fled into Bokhara, taking the road leading to Bameean, a city, it is supposed, of ancient Bactria, but now insignificant. In the meantime, Captain Outram, with an ample force, was dispatched after the flying Dost. Being ignorant of the road and passes to this town, Hajee Khan, a Kakur chief, who was formerly governor of Bameean under Shah Soojah, was selected as guide, with a division of Affghan soldiery under his command. But, in consequence of the treachery of this man, and the wavering adherence of his troops, the pursuit, although executed with the utmost skill and perseverance over the lofty ranges of the Hindoo-Koosh mountains, arrived at Bameean only in time to learn that the Dost had fled still further north, into the Koondooz territory of Bokhara, and was there organizing the Usbecs to his assistance. The pursuit was therefore abandoned, and the force fell back upon Cabool without having effected its object.

On making the military arrangements throughout the country, Sir John Keane took his departure, intending to proceed immediately to England. His homeward route lay by the road to Jellalabad and Peshawar, through the Khyber pass, which had just been forced by Brigadier Wade. It was determined upon that the Bombay contingent should return by the south-eastern route, under Major General Willshire. Western Affghanistan, with Candahar for its head-quarters, was to be garrisoned with forces under the command of General Nott, and the forces in and about Cabool were entrusted to Brigadier Sale. Outposts were established at the mountain stations of Bameean and Charekar, where it was determined that Doctor Lord, political assistant to Sir Alexander Burnes, British minister at Cabool, should reside.

“Cabool, 22d December, 1839.

“Let me now give you all the good news in my power. The troops are all to receive a donation of six months' batta, which will compensate us for our losses. . . . I have lost nineteen camels by death or robbery. . . . I am, and have been since the beginning of November, commandant of Cabool, and further and finally a brigadier,—being appointed to the fourth brigade, which also contains a European regiment.

“On the other side—or bad news' side—I have been very ill. Soon after getting into Cabool—the rest of the army having retired to the plains—exertions were necessary to put the place into a state something like defence. The extreme cold and exposure, and

remaining in my tent rather too long, brought on a severe attack of fever, which confined me to my bed for some time. But enough of this;—for I am now doing well again. But as this is the severest shock I have yet had, I do—as I ought—thank God from the bottom of my heart for his mercy to me. I myself am of no account, (at least in my own regard,) but to my family I feel my value,—therefore do all I can to make myself as comfortable as furs and fires can. Nor have I neglected my men: you would, were you to see us, never take us for British soldiers, clad in sheepskins. The mountains around are covered perpetually with snow, which now fills all these valleys.

“In a day or two I hope to join our skaters,—a party of whom has just

interrupted me, to give me an account of their perfect success with the skates made by our armourer, after a pattern of one of our ingenious mechanics. The ditch round the fortress affords them a capital field for amusement; for it is frozen solid, and is also quite safe, from being under protection of the guards and sentries on the ramparts, which would not be the case if they went to any distance.

"Fifteen battalions of Russians have by this time arrived at Khiva, and will reach Bokhara—fifteen or twenty marches from Cabool—before we on this side the Hindoo-Koosh can move to intercept them;—we being snow or frost-bound during the winter on this side the mountains, while they on the other side are, comparatively, in a temperate climate. But in the spring, or

month of March, it is expected we shall have our hands full, and reinforcements are moving from India to join us, through the Seikh country, the straight road through the Khyber Pass being at last opened to us. If, as it is reported, another column of Russians be advancing on our left, or *viâ* Persia, Herat, and Candahar, we shall indeed require some more troops, as we are very weak. The 13th—a regiment of between three and four hundred men—had lost seventy-five by the last quarterly returns. . . . These Russians are quite at home here, and among, in fact, their own countrymen,—all the people here and round about being Tartars, Usbecks, Calmucks, &c. Think of the knaves finding out at last that India was a richer and greater empire than their own vast desert!

"W. H. D."

By this last letter we have been informed of the famous Russian expedition into central Asia. In imitation of Lord Auckland's manifesto of the 18th October, the Muscovite government issued their declaration of war against Khiva. It was stated in this document that the object of the intended invasion was, "to restore in that part of Asia the lawful influence to which Russia has a right," which, with a slight alteration, might be taken as a free translation of a passage in that issued by the Governor-General of India little more than a year before. It commenced by complaining of the depredations, annoyances, and impediments to which the Russian merchants were exposed, and under which they suffered, in passing through the Khivan territories on their way to and from Bokhara and other Asiatic countries, and ended by announcing it as the determination of the government of Moscow not to permit the return of this force to the frontiers of their empire, until an order of things conformable to the interests of Russia and the surrounding Asiatic states should be established. However that might be, the covert, but real design of the expedition was understood by all to be directed against our eastern possessions. The idea was rejected as absurd, that such an enormous host as thirty-two thousand men, besides a large park of artillery, &c., should be sent on so long a march for the sole purpose of chastising some refractory nomades of Toorkistan; but all believed that another and more important design was contemplated.

"Cabool, January 20th, 1840.

"It was a great comfort to me, the receipt of your letter of October, for it told me that you had at last heard from me, and that my letters had safely reached you. Next to not hearing from those we love, I think nothing is more painful than finding they do not hear from us, and that they are perhaps ignorant or anxious about us when there exists no reason for their being so: or worse than all, that they doubt our affection, and fancy us forgetful and neglectful, when we have not another thought or feeling but of them. . . . It is truly very provoking to imagine that when I sit down to address you, probably you will never see or read one word of what I indite—that some scoundrel of a Beloochee or Khyberree will most likely intercept and scatter all . . . to the winds;

or more probably, that the rascally and cowardly couriers and escorts, to save their throats being cut, on the least alarm throw away, or destroy our precious packets. I have reason to be thankful that, whatever mishap may have attended my epistles, all yours have come safe; and indescribably quick too—for your last letter was not more than ten weeks old; and considering our increased distance, this is as wonderful, as it is delightful. Now that the dangers from marauders have diminished, another apprehension arises, and that is the state of the weather, and the impassable and difficult nature of the roads and country at this season. I doubt that in England snow was ever so continuous, or lasted so long, or lay so deep, as it does now with us, or has done for some days past. While I am writing, it continues to descend untir-



ingly, and seems almost to look as if it meant never to give over. Every object is covered with a mantle some feet in thickness, of this boundless white, and the mountains round look like huge mounds of nothing but snow. At first, this sight was novel, and perhaps pleasing, from dear associations; but it begins to last a little too long, and, from the increasing depth, we are absolutely prevented from moving out of our houses, and our communication being almost entirely cut off with those around, the solitude becomes irksome. A month or two ago, or about the beginning of winter, on the contrary, we could be abroad every day, and all day; and it was amusing and exhilarating to see our poor fellows, the English soldiers, in their sheepskin dresses, pelting each other with snow balls, or sliding on the ice, as in their own land, while the officers, who had made themselves skates after a pattern, were enjoying themselves, after their fashion, wrapped in furs, which lords and ladies would have envied at home. Such extreme cold may seem strange to you in a latitude of only  $34^{\circ}$  N., which would denote the climate of Spain, Italy, and the Mediterranean; but, be it remembered, we are 7000 feet above the sea on this elevated table-land, and hence the difference. . . . I told you in my last letter that I had been ill, but, thank God, my health is now restored. However, I hope I shall never have such trials again to go through, unless I grow young with them. . . . The natives assert this to be an unusually severe winter, and superstitiously attribute the same to our presence. Our mortality has been considerable, I regret to say. The disease of liver, &c., which carried off so many in India, in consequence of the intense cold has been replaced here by affections of the chest and lungs, pneumonia especially, and the inflammation is so great and invincible, that those attacked have all gone off in a day or two; and we have interred, since we entered the fort, twenty-seven of the 13th who died of this complaint. The poor private is exposed inevitably to much that his officer escapes, for guards and sentries are indispensable. I have contrived to make myself comfortable. . . . I assure you, with my glass windows, (Russian looking-glasses, with the quicksilver rubbed off,) chimneys and fire-places, and the indispensable addition of the country brazier, you would not, could you see my dwelling, scoff at it. The floors are covered with felt, and the doors and windows doubly guarded by purdahs, or curtains of the same

material. Wax or any kind of candles we had none of at first, but we have now contrived to make tallow moulds, and capital they are. I wish you had seen our roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince pies on Christmas day, and you would not have pitied our *roughing it* at all. Within the last week or two, also, some English supplies have reached us, and we opened a small quantity of wine and brandy on New-Year's day. I have two regiments with me, the 13th and 35th N. I., with some artillery; and I think if Russians or others tried to turn us out of our quarters, they would come off with bloody noses and cracked crowns. What their intentions may be for the ensuing campaign, seems a mystery. We learn, however, from authentic and different sources, that two strong columns are advancing—one by the way of Khiva and the river Oxus, upon Bokhara and Balkh; the other by Mushed, Herat, and Candahar. They have thus selected the two great roads to India on our right and left; that is, in military parlance, they intend to turn both our flanks, and force a passage to the Indus through the two great passes or defiles leading to that river, namely, the Bolan and Khyber passes. If their left column, which is opposed to our right, (or us at Cabool,) progress at the rate we are informed they are doing, they will, by the early part of spring, be within four hundred miles of a post we have in advance of Cabool, over the Hindoo-Koosh, (some half-dozen marches,) called Bameean. The Russians possess here an advantage over us, as on the other side of the mountains the country is lower, and consequently more open for their movements, while on this side we are tied by the leg, and cannot stir from frost and snow. The people of the country, also, through which they are passing, are their brethren, of the same tribes as themselves, all Tartars. The Affghans are mixed Tartars, chiefly of the Turkomanian tribes,—those who conquered Turkey, and have overrun at different times all the northern parts of Asia and south of Europe, and founded dynasties almost over the world, Persia and India inclusive. In this kingdom, as in those around, which are Usbecs and Calmucs, the tribes are intermingled; but a Russian could not be distinguished from those who crowd the streets of Cabool.

“This part of central Asia has been famed in history for thousands of years as the great nursery of all those migratory bands which in times far back overran Rome, Greece, &c.,—call them Huns, Vandals, or Goths. Timor, Genjhis, Nadir, comparatively in modern



times, did, as their forefathers, overrun all Asia and Europe, and, not many centuries ago advanced to Moscow. This is all classic ground, and interesting in sacred and profane history. These people are maintained to be, and call themselves Israelites to this day.\* It is memorable in Grecian story as forming the great province of Bactria, and every place hereabout is noted by some marks of its former possessors and conquerors. The abundance of Grecian coins which are found here, and purchased at little cost, would astonish you. The heads and inscriptions upon them are most perfect and legible, and many mounds or tumuli (topes,† as they are here called) are constantly opened, which abound not only with Grecian coins, but antique gems, which are exquisite specimens of ancient engraving,—forming such indubitable evidences of the days of Alexander the Great, and his generals or lieutenants, who after him remained kings and rulers of these provinces. “W. H. D.”

“Cabool, 18th February, 1840.

“Ten days ago I was made happy by the receipt of your letter by the November mail, and had scarcely replied to it when the one of December arrived in the incredibly short space of time of two months and a week, into the very centre of Asia.

“The mercury is now literally below zero! We have no thermometer among us graduated below zero, but the quicksilver has been for some days in the bulb, we cannot, therefore, tell how much below zero it may be. Here am I, as usual, left in a fortress perfectly indefensible—the walls and bastions all tumbling down, parapets *fallen*, and the gates without strength; and where I probably shall remain until the end of April next, when the army will come up from the plains of Jellalabad, the dan-

ger and suffering being passed. The casualties among the soldiers have been very great, and my own regiment, the thirteenth, have scarcely two hundred efficient men left. The thirty-fifth Native Infantry and some black artillery, being Indians, you may conclude have suffered cruelly from the cold. *All my camels are dead!* and one of my horses, an Arab, was frozen to death the other night; many of our poor camp followers and servants have shared, I regret to say, the same fate! For myself, let me be just and true, I have comparatively endured little. I have fitted up two rooms in the Bala Hissar, constructed chimneys and large fireplaces, and have a brazier of charcoal in the middle of the house for my people. But the confinement is latterly very great from the depth of the snow; however, the palace being flat-roofed, (as all the other houses in this country,) and the snow being occasionally removed to prevent the weight crushing the building, this affords me, for the time, a good walk and exercise. Still, there is considerable harass and anxiety in a post of this nature, from the difficulty of keeping open the communication between the different guards and sentries, and watching over a population of one hundred thousand ruffians, among whom, or rather besides whom, there are some thousands of Kuzzilbashs, or Persian soldiers or body-guards of the king, as they were of Dost Mahomed before; these fellows were left here—or at least their grandfathers were—by the great conqueror, Nadir Shah, of Persia, some hundred years ago. The men, their horses and appointments are very handsome, but they are great rascals, like their brethren, the Janissaries of Turkey, or the Mamelukes of Egypt, and just as little to be depended on. “W. H. D.”

The letter next in date bears not the usual address. It was directed to a friend in England, who occupies a high rank in the British army. His letters, about this time, exhibit the anxiety he felt respecting the results which would follow the news of the capture of Ghuznee, in England, as to whether any acknowledgment would be made in the Gazette, of his services on that occasion, by promotion or otherwise. Judge, then, his mortification on the receipt of this official paper, to find no mention of his name, while those around him were distinguished with rewards, and honours of all kinds, and degrees of merit.

Under feelings awakened by these circumstances the following letter was written:—

“Cabool, 15th March, 1840.

“Dear E—, May I venture to tax your patience so far, as to beg you to read the accompanying memorial, or letter of

remonstrance, and if, after perusal, you should consider me wronged, may I presume on your good feeling and love of justice, and upon old acquaintance

\* Bin-i-Israel.

† *Topes*:—Cupola-shaped, nearly solid structures, of great antiquity; the uses of which are now merely conjectural.

of my character also, to advocate my cause, and interest yourself in my behalf. Your high station and reputation may obtain for me the right and redress which merit or conduct, I lament to say, cannot hope for. Honours or promotion are merely jobs or favours, accorded to those, whom interest or partiality names, no matter how worthless the objects, or destitute of pretension. . . . I know not on what terms you may be with Sir John (or rather Lord) Keane, but whatever be your opinions of, or sentiments towards our late commander-in-chief, I feel not the less assured that they will have no influence with you in a case where his personal feelings against me are so manifest, and have proved so injurious. Is it not too hard, that because he feels sore at attacks made upon him in newspapers, that his groundless suspicions should thus be visited upon me? \*

"As I have truly stated, I care not for these ribbons and crosses which are distributed thus indiscriminately, but I am indignant at the pains taken to insult me, by the solitary exclusion, or exception made against me, and disgusted by the dirty mode adopted. If the wonderful epithets he (Lord K.) attaches to the exploit of Ghuznee, which has given to *him* a barony, and to Lord Auckland an earldom, be not exaggerated, surely it is passing strange, as unjust, that I, who have had *something to do* in bringing it about, should be alone unrewarded and unnamed! I claim, however, no *merit* in the *volunteer* part I enacted on the occasion. I knew, as every one did, that if we failed in this desperate attempt, we *never could retrace the fifteen hundred miles of desert* we had traversed.

"It is said that we get used to cruel treatment; if so, I ought to be patient under this last infliction, for I have smarted severely under frequent similar visitations. I commanded this regiment during a great part of the Burmese war, Brevet and the Bath *both* were given to the officers at Bhurtpore, for a quarter of an hour's work: the *companionship* was all that was accorded to me, although *the thirteenth* had lost more men in action than the whole Bhurtpore army of thirty-five thousand men! . . .

Certainly I am little indebted to the service. I have slaved for these forty years, and never gained a single step, other than by purchase, and now, as ever, am denied what is my due! It is as foul as if I had drawn a prize in a lottery and its payment were refused! I paid for my ticket;—that is, I staked my life and name to win success, and I achieved it;—but the recompense is withheld, while those who drew blanks are rewarded at my cost!" . . .

"Forgive this long story about myself. Thirty years have elapsed since you and I were subs. and chums together. *Yours* has been a brilliant and fortunate career; *mine* marked by disappointment and misfortune. Still, I ever rejoice in your prosperity, and feel pride and pleasure in finding that your talents have won their deserved fruits.

"How are your predictions fulfilled with regard to Russia! See her now, actually at Khiva! with a large regular army, and seventy-two pieces of cannon. Burnes, whom you know, and who is here with me at Cabool, *gave this information so far back as October last, and renewed it incessantly*, ever since; but *none* so deaf as those who *won't* hear. I am with him daily, and see and hear the men he employs, and the letters they bring from his agents at Khiva and Bokhara. If three months ago they were at Khiva, what may prevent their being here in June, when the passes of Hindoo-Koosh are open. We have no force here to oppose them. Two British regiments in Affghanistan, (amounting *together to six hundred men*,) and some six sepoy corps, very weak, are scattered over the country, which is *utterly disaffected to Shah Soojah*! I have been here with two battalions, and some artillery, since October, and we have had a severe winter, the thermometer having sunk below zero. This, after the heat of a hundred and twenty-five degrees, which we had experienced in our tents during our march hither, will sufficiently account for the great sickness and mortality that has prevailed.

"If Lord Auckland mean to hold this country, it is *indispensable* that he reinforce the division here without delay. Ten thousand men from England are *absolutely necessary*. It is unwise and unsafe increasing the *native*

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\* This alludes to anonymous letters, which appeared in the Indian newspapers, in condemnation of some of Sir J. K.'s acts, and which formed a topic for discussion in Parliament, when the subject of his pension was brought before the house. In a subsequent letter, Colonel Dennie again alludes to this: "I told you before, that I had nothing to do with anonymous correspondence of any kind, and only wonder how, for one instant, you could suppose me mixed up with such rubbish as 'Injured innocence,' &c. nor do I know who those writers are."

army—which is already overgrown—at such a crisis; besides, they cannot be counted upon against European enemies. It seems a pity, after having won the game, albeit by *luck!* most *extraordinary luck!!* to throw down the cards, and give up all our stakes, which have been so high. But positively this army should be *strengthened greatly*, and we enabled to occupy the passes, and secure Balkh, which is a highly fruitful country, and would maintain the largest Russian army!—Can any one in his senses doubt the intentions of these Scythians? Does the train of seventy-two pieces of artillery not speak intelligibly? Were they intended only for the nomade tribes, or to be used against their tents of felt? They have advanced nearer to Calcutta than Moscow!! and the Seikhs in our rear, be it never forgotten, are most unreal allies; prepared, as most of the states in India, to profit by circumstances.

“Believe me, my dear E——,

“Very truly yours,

“W. H. D.”

“Camp, Cabool, June 24th 1840.

“ . . . . You will see by this that I am still at Cabool, again in tent, the king, and envoy, and all the force having come up to this place from Jelalabad. It would be cool enough here in a house, but the heat is always disagreeable under canvas, and I suspect would be so in England, in the dog-days. . . . Strange, contradictory reports are coming in of the Russians: some, that they are retiring, their camels, horses, &c. frozen to death, and

their troops dying, or dead in numbers. Other accounts state, that they have made good their advance, and are actually in possession of Khiva. It is believed, that we shall make a forward movement across the Hindoo-Koosh, and anticipate the Russians in the occupation of Bokhara, as also release Colonel Stoddart, who, although sent there by our government on a friendly, diplomatic mission, has been cruelly treated, and imprisoned for the last two years. No doubt, the Russians are at the bottom of all these knaveries, insults, and injuries to us.

“W. H. D.”

“Cabool, July 6th, 1840.

“ . . . . By this you will learn, that the Russians, after getting very near us, were obliged to turn back; plague, pestilence and famine pursuing them all along their line of march. .

. . . . The country is still in a very unsettled state, and I do not see any present likelihood of our return to India this year; but as the climate is so much better, and as long as I continue brigadier my pay is so much larger, I see no reason to repine. To have kept Cabool with so weak a garrison, through a long and severe winter, cut off from all other support, in the midst of a turbulent population, and after the passage of the Bolan Pass with only two hundred sepoy, gives me reason to hope and trust, that I shall yet be preserved to live and die among those I love, and for whom I undergo cheerfully and patiently every thing and any thing.

“W. H. D.”

As Colonel Dennie's letters for the ensuing month contain no matters of general or public interest, we may be excused for occupying this imaginary lapse of time in our narrative, by taking a hasty survey of those events which are interesting, either on account of their connexion with past transactions, or with details which shall form the subject of future letters.

Our relations with the Punjab must first engage attention. For, as through the Seikh territory lay the principal route to Affghanistan, the hope of reinforcements reaching the troops there must depend altogether on the nature and strength of our alliance with the court of that powerful state. It may be remembered, that on the same day that the army broke up at Candahar, our faithful, although perhaps not sincere ally, Runjeet Singh, the “Lion of the Punjab,”\* breathed his last. His son, Kurruck Singh, who succeeded him, being a weak man, was quite unable to govern the kingdom, or keep in subjection the turbulent spirits by which he was surrounded; and the heir apparent, with the powerful sirdars of the court—whose hatred of the English was known—reigned absolute. As a consequence of this, the greatest disorder prevailed throughout the Punjab; and an open breach with the British was so far dreaded and expected by us, that it was deemed essential to have a large force on the confines of that

\* Singh—*Anglice*, Lion. A name which Runjeet—in imitation, perhaps, of Amed Shah adopting Dooranee as his surname—substituted for Seikh, the previous appellation.

state, and Indostan, which might awe the Seikh rulers by its presence, and deter them from breaking faith with the allies of their late sovereign.

But the intelligence which reached those at Cabool, from the neighbouring states of Affghanistan, was not calculated to allay the anxiety felt by them for our relations with the Seikh kingdom. The dislike of the people to English interference in the affairs of their country, and the unpopularity of Shah Soojah, plainly showed that there was no prospect of an immediate peace. From Beloochistan accounts came to them of the total destruction of Lieut. Clarke's and of Major Clibborn's detachments; of the re-capture, by the enemy, of the stronghold of Khelat; of the fortress of Quettah being besieged; and, in fact, of the whole country being in a state of insurrection.

But these disheartening tidings were not all which they were destined to hear. The proceedings of Dost Mahomed in Bokhara was, of itself, sufficient to alarm the garrison at Cabool. It may be remembered that this undaunted chief had fled into the countries north of the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains, and that we had deemed it necessary, in order to watch his motions there, to place posts of observation at different stations on the principal line of route to that territory. After a variety of fortunes, he succeeded in uniting himself, by marriage, with the chiefs of the Koondooz territory, and was rapidly organising the Usbecs, to a grand final struggle for the recovery of his lost kingdom. While thus employed, the King of Bokhara—for what purpose, or with what design, does not seem apparent, probably to be guided as circumstances might dictate—seized him and made him prisoner. After a long period of incarceration, the Dost succeeded in making his escape, with his son, Akbar Khan, to Khooloom, a state of Budakshan. His plans were there carried on with such secrecy, that for some time he eluded the vigilance of our political agents. Suddenly, however, his proceedings were unmasked; discoveries were made that he had opened a communication with the chiefs at Cabool, exciting them to combine for the deposition of Shah Soojah.

In consequence of all this alarming intelligence, letters had been sent to all the outposts, stating “that the game being up, nothing was left but to fall back upon Cabool;” and advising that all the outposts should be withdrawn, the forty-eighth called up from Jellalabad, and the whole force concentrated in and around the Balla-Hissar. In the midst of these gloomy prospects, the events occurred which are related in the following letter:—

“Syghan, (supposed date,) 21st Sept. 1840.

“This lifeless paper comes from another and more distant country than the last left, separated again by piles of some of the loftiest mountains in the world! It is from the farther side of the Hindoo-Koosh;—what I have often looked at from the plains of Affghanistan, and wondered at the daring, and ambition which first ventured to scale such fearful heights, and wade over such mighty mounds of everlasting snow. And yet they were no barriers to the insatiable longing for glory and wealth which drove Genjhis Khan and Tamerlane, with their countless hordes of Toorks, Usbecs, and nameless Tartar tribes across them. I confess I have often longed, without any of the aspirations of these great bad men—these imperial robbers and murderers—to see what was on the other side of those tremendous hills, and to look at the strange people that inhabit countries so desert and isolated. My wish has been accomplished, and accompanied by such strange success, and signal triumph, that my heart and soul are full—so full

that I cannot coherently convey to you half of what I am so anxious you should know, and which, I feel assured, will make you all so proud and happy. . . . Yes! this letter will inform you that I, with a handful of men, have gained a great victory!—have fought a battle, the result of which has probably saved Affghanistan, and all the British who were in it from destruction. . . . But to my tale of war. Of late, series of misfortunes have visited us in every part of this newly-conquered country; and the people found we could be beaten. All the effects of our former success were done away with, and this evil was increased by the erroneous and interested statements of politicals, &c. and all in authority, that *the country was subjected*. In order to get away from this, all kept up the same delusions. In vain were the representations of military men of sense and integrity, that reinforcements were loudly called for, as we could not hold our own; that our strength was daily diminishing, and the Affghans, who hated the Shah, and one and all, were

devoted to Dost Mahomed, were gaining confidence daily. The government of India believed, or affected to believe, what suited them. No reinforcements came, and all these evils increased. Conspiracies, open and secret, were rife every where, and already great part of the kingdom was in a state of insurrection. All this mischief was increased by our own bad rule, and the oppression of that weak, vain puppet we had set up in lieu of the prince and the soldier, Dost Mahomed; our agents about him suffered all these abuses, and we became identified with the king forced upon them. The opinions and feelings of all were against us. At this critical moment, the Dost himself escaped from Bokhara, and fled to a chief of the Usbecs, on our frontier, the Wallee of Khooloom, as he is called, who not only gave him refuge, but joined in a design to reinstate him on his throne of Cabool, and expel the intrusive king. The actual advance of part of these forces spread terror into our outposts on the north-western frontier; and the retreat from this place, Syghan, was attended with shocking disorder, the loss of arms, military stores, &c. &c. An Affghan corps, which formed part of this force, hearing of the approach of their ancient master, comported themselves as might have been expected; and, between fear

and old affection, plundered their officers, and behaved in the most mutinous and shameful manner. Thus the retreat was conducted until they fell back upon Bameean; where, hopeless to effect their escape to Cabool, the officers with the few faithful men left them, entrenched themselves, and sent advice of their situation to Cabool, and I was sent, with one native or sepoy regiment, (for they had no more to spare,) to relieve them. This I effected after desperate, forced marches across the mountains, and arrived just in time to disarm the corps of mutineers, a whole company of which had, the night before, deserted to the Dost with their arms. Two days after my arrival a force appeared in front of Bameean. The information of the political resident pronounced this to be only the advanced party of the enemy. I therefore (on the 18th) went out with only a third part of the garrison, to drive them out of the valley, but, when two or three miles from camp, found I was in front of an army, with the Dost and Wallee in person. I attacked them, totally routed them, and have followed them to this place. Their camp and every thing fell into our hands. As it would be unavailing pursuing them farther, I return to Bameean to-morrow.

“W. H. D.”

Our readers must pardon us for presenting them with the following despatches, which detail, better than we can, the affair of the 18th September, and the events subsequent to that date, in which the Brigadier was engaged. It may be necessary to remark, that the despatches here published are, in a great measure, original documents, as from some *unaccountable* and as yet *unexplained cause* they were SUPPRESSED, and REFUSED PUBLICATION in the government gazette, although duly forwarded to head-quarters: one of these detailing the march to Bameean we are obliged to omit from want of space. The despatch announcing the victory, *that only* which was published *by authority*, is here, for obvious reasons, not given; a demi-official letter, written to Sir W. Cotton, after the engagement, being substituted.

“Bameean, 18th Sept., 1840.

“MY DEAR GENERAL—Allow me to congratulate you upon our having obtained a brilliant victory over the conjoint army of the Dost and Wallee, and which was most complete and decisive. Last evening I received information from my advanced post, that bodies of cavalry were entering the valley from the great defile in our front, about six miles from hence. Wishing to draw them well on, I rather encouraged their insolence; but this morning I learned they were attacking a friendly fort, and as we could not afford to let these people suffer, and lose the good will of those who had claims on our protection, I was forced to go and drive them off,

prematurely as I then imagined, but as the result has shown, in the very nick of time. From the reports brought in, I had learned there were only some hundreds of the enemy in the valley, and therefore took with me but a third of the garrison, with a gun and howitzer, under Lieut. M'Kenzie. I confess I was rather taken by surprise when, after driving in their advanced party, as it proved to be, which had pushed on to within two or three miles of our camp, to find an army in my front. It would have been too late to have sent back for reinforcements, and besides, would have delayed us, and checked the forward feeling that all were filled with: moreover I was confident we were



enough to thrash as many more. It appeared that the enemy had got possession of the chain of forts before us, reaching to the mouth of the defile. They drew up and attempted to maintain or make a stand at each, with the main body; while their wings crowned the heights on either side. In dislodging them from the latter, I am sorry to say the Goorkhas suffered, but they did their work well, and have won great credit with all. The practice of Lieut. M'Kenzie was beautiful, and his two pieces have earned all the grain and provender they consumed last winter. After three or four volleys, seeing our steady and rapid advance, they lost heart, and fled in a great mass to the gorge of the pass; I then let slip all our cavalry on them. . . . They cut up great numbers of the Usbecs, which chiefly if not wholly composed the allied force. A great number of Hopkins's men, who deserted, were also killed. They were seen plainly drawn up as light infantry, and extended in front. The pursuit continued about four miles up the defile: they scattered in all directions over the hills, and not more than two hundred men were last seen with the Dost. I do not believe an Usbec among them will stop until he gets to the Oxus. The Dost is severely wounded in the thigh, and he had a very narrow escape, and I should think also his son Mahomet Ufzil Khan and the Wallee. One hundred killed and a proportionate number wounded, I am told, is the amount of our infliction; the number of the enemy, taking the mean of different opinions, was about six thousand. . . . Cabool and Affghanistan will now be quite composed, and I trust all your troubles are at an end. . . .

"I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

"W. H. DENNIE.

"To Sir W. Cotton, &c., &c."

"Syghan, 27th September, 1840."

"SIR—In contemplation of my last report I have the honour to state, that being unable to obtain any information that could be depended on regarding the routed enemy, and apprehending the possibility of their endeavouring to re-assemble at Syghan, thirty-seven miles from Bameean, I judged it advisable to move on that place and disperse them. Accordingly, on the 22nd I marched to Akarabad, where I learned, that Dost Mahomed Khan, and the Wallee, with the remnant of their force, had passed that place the day of their defeat, and pushed on without a halt to Ilyatoo, where they had left a garrison, and continued their flight forward. I

reached Ilyatoo the following afternoon, and found it evacuated and set fire to; I then also learned that the fugitives had not stopped at Syghan, and that the garrison that was left had also fled.

"My first object on arriving here was the destruction of the fort, which is a strong place, built on an isolated and high rock, quite inaccessible on three sides, and very difficult of approach on that of the gate, commanding also the entrance of the great defile opening into Toorkistan.

"The retreat of the Usbecs was so precipitate on the news of our approach, that they left within the fort almost all the stores, tents, arms, &c., which had been abandoned by our troops when they fell back on Bameean.

"The day following my arrival here the Wallee sent in an emissary to Dr. Lord, political agent, with amicable proposals, declaring his renunciation of the cause of Dost Mahomed, his acknowledgment or submission to our power, and his resolution to fly before us. As I had no intention of, nor object in pursuing him beyond this, (although I had no desire to undeceive him on this point,) I have halted here until Dr. Lord completes his negotiations.

"By authentic accounts, it appears that Dost Mahomed had entirely separated from the Usbecs, who had cast him off, and with about two hundred Affghan followers, were last heard of at Goree. The Wallee, with his own retainers, said to be about one thousand five hundred, is in the Kamrad valley, thirty miles from hence.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"(Signed)

"W. H. DENNIE, Brigadier.

"To Major-Gen. Sir W. Cotton, G.C.B.,  
Commanding in Affghanistan."

"Bameean, 1st October, 1840.

"SIR—My last report from Syghan, dated 27th ultimo, was written while negotiations were in progress. I have now the satisfaction to acquaint you that all the terms demanded of Meer Wallee have been acceded to by him, and that accordingly I marched back to Bameean, and arrived here yesterday evening.

"Having accomplished all the objects contemplated in your instructions, I shall return to Cabool with the thirty-fifth N. I. and horse artillery, as soon as the convoy with provisions, clothing, and fuel, arrives, which I hope will not be delayed, as the snow has already fallen on the hills around.

"I have much gratification in com-

municating to you this successful termination of the operations I had the good fortune of conducting.

"I find that in my last despatch I far underrated the force of the enemy, Dr. Lord having informed me that the Usbec chiefs, in their interviews, admitted that they had brought into the field between nine and ten thousand men."

"That five hundred infantry, with three hundred irregular horse, and two guns, should have routed such a force under Dost Mahomed Khan and the Wallee of Khooloom, leaders who have been hitherto regarded by them as invincible, appears to have produced the

greatest impression, and one that I believe will not soon be forgotten.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"(Signed) W. H. DENNIE, Brigadier.

"To Major-Gen. Sir W. Cotton, G.C.B.,  
Commanding in Affghanistan.

"P. S.—Since writing the above, the Wallee's Vizier has arrived with the important intelligence of Dost Mahomed Khan having re-appeared at Hybuk, and again claimed refuge from Meer Khan; but the Usbec chiefs, after their treaty, refuse to receive him. From this, I infer no alternative being left him, he will be forced to give himself up to us."

The news of this brilliant victory, as might be expected, diffused universal joy throughout Affghanistan. Congratulations,† warm and sincere, poured in upon the victor from every quarter, testifying the feelings which animated the hearts of all at their escape from danger and disgrace; and affording the fullest acknowledgment, if such were wanting, that this was not only the most decisive and complete victory,—if we observe the number of the forces on each side engaged,—but also the most important that had then been gained in Affghanistan: thereby the sepoy earned a name for courage and steadiness which before this was given to him but sparingly and unwillingly; and, finally, Dost Mahomed himself, hitherto considered by all the nations around as invincible, was beaten, wounded, and disgraced.

But the feelings of gratification and pleasure which these acknowledgments of Colonel Dennie's services awakened in his heart were not permitted to be unalloyed; and circumstances soon occurred again to gall and wound him.

\* "This has been proved also by Sir Alexander Burnes, who elicited the fact from the Dost's Affghan followers, when he and they came into Cabool. Thus this matter is no longer one of opinion, but of fact."—*Extract from letter of 2d Sept. 1841.*

† Some of which are as follows. The first is official—the others, private and original letters:—

"Division orders by Major-General Sir W. Cotton, G.C.B. & K.C.H. commanding in Affghanistan, dated Cabool, 20th September, 1840.

"The major-general commanding has the greatest pleasure in acquainting the troops that he has received accounts of a most brilliant action which took place on the 18th instant, at Bameean, wherein Brigadier Dennie, with two hundred and seventy of the thirty-fifth N. I., two hundred and thirty of the Shah's Goorkah battalion, two guns, in conjunction with a party of Captain Anderson's cavalry, the Janbazees, and a few of Captain Connolly's escort, totally routed the combined forces under Dost Mahomed Khan, and the Wallee of Khooloom, wounding the former, and taking his tents, kettle-drums, baggage, and the only heavy gun he brought into the field, with a further loss to the enemy of five hundred killed, with a proportionate number wounded.

"The brigadier speaks in the highest terms of the conduct of the troops, which shall be fully detailed to the governor-general and the commander-in-chief, when the official account arrives. In the meantime, the major-general begs to offer to Brigadier Dennie, and to the officers and men engaged, his warmest acknowledgments for the signal service of the occasion.

"The major-general is happy to add that this brilliant achievement has been accomplished with comparatively trifling loss on the part of the troops engaged.

"A royal salute will be fired immediately in honour of the occasion."

On this last-mentioned honour Colonel Dennie thus writes in a future letter:—

"Royal salutes, you must know, are fired only for battles of first-rate consequence and distinction. The same was repeated at Candahar, and both cities illuminated in honour of the battle of Bameean."

He also received the marked thanks of the government of India, and an especial

For his Bameean victory he was offered the second class of the Dooranee order, which like the third, however, he immediately declined accepting. The plea put forth by Sir John Keane, for his having nominated him on a former occasion to the lowest grade of that order was, that Colonel Dennie, at the capture of Ghuznee, did not occupy the rank of brigadier, although he acted as such. Yet about this time a *lieutenant-colonel*, for the success of an action of very minor importance, when compared with the affairs of either Ghuznee or Bameean, was invested with the second class of that order. And the conviction that for his position at Ghuznee this was his right, and that on this, as on every occasion, an invidious exception was made against him, impelled him to reject, like the first, this last proffered honour.\*

acknowledgment, by the Court of Directors, of his skill and success on that occasion.

" Cabool, 20th September, 1840.

" MY DEAR COLONEL—Accept the warm, the cordial, the heart-felt gratulations of a friend, and admirer of your glorious—most glorious success against Dost Mahomed Khan. I have not seen your despatch as yet, but have read Lord's, and see by it the old soldier's eye, plans, and triumphant result. Could I allow one moment to pass without saying how much I share in the gratified feelings that must rise in your own heart? A victory over a man of the stamp of Dost Mahomed is no small honour; and it will prove—ay, fully prove, that the man they so unjustly injured at Ghuznee, deserved other things; and, forgetting all past slights and injuries, did in the hour of duty gloriously maintain the name and honour of his country. Farewell to-day, and believe me always very sincerely yours,

" (Signed) ALEXANDER BURNES.

" Brigadier Denale, C. B."

(From the Governor-General of India.)

" Calcutta, Oct. 11th, 1840.

" MY DEAR SIR—The account of the decisive action which was fought under your command at Bameean reached us yesterday; and I had but time very hastily to acknowledge to Sir William Macnaughten, and Sir Willoughby Cotton, the receipt of this most welcome news. I would to-day address a few lines of congratulation to you, and assure you of the warm and unmixed satisfaction with which this intelligence has been received. There is but one feeling (and I share most heartily in it) upon the admirable gallantry with which the officers and troops of your detachment have fought, and upon the noble manner in which they were led and directed. The importance of the results of this achievement adds to its brilliancy; and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of conveying to you at once my own personal sense of it. I am, too, the more anxious of doing this, as your official report of the action has not yet reached us, and some days may yet elapse before the government will be able to communicate its acknowledgments to you.

" I am, most faithfully, &c.,

" (Signed) AUCKLAND.

" Brigadier Denale, C. B."

(From the Governor of Bombay.)

" Candakka, 23d Oct., 1840.

" MY DEAR SIR ALEXANDER—Most heartily do I congratulate you on Brigadier Dennie's important victory—important, as showing the Affghans and Seikhs what our gallant sepoys can do. The effect of the Dost's signal defeat will be tremendous everywhere, and I have no doubt that you will follow it up. I confess from what I had heard before, that I was anxious about our situation at Cabool, but now I consider it all right again. I think that Brigadier Dennie's decision and good judgment on this occasion are beyond all praise, and that he merits another wreath of laurels to his brow. Your letter mentioning the event has but just reached me. I hope it may make the Seikhs pause.

" (Signed) J. R. CARNAC.

" Sir Alexander Burnes."

\* \* The following comparison we hope will not be deemed invidious. The gallant officer, part of whose career we take the liberty of selecting for our purpose, certainly deserved all the laurels which he earned during these campaigns. But why rewards were lavished on him, and all, Colonel Dennie being alone excepted, is more than we can answer. Like him, he started on this war a lieutenant-colonel

" Cabool, 1st Nov. 1840.

" You will see by the above that I have got back in safety to the capital of Affghanistan, and head quarters of the army, after having crossed the great mountains of the Hindoo-coosh, and traversed its difficult and terrific passes—passes that one must behold, for the mind of man cannot conceive such things, nor can we overcome our wonder how the foot of man could first dare to pass them. But they presented the only road, and from Alexander's day to our own no other was known; and Grecian, Turk, Mogul, Persian, in turns scaled their lofty summits, and forced their way through their eternal snows. The modern European discovered the ocean-route round the Cape, and the English profiting by the discovery of the Portuguese, have founded a mighty empire in the far east; its merchants surpassing former princes and sultans in power and revenue. Reversing the former order of history and events, they have turned the tide of conquest backward from India, and, crossing the great barrier of the Indus and of Tartary have pushed their arms into Toorkistan, and led the Hindoo victorious into Central Asia. The hitherto conquered of the conquered have now, under British commanders—become the conquerors of conquerors."

" I have just got back in time, as the passes are all closed in October;—a little later and we must all have perished.\* You will learn by the papers that the Dost, after escaping from us in the north, fled with a few followers into Kohistan, a part of the country joining Cabool. General Sale was sent out there

with a considerable force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, but met with a most unfortunate check before one of the forts of the valley called Joolgah. A great number of the thirteenth, after behaving most bravely, were killed and wounded, and the attack was repulsed. This is the first time the regiment I so long commanded ever had a check, and I feel it sorely on their account and Sale's."

" Cabool, Dec. 1st, 1840.

" The first thing that I shall tell you is, that Dost Mahomed Khan, the redoubtable, has given himself up; so that there is now a likelihood of affairs in this part of the world settling down into comparative order;—for this country never was, nor ever will be as composed and orderly as India, until the character of the inhabitants be utterly changed; they being, without exaggeration, the most brutalized, sanguinary, and savage vagabonds on the face of this earth. Nevertheless, you may not expect that we shall be knocked about as much as heretofore, nor exposed to the same hardships. The manner of his giving himself up was chivalrous and romantic enough. Major-General Sale had for some weeks been carrying on a desultory kind of warfare in Kohistan, whither, after the Dost's defeat at Bameean, and the renunciation of his cause by the Usbecs, consequent on the treaty made by us in Toorkistan, he finally made his appearance and joined the insurgents in Kohistan. A series of misfortunes attended our arms here, and on the last day (2d of November), after an action at Purwan-Durrah, in which the second regiment of cavalry ran away, and several officers were killed † and wound-

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and a C.B.; and were both soon nominated to a brigade." After the taking of Ghurnee this officer was invested with the *second* class of the Dooranee order, Colonel Dennie, although on that occasion occupying a more hazardous post, *nothing*, in consequence of his rejection of the *third* class. As soon as the news of this exploit arrived in England, the former was nominated to the distinction of K. C. B. and the brevet-rank of major-general, while in the gazette *no mention* even was made of Colonel Dennie's name. For the victory at Bameean, the latter was offered the *second* class, while for the dearly-bought termination—victory shall we call it? of the affair at Purwan-Durrah, at present to be noticed, the former was invested with the *first* class of the order of the Dooranee Empire.

\* "To give an idea of the intensity of the cold on these mountains," he states, that, "on the Coü Baba, eighteen thousand feet high, a bottle of wine froze at night in my tent, and burst the bottle."

† Among whom was Dr. Lord. Doctor Percival B. Lord was born at Mitchelstown in Cork, and received his education in both arts and medicine in the Dublin university. He obtained the appointment of assistant-surgeon in the honourable Company's service, where his talents being soon known and appreciated, he was selected as political assistant to the late Sir Alexander Burnes on his mission to the court of Cabool in the year 1837. He there won the friendship of Dost Mahomed Khan; and his fame as a physician having spread among the courts of the neighbouring khans, he was requested to give his medical aid to a brother of one of the most powerful of the Usbec chiefs, Morad Beg, ameer of Koondooz.

ed in endeavouring to rally them, the Dost after riding sixty miles from the field, and arriving here with a single attendant only, suddenly flung himself from his horse, and called out to the envoy, Sir William M'Naghten, 'that he gave himself up, and claimed the terms offered him.' . . . His followers had either fallen from him, or been bought over by us. He had no money, and the Seikhs had agreed to the passage of our reinforcements through their territory; he took advantage therefore of

his own success to come in with honour and credit to himself, and, as proved to be the case, on better terms.\*

"And now I must bid you farewell, for I am still in my tent, and my fingers and faculties are frozen; but I go into the Balla Hissar to-morrow, my old command at Cabool being assigned to me this winter again. It is thought we shall be relieved next year, and return to Indostan, now that the Dost is caught."

About this time tidings had reached Cabool that our arms had retrieved their character throughout Affghanistan. The fortress of Khelat had once more changed masters, and was ours, and peace seemed to be established throughout the kingdom. Lastly all our fears were allayed by the satisfactory adjustment of the affairs of the Punjab. Both Kurruck Singh and his mutinous son were no more—the latter being killed by accident on returning from his father's funeral. The government then devolved upon Shere Singh, a man of depraved and sensual habits, but with whom, after some months of disorder and uncertainty, the government of India was enabled to conclude a treaty of mutual friendship; and the tranquillity of the Punjab was established.

The letters up to September, 1841, contain no intelligence of public interest. They are expressive of the highest indignation at the way in which he had been passed over by the authorities. In February, he writes—"We have had an extraordinarily mild winter this year—hardly any snow, and the frost not severe. It was much colder than now last September, in the mountains of the Hindoo-koosh, and among my friends the Tartars in Toorkistan." His letter of the 1st of March contains the intelligence of his having been deprived of his brigade, Colonel Shelton of the forty-fourth foot being appointed to the command of a reinforcement, which was then supposed to be near Cabool. "This, too, was ordered in the midst of a Cabool winter! I was forced to vacate the dwelling or shelter I had at so much cost and trouble constructed in the Balla Hissar, and repair to the lines of my corps, where a wet mud hovel was my only abode, to which I owe, no doubt, great part of my present ailments."

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During his residence there he became possessed of such important information that it was deemed right to forward it to government. On the organization of the army of the Indus he was appointed political assistant to Sir Alexander Burnes at the court of Cabool, in which capacity he died. He was alike remarkable for the versatility as for the power of his talents; often taking the office of military engineer, commissary, commander of a corps, or aid-de-camp. He is known in the literary and medical worlds, as the author of a work on Algiers and Barbary, and of a popular treatise on physiology; also as a contributor to *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, *Asiatic Researches*, and the medical periodicals of India. He was an able and indefatigable assistant to Sir Alexander Burnes, who ever spoke of him in terms of the highest eulogy and affection.—*From a Memoir of Dr. Lord, by Dr. W. C. Taylor.*

\* The following nervous extract is from a letter not bearing the usual address:—"The ridiculous, or to speak seriously, the disgraceful part of the affair is, that all our Bengal editors have without exception turned this into a victory! and you will see 'attack,' 'defeat,' 'pursuit,' and 'surrender of Dost Mahomed,' in large characters heading every leading article. To make our victory without a battle—to turn our disaster into a triumph and route of the enemy, is ingenious enough, and turning the tables upon them with a vengeance. At all events we beat them in lying, for as matter of fact goes, the second cavalry had it all to themselves, no other corps of the army being engaged, and most unaccountable, all the rest were looking on at this dastardly cowardly conduct of these troops! and yet no forward march was made by us, nor any effort on our part to resent the insult or revenge the injury, nor to drive off the rebels who maintained their position in our front all day. —*Bombay Times.*



His letter of the 18th May again alludes to this:—

“I told you before how despicably and ungratefully they took my brigade from me *last January*, and sent me back to my regiment, on the plea of ‘Colonel Shelton’s appointment to this army, and who as my senior officer, must supersede me.’ I have only to state that up to this hour Colonel Shelton has never made his appearance; and as the troops with him are ordered to Peshawar, it is uncertain when he may join at Cabool, or at what time the only necessity for my being thus ungenerously and unworthily treated, may arise. The true and simple, as only reason that can be assigned, however, consists in my having declined the second class Dooranee order for Bameean, the which I had been entitled to at Ghuznee. It is difficult to account in any other manner for such unprovoked injustice and injury, than to the one cause, viz:—envy and jealousy at my having done the four greatest, or in fact, the only great things that had been enacted during the whole war; and that I was rewarded as one who had no claim to such good fortune, as being without family, interest, or patronage, to entitle me to any honour of the kind; and now you behold me deprived of my brigade! or the post which my position, rank, or seniority accorded me, and an officer selected from the provinces over my head, and I remanded to my corps many months in anticipation of his arrival. You behold me a solitary instance in this army, where scores and hundreds literally have had rewards of promotions and decorations showered upon them for nothing!—And I who have won

every prize, and rendered services which involved, had I failed, the loss of the army and the country, have had nothing but their barren thanks!—which, however, are proofs against themselves and in my favour, that I did earn my recompense, but that they were too dishonest, or dishonourable, to pay my dues.”

“Cabool, 25th September, 1841.

“Next, I may apprise you that there seems now little doubt of our returning—I mean the thirteenth—this season to India. We go again into camp early in October, and expect to start from Cabool about the middle of October, or before the cold becomes too severe, or the snow falls. As soon as we get down from this elevated land, which will be effected in a few marches, we shall arrive at almost the level of India, and the climate will be genial and mild all the winter, or during our progress. Our route back will be a different one from that we came, which was very circuitous; this, on the contrary, is straight, and direct through the Punjab, or across the Seikh country. If we be not detained, we may reach Ferozepore or our own frontier station in January. We must, however, make up our minds for one inevitable evil attending this return to the provinces—which is, that our brigades will be broken up, and General Sale will thereupon lose his present command, and fall back upon his regiment, which will again deprive me of four hundred rupees a month.

“W. H. D.”

At the beginning of October, the country appearing to be somewhat tranquilized, their homeward march commenced. A few desultory skirmishes, however, soon told their force that all was not so peaceful as the political agents had reported; and a determined opposition by the enemy, at the Khoord Cabool Pass, clearly evinced that they were actuated by a more serious motive than mere depredation: the heights around were crowned by those infuriated bands, and numbers, screening themselves behind a breast-work in the centre of the valley directly in their front, showed to our brigade the work they had before them. The force consisted of her majesty’s thirteenth light infantry, and thirty-fifth native infantry, commanded by General Sale, besides two hundred Jezailchees, or riflemen, and others, which were all judiciously posted for the attack. At the commencement of the affair, General Sale having received a ball in the ankle, he was compelled to retire from the field, and resign the command into the hands of Colonel Dennie. He immediately pushed on his advance column with a view of dislodging the enemy from their breast-work in the valley, but finding they had deserted that position, and secured the heights, then ordered the skirmishers to dislodge them; and who, in the very face and fire of the enemy, bravely ascended the nearly perpendicular precipices on either side. This bold movement was crowned with complete success, and by the steady progress of the advance, the more distant gorge of the pass being gained, the whole valley was soon cleared of the enemy. By this time the skirmishers had established them-

selves on all the heights for the purpose of keeping the pass clear, and the thirteenth, according to the orders of General Sale, returned to camp at Bootkhak.\*

On the 23d October, the force reached Tazeen after a sharp conflict, in which the enemy succeeded in cutting off their ammunition and stores, which had been left behind at Khoord Cabool, in consequence of too great an interval having occurred between the rear-guard and main body. They arrived at Jugdulluc on the 28th without much opposition. But on their march thence to Gundamuc, they experienced the most hostile determination on the part of the enemy since their departure from Cabool. The rebels who had been harassing their rear, now moved off with an intention to concentrate in front and cut off their approach to Gundamuc. Numbers, too, secured the heights commanding the valley, and, having screened themselves behind the projecting rocks, dealt a constant and destructive fire on the little band so exposed. On reaching the plains, however, the enemy seemed to decline all further opposition; but as soon as the more difficult country was attained, the enemy renewed their attack in greater numbers, and with redoubled fury. So suddenly was the onset on this occasion made, that for a time our troops were thrown into confusion, and some baggage fell into the enemy's hands. After much loss, however, thirty-one being killed and ninety-one wounded,—order was restored, and Gundamuc reached on the 30th October.

" Gundamuc, 2d Nov., 1841.

" You must excuse this short and hurried letter, but a line to assure you that I am safe and well, after having undergone a good deal of fatigue, and the usual accompaniments of a soldier's life, must be consolatory. It is believed that we are now through most, if not all our difficulties, and that the rest of our road to Jellalabad will be as facile and secure as when I last wrote to you. I fear, however, that the cause of all this present trouble and harass to us has occasioned much anxiety to you; for we have reason to fear, I believe, that all our letters by the last mail have been intercepted by the knaves against whom we have been engaged since we left Cabool. This is distressing to you as well as to me, for I had despatched on that occasion four or five to England.

All the hardest work in this country has fallen to my lot; and in the late affairs, Sale having been wounded at the outset, and obliged to travel in a dooley, or litter, you would suppose I might have come in for some share of what was going, but such was not my fortune. He has kept the nominal command, although I the actual and virtual! You will have understood by my former letters that we expected, at the commencement of this cold weather, to march from Cabool to Jellalabad, at the foot of the mountains of Affghanistan, and from thence across the Punjab, in progress of our relief,

or return to the provinces of Indostan. An insurrection took place among the tribes on our route immediately contiguous to Cabool, the Giljhies; and our easy and pleasant march has been changed into a hostile and harassing one. We have, however, forced all the passes, and are now in an open and friendly country.

" We have, no doubt, had some loss, which I fear you will read or hear of as much exaggerated, and therefore do I write without delay to re-assure and comfort you; and with me to thank that good God who has been so merciful and kind to me through the multiplied dangers I have been so exposed to, as to have shielded and protected me through all. Should the present state of affairs in this country change the intentions of government with regard to the relief of the thirteenth this year, to induce them to detain them yet another season, it is my present determination to apply for a certificate of leave to England, or the hills of India—Landour or Simlah—where I may be enabled to recruit my health and constitution, which have been somewhat shaken or undermined by all I have gone through, and the thankless returns I have met with. Time, and a short time, may develop what may be best for my health and your interests; and the one, I consider, involves the other, and I shall be guided accordingly.

" W. H. D."

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\* See General Sale and Colonel Dennie's despatches, dated "Camp, Bootkhak, Oct. 12, 1841."

The day on which the above letter was written, a tragedy of a truly awful character was being enacted at Cabool, spreading dismay and terror into the hearts of all. Prior to, and on the first of November, security and peace was considered by all to have been effectually established; so blinded and infatuated were our authorities in Cabool by this opinion, that all private, yet authentic intelligence to the contrary, was considered as unfounded and visionary. But on the morrow—the anniversary of the surrender of Dost Mahomed—they were undeceived. An insurrection broke out in the city; and so well concerted and organized, that the very first act of massacre began with Sir Alexander Burnes himself. The whole city was up, and plunder and pillage was rife. Our forces, part within the walls, and part in cantonments without, defended themselves with their accustomed gallantry in numerous actions with the enemy. But the calamitous loss of their commissariat and ammunition at the commencement of the outbreak, could not but be regarded as a preliminary to the final destruction of the garrison. Accounts received from all the neighbouring stations, showed the universality of the insurrection; and the notorious Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mahomed, having soon headed the insurgents, inspired the Affghans with fresh fury. At last, the troops having suffered the extremities of hunger, (and being defeated in numerous conflicts with the enemy,) their ammunition being spent, treaties began to be discussed; which in consequence of the terms proposed by the enemy, appear to have been at first rejected. However, on Christmas day, Sir William M'Naghten, Captains Connolly, Laurence, Trevor, and M'Kenzie, formally proceeded to enter into negociations with the insurgent chiefs; but the death of Sir William M'Naghten, which he met at the hands of Akbar Khan himself, terminated this interview. The rest were either butchered or taken prisoners. Major Eldred Pottinger now assumed the place of the murdered envoy, and a treaty was concluded, under which our troops quitted Cabool about the 28th December.

The force in and about this place, consisted of one troop of horse artillery, two squadrons of the fifth cavalry, her majesty's forty-fourth foot, the fifth, thirty-seventh, and fifty-fourth N. I., besides a large body of the Shah's force, making in all about 5,500 men, (besides camp followers to nearly double that number,) which were all, with few exceptions,\* annihilated.†

One person alone, Dr. Brydon, then escaped this awful massacre to bear the sad news to the garrison at Jellalabad.

We must now return to Gundamuc, where we last left our little force under its wounded commander, General Sale. The troops took their departure from this place on the 11th of November, under circumstances sufficiently inauspicious and alarming. The irregulars, which formed part of the force, deserted in numbers, and a rising of all the surrounding Khails showed them but too plainly that opposition had not ceased. Gradually as they advanced, thousands of the exasperated natives arose, enclosing our forces on all sides. Colonel Dennie commanded the rear-guard; on approaching the level country he commenced to manœuvre, with a view of drawing them into action in the plain, simulating a retreat, but still keeping his men together. The plan succeeded: and the insurgents pursuing (as they imagined) a flying enemy into the open plain, Colonel Dennie "now directed a combined charge, which was instantaneous and overpowering; bringing their right shoulders forward, they swept the plain, and bore down all opposition." The rout was complete; and no enemy appearing during the remainder of their march, they reached Jellalabad without further molestation. Immediately they commenced putting the town into a state of defence, but were so annoyed by the repeated assaults of marauders, that they were obliged to make numerous sorties to disperse them.

On the 2nd December, the men still continued to work at the ramparts, but

\* Among these were several of the officers' ladies who were delivered, under promise of protection to Akbar Khan, and who, up to the date of the latest accounts, still remained prisoners.

† At the same time two garrisons of more than 1000 men each, one at Ghaznee, and the other at Kohistan, met a similar fate.

as a destructive fire was kept up on them from some ruined forts in the neighbourhood, Colonel Dennie was directed to dislodge them, which he accomplished; and having demolished most of the forts and tombs surrounding the town, returned within the walls.

The next and *final* letter received from this officer, dated Jellalabad, December 5th, 1841, alludes to most of the foregoing particulars. It occupies a scrap of paper little more than four inches square, to admit of its being concealed in a quill, and thus conveyed in secrecy and stealth to Peshawar; hence having received the form of an ordinary note, it was despatched to England. Reluctance to intrude upon the feelings of sanctity and veneration, with which the last communication of a near and dear relative is ever regarded, forbids us to publish this interesting document. Full of confidence and hope was the tone it breathed; and the welcome intelligence it communicated was, that in consequence of the successful issue of the affair of the 2d December, no enemy had dared to venture within twelve miles of the town.

But their security was again soon endangered. Scarcely had they, by the most untiring exertions, and unexampled patience, succeeded in making the fortifications in some degree defensible, than the occurrence of a fearful earthquake at once prostrated all the works they had erected, and reduced a third of the town to a heap of ruins; and in the space of little more than a month, they were visited by a hundred shocks of this terrible phenomenon. The enemy, under Akbar Khan, taking advantage of the state of weakness to which, by these convulsions they were reduced, again invested the place, and established a vigorous blockade, which kept them up to the date of their release in constant, although successful, skirmishes with the enemy. In most of these Colonel Dennie commanded, conspicuous alike for his courage and judgment; and frequently succeeding in capturing numbers of sheep and bullocks in the very teeth of the enemy.

At length, in the early part of April, a large force commanded by General Pollock, proceeded to the arduous work of forcing the Khyber Pass, with the view of relieving the garrison at Jellalabad, now in a state of siege for five long months. On the 5th, the spies had brought the false intelligence to General Sale that the attempt to force the Khyber Pass had failed, and a salute of 20 guns, fired by Akbar Khan on the next evening, appeared to confirm the news.\* The garrison then came to the desperate resolution of making a final sally, and, if successful in dislodging the enemy, to fight their way to Peshawar—a distance of about seventy miles! At daybreak, on the 7th of April, they issued from the town in three columns; the centre consisting of 500 of the 13th Foot, under Colonel Dennie; and the right and left under Captain Havelock, and Lieutenant-Colonel Monteith, respectively; the whole consisting of about 1,200 men. The enemy mustered 6,000 strong, and were posted in the most advantageous manner. A ruined fort, within about 800 yards of the gate, which had been partially repaired by Akbar Khan, and which had been filled with Ghiljee marksmen, was selected as the object of attack for the central column. In the meantime the guns were set to play, and a breach having been supposed to have been effected, the command was given for this column to advance. Colonel Dennie rode in front, and when within only five yards of the fort received a ball in the hip; and before he witnessed the glorious termination of his own gallant movement, this devoted soldier breathed his last.

The rest of the tale may soon be told: the courage and determination of the besieged were attended with the most complete success; the enemy were dislodged from their positions, and at about seven o'clock, a.m., the battle was over, and the enemy in full retreat. Their standards and guns—four of which were lost by the Cabool and Gundamuc forces—falling into our possession, and their camp involved in one general conflagration. General Pollock having succeeded in forcing the long dreaded pass of the Khyberees, the relief of the garrison followed soon after.

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\* The assassination of Shah Soojah at Cabool, as it afterwards appeared, was the occasion of this *feu-de-joie*.

"The fall of so distinguished an officer as Colonel Dennie," writes General Sale, "will be felt as a public calamity. Lamenting it in every way, I must share with his country, his regiment, and his friends, in the consolation afforded by the reflection that he was killed most gallantly performing his duties." Words which we believe convey less of hyperbole than truth, and sentiments to which more than one bosom will respond. In his public character he is now in some degree known, and his merits appreciated. As a writer in the *Bombay Times* expressed it:—"He was the very Diomede of the British army. Brave to the verge of rashness; fierce, fiery, and almost romantically chivalrous. With the keenest sensibility of temper, and irritable impatience of injury or injustice, he was occasionally excited almost to madness, by practices against himself which would scarcely have moved a more phlegmatic spirit. His own warm heart harboured no rancour against any one, and he ill endured to be made the object of treatment, to which he himself would have scorned to become the party."

The Companionship of the Bath was almost the only reward conferred upon him during forty-two years of incessant, and principally active service; and notwithstanding all his late repeated deeds of gallantry, the approbation of his superiors was merely testified by words, until a short time preceeding his fall. So closely indeed on the last mark of distinction awarded him followed the melancholy termination of his career, and so effectually were all communications with the garrison intercepted, that it is scarcely probable he could have received the tidings: even if they arrived in time for him to know of his appointment as Aid-de-camp to the queen, how short a period was left him to enjoy that knowledge—a few days at the utmost, no more!—At the same time, too, he was promoted to the rank of colonel in the army; and on Lord Ellenborough's landing in India, he nominated him to the command of a brigade. Since his death, however, government, sensible of his merits, have done much towards atoning for the injuries inflicted on him during his life-time, by honouring his memory, in a manner at once serviceable to his friends, and creditable to his country.

In conclusion, we find it necessary to say a few words concerning these letters. As *private* and confidential documents we believe them of unrivalled excellence; but they must not be deemed examples of the style of Colonel Dennie's more carefully indited compositions.

If they evince a greater degree of egotism than suits the taste of *general readers*, they will please to recollect that for them they were never intended; and that the value of such productions, and the charm they convey to distant and beloved relatives, consist chiefly in the narration of deeds, however insignificant, which engross the time and attention of the absent friend. But, making every allowance for this peculiarity, let us ask: do these personal memorials magnify Colonel Dennie's exploits beyond their real importance?—Let it be borne in mind that it is to him—who voluntarily commanded the storming party at Ghuznee; who gained the important victory at Bameean; who conducted the forces from Khoord Cabool to Gundamuc; and who, in the brilliant sortie from Jellalabad, on the 7th of April last, so gloriously fell; we are indebted for nearly all that we have reason to be proud of in the military operations conducted by our armies in Affghanistan.\*

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\* The immediate evacuation of these territories by our troops, appears to us to be the only measure left for the adoption of the present ministry. An advance would be altogether impracticable, from the difficulty of procuring camels—that animal being now scarce in India. Thus ends this vaunted and characteristic expedition of our late Whig rulers; any commentary on which would be superfluous.



## LIVES AND TIMES OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN. \*

THE "*Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*" seems designed to serve as an apology for the insurrection of 1798. The work has little attraction for our taste, does not approve itself to our rustic morals, advocates principles to which we are not favourable; but yet we shall notice it, for the importance of its subject matter, with a serious attention, and, for our own sake, with what we are bold to call our accustomed and characteristic fairness.

If we have not altogether mistaken the author's argument, his purpose is to prove that the rebellion of 1798 was a natural, if not a necessary result from the oppressions by which the Irish people were afflicted. He writes as if he were compiling the history of a conflict between two independent and hostile parties—one consisting of the legitimate government of the country, the other composed of conspirators; and while acknowledging, with a candour by no means unserviceable to his object, that the latter entertained some erroneous views, and were chargeable with some rash and intemperate proceedings, he spares no pains to make it appear that all the darker and more tragical iniquities—the perfidy, the despotism, the cruelty—belonged, in a more especial manner, to the former. Such is the conclusion to which the author has been conducted, and to which he invites his readers. The evidence which has satisfied him, he recommends by assurances, that it has been collected at much cost and labour, and has been very carefully examined. He omits, however, a circumstance which we hold worthy of notice, namely, that the testimony by which the insurgents are defended, has been gathered from the professions of their friends or of themselves; while enemies to the accused party have supplied the evidence by which the government is sought to be convicted. This may seem to denote a very daring spirit in our author, but we can safely

affirm, that the device, far from being novel, is a very ordinary effort of ingenuity on the part of many Irish historians. They know their readers and are bold.

Dr. Madden prefixes to his work a historical introduction, written, he informs us, by one, the most competent of all his acquaintances, to write a history of Ireland. We should not have been sorry had this unknown contributor of thirty-seven pages been more liberal of his assistance. Had he written the whole work, it would have been, very probably, we are ready to acknowledge, more mischievous; but, we are confident, it would have been more agreeable. It partakes of the vice "of all its tribe," but it is cleverly written, and written by one who could do better if he were able always to bear in mind, that a historian should not be the minister of a party. The following passage, in which the writer explains the enmity of the house of Tudor to the chieftainry of Ireland, and the failure of efforts to effect a reformation in religion, contains some valuable truth, and expresses it well:—

"The four first centuries after Strongbow's invasion passed away without the conquest of Ireland being completed; the wars with France and Scotland, the insurrections of the barons, and the murderous wars of the Roses, prevented the English monarchs from establishing even a nominal supremacy over the entire island; instead of the Irish princes becoming feudal vassals, the Anglo-Norman barons who obtained fiefs in Ireland, adopted the usages of the native chieftains. The attention of Henry VII. was forcibly directed to this state of things, by the adherence of the Anglo-Norman barons and the Irish princes with whom they had formed an alliance or connection, to the cause of the Plantagenets. They supported Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck; when these adventurers were defeated, they showed the greatest reluctance to swear allegiance to the Tudors, and Henry could not but feel

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\* *The United Irishmen: their Lives and Times.* By R. R. Madden, M.D. 2 vols. London, Madden. 1842.

that his crown was insecure, so long as the Irish lords had the power and will to support any adventurer who would dispute his title. From that time forward it became the fixed policy of the Tudors to break down the overgrown power of the Anglo-Irish aristocracy, and to destroy the independence of the native chieftains. In England, the Tudors were enabled to create a new nobility; the progress of the reformation was accompanied by the elevation of several new families to the peerage, and the struggle between the Protestants and Catholics in that country, was, for a considerable time, identical with the contest between the old and new aristocracy. In Ireland it was impossible to adopt the same course of policy; there was not a gentry from which a new aristocracy could be formed, and the Tudors were forced to supply their place by grants of land to colonists and adventurers. The Irish and the Anglo-Norman barons looked upon these men as intruders, while the ruling powers regarded them with peculiar favour, as being the persons most likely to establish and promote an 'English interest in Ireland.' This political motive must not be confounded with the religious movement which took place about the same time; it was as much the object of Mary as it was of Elizabeth, to give Irish lands to English settlers, in order to obtain a hold over Ireland; it was under Mary that the lands of Leix and O'Fally were forfeited, and the lord deputy permitted to grant leases of them, at such rents as he might deem expedient.

"In the midst of this political convulsion, an attempt was made to bring Ireland to adopt the principles of the Reformation, which had been just established in England. There was a vast difference between the situation of the two countries, which deserves to be more attentively considered than it usually has been. It was on a papal grant that the English monarchs, from the very beginning, had rested their claims to the allegiance of Ireland, and there was consequently something like an abandonment of these claims when they called upon the Irish to renounce the supremacy of the pope. But not only had the English kings described the pope as the source of their power, they had for centuries made it a principal object of their policy to maintain the power of the episcopacy and priesthood in Ireland, against the ambition or avarice of the Anglo-Norman barons. They had themselves armed the church with power and influence greater than they could overthrow.

"After the long night of the middle

ages, an intellectual revival had filled Christendom with discussions which weakened the strength of ancient institutions, and prepared men's minds for the reception of new opinions. Ireland had not shared in the general movement; whatever may have been the condition of the island before the English invasion, the four centuries of political chaos and constant war subsequent to that event, had rendered it one of the most distracted countries in Christendom; there had been no precursor to make way for a religious change; the Irish had never heard of Huss, or Wickliffe, or Luther, or Calvin. The only intelligible reason proposed to them for a change of creed, was the royal authority; and they were already engaged in a struggle against that authority, to prevent their lands being parcelled out to strangers. Add to this, that the reformed religion was preached by foreigners, ignorant of the very language of the country, and there will be little difficulty in perceiving that the attempt, under such circumstances, to establish Protestantism in Ireland, by the conversion of the Irish, was utterly impossible. In fact, the project of converting the natives was soon abandoned for the more feasible plan of colonizing Ireland with Protestants from England."

We have little doubt that the writer of this passage, if he would allow his reasoning faculties to exert themselves, and, to insure them free exercise, would cast prejudice aside, has it in his power to render much service to all who strive to understand the history of his country. *It is true* that England exalted and confirmed the power of a hierarchy in Ireland, in order that through it she might secure her own. *It is true* that, with a view to the same end, an English monarch broke down the authority and influence of the Irish chieftainry, and thus left each clan or tribe without a head through which it might be governed. *And it is also true*, that by thus separating the people from their natural chiefs, leaving them, at the same time, too ignorant to govern themselves, he prepared them to submit implicitly to sacerdotal authority. *They must have leaders*, and when England struck off leaders of one description, inasmuch as she did not and could not take from the people the inclination to be governed, she on'

authority of their church

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There was a departure at a marvellous disregard of a situation of in our history is implied in the fact, even to be seen in the champions of Romanism can that it is sure to describe it as the old religious map of Ireland!!

and when the insurrections and disorders  
devastated Ireland, previously  
the times of the United Irishmen,  
commented on by the writer of  
introduction in the same spirit in  
which more recent treasons and  
increases are noticed by Dr. Madden.  
they were the result of English  
oppression, or they were outbursts of  
unguided popular frenzy. If an

and were escaping with our lives.

All Ireland is not infected with this archaiphobia. On the contrary, the memorials on which one part of our population will scarcely condescend to look, furnish the materials for a Mythology of Irish grievances, in which the patriotism of the other part is mainly educated. They are taught to be lenient towards the atrocities of their countrymen, as towards the excesses of imperfect civilization; they are taught to pronounce judgment upon the ministers of English rule according to the standard of law and

\* Thus spelt in "Campion's History of Ireland," p. 90. Dublin edition, A.D. 1609.

opinion existing at the present day. Thus prejudices are formed which are seldom thoroughly eradicated, and which explain the anomalies so often found to prevail, in the association of social virtue and personal kindness with political rancour.

However deeply we regret the indifference to our country's history, which has often proved so very serviceable to our country's enemies, and to which the effrontery of many a seditious orator may be ascribed, we feel that we dare not offend it. We will not undertake the task of correcting representations which we know to be unjust, because we feel that our strictures would be pronounced wearisome, or out of season. Let Strafford be, as our author describes him, "a lord deputy chosen to execute an iniquitous project," and not scrupling to execute it by iniquitous means—only let it be remembered that the parliament, on whose testimony he was condemned, had previously offered up to him the incense of a panegyric too ardent and reverential to be addressed to man; and that the men who could make truth, as they themselves pretended, bend in obedience to their fears, would be capable, also, of putting it aside, when it stood between them and their vengeance;—only let it be remembered, that among

the crimes laid to the charge of this wronged statesman, a prominent place was assigned to the tyranny with which he opposed the practices of ploughing by the horses' tails—of burning the straw to obtain the grain—and of tearing the wool off the bodies of living sheep. Let Strafford's acts be judged thus, as in connection with the circumstances of the country where they were wrought, and let the testimony of his accusers, when the great man was fallen, be compared with that which they had offered to his virtue, while yet he was in power. Let the terrible massacres and the unutterable cruelties of 1641, be set down among the contingencies of a jacquerie; only let it at the same time be remembered that the lava flood of vindictive passion knew where it could harm most by sparing; and let it be determined whether the frenzy of an ungoverned multitude in its rage could be thus discriminating.\*

According to the testimony of Dr. Madden's friend, the Whiteboy insurrection in Ireland was also a jacquerie—a rising merely against excessive rents, and the illegal inclosure of commons. We shall make but one observation on this statement. It is not in unison with the sworn engagement by which the Whiteboys bound themselves to each other, and to their cause. In

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\* "But the first signal of revolt spread desolation over the northern counties; the native Irish, who had been driven from their lands at the time of the great plantation, rose upon the settlers, and in spite of their more merciful leaders drove them from their settlements, and when they encountered any resistance, slaughtered them without mercy. This massacre has been absurdly exaggerated, and prejudice has often induced writers to involve all the Catholics of Ireland in its guilt; but in truth it was confined to the northern counties, and was directed exclusively against the English settlers on the confiscated lands. The Scotch Presbyterians were not only spared, but allowed to retain the possession of their property until they took up arms to support the cause of the English Puritans: in fact, the Ulster revolt was rather a *Jacquerie* than a rebellion, and it was of course accompanied by all the outrages and cruelties which might be expected from an infuriate and starving peasantry, brutalized by long oppression, and goaded by ostentatious insult. About twelve thousand persons were probably murdered in the first outbreak of popular rage, before the Catholic lords and gentry could interfere, and give the insurrection the dignity of a civil war."

A citation from Rushworth may form a suitable pendant to this pleasing sketch, which laments the massacre of 1641 as a species of untoward accident, and cites the forbearance exhibited towards the Scottish settlers, among the evidences that there was nothing of plan in the slaughter of the English:—

"And that *they might the more easily destroy the English*, and keep the Scots from assisting them, they professed to spare the latter, (which they did at first,) pretending they should live quietly among them—not doubting but they should afterwards deal well enough with them alone; by which means the poor English were so assaulted on all sides that they could never put themselves into a posture of defence."—Hist. Col. vol. i. p. 173.

this engagement there is not the remotest reference to any agrarian object. To us we confess it appears to demand an explanation how so remarkable an oath has been so generally overlooked. It ought to have been more carefully studied among the evidences by which the real purpose of the Whiteboy insurrection was to be detected.\*

For our parts, although we do not dispute the allegation that the rural population, in various parts of Ireland, suffered much wrong—that in their circumstances there was much to explain and to cause discontent, and even disaffection, we are, at the same time, thoroughly convinced that there was a spirit of hostility to the British crown and government, which shaped the materials of disorder, supplied by the passions of a neglected people, and organised them into treason. We are thoroughly persuaded that, wherever there was disorder throughout the land, this spirit was present to take advantage of it; and that, in many places where there was no disorder, or even distress, it exerted itself to create confusion. We are persuaded that we discover the presence of this crafty and malign agent, in all the tumults and factious movements of Whiteboys, Rightboys, Hearts of Oak, Hearts of Steel, Peep-o'-day-boys, Defenders, &c., &c., from the night when the first Levellers took the field, down to the day when the United Irishmen, for a time, were driven from it.

The penal laws, or civil disabilities, affecting Roman Catholics, supply our

author with many topics for the exercise of eloquence, or at least invective, against the government, which was cruel or base enough to enact them. It would have been more “germain to the matter,” in one who assumes the mark of a historian, to relate the circumstances under which those oppressive laws were adopted. When Edmund Burke denounced them, in a well-known and often cited passage, it is plain that he lost sight of that stern code to which they bore a very mitigated resemblance. The penal laws of England were no more than some portions of the French code, softened down into such a form as England could be influenced to endure. They were, in fact, severities which the British people were constrained to adopt, in order to protect them against the more intolerable severities by which Protestants were persecuted in France. The facts of the case were briefly these:—

At the accession of Queen Anne to the throne, it was well known that France regarded the son of James the Second as the rightful king. He had indeed assumed the title of James the Third, and was recognized by that title at the courts of France, Spain, and Rome. England was naturally alarmed, and was desirous of making such preparations at home as the prospect of foreign hostility seemed to demand. Among the securities contemplated, one was to be afforded by the Roman Catholics of Ireland, in the form of an oath of allegiance.† This security the Irish Roman Catholics refused to give, and their refusal was

\* The oath, with some observations upon it, may be found in our number for December, 1837, in “By-ways of Irish History.”

† “On the accession of Queen Anne, it was thought that a favourable opportunity presented itself for binding the Roman Catholics more firmly to the government. The rival sovereigns were now dead; the Queen was a branch of the old family, and it was naturally expected that she would have issue: hence the government conceived a hope that a strict pledge of allegiance might be obtained from the Roman Catholics. But the pope was consulted as usual, and he, without pronouncing that the intended oath was absolutely unlawful, recommended that it should not be taken. He urged that it was better to leave things as they were. He promised, that if penalties should be enacted in consequence of their refusal, he would take care of his influence with the other sovereigns of Europe, and through their intercession with the court of England, that such penalties should not be enforced; and therefore his wish was, that the oath should be rejected. Unhappily the Roman Catholics obeyed, and the penal laws passed.

“On what authority do you state this transaction?—I find it in a work of Dr. Burke, titular bishop of Ossory in the last century, entitled ‘*Hibernia Dominicana*.’” &c. &c. —*Evidence of the Rev Wm. Phelan, before the Lords' Committee on Ireland in 1825—Digest, vol. ii., p. 232.*



rendered the more suspicious by reports of secret and illicit meetings, of outrages perpetrated against Protestants, and of numerous instances of the plunder of arms, such as, under any circumstances, would be productive of serious alarm. In this alarm a Whig parliament in Ireland, by the enactment of penal laws, endeavoured, we must admit, to break the strength of men, of whose designs they had abundant reason to be apprehensive. At a later period, through the exertions of a prelate of France, who had interested many Englishmen of distinction in favour of the Roman Catholic body, their primate in Ireland called an assembly of ecclesiastics, and submitted to them the draft of an oath, by which it was proposed they should certify loyalty to the crown.† It denied the pope's supremacy in *temporals* (not in *spirituals*), and *therefore it was rejected*. The secular clergy were willing to swear the oath; but the regulars, more immediately dependent on the pope, refused. Finally, when, about the year 1769, another oath was proposed, and taken by some Roman Catholics, ecclesiastic as well as lay, the papal nuncio, at Brussels, denounced it, objected openly to its condemnation of the doctrines—that faith should not be kept with heretics; that sovereigns excommunicated might be righteously deposed or murdered—and declared that every Roman Catholic who had sworn such an oath, was bound to hold himself released from its obligation. Such were the circumstances under which the penal laws were enacted, and were suffered to remain on the statute book of England. A pretender to the British throne, supported by continental powers—a body of men within the realm accused of plotting against the crown, and *while their leaders swore an oath of feudal obedience to a foreign prince—while the patronage of the Irish Roman Catholic Church was exercised by the house of Stuart*, refusing to certify a liberal loyalty to the sovereign—it was to restrain such a people, and at a season of such difficulty and alarm, the penal laws were enacted. The historian who bestows *all his indignation* upon the enacting party must

be either ill-informed or disingenuous, or both.

It is time now that we hasten to that part of our author's work which is occupied in the detail of circumstances connected with the insurrection of year 1798. This dreadful convulsion, he would have his readers understand, was ascribable to the injustice and severities of an unprincipled government—a government which encouraged Orangemen by its countenance, retained spies and informers in its pay, and exercised, as the means through which its purposes were to be attained, cruelties not to be forgotten or forgiven. The evidence by which charges thus grave are supplied, is of a kind to do little credit to the accuser.

We shall begin with the representation he offers of the Orange union.

“In the analysis of the report of the committee on Orange institutions, in the *Edinburgh Review* of January, 1836, the following account is given of the proceedings of ‘The Peep-of-Day Boys;’ and of their more systematic atrocities, in 1795, under the newly-adopted name of Orangemen.

“‘The first Orange lodge was formed on the 21st September, 1795, at the house of a man named Sloan, in the obscure village of Loughgall. The immediate cause of those disturbances in the north that gave birth to Orangeism, was an attempt to plant colonies of Protestants on the farms or tenements of Catholics, who had been forcibly ejected. Numbers of them were seen wandering about the country, hungry, half-naked, and infuriated. Mr. Christie, a member of the Society of Friends, who appears to have passed sixty or seventy years on his property, as quietly as a man may in the neighbourhood of such violent neighbours, gives a painful account of the outrages then committed. He says, (5573), ‘he heard sometimes of twelve or fourteen Catholic houses wrecked in a night, and some destroyed:’ (5570) ‘That this commenced in the neighbourhood of Churchill, between Portadown and Dungannon, and then it extended over nearly all the northern counties. In the course of time, after the Catholics were, many of them, driven from the county, and had taken refuge in different parts of Ireland, I understood they went to Connaught. Some years after, when peace and quietness was

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\* See Campbell's Philosophical Survey.

in a great measure restored, some returned again, probably five or six years afterwards. The property which they left was transferred, in most instances, to Protestants: where they had houses and gardens, and small farms of land, it was generally handed over by the landlords to Protestant tenants. That occurred within my knowledge.' He further says: 'It continued for two or three years, but was not quite so bad in 1796 and 1797 as it was earlier. After this wrecking, and the Catholics were driven out, what was called 'The Break-of-Day' party merged into Orangeism; they passed from the one to the other, and the gentlemen in the county procured what they termed their Orange warrants, to enable them to assemble legally, as they termed it. The name dropped, and Orangeism succeeded to Break-of-Day men.'

Our first objection to this statement has respect to the authority on which it rests its claim to be received. At best the strictures of *The Edinburgh Review* could be but secondary evidence—evidence not to be admitted or offered so long as the report which it professed to analyse was attainable. It is not creditable to Dr. Madden to asperse the character of the Orange institution without having previously made himself acquainted with the evidence taken before the Parliamentary Committee which sat in judgment upon it; and if *he had studied their report*, his citation from *The Edinburgh Review* was unpardonable. Indeed we are wholly incapable of imagining, on any supposition, an excuse for him. The article from which he quoted *made no profession of having been written in a spirit to justify him in esteeming it evidence*; on the contrary, it *plainly declared that its end and object were such as should cause a historian to distrust, or at least to decline, its testimony*. The reviewer had distinctly said—"It may be objected that our instances of misconduct have been taken more from the Orange than the Catholic side of the question. Undoubtedly they have; for the point at issue is not whether the Catholic has done wrong, but whether the Orangeman has done right;" as if it were possible to return a true verdict whether the Orangemen were or were not right, without having that very knowledge which the reviewer withholds. This was frank and bold—an avowal of the kind which

renders a partizan respectable; but the writer affecting to style himself a historian, and capable of citing the arguments or statements of a partizan or advocate who thus openly avows his purpose, and, (without noticing the avowal,) introducing the declared adversary as if he were an unobjectionable witness, divests himself of every title to respect: he loses all title to the name of historian, which he abuses; and he casts away every thing that might prove creditable to the character which he really sustains, or which might lessen the odiousness of partizan defamation.

*The Edinburgh Review*, "a fine, gay, bold-faced villain," confesses that it is at war with Orangeism, and that its object is to set forth arguments and statements against it, not such as might exhibit a faithful picture of the times, or the state of society in which such an institution was called into, and kept in, existence. Thus, it warns the reader to be upon his guard, and seems to say that it should no more be held responsible for its selection of testimony than a barrister for the allegations in his brief. Dr. Madden can plead no such exemption. He adduces the *Edinburgh reviewer* in the capacity of an evidence, a capacity in which the reviewer declared himself incompetent to serve, and he selects as the witness by whom he was to be corroborated, Mr. James Christie, who testified of himself in such a manner as to render the citation of his evidence discreditable to the partizan reviewer, and utterly disgraceful to a writer who affects to be a historian. The evidence given by this witness before the select committee on Orange lodges, had certainly a plausible and imposing opening—

"You are a member of the Society of Friends? I am.

Where do you live? I live in the county of Down, at a place called Kircassock.

You live on your own property? Yes."

This statement (of Mr. Christie's having a property to reside on) the reviewer makes as good a use of as do the friends of that gentleman on the committee. The inquiry into Orange lodges having terminated abruptly, and in such a manner as protected Mr. Christie against testimonies less fa-

vourable to him than his own, his claims to the respectability which property bestows, and to the credit of the peaceable demeanour ascribed to him in the review, can be judged of only by such acknowledgments as he felt it wise or necessary to make in the course of his cross-examination.

“ COMMITTEE ON ORANGE LODGES.

“ First report, page 390. Mr. James Christie.

“ 5721. You stated that you live in the county Down, and that you live on your own property?—It has been my property since the year 1816; it was left by an uncle to my father during his life, and it was left to me in reversion. About two or three years before his death, he handed over the property to me.

5722. Were you and your father ever bankrupts?—Yes.

5723. In what year?—In the year 1815.

5724. Were you instrumental in borrowing several sums of money from the neighbours?—I did.

5725. Did you borrow £225 of Mr. Nicholson?—I did.

5726. One hundred pounds of Mr. Hayes?—Yes.

5727. Did you borrow £70 of Donald M'Ivor?—My father borrowed money of this man, which has been paid.

5728. Sixty pounds of John M'Culloch?—Yes: most of this money has been paid.

5729. Twenty-eight pounds of David M'Culloch?—Yes; most of this sum has been paid.

5730. Sixty pounds of Savage?—Yes; all has been paid, except about £15.

5731.—One hundred pounds of Jonas Linas?—Yes.

5732. Two hundred and fifty pounds of Thomas Kelly?—Yes.

5733. Subsequent to that you and your father became bankrupts?—Yes.

5734. And two years after this you were in possession of your estate again?—Yes.

5739. Did you never hear it stated, or did you ever suppose that your unpopularity was occasioned, in a great measure, in consequence of this transaction?—I never heard of my being unpopular in the country, &c., &c.

5741. There is a statement which says that some of those poor people have not received one shilling of what they advanced, and consequently that you and your family have been subject to numberless insults?—There never was

an insult offered to me upon that ground, or to my family.

5745. Do you remember about the year 1797, that there were not only Orangemen or Peep-o'-day boys, and Defenders, but a great many United Irishmen?—I do, very well.

“ Was a man that fled from the battle of Ballynahinch, a United Irishman, concealed in your hay-loft for a month?—*I believe not*; he was not from the battle of Ballynahinch. I never heard that a man was concealed at all, till two years after it happened. I understood that he was a deserter from Blaris, for being concerned in the United Irishmen's business, and the first information we received of it was two years afterwards, that that man had been secreted in our hay-loft till some pains were taken to convey him out of the country, but it did not come to our knowledge till two years after the circumstance took place; *they thought it the likeliest place that he would not be searched for*, and we, not interfering in politics in any way, thought it the best plan to conceal him, and I understood *that he was concealed*, and have little doubt that he was; he was a soldier, and a man in the militia, and having told his situation to a Roman Catholic, *I understood that he brought him to my father's hay-loft, and concealed him.*

“ Such is the explanation vouchsafed by Mr. Christie of statements directly affecting his personal honesty, conveying an indirect imputation of political guilt. When it is remembered that no opportunity was given of advancing and establishing the charges against him—remembered also that he did not, as an injured man might very well be expected to do, call upon his accusers, and dare them to the proof; but, on the contrary, admitted that the statements against him were substantially true—that he had borrowed money under circumstances, to say the least, so likely to make him disesteemed in his neighbourhood, that *his outhouses were selected by traitors as affording to them secure concealment—that those who most frequented his house were individuals of whom traitors need not be afraid*;—when this appears on his own showing, and those who summoned him to give evidence took care that what he would not himself confess, no other should be permitted to testify against him, his evidence can do little more than show the nature of that case which is constrained to have recourse to it.”

We shall add but one answer more, for the purpose of showing the amount

of his intellectual qualifications to give evidence respecting the parties and factions of the last century :—

5608. Why were they called Peep-o'-day boys ?—I do not know, except that they *disappeared* at the break of day, and *only appeared at night*."

This is notoriously the reverse of truth. The witness who could give utterance to such an answer, respecting circumstances of which he spoke, or professed to speak, from personal recollection, must be held disqualified to bear useful testimony ; and yet he is *the witness* selected by the partizan in the review and the historian of the "Lives and Times," to sustain charges in proof of which, it seems admitted in such a selection, they could procure no more creditable testimony.

The Orange institutions, Dr. Madden intimates, extended the united Irish societies, and accelerated the outbreak of the insurrection. He does not deny ; indeed, it would be useless now to deny, that the united Irish system had the precedence in point of time ; its organization after some years of growth, having been completed in May, 1795, while the Orange system *had its origin* five months later, the first lodge having been formed in September or October of the same year. It served, we are assured, to extend "the union," in consequence of *being supposed* to entertain a purpose of persecuting or even exterminating Roman Catholics. This may be true, but who were the accusers ? They were the men who derived advantage from the charge they made : *the conspirators against whom Orangemen combined were their accusers*. Arthur O'Connor advances charges against them of entertaining principles which they abhorred, charges to which their characters, individually and collectively, gave the lie, which the state of Ulster, and its history for a space of more than forty years, have abundantly refuted ; and even at this day Dr. Madden can find no better voucher for the abominable calumny

than the conspirator who first advanced it. Of this we cannot complain ; but we think the doctor was unjust towards the party he seems to panegyrize, in abstaining from all notice of the really ingenious artifices by which the Orangemen and yeomanry were made to suffer in the judgment of the government and of the conspirators. He might have told of proclamations, fabricated as if the production of Orangemen, skilfully dispersed through the country, and having often a week's time to do mischief before their wickedness and falsehood could be fully exposed : he might have told of yeomanry\* costume adopted by assassins, who left an impression that the crimes they committed were the brutal excesses of what it was the fashion to term the Orange faction. Such details, apparently, would not suit our author's purpose ; and yet, had he not rejected them, he might have compiled a more readable book : whether it would have been more read, or more extensively purchased, is another matter.

A fertile topic of complaint with Dr. Madden, and writers of his sort, is the cruelty with which government punished the disaffected, and strove to extort information. Had it not been for these unconstitutional severities, the insurrection would not have broken out until it was better organized, that is to say, the severities to which government had recourse prevented rebellion from being successful. But the amiable and well-affected writers who complain of them care not for such consequences ; their moral sense is outraged at the thought that torture should be applied in an enlightened age, in a country acquainted with the names of justice and freedom ; and they would, no doubt, be willing that government should encounter all hazards rather than save itself and the country by expedients at which humanity is offended ! Many a page of indignant eloquence is directed to this well-worn subject ;—the reader has reason to complain, only, that the

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\* The trial of the conspirators for the murder of Lord Carhampton afforded an insight into this device. It was adopted frequently in rural districts. In one part of the county of Tyrone it was for a time successful. Yeomanry, it was said, were known by their white hat-bands, but when some arrests were made, the marauders were found to be "Defenders," who had chalked their head gear to counterfeit the hats of the yeomen.

declamation is one-sided. A history of the lives and times of the United Irishmen is very false and dishonest which, in its recital of cruelties, records those only which were perpetrated by either of the contending parties. The truth is not to be denied, that agents of government did employ torture to obtain information, and permitted many cruelties in the endeavour to suppress rebellion; but, neither is it to be denied that the insurgent party set them an example in cruelty, which they only imitated at an humble distance. The very first exploits and achievements of the Whiteboys were attended by cruelties which, evil as the imaginations of the heart of man confessedly are, so far transcended ordinary horrors, that one might well have thought them suggested by some spirit that had witnessed worse agonies than those of earth. If Dr. Madden see reason to believe that the severities of government enforced a premature explosion of the conspiracy against the state, how can he fail to understand that severities far more terrible and unsparing, previously perpetrated by insurgents, must have extended largely the influence of the conspiracy? Ought not his history, therefore, have detailed the cruelties by which treason or disaffection laboured to attain its ends, and ought he not have shown government entering late into the dreadful competition which was to decide whether the legitimate or the revolutionary authorities were to become more terrible to a prostrate people? We are not defending either the traitors or the state. We have no hesitation in affirming that the government was not what it ought to be, which was not more efficient in preventing crime, and removing the occasions and the causes of it; but when the evil had attained such a height as it reached in the latter times of the United Irishmen, we very much fear that had not the executive imitated the cruelties of the rebels, it must have abandoned the country to their domination.

Our author, with the usual policy of his tribe, puts forth a voucher for his opinions. He offers the testimony of the Marquis of Hastings, then Lord Moira, in confirmation of statements which he would substitute for the whole truth; and, with the same policy, he abstains from noticing the reply by

which the noble and too credulous lord was refuted and confounded. His statements were made in the English House of Lords, in November, 1797, and, notwithstanding the comments made upon them on that occasion, were repeated in the Irish parliament in the February of the calamitous and eventful year which followed. Upon this latter occasion they were hazarded in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, (Lord Clare,) who, in a speech characterized by all his peculiar powers, exposed the injustice and the weakness of his adversary's animadversions. Space does not permit us to quote so largely as we could wish from this wise and powerful vindication of the Irish government. A passage, however, in which the noble and learned lord describes succinctly and clearly the organization of the insurrectionary system, is too important to be withheld.

"Let me now state the nature of that treasonable combination which has been formed, and which the noble lord proposes to dissolve by a repeal of the test laws and the act of supremacy;—a combination the most dangerous and singular which is to be found in the annals of the civilized world. The subordinate societies consist of thirty members only; when their numbers exceed thirty, the excess is told off, and a new society is founded, with instructions to make proselytes. And in like manner, whenever their numbers exceed thirty, the excess becomes the foundation of another club; these societies elect delegates from each, who form committees of a higher order, which are called baronial, and have the management and superintendence of all the subordinate clubs or societies in each barony; the baronial committees in like manner elect delegates in each county, who, by the name of county committees, govern and direct the baronials. The county committees in like manner elect delegates, who form a superintending provincial committee, for the government and direction of the several county committees in each of the four provinces, and these provincial directories appoint the general executive, whose station is in the metropolis. Every member of the union is bound by solemn and mystic oaths, one of which we know to be an oath of secrecy; another, never to give evidence in any court of justice against a brother, let his crime be what it may; and a third an oath of fidelity to the French republic."—*Speech of Lord Clare, in the Irish House of Lords, Feb. 19, 1798.*



The reader will do well to compare this organization with the accounts of the Ribbon system detailed before the parliamentary committees in Ireland, 1824, 1825, and also given in evidence on various trials for sedition, or the administration of unlawful oaths. He may also compare the contrivances by which the modern societies extend their organization and their power with Lord Clare's description of the earlier, and what may perhaps be called the parent societies.

"The resources of the union are the seduction of the lower orders of the people under the specious pretext of freedom and equality, and every artifice which cunning and profligacy can suggest has been practised to detach them from the established government and constitution. The press has been used with singular success as an engine of rebellion: sedition and treason have been circulated with unceasing industry, in newspapers and pamphlets, and handbills and speeches, and republican songs and political manifestos. Robbery, assassination, and massacre are the efficient powers of the union, and are executed with prompt and unerring rigour by the order of every member of the executive in their several departments. The communication of their orders is so managed as to render detection almost impossible. Each society has its secretary, from the general executive down to the lower subordinate clubs, the members of which are generally used as the agents of the union in all acts of outrage; and every order is communicated by the secretary of the superior committee to the secretary of that committee or society which is next in immediate subordination to it: no subordinate committee knows of whom its next superior is composed; the accredited secretary vouches the order, from him it is received implicitly, and is communicated in like manner, till it reaches every member of the union to whom it is addressed. The order is generally verbal, but if it be reduced to writing, the moment the person who is to receive and communicate it is fully instructed, the paper is destroyed. Here then is a complete revolutionary government organized against the laws and established constitution; and let me ask the noble lord whether such a combination is to be met or counteracted, much less dissolved, by the slow and technical forms of a regular government; an invisible power of infinite subtlety and extent, which has no fixed or permanent station, which acts by the ungoverned fury of a desperate

and savage race, and scatters universal desolation and dismay at its sovereign will and pleasure.--*Speech of Lord Clare, p. 32.*

Such were the circumstances under which the Irish government issued that proclamation which Lord Moira was rash enough to censure. The emergency which demanded it is thus powerfully described in a few sentences of the reply which he had so rashly provoked.

"When public justice was thus subverted; when the laws were openly insulted and beaten down; when every gentleman who had courage to remain in his country was marked for assassination, and had no protection under his own roof but from a military guard; when a plan was actually formed, and nearly ripe for execution, to disarm and cut off the soldiery thus dispersed in small bodies for the protection of individuals; when a fierce and savage foreign enemy hung upon the Irish coast, what alternative remained for the executive government, but to surrender at discretion to a horde of traitorous barbarians, or to use the force entrusted to it for self-defence and self-preservation? And what would have been the folly and debility of the government which could have hesitated to assert itself with vigour and decision at such a crisis? Lord Camden did not hesitate, but, as became him, issued an order on the 3rd of March, to disarm the rebels in the northern district: and, if he had not issued the order, I do not scruple to say that he would have betrayed his trust. In giving the order, he is supported by an address nearly unanimous of both houses of parliament, and I might rest his justification on that address; but as the noble lord has roundly asserted in another place that the order issued by Lord Camden for disarming the northern rebels is given up to be illegal, I now meet him on the point, and am ready to maintain that the order was, not only strictly legal under the circumstances in which it was issued, but that Lord Camden, if he had withheld it, would have been deeply responsible for the mischiefs which must have arisen from his omission."—*Speech of Lord Clare, p. 38.*

With equal power every statement and every argument against the government was met; the circumstances of outrage which had provoked Lord Moira's indignant sense of justice were faithfully detailed, and shown to be widely different from what he had

thought them ; his extreme unacquaintance with the subject on which he spoke was disclosed to him ; the habits, and principles, and practices of his own trusted servants, even within his own house, were proved to him to be wicked and treasonable ; and he was warned that the very detail of grievances which he had submitted to the house was furnished to him by agents in the treasonable combination which had called upon it the just severity of government. We shall give one or two of these explanations.

“ The noble lord has thought good on this night to retract the charges originally advanced by him against the army of Ireland, and to declare that the excesses and extravagances of which he complained were committed under the direct and immediate orders of the executive government. The particular instances of military outrage adduced by the noble lord were—‘ The destruction of the printing-press of a newspaper, called the *Northern Star*, at Belfast ; the story of a child in convulsions, whose nurse was ordered to extinguish her lights ; the picketing one, a blacksmith, and half strangling another.’ As to the first of these charges, in the terms in which it was originally advanced by the noble lord, an indifferent and uninformed hearer would have imagined that a regiment, headed by its officers, had at noon-day marched, with drums beating and colours flying, under the eye of a general officer at headquarters, to demolish the house and the printing-press of a news-printer, who had made himself obnoxious to the executive government. But what is the fact, of which the noble lord certainly might have been fully and distinctly apprized ? A regiment of militia, which I am well informed, until it was cantoned at Belfast and Ballinahinch, was considered as one of the best-behaved and best-disciplined regiments in the service, had been corrupted by traitors in both quarters ; several of the soldiers had been capitally convicted by the sentence of a general court martial, and four of them had been shot, upon clear evidence that they had yielded to the seduction practised upon them. The regiment, to retrieve its character, subscribed to a fund for discovering and punishing any new attempt to seduce the soldiery,

and made a declaration of determined loyalty to their king and his government. A body of the soldiers, attended by some non-commissioned officers not on duty, went to the printer’s office to desire that this declaration of loyalty might be printed in his newspaper, offering to pay for it : he refused to receive their advertisement, and accompanied his refusal with some taunting reflections on the soldiers, who did at the instant, goaded with the recent execution of their companions, which they attributed, perhaps with some degree of reason, to the poison diffused by the *Northern Star*, and with the taunting refusal of the printer to receive the declaration which they would have published, proceed to acts of violence against him, and did very nearly destroy his types and printing-press. Colonel Leslie, who commanded the regiment, almost immediately interposed, brought off his men, and shut them up in their barrack ; however, whilst he was thus engaged, another party, composed principally of yeomanry, who were not in uniform, again attacked the printer’s house, and completed the destruction of his types and printing-press. Let me ask the noble lord whether he will venture gravely to assert, in this assembly, that he believes this outrage upon military discipline and the municipal law to have been contrived and committed under the immediate direction of Lord Camden ?\* and if he will venture to make the assertion, let me ask him, whether I am to understand his apology for General Lake, and the officers under his command, to be, that they have tamely suffered the king’s representative to pass by them, and to issue secret orders to the soldiery under their command to go forth as a mob, to the utter subversion of military discipline ?”

“ ‘ The story of the nurse and child :’ I have taken some pains to come at the truth of this story, and the result has been, that I find a light has been extinguished, by order of the officer commanding a patrol in the neighbourhood of Downpatrick, at two different times, and in two different houses, both, however, situated in a proclaimed district ; in one of these houses a child did lie in convulsions, and so it happened, that the officer who commanded the patrol was also the regimental surgeon ; he went into the house, and finding, on examination, that a child did lie in con-

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\* In the “ *Memoirs of William Sampson*,” Introduction, page xxiii. note, it is said—“ The Earl of Clare defended this atrocious violation of law in his place in the House of Lords.”

vulsions, he suffered its parents to keep their lights burning, and, early on the next day, returned to them for the purpose of affording medical assistance to the infant."

"So much for the story of the nurse and child; and now for the story of the half-strangled and picketed blacksmith. An information had been made upon oath before Mr. Maxwell, a magistrate, that a blacksmith, of the name of Kirke or Shaw, had been employed in making pike-heads, which he had manufactured in great numbers for the rebels in or about Downpatrick; accordingly, Mr. Maxwell went out with a flank company, under the command of a field officer, to search for these pike-heads; Mr. Maxwell apprehended the blacksmith, who denied positively that he had ever manufactured a single pike-head; the sergeant and some of the soldiers put a rope round his neck and drew it over a beam, in the hope of terrifying him into a confession; but he was not suspended. The magistrate then brought him into the town of Downpatrick, where the colonel of a fencible regiment, who had died since, put him on the picket, and he did immediately discover the names of several persons for whom he had manufactured pike-heads: in consequence of which discovery nearly two hundred pikes were seized or brought in within two days. Let me here request of the noble lord to reflect on the number of probable murders which were prevented by this act of military severity, and appeal to his candour and good sense, whether the injury done to society in putting Mr. Shaw on the picket is in any degree to be put in competition with the injury which must have arisen in leaving two hundred pikes of his manufacture in the hands of the rebels and assassins of that disturbed district. I deplore as sincerely as the noble lord can do those necessary acts of severity; but the executive government was reduced to the painful alternative of using the force entrusted to it in defence of the king's peaceable and well-affected subjects, or of tamely giving them up to the fury of a fierce and savage democracy."—*Speech of Lord Clare*, p. 45.

We have placed these passages before the reader, not merely to show how effectually the noble earl vindicated the government of which he formed a part from calumnious charges of which Lord Moira was duped to be the retailer, but because they exhibit a fair picture of the evil days in which they were spoken, and because they

leave Dr. Madden utterly without excuse for the crime of suppressing them. We do not expect that our strictures will bring compunction to the heart of a writer who has so obviously chosen his part. We do not expect that the readers for whom his volumes have been so tastefully prepared, in their regimentals of green and gold, will confess the mortification which an exposure of his gross partiality may cause them. But we will assure the author and his supporters that history disdains such petty devices, and that the advocate or partisan who assumes the disguise of a historian, and wears it so loosely and incautiously as Dr. Madden, is not the man who could be wisely entrusted with the office of ministering to the purposes of the living, or doing honour to the memory of the dead.

The motion of Lord Moira, which produced this speech—far better than eloquent, or to which, rather, a spirit of deep wisdom imparted eloquence of the highest order—was expressed thus:—

"That an humble address be presented to his excellency the lord lieutenant, to state, that as parliament had confided to his excellency extraordinary powers in order to support the laws and defeat traitorous combinations in this country, we feel it our duty—as those powers have not produced the desired effect—to recommend the adoption of such conciliatory measures as may allay apprehensions and discontent."

This motion was put and negatived on the 19th of February, 1798, and it is noticed, as a remarkable coincidence, by Sir Richard Musgrave, that, on the same day, the vanity of it was made manifest, by the disaffected body on whose behalf it was advocated.

"If any proof of this (the wisdom of rejecting Lord Moira's motion) were necessary, it would be supplied by a resolution entered into by the rebel provincial committees of Ulster and Leinster on the same day, the 19th of February, 1798, and both in the same words, one at Armagh, the other at Dublin—'That we will give no attention whatever to any attempt made by either house of parliament, to divert the public mind from the grand object we have in view; as nothing short of com-

plete emancipation of our country will satisfy us.'"<sup>\*</sup>

Little, indeed, did the noble lord know of the temper and disposition of the men he would conciliate, and little were they gifted to know of his high and generous qualities. A curious proof of this is found in the appendix to the secret report of 1798, in the notice of a meeting at Saint-field, in the neighbourhood of the noble lord's residence.

"Principal members not being present at this meeting, nothing particular was done, except that Earl Moira's character was discussed at full length, to know whether he was a man that could be depended on or not by the people. It was agreed that *he was as great a tyrant as the lord-lieutenant, and a deeper designing one.*"<sup>†</sup>

In making the speech which Dr. Madden has thought it worthy of him to cite, and which called forth that powerful and convincing answer which he has thought it prudent not to cite, Lord Moira condescended to be the organ of a certain committee, whose business, we are told, was to collect evidence of the evil deeds of government and its supporters.

"Sampson, in the latter part of 1797, had formed 'a society for obtaining authentic information of outrages committed on the people;' the object of which society, he says, was, 'by the disclosure of these enormities, to restrain the perpetrators of them, and to render it impossible for the government, which had hitherto connived at those proceedings, to plead ignorance of them.' 'The members of it,' he says, 'were men undoubtedly the most distinguished in Ireland, such as Grattan, the Ponsonbys, Curran, Fletcher, the brave Montgomery,' &c. 'We had proceeded,' he adds, 'some time with effect, in despite of the reigning horror; and never were more tragical stories wrested from oblivion.'"<sup>‡</sup>

We have often had to remark, of such stories as these, that they serve their purpose reasonably well until the occasion has arrived for which they

were professedly intended. Armies on paper are proverbially very different from armies in the field: so are the grievances of seditious or insurrectionary committees. We could enumerate many instances in which, like those of Mr. Sampson, they wore a bold and alarming front, while they appeared in the chief places of stimulating journals, or lent their frowning aid to defamatory harangues, and as soon as they presented themselves *where they were to be judged*, laid down all pretence to a reputation for truth, and claimed no nobler character than belongs to "rhetorical artifices." If we rightly interpret the conduct of some of the distinguished persons who were associated with Mr. Sampson, in his endeavours to detect the delinquencies of government and its officers, they did not, on reflection, much approve of their labours or their associates; and we can well believe, that, were the Marquess of Hastings now on earth, he would reprove the officious and perverse diligence of the writer who cited him as a witness to what, he had learned too late, was not truth. But death, which closes many lips, and softens many censors, affords no security from Dr. Madden. Witness his notices of Lord Castlereagh, Lord Clare, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Gifford, Mr. Pitt, &c., &c.

Of our author's ability to *practise* upon evidence, we shall give one example.

"Every massacre of the people, at this period was hailed as a great victory, and received with exultation. The slaughter of the unresisting capitulated people at the Gibbet Rath of Kildara, was regarded as a measure which the emergencies of the time required. The rebels, according to Sir R. Musgrave amounted to about three thousand in number; they had entered into terms with General Dundas, and were assembled at a place that had been a Danish fort, called the Gibbet Rath. Having offered terms of submission to General Dundas on the 26th of May, that general despatched General Welford to receive their arms, and grant them protection. Before the arrival of the latter, however, on the 3d of June, the multitude of unresisting people were suddenly at-

<sup>\*</sup> Memoir of the Dif. Rebellions, p. 200.    <sup>†</sup> Rep. App.: No. xiv.  
<sup>‡</sup> Sampson's Memoirs, p. 57.

tacked by Sir James Duff, who, having galloped into the plain, disposed his army in order of battle, and with the assistance of Lord Roden's fencible cavalry, fell upon the astonished multitude, as Sir Richard Musgrave states, 'pell mell.' Three hundred and fifty men under terms of capitulation, admitted into the king's peace, and promised his protection, were mowed down in cold blood, at a place known to every peasant in Kildare as 'the place of slaughter,' as well as Mulamast itself, the Gibbet Rath of the Curragh of Kildare."

Here the reader seems presented with Sir R. Musgrave's narrative of a most grievous slaughter—not, indeed, in that writer's express words, but in such as convey his meaning. Three hundred and fifty rebels, waiting to surrender their arms, are suddenly attacked and slaughtered, and the report of this flagitious act is *received with exultation!* What is to be thought of the "historian" who could mix up the name of Sir R. Musgrave with the account of this dreadful massacre, twice cite him as an authority for it, *neglect to give the reader a reference to his words*, and omit the most important part of the narrative of which he affected to give the substance—omit this:—

"General Wilford had been deputed by General Dundas to receive their submission; but, unfortunately for that body of rebels, Sir James Duff arrived there half an hour before them.

"The general, on his arrival there, after having disposed his army in order of battle, sent a sergeant and twelve of the cavalry to the rebels, to desire that they would quietly surrender their arms; *but they wantonly, and without provocation, fired on the king's troops, of whom they killed one and wounded three.*"†

What reliance can be placed on the good faith, or even the discretion, of a writer who can prepare testimony for his purposes by such mutilations?

But the severities of the Irish government are not the principal objects of our author's anger. His indignation is still more deeply moved at the unrighteous disposal of the public funds. Pensions and donations to

purchase information or to maintain the informer, seriously trouble the good man's spirit. From the 21st of August, 1797, to the 28th of March, 1804, he instructs us the government, "of secret-service money, expended in detecting treasonable conspiracies, pursuant to the provisions of the Civil Bill Act of 1793," more than fifty-three thousand pounds; and burdened itself with a pension to Mr. Thomas Reynolds, which it paid up to the year 1836, and which our author affirms, it still pays to Mr. Reynolds' representatives, amounting to nine hundred and twenty pounds per annum.\* Such a disposal of the public wealth seems to prey deeply on the generous heart of Dr. Madden. That Reynolds should be so amply rewarded, and that he should persist in living on in the enjoyment of so large a pension for so many years, appears to him a high crime and misdemeanour. To do our author justice, he takes what revenge he can upon the memory of Mr. Reynolds; he carefully gathers up all the ordinary calumnies or charges which had been brought against him; traces his course from early youth to maturity by the same acrimonious notices which have been repeatedly, and in all variety of form, printed for the public edification;—all of which, had he by his silence permitted the streets of the metropolis of Ireland to run with the blood of slaughtered citizens, would have been obliterated by his renown as a colonel and treasurer in the rebel confederation. Whatever Dr. Madden has collected of foulness to pour forth on the character of Reynolds, he must admit, that, with all these iniquities on his head, he was made the associate of the rebel leaders—he *was elected* as an honoured commander *and treasurer* in their body; he was elected to these offices of dignity and trust by men to whom his character and habits must have been known. Was he a fair specimen of rebel chiefs? Was the man whom our author would represent as having, by the habits of his youth forfeited for ever all title to respect or esteem, at the same time good and honourable enough to take high place among the United Irishmen.

But perhaps it is the treachery of

\* Mem. of dif. Reb. : p. 262.

† Vol. i. pp. 240, 241.



Reynolds to his associates which provokes our author's sharpest indignation. Reynolds the informer is his quarry. Vices of early youth would have been overlooked as indiscretions—the excesses of superabundant life—had not the subsequent crime, of saving good men's lives and betraying traitors, branded a darker character on all former transgressions. A few words on this unpardonable sin may not be out of place. The conduct of an offender who is represented as still more criminal than Mr. Reynolds will furnish occasion for them. We allude to Captain Armstrong, the principal witness at the trial of Henry and John Sheares.

The memoir of these two brothers, with an appendix, occupies the second volume of our author's work. It consists principally of extracts of no great value from works with which most readers are acquainted, and a few scanty notices of the brothers and their family supplied by personal friends and acquaintances. It might have been richer had it not been that some mice had devoured papers, intrusted to the care of a person of the name of Coghlan, who had secreted them during the period which is termed "the reign of terror," and who found, when he sought them at the return of less troubled times, that they were "reduced to powder." We cannot but regard it as a happiness to the memory of Messrs. Sheares, that the mice were before Dr. Madden.

The impression left on our minds by the memoir, furnished, as its contents have been, by friends to these unhappy young men, and compiled by a biographer who professes himself their admirer, differs in no respect from that which we had previously received from the ordinary sources of information. Henry and John Sheares resided for some weeks in Paris in the year 1792, and became acquainted with some of the great leaders in the Revolution. They returned from France imbued with the political principles which prevailed there, or at least apparently zealous to propagate them; and in the year 1793 became members of the United Irish Society, which at that time *professed* no more extravagant purpose than that of obtaining "Catholic emancipation" and reform in parliament. The characters of the

brothers have been drawn for Dr. Madden by a lady for whose hand one of them had been a suitor, and who was intimately acquainted with both. We shall quote a few passages:—

"Henry Sheares was naturally high-spirited, eloquent in discourse, and possessed of a remarkably martial and noble bearing; but his great hauteur and want of discretion would have made him a bad leader in any public cause. In his domestic relations he was warm, tender, indulgent, willing to promote every present amusement—but wanting calculation and foresight for the future.

He would have made a good despot, if there can be such a thing. He spoke with much violence at times, even in society; but though haughty, and sometimes fierce, he was not of a cruel temper. He used to talk of republicanism—but he was formed for courts. He loved power, and splendour, and luxury. The self-denying virtues he knew not. He was, however, an accomplished gentleman, fond of society, and capable of adding lustre to the most brilliant circle.

"John was a firm republican in his principles, but a stranger to violence of any kind, till his mind was overwhelmed. His character seemed changed after Christmas, 1797; he was very desirous then to leave Ireland.

"In regard to the proclamation found in his desk, I believe he was the writer of it; though that was never fully proved. At the time when it was supposed to have been written, he appeared so altered that those who used to delight in listening to him would scarce know him.

In becoming an United Irishman, his views were, like those of all the educated and honourable persons of the society, catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. At first there were more Protestants than Roman Catholics engaged in it; and much more in the north than any other quarter of the kingdom: it was latterly that it became a religious struggle. I might say that John Sheares was naturally inclined to republicanism; but he afterwards thought that Roman Catholics were not suited for republican institutions. He used to laugh at titles, and make little of grandeur: and with respect to resistance, he thought no war justifiable but a defensive one.

In his religious opinions he was sceptical as to revelation; but never spoke of it with levity. He was naturally imbued with a strong sense of the power and goodness of the Creator: if I may say

so, he worshipped God sincerely and fervently—but not as a Christian.

“The brothers loved one another with extraordinary affection; and yet they were very different in their tastes and sentiments. Henry talked about republicanism, but John was an enthusiast in his attachment to it—all his habits of thinking tended that way. It suited the simplicity of his character, and the total absence of vanity that distinguished him; but he often said it would not do for Ireland. As to his personal appearance, he was tall, and rather slender than full—not what is termed muscular, but well-proportioned and active.”

Sir Jonah Barrington has written a character of the brothers not quite so favourable as the above, but yet bearing a sufficiently close resemblance to it. This also is found in Dr. Madden's memoir:—

“Mr. Henry and John Sheares were of the Irish bar, and of a respectable family. Henry, the elder, had a competent fortune, and was an excellent domestic character, with a most amiable family; he had received a university education, but was not possessed of talents; plain and friendly, occasionally warm; generally credulous, and always full of prejudices; his mind was never strong enough to resist his feelings; and though unexceptionable in character, he had neither capacity, firmness, nor discretion for a public life. Personally, he was not remarkable, except that a mark of red wine covered his left cheek. The younger brother, John, was tall, fair, handsome, and of gentlemanly address. His countenance was sensible, and firm to inflexibility; but not amiable, and far from prepossessing. He was well educated, but mistook the phrases of republicanism for a power of writing in its defence, and of being a leader in its cause. With many qualities of a tyrant, and with much more talent than his brother, he guided him at his discretion, and finally led him to his destruction. They were inseparable as brothers, and were united by an almost unparalleled attachment.”

We shall add but one testimony more:—

“The following particulars respecting the Sheares were communicated to

me in writing, in 1836, by Mr. Davock, a silk merchant, formerly of Bridge-street, the intimate friend, neighbour, and political associate of Oliver Bond:—

“John Sheares, he says, ‘was intimately acquainted with Bond, Emmett, the Hon. Simon Butler, and Henry Jackson. He was a man of excellent private character, of good talents, and great personal courage. He was always considered a man of high honour; but his principles most certainly were republican, and I think his objects went much farther than reform.’”

Such were the brothers: both, it is said by their panegyrists, amiable and honourable—but both, it is confessed, entertaining opinions or views different from those avowed by the United Irishmen—to whom the direction of the conspiracy was in great part committed after the arrests at Bond's. One of the brothers was a despot—one was a republican; both probably, one certainly, sceptical as to revealed religion.

They had early chosen their party and manifested their principles; had attended at the funeral of Jackson in 1794, a circumstance which was supposed to merit some severe notice from the heads of the profession to which they belonged, but which the attorney-general declined to censure. Shortly after they became liable to a government prosecution, for their concern with a Cork newspaper. They begged Sir Jonah Barrington\* to intercede for them with the same benevolent officer, who forgave all parties on conditions, which he (Sir Jonah) all but vouched for, but to which they certainly did not adhere.

As we are unwilling to notice any statement prejudicial to the character of these unhappy gentlemen, except what we find in the memoir of their panegyrist, we pass over all the period of their lives which intervened between this instance of lenity abused, and the offence for which they suffered.

When the Sheares were admitted into the directory of the United Irishmen, an insurrection had been resolved upon; and among the means of success relied on, one was the corruption of the military. To protect the soldiers against the artifices of agents, employed

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\* *Lives and Times*. Vol. ii. p. 110.

to enlist them in the union, a camp was formed at Loughlinstown, in the neighbourhood of Dublin; but disaffection was in the camp as well as in the city. Among the regiments suspected, or accused of having furnished a large contingent to the insurrectionary forces, one was the King's County militia; and it was by a captain of this regiment Henry and John Sheares were brought to justice. This officer, who was in the habit of making purchases at the shop of Mr. Byrne, a bookseller engaged in "the union," accepted an introduction to the brothers, and accepted it with a purpose to betray them. He "wormed himself," writes Sir Jonah Barrington, "into the confidence of the rebels, with the design of betraying them; his treachery was pre-organised, and he proved himself as competent a conspirator as those whom he had made his victims. He had the honour of an officer, and the integrity of a gentleman to sustain; yet he deliberately sacrificed both, and saw two gentlemen executed for his treachery." These observations suggest the propriety of bestowing a brief consideration on the offence of which Captain Armstrong is thus made to bear the odium.

It is a very singular and a very striking fact, that treason against the government and laws by which society is protected, awakens less abhorrence and indignation than treason against traitors who meditate their country's ruin. Whether the principle, of which this fact may be considered an evidence and a result, be innate in the constitution of our being, or have been formed in us by education, it must be admitted to be very general; indeed, were it not so, the publication of works, like that which we are engaged in reviewing, would be more sparingly hazarded.

The opposition thus found to exist between the civil law and the law of opinion has not experienced, so far as we can judge, the attention it abundantly merits. If none but the disaffected hated or abhorred the informer, the matter would be as intelligible as that thieves should shun the light, or wolves make war upon the shepherd's dog. The perplexing peculiarity of

the phenomenon is, that lovers of peace and order—men grateful to the laws for protection in life, person, and property—are found to share with those who would subvert order and law in a feeling or prejudice which tends, so far as it has power, to protect treason against exposure until its plans have become matured.

There are cases, no doubt, perhaps many cases, in which the demerits of the man who betrays his guilty associates are sufficiently manifest to account for the disesteem with which he is regarded. The "delators" who prosecuted, at the decline of the Roman empire, the abominable trade of watching for unguarded acts or expressions of acquaintances and friends, and who, for hire, denounced the innocent to tribunals where there was neither mercy nor justice, may well have excited in every honest heart detestation of all that resembles their foul offence: that the crimes and the motives of many a modern informer may have justified the indignation and abhorrence which they have had to encounter is also undeniably true: but that the act of exposing and denouncing treason, declared by law to be the duty of every citizen, shall be held by public opinion as a disgrace, is a fact which may well be classed among the inconsistencies most difficult of explanation.

The case at issue between Messrs. Sheares and Capt. Armstrong is admirably calculated to put this mysterious principle to the test. Here were two parties labouring each to corrupt or betray the other. Capt. Armstrong, it is observed by Sir Jonah Barrington, "had the honour of an officer and the integrity of a gentleman to sustain": were the responsibilities of the other party lighter? Henry Sheares, as well as his prosecutor, was an officer, receiving half-pay, it is said, even to the time of his conviction: had he not an officer's honour to sustain? Had not each of the brothers to "sustain the integrity of a gentleman?" And yet both would allure an officer and a gentleman to forfeit integrity and honour—to become a traitor to the king whom he had sworn to serve—and not alone to lay perjury to his own soul, but to

exert himself that he might corrupt others, and influence those who were more especially entrusted to his guardianship to become perjurers and traitors. In a word, Lieutenant Sheares having become a traitor to the king, would allure Captain Armstrong into a participation in his treason—Captain Armstrong betrays the traitor. We are willing for the present to judge of this latter offence by any law which those who inveigh against it may devise ; but they ought not to forget that by the same law every treason must be judged. If the treason which merely gives up traitors to a righteous and merciful law be odious, can that treason be fair and honourable which would place good men's lives at the assassin's mercy.

*Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam.*

Let it not be supposed that we join in the outcry against those persons by whose disclosures the schemes of treason were counteracted. We are not unwilling to believe that, in many instances, the motive may be as pure as the act is honest : but we accept that law of opinion upon which popular judgments are pronounced, and boldly affirm that the treason which prosecutes a criminal end, and meditates the attainment of it by guilty means—assassination or rebellion—is worse than the treason which prosecutes a good end, the prevention of massacre or war, and seeks the attainment of it by legal means, the delivering up of traitors to public justice. The professions of traitors against the state *may be sincere* ; so, likewise, *may be* the professions of those by whom they are betrayed : both may perhaps with equal reason claim the benefit of their professions ; but there is an important distinction to be kept in view—the means of the one are necessarily evil, they are crimes ; while, except in some cases which should have a consideration given to themselves apart, the means of the other are good—they are duties, and may be, from the circumstances of difficulty and peril in which they are discharged, honourable duties.

The indignation of Dr. Madden is not confined to Captain Armstrong the prosecutor of the Messrs. Sheares ; it is directed against the Lord Chancellor

also, to whose enmity he ascribes their execution. He gives in proof the narrative of a lady from whose contributions we have already made an extract.

“ Long before conviction, Lord Cornwallis expressed a strong desire to save their lives ; and said, that he did not like that his first act here should be a sanguinary one. After the conviction, when his nephew, Horatio Cornwallis, (at the entreaty of a friend of John Sheares, who had also great influence over Horatio Cornwallis) knelt at his uncle's feet to implore his mercy, and was on the point of obtaining it—at that very moment Lord Clare, who was present, said, that if he failed in making this example, loyal men, who awaited his decision as a test of what they were to expect from him, would withhold their confidence, &c. All he said I do not now remember, though it was faithfully repeated to me. Lord Cornwallis's wishes were to save their lives, and send them out of Ireland, as other men were to be thus disposed of. Great efforts were also made by his family : Mrs. Sheares (Henry's wife) sat in a sedan chair, almost the whole of the 13th of July, on Lord Clare's steps, and at length saw him, and fell at his feet, and clasped his knees ; but she failed. *Perhaps*, he could not have saved them at that time. Horatio Cornwallis endeavoured to obtain an interview with his uncle for Julia Sheares, but was prevented by Lord Clare's creatures, who at that time filled the court : a memorial was also delivered by Horace to his uncle ; but the same powerful influence defeated it.”

To us this conduct of the Lord Chancellor, supposing it to be faithfully described, does not seem necessarily to betray private or personal enmity. The reader is enabled to compare it with a passage which our author has extracted from a work of Sir Jonah Barrington's, detailing his efforts to procure mercy for the brothers, and concluding with a letter in which Henry Sheares implored him to be his intercessor.

“ It is only justice to Lord Clare, to record an incident which proves that he was susceptible of humane feelings, and which often led me to believe, that his nature might have been noble, had not every compunctious visiting been absorbed by that ambition, the final disappointment of which, at last, caused his death.

“ By some unfortunate delay, a letter

of Henry Sheares was not delivered to me till eleven o'clock, on the morning after the trial. I immediately waited on Lord Clare; he read it with great attention; I saw he was moved; his heart yielded. I improved on the impression; he only said, 'What a coward he is! but what can we do?'—he paused—'John Sheares cannot be spared. Do you think Henry can say any thing, or make any species of discovery, which can authorize the lord lieutenant in making a distinction between them?—if so, Henry may be reprieved.' He read the letter again, and was obviously affected. I had never seen him amiable before. 'Go,' said he, 'to the prison, see Henry Sheares, ask him this question, and return to me at Cooke's office.' I lost no time; but I found on my arrival that orders had been given that nobody should be admitted without a written permission. I returned to the castle; they were all at council. Cooke was not at his office; I was delayed. At length the secretary returned, gave me the order, I hastened to Newgate, and arrived at the very moment the executioner was holding up the head of my friend, and saying, 'Here is the head of a traitor!'

"Letter from Counsellor Henry Sheares, to Sir Jonah Barrington, a few hours before his execution:—

"**MY DEAREST FRIEND**—The dreadful die is cast; fly, I beseech you, to the chancellor, and save a man whose fate will kill his family. Oh! my dearest friend, my whole dependence is on you. Tell the lord chancellor, I will pray for him for ever, and that the government shall ever find me what they wish. Oh! my family, my wife, my children, my mother; go to them, let them throw themselves at the chancellor and Lord Shannon's feet. Those papers which were found in my office have ruined me! you know, my dear friend! I had nothing to do with them; you know I never was an advocate for violence or blood. I have been duped, misled, deceived, but with all the wishes and intentions to do good. My principles were never for violence, my nature is soft to a fault, my whole happiness is centred in my beloved, my adored family; with them I will go to America, if the government will allow me, or I will stay here, and be the most zealous friend they have. Tell the lord chancellor I depend upon the goodness of his nature; that I will atone for what is past, by a life, regular, temperate, and domestic. Oh! speak to him of my poor wretched family, my distracted wife, and my helpless children; snatch them from the dreadful horrors which

await them, and save the life of your truest friend. I will lie under any conditions the government may choose to impose on me, if they will but restore me to my family. Desire my mother to go to Lord Shannon immediately, and my wife to the lord chancellor. We are to receive sentence at three o'clock. Fly, I beseech you, and save a man, who will never cease to pray for you, to serve you.

"**'Let me hear from you, my dear fellow, as quick as possible. God bless you.**

**"Newgate, 8 o'clock.'**"

This is a melancholy close of a life which seemed to have been blessed with much prosperity. How unsuitable a close for one who had planned schemes which contemplated success only through bloodshed and rebellion. We do not think Dr. Madden well advised in selecting Henry and John Sheares as his Representatives or specimens of United Irishmen. They were not the men either to grace or to ensure the success of treason. "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff." As a speculation for this book, our author's choice was bad, or else it was very injudiciously wrought out. We have read his work with reasonable attention, and the impression left on our minds as we concluded it, was one of wonder how it could come to pass that the *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen* could have furnished so little material to excite deep interest, or to suggest profitable instruction.

We may be asked, why then have we reviewed a work which had so little to recommend it—reviewed it too at no inconsiderable length. We answer, that our first intention was merely to offer a very general and cursory notice of its contents, and devote no more thought or time to it than its execution merited. However, as we read we saw good reason to alter our views, and to induce us to lay before the reader the remarks we have submitted to him, and which we believe some readers will not find unseasonable.

Our author affirms a singular fact, if it be a fact, respecting the late Mr. Grattan.

"It may be here permitted for me to state, that Grattan entered parliament, and set out in public life, an opponent of the Catholic claims. He told the late Dr. Hussey, his intimate friend, that he



owed his change of opinion to the accidental perusal of Currie's 'Civil Wars.'"

It was our first impression that this must be false—that Grattan could not be so ill-informed in the history of his country as to be misled by a work so very unfaithful as Currie's; but on further reflection we were able to remember many instances in which we had found ignorance of Ireland, where there was knowledge of every thing else, and resigned ourselves to the mortification of believing that Mr. Grattan may have been duped by the imposture to which Dr. Madden has ascribed his change of political opinions. We remembered then how industriously for nearly a century, a subtle and enterprising party has exerted itself to gain the posts from which public opinion is commanded—how it has made literature conducive to the accomplishment of its purposes; and the temper of mind which such reflections induced rendered it impossible for us to review Dr. Madden's work in any other than a serious spirit.

We found also in his work a memorable, and an instructive, instance of the importance assigned to the compilation of Irish history. A Roman Catholic priest, of disorderly habits, who had at one time renounced his creed, and then relapsed into it again, renounced also his civil allegiance, fought in the rebel army, and directed the tactique by which a detachment of the ancient Britons was cut off and slaughtered. This man was carried off the field wounded, secretly conveyed to Dublin, concealed by the care of his friends, who maintained him, and *pensioned by a person, whose station gave a peculiar character to the affair*, while he employed himself in writing a History of Ireland.

"Cox the editor of the 'Irish Magazine,' who was acquainted with Taafe, in speaking of the part he took in the engagement at Ballyellis, says that 'his plans were so judiciously directed, that the destruction of the ancient Britons, which took place on the spot, must be fairly attributed to his courage and judgment, for he fought like a lion when he had drawn his game into the toils.' It was to this conflict he alluded, when he answered a gentlemen who was reproving him for his political opinions—

'I have taught both ancient and modern Britons I could fight as well as write.' It is needless to say that the person who could make this declaration had sadly mistaken his vocation, when he took on him the duties of a Christian minister."

"Dr Brennan, in his 'Milesian Magazine,' speaking of Taafe, says—'The success also of this manœuvre was due to him: and after the engagement, being severely wounded, he was smuggled back to Dublin in a load of hay, and put into an hospital, where he eventually recovered.' It must then have been subsequently to his return he was arrested and confined in Newgate. No informations having been sworn against him, he was at length liberated. His literary abilities became known to Mr. John Keogh of Mount Jerome, and Dr. Macarthy, the late titular Bishop of Cork. By these gentlemen and others, he was engaged to devote his talents to some useful account. He set about writing a history of Ireland, and he received some pecuniary assistance while employed on it; to a small amount from Mr. Keogh, and an allowance of forty pounds a-year from Dr. Macarthy, which only terminated with the bishop's death. Poor Taafe went on writing his history, struggling with poverty, and complaining loudly of his patrons, till death put an end to his labours and sufferings, at the age of sixty, in Thomas-street, Dublin, in 1813."

This is a transaction of no ordinary import. John Keogh and a Roman Catholic bishop undertake the support of a man, who united the two characters of a priest and a rebel officer, while he is employed in writing a history of Ireland. It is well known that in his party there was no wiser man than Keogh. It is also well known that his concern in the political intrigues of his time, rendered his withdrawal, for a time, from public life, expedient for his party and himself. While experiencing the lenity of government in his retreat, and while conscious that his protection of a rebel, who had so fatally distinguished himself, as Taafe, would have been ruinous to him, had it been discovered, he would not have departed so widely from his habitual caution had he not been persuaded of the great service which might be rendered by a work on Ireland, written in the spirit in which Taafe was likely to execute his task. On the part taken by his Epis-

copal associate in this transaction it is unnecessary to make any comment.

While secret service money was thus employed in the service of sedition, the Irish government employed its influence to discourage and discountenance the publication of works tending to expose the secrets of treason, or to keep in remembrance the horrors of insurrection. Lord Cornwallis, it is well known, set his face against any attempt to implicate the Roman Catholic party in the guilt of the rebellion, not that he was assured of the innocence of that body, but because he felt it unwise to encourage acrimonious controversy, and thought the times meet for the experiment of conciliation. This was the policy of a generous mind—a policy, too, which might be elsewhere salutary and successful, as it was amiable ; but it was a policy ill suited for Ireland. If the same influence which discouraged writers of what we now term Conservative views, could so extend itself as to impose silence on the disaffected, the oblivion which might have been thus induced over the horrors in which the last century closed, would have been a mercy for which generations yet to be should be thankful. Such a blessing was not attainable in Ireland—the character of our countrymen forbade all expectation of it : reserve might be imposed on one class ; but the other class would speak and write ; and in the silence of the loyal, it could occasion little surprise that the representations of the disaffected should acquire authority. Consequences which might naturally have been anticipated have followed. The truth of Irish history has almost disappeared—the fables of Irish faction have arrayed themselves in the garb of history. On the face of the whole earth we do not believe there is a body, of equal intelligence, so little acquainted with the history of their country, as the Conservative gentry of Ireland, nor do we believe that misrepresentations of history have ever rendered, to any cause, the same service which disaffection to the British crown in this country has received from them. In truth, we have nothing which deserves the name of a history of our country since the revolution. *We have known* instances of applications made by English Conservative senators to their Irish friends and associates, for

the purpose of learning what history of Ireland they might study with advantage. *We have known* of no instance in which an Irish Conservative senator felt himself able to give an answer. *We have known* the unsatisfied querist apply then to a Roman Catholic for direction ; and, finally, as the result of his researches, add *Plowden* to his library. It would be a speaking of smooth things to the criminal, and, if persevered in, fatal indifference, which has induced results like these, were we to review with levity even such a work as Dr. Madden's.

But, however lowly an estimate we are disposed to make of our author's work, he has revived within us a persuasion, that his subject is one of very great importance, and that a service of the highest value would be rendered to the country by the writer who should offer to it a history composed in a wise, faithful, forgiving, and discerning spirit, of the United Irish system and its fortunes. It would be a splendid episode in the insurrectionary annals of our country. And it would be a most instructive story. It would exhibit the mis-directed and unfilial patriotism of a colony, combining with a patriotism truer than itself, although more guilty and treasonable, and becoming absorbed and lost amidst the stormy elements which it hoped to govern. It would exhibit the progress of an experiment to improve treason by grafting reform upon it, and would show the result, in fruits, which retained all the character of the original stock, and had become only more abundant and more deleterious from the graft of a new principle.

The United Irishmen, regarding this body according to its original constitution, as formed for the attainment of "Catholic emancipation" and parliamentary reform, by legitimate means, constituted one of the three sections of which the "Irish Union," was composed.—Reformers, Republicans, and that organization, whose name is yet "mystery," and "legion," composed it. This latter system constituted the strength and substance of the insurrection. It was the great flood, whose hidden source was to be found as far back at least as the year 1750, which had flowed with increasing volume through the intervening years, and in which the tributary streams of reform and

republicanism soon lost themselves. For some short time after the confluence, the united bodies retained their characteristic distinctions. The Republicans sighed towards France, and hoped to win over their associates to struggle for the institutions they coveted;—Reformers explored the delinquencies of government, and hoped to engage the union to which they belonged, in effecting a constitutional change in the legislature and the laws: while the third party, the Defenders, allowed their more circumspect and calculating friends to hold cabinet councils in peace, knowing that all must eventually terminate after their fashion; and relieving the impatience in which they looked forward to a great day of slaughter, by those desultory, but not driftless, outrages, in which they made preparation for it.

Each of these parties seems to have had its accredited organ of publication. The Republicans were represented by the "*Northern Star*," a paper published in Belfast, which held forth the progress of French Revolution, for the example and encouragement of the Irish people. The "*Press*," published in Dublin, had for its great object, to bring the government into disrepute by the arts of representation, or misrepresentation. And, often, in secluded parts of the metropolis, before the vigilance of the police had reached them, groups of scowling men might be seen gathered round a paper affixed to a gate or wall, in which they read the names, and descriptions of the persons, of culprits proscribed and given up to the daggers which patriots might employ for the advantage of the Union. This paper, which Dr. Madden terms the "*Assassination Journal*," was called the *Union Star*. It

was an insurrectionary Hue and Cry, declaring itself to be an official publication, assuring the reader that its list of proscription contained the names of those only who deserved to suffer, and commending each to his justice, by the quotation—"Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest may reach his heart, and free the world from bondage."

This latter organ, it is said, caused much uneasiness to the "*Directory*." They often, it is insisted, endeavoured to prevent its appearance; and when it had been discontinued, some insinuated, that it was published by the Irish government, to bring the United Irishmen into disrepute; but it does not appear, that, during the time of its publication, they ever had the boldness openly to disclaim or denounce it. We have never heard it asserted that either the *Press* or the *Northern Star* disowned its flagitious contemporary. We believe neither ever did. This is a remarkable fact. What great things one party or another intended to do, is of comparatively small account. The fact that they permitted the "*Assassination Journal*" to describe itself as "official," is painfully instructive.\*

We might add, perhaps, were it reflected upon, *profitably* instructive. It is a very salutary lesson to learn that the minority in Ireland cannot exercise an effective influence over the majority, if the two parties combine for the overthrow of law and government. Protestants and Roman Catholics have each had important instructions provided for them in the incidents and the event of the United Irish insurrection—the one party have been taught that they cannot Protestantise revolt; that rebellion in Ireland, though it may

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\* Mr. Walter Cox, avowed himself the publisher of this abominable paper. It is said that he claimed the reward offered by government for the discovery of the publisher. He was pardoned, and permitted to expatriate himself in America, from which he returned and became proprietor of the "*Irish Magazine*." This periodical had a very extensive sale, but brought down prosecutions on Cox, by which his circumstances became embarrassed. In his difficulties he consented to discontinue the publication, and was recompensed by a pension of one hundred pounds per annum. It was paid him by the Irish government, until the viceroyalty of Lord Normanby, who discontinued it. Cox survived the withdrawal of his pension only a year, and died in extreme distress. Lord Normanby on discontinuing his pension, had given him a donation of one hundred pounds.

Arthur O'Connor, is a voucher for the fidelity of Cox, to his cause and party. He does not appear to have made any disclosure respecting the abominable paper he published, which implicated others in his crime.

commence under "the three denominations," will eventually find its proper level and become popish : the other party has had its lesson too, and has been taught, that, whenever Protestants are admitted to the knowledge of guilty secrets, there is a danger that the secrets may be betrayed. It has learned that purposes of massacre cannot safely be communicated to men who think it less criminal to "inform against" a murderer, than to commit a murder. The party has improved by its acquisition of this truth, and, in the societies in which a spirit of rebellion now lingers in Ireland, through all their ex-

tended affiliations, no Protestant has been discovered. It would be well if all who love the peace and well-being of the country would study this truth with the seriousness it demands. We offer it not in a spirit of faction or ill-will. We believe that among the Roman Catholics of Ireland there is a large proportion attached no less firmly than their Protestant fellow-subjects to the constitution under which both enjoy great privileges and benefits ; and we desire earnestly that both should reflect earnestly upon dangers which menace equally all the well affected.

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CONTENTS.

Page

OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.	
CHAP. LI.—A MISHAP. CHAP. LII.—THE MARCH. CHAP. LIII.—VITTORIA.	
CHAP. LIV.—THE RETREAT. CHAP. LV.—THE FOUR-IN-HAND. CHAP. LVI.—	
ST. DENIS. CHAP. LVII.—PARIS IN 1814 . . . . .	509
AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT ISAAC WALTON. SECOND HALF HOUR . . . .	537
RECOLLECTIONS OF A POETIC CHILDHOOD. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PASSION	
OF LOVE AS MODIFIED BY THE POETICAL IMAGINATION . . . . .	553
THE HUSBAND-LOVER. A TRUE STORY. IN TWO PARTS. PART I. . . .	556
THE MONK AND THE DEVIL. BEING NO. IV. OF THE KISHOGH PAPERS . .	574
ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.—CONCLUSION . . . . .	583
LETTERS FROM ITALY. Nos. VII & VIII. . . . .	598
NURSERY RHYMES . . . . .	614
MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF CHARLES WOLFE . . . . .	618

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OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

## CHAPTER LI.—A MISHAP.

If I began my career as a soldier at one of the gloomiest periods of our peninsular struggle, I certainly was soon destined to witness one of the most brilliant achievements of our arms in the opening of the campaign of 1813.

On the 22nd of May the march began—that forward movement, for the hour of whose coming many a heart had throbbed, and many a bosom beat high. From Ciudad Rodrigo to the frontier our way led through the scenes of former glory; and if the veterans of the army exulted at once again beholding the battle-fields where victory had crowned their arms, the new soldiers glowed with ambition to emulate their fame. As for myself, short as the period had been since I quitted England, I felt that my character had undergone a very great change: the wandering fancies of the boy had sobered down into the more fixed, determined passions of the man. The more I thought of the inglorious indolence of my former life, the stronger was now my desire to deserve a higher reputation than that of a mere loungeur about a court—the military accompaniment of a pageant. Happily for me, I knew not at the time how few opportunities for distinction are afforded by the humble position of a subaltern—how seldom occasions arise where, amid the mass around him, his name can win praise or honour. I

knew not this; and my reverie by day, my dream by night, presented but one image—that of some bold, successful deed, by which I should be honourably known and proudly mentioned; or my death be that of a brave soldier in the field of glory.

It may be remembered by my reader, that in the celebrated march by which Wellington opened that campaign—whose result was the expulsion of the French armies from the Peninsula—the British left, under the command of Graham, was always in advance of the main body; their route traversed the wild and dreary passes of the *Tras-os-Montes*, a vast expanse of country, with scarcely a road to be met with, and but few inhabitants; the solitary glens and gloomy valleys whose echoes had waked to no other sounds save those of the wild heron or the eagle, were now to resound with the thundering roll of artillery waggons, the clanking crash of cavalry columns, or the monotonous din of the infantry battalions, as from sun-rise to sun-set they poured along—now scaling the rugged height of some bold mountain; now disappearing among the wooded depths of some dark ravine.

Owing to a temporary appointment on the staff, I was continually passing and repassing between this portion of the army and the force under the immediate command of Lord Wellington. Starting at day-break, I have

set off alone through these wild, untravelled tracts, where mountains rose in solemn grandeur their dark sides, wooded with the gloomy cork-tree, or rent by some hissing torrent, whose splash was the only sound that broke the universal silence—now dashing on with speed across the grassy plain—now toiling along on foot, the bridle on my arm—I have seen the sun go down and never heard a human voice, nor seen the footsteps of a fellow-man: and yet, what charms had those lonely hours for me, and what a crowd of blissful thoughts and happy images they yet bring back to me! The dark glen, the frowning precipice, the clear rivulet, gurgling on amid the mossy stones, the long and tangled weeds that hung in festoons down some rocky cliff, through whose fissured sides the water fell in heavy drops into a little basin at its foot—all spoke to me of the happiest hours of my life, when, loved and loving, I wandered on the live-long day.

How often, as the day was falling, have I sat down to rest beneath some tall beech, gazing on the glorious expanse of mountain and valley, hill and plain, and winding river—all beneath me; and how, as I looked, have my thoughts wandered away from those to many a far-off mile; and then what doubts and hopes would crowd upon me. Was I forgotten?—had time and distance wiped away all memory of me?—was I as one she had never seen, or was she still to me as when we parted? In such moments as these how often have I recurred to our last meeting at the holy well; and still, I own it, some vague feeling of superstition has spoken hope to my heart, when reason alone had bid me despair.

It was at the close of a sultry day—the first of June, I shall not readily forget it—that overcome by fatigue I threw myself down beneath the shelter of a grove of acacias, and, tethering my horse with his bridle, fell into one of my accustomed reveries. The heat of the day—the drowsy hum of the summer insects—the very monotonous champ of my horse, feeding beside me—all conspired to make me sleepy, and I fell into a heavy slumber. My dreams, like my last-waking thoughts, were of home; but strangely enough, the scenes through which I had been travelling, the officers with whom I was intimate, the wild guerilla chiefs,

who from time to time crossed my path or shared my bivouac, were mixed up with objects and persons many a mile away; making that odd and incongruous collection which we so often experience in sleep.

A kind of low, unbroken sound, like the tramp of cavalry over grass, awoke me; but still, such was my drowsiness, that I was again about to relapse into sleep, when the sound of a manly voice, singing at the foot of the rock beneath me, fully aroused me. I started up, and, peeping cautiously over the head of the cliff, beheld to my surprise and terror, a party of French soldiers stretched upon the green sward around a fire. It was the first time I had ever seen the imperial troops, and notwithstanding the danger of my position, I felt a most unaccountable longing to creep nearer, and watch their proceedings. The sounds I had heard at first, became at this moment more audible; and on looking down the glen, I perceived a party of about twenty dragoons cantering up the valley! They were dressed in the uniform of the "*Chasseur Léger*," and in their light blue jackets and silvered helmets had a most striking and picturesque effect. My astonishment at their appearance was not diminished by the figure who rode gaily along at their head. She was a young and pretty-looking girl, dressed in a blue frock, and jean trowsers; a light foraging cap, with the number of the regiment worked in silver on the front; a small canteen suspended from one shoulder by a black belt, completed her equipment; her hair of a glossy black, was braided richly at either side of her face, and a couple of bows of light blue attested a degree of coquetry, the rest of her costume gave no evidence of. She rode "*en cavalier*," and by the easy attitude in which she sat, and her steady hand on the bridle, denoted that the regimental riding school had contributed to her accomplishments. I had heard before of the *Virandières* of the French army, but was in no wise prepared for the really pretty figure and costume I now beheld.

As the riding party approached, the others sprung to their feet, and drawing up in line performed a mock salute, which the young lady returned with perfect gravity; and then, carelessly throwing her bridle to the one nearest,

dismounted. In a few moments the horses were picketted; the packs were scattered about the grass—cooking utensils, provisions, and wine were distributed—and, amid a perfect din of merry voices and laughter, the preparations for dinner were commenced. Mademoiselle's part, on the whole, amused me not a little. Not engaging in any of the various occupations about her, she seated herself on a pile of cavalry cloaks at a little distance from the rest, and taking out a much-worn and well-thumbed-looking volume from the pocket of her coat, she began to read to herself with the most perfect unconcern of all that was going on about her. Meanwhile the operations of the cuisine were conducted with a despatch and dexterity that only French soldiers ever attain to; and, shall I confess it, the rich odour that steamed upwards from the well-seasoned potage—the savoury smell of the roast kid, albeit partaking of onions—and the brown breasts of certain "poulets," made me wish heartily that for half an hour or so I could have changed my allegiance, converted myself into a *soldat de la garde*, and led mademoiselle in to dinner. At length the party beneath had arranged their meal upon the grass; and the corporal, with an air of no inconsiderable pretension, took mademoiselle's hand to conduct her to the place of honour at the head of the feast—calling out as he did, "Place, messieurs, place pour madame la duchesse de——de——" "N'importe quoi," said another, "the emperor has many a battle to win yet, and many a kingdom and a duchy to give away." As for myself, I count upon the *baton* of a marshal before the campaign closes." "Have done I beg you with such folly, and help me to some of that *salmi*," said the lady, with a much more practical look about her than her expression a few moments before denoted. The feast now progressed with all the clatter which little ceremony, hearty appetites, and good fellowship produce. The wine went round freely, and the *qui propos*, if I might judge from their mirth, were not wanting, for I could but catch here and there a stray word or so of the conversation. All this time my own position was far from agreeable. Independent of the fact of being a

spectator of a good dinner and a jolly party while furnishing with hunger and thirst, my chance of escape depended either on the party moving forward, or being so insensible from the effects of their carouse that I might steal away unobserved. While I balanced with myself which of these alternatives was more likely, an accident decided the question—my horse, who up to this moment was grazing close beside me, hearing one of the troop horses neigh in the valley beneath, pricked up his ears, plunged upwards, broke the bridle with which I had fastened him, and cantered gaily down into the midst of the picketted animals. In an instant every man sprung to his legs; some rushed to their holsters and drew forth their pistols; others caught up their sabres from the grass, and the young lady herself tightened her girth and sprang into her saddle with the alacrity of one accustomed to moments of danger. All was silence now for a couple of minutes, except the slight noise of the troopers engaged in bridling their horses and fixing on their packs, when a loud voice called out, "Voilà!" and the same instant every eye in the party was directed to my shako, which hung on a branch of a tree above me, and up to this moment I had forgotten. Before I could determine on any line of escape, three of the number had rushed up the rock, and with drawn sabres commanded me to surrender myself their prisoner. There was no choice: I flung down my sword with an air of sulky resignation, and complied. My despatches, of which they soon rifled me, sufficiently explained the cause of my journey, and allayed any apprehensions they might have felt as to a surprise party. A few brief questions were all they put to me; and then, conducting me down the cliff to the scene of their bivouac, they proceeded to examine my holsters and the flaps of my saddle, for any papers which I might have concealed in these places. "Eh bien! mon colonel," said the leader of the party, as he drew himself up before me, and carried his hand to his cap in a salute as respectful and orderly as though I were his officer, "what say you to a little supper ere we move forward?" "There's the bill of fare," said another, laughing, as he pointed to the remnant of roast fowls and stewed kid that

covered the grass. I was too young a soldier to comport myself at the moment with that philosophic resignation to circumstances which the changeable fortunes of war so forcibly instil; and I merely answered by a brief refusal, while half unconsciously I threw my eyes around to see if no chance of escape presented itself. "No, no," cried the corporal who at once read my look and its meaning—"don't try *that*, or you reduce me to the extremity of trying *this*," patting as he spoke, the butt of his carbine, with an air of easy determination there was no mistaking.

"Let me rather recommend Monsieur le Capitaine to try this," said the Vivandière, who, unperceived by me, was all this while grilling the half of a poulet over the embers. There was something in the kindness of the act, coupled as it was with an air of graceful courtesy that touched me, so, smothering all my regretful thoughts at my mishap, I summoned up my best bow and my best French to acknowledge the civility, and the moment after was seated on the grass beside Mademoiselle Annette, discussing my supper with the appetite of a man whose sorrows were far inferior to his hunger.

As the moon rose, the party, who evidently had been waiting for some others they expected, made preparations for continuing their journey, the first of which consisted in changing the corporal's pack and equipments to the back of my English thoroughbred, his own meagre and rawboned quadruped being destined for me. Up to this instant the thought of escape had never left my mind; I knew I could calculate on the speed of my horse; I had had some trials of his endurance, and the only thing was, to obtain such a start as might carry me out of bullet range at once, and all was safe. Now this last hope deserted me, as I beheld the miserable hack to which I was condemned; and yet poignant as this feeling was—shall I confess it?—it was inferior in its pain to the sensation I experienced as I saw the rude French soldier with clumsy jack boots and heavy hand curvetting about upon my mettlesome charger, and exhibiting his paces for the amusement of his companions.

The order was now given to mount, and I took my place in the middle file,

the dragoons on either side of me having unslung their carbines, and given me laughingly to understand that I was to be made a riddle of if I attempted an escape.

The long months of captivity that followed have, somehow, I cannot at all explain why, left no such deep impression on my mind as the simple events of that night—I remember it still like a thing of yesterday—we travelled along the crest of a mountain—the valley lying in deep, dark shadow beneath—the moon shone brightly out upon the grey granite rocks beside us—our pace was sometimes pushed to a fast trot, and then relaxed to a walk, the rather, as it appeared to me, to indulge the conversational tastes of my escort than for any other reason; their spirits never flagged for a moment—some jest or story was ever going forward—some anecdote of the campaign, or some love adventure, of which the narrator was the hero, commented on by all in turn, with a degree of sharp wit and ready repartee that greatly surprised me. In all these narratives mademoiselle played a prominent part, being invariably referred to for any explanation which the difficulties of female character seemed to require; her opinion on such points being always regarded as conclusive. At times too they would break forth into some rude hussar song—some regular specimen of camp lyric poetry—each verse being sung by a different individual, and chorussed by the whole party in common. I have said that these trifling details have left a deep impression behind them—stranger still, one of those wild strains haunts my memory yet, and strikingly illustrative as it is, not only of those songs in general, but of that peculiar mixture of levity and pathos, of reckless heartlessness and deep feeling so eminently French, I cannot help giving it to my reader. It represents the last love letter of a soldier to his mistress, and runs thus:—

LE DERNIER ADIEU DU SOLDAT.

Rose, l'intention d'la presente,  
Est de t' informer d' ma sante;  
L'armée Française est triomphante,  
Et moi j'ai l'bras gauche emporté;  
Nous avons eu d' grands avantages,  
La mitraille m'a brisé les os,  
Nous avons pris arm's et baggages;  
Pour ma part j'ai deux bals dans l'dos.



J'suis à l'hôpital d'où je pense  
Partir bientôt pour chez les morts,  
J't'envoie dix francs qu'celui qui me  
panse.

M'a donné pour avoir mon corps.  
Je me suis dit puisqu'il faut que je file,  
Et que ma Rose perd son époux,  
Ça fait que je mourrai plus tranquille  
D'savoir que j'lui laiss' ma valeur.

Lorsque j'ai quitté ma vieille mère,  
Elle s'expirant sensiblement,  
A l'arrivée d'ma lettre j'espère  
Qu'elle sera morte entièrement,  
Car si la pauvre femme est guérie  
Elle est si bonne qu'elle est dans le cas,  
De s'en faire mourir de mort subite  
A la nouvelle de mon trépas.

Je te recommande bien ma petite Rose,  
Mon bon chien ne l'abandonne pas,  
Surtout ne lui dit pas la chose  
Qui fait qu'il ne me reverra pas,  
Lui que je suis sûr se fait une fête  
De me voir rev'nir caporal,  
Il va pleurer comme une tête,  
En apprenant mon sort fatal.

Quoiqu'il ca, c'est quelque chose qui  
m'enrage  
D'être fait mourir loin du pays,  
Au moins quand on meurt au village,  
On peut dire bon soir aux amis,

On a sa place derrière l'église  
On a son nom sur un' croix de bois,  
Et puis on espère qu'la payse  
Viendra pour prier quelque fois.

Adieu, Rose ! adieu ! du courage,  
A nous revoir il n'a plus songer,  
Car au régiment où je m'engage,  
On ne vous accorde pas de congé.  
V'la toute qui tourne, j'n'y vois goutte,  
Ah ! — c'est fini — j'essens que j'm'en  
vas,  
J'viens de recevoir ma feuille de  
route,  
Adieu ! Rose, adieu ! n' m'oublie pas.

Fatigue and weariness that seemed  
never to weigh upon my companions,  
more than once pressed heavily on  
me: as I awoke from a short and  
fitful slumber, the same song con-  
tinued; for having begun it, somehow,  
it appeared to possess such a charm  
for them, they could not cease singing,  
and the

Adieu ! Rose, adieu ! n' m'oublie pas,

kept ringing through my ears till day-  
break.

#### CHAPTER LII.—THE MARCH.

SUCH, with little variety, was the his-  
tory of each day and night of our  
march. The days usually passed in  
some place of security and conceal-  
ment, while a reconnaissance would be  
made by some three or four of the  
party; and, as night fell, the route  
was continued.

One incident alone broke the mono-  
tony of the journey. On the fourth  
night we left the mountain, and de-  
scended into a large open plain, taking  
for our guide the course of a river  
which seemed familiar to my compa-  
nions. The night was dark, heavy  
masses of cloud concealed the moon,  
and not a star was visible; the atmos-  
phere was close and oppressive, and  
there reigned around a kind of unna-  
tural stillness, unbroken by the flow of  
the sluggish river which moved on  
beside us. Our pace had been a rapid  
one for some time; and, contrary to  
their wont, the dragoons neither in-  
dulged in their gay songs nor merry  
stories, but kept together with more  
of military precision than they had  
hitherto assumed.

I conjectured from this that we  
were probably approaching the French  
lines; and, on questioning the corpo-  
ral, was told that such was the case.

A little after midnight we halted  
for a few moments to refresh the  
horses. Each man dismounted, and  
stood with his hand upon the bridle;  
and I could not but mark how the  
awful silence of the hour seemed to  
prey upon their spirits as they spoke  
together in low and broken whispers,  
as if fearful to interrupt the deep sleep  
of nature. It was just then that every  
eye was directed to a bright star that  
burst out above the horizon, and  
seemed to expand gradually into a  
large mass of great brilliancy, and  
again to diminish to a mere speck,  
which it remained for some time, and  
then disappeared entirely. We re-  
mained gazing on the dark spot where  
this phenomenon had appeared, en-  
deavouring by a hundred conjectures  
to explain it. Wearied at length with  
watching, we were about to continue  
our journey, when, suddenly from the  
quarter from where the star had

shone, a rocket shot up into the dark sky, and broke into ten thousand brilliant fragments, which seemed to hang suspended on high in the weight of the dense atmosphere. Another followed, and another; then, after a pause of some minutes, a blue rocket was seen to mount into the air, and explode with a report which, even at the distance we stood, was audible. Scarcely had its last fragments disappeared in the darkness, when a low rumbling noise, like the booming of distant thunder, seemed to creep along the ground. Then came a rattling volley, as if of small arms; and at last the whole horizon burst into a red glare, which forked up from earth to sky, with a crash that seemed to shake the very ground beneath us. Masses of dark, misshapen rock sprang into the blazing sky; millions upon millions of sparks glittered through the air, and a cry, like the last expiring wail of a drowning crew, rose above all other sounds—and all was still. The flame was gone—the gloomy darkness had returned—not a sound was heard—but in that brief moment, four hundred of the French army met their graves beneath the castle of Burgos, which in their hurried retreat they had blown up, without apprizing the troops, who were actually marching beneath its very walls.

Our route was now resumed in silence—even the levity of the French soldiers had received a check; and scarcely a word passed as we rode on through the gloomy darkness, anxiously looking for day-break, to learn something of the country about us.

Towards sun-rise, we found ourselves at the entrance of a mountain pass traversed by the Ebro, which in some places almost filled the valley, and left merely a narrow path between its waters and the dark cliffs that frowned above. Here we proceeded; sometimes in single file—now tracing the signs of the retreating force which had just preceded us—now lost in astonishment at the prodigious strength of the position thus abandoned. But even these feelings gave way before a stronger one—our admiration of the exquisite beauty of the scenery. Glen after glen was seen opening as we advanced into this wide valley, each bearing its tributary stream to the mighty Ebro; the clear waters reflect-

ing the broken crags, the waving foliage, and the bright verdure that beamed around, as orange trees, laurels, and olives bent over the current, or shot up in taper spires towards the clear blue sky. How many a sheltered nook we passed, with an involuntary longing to rest and linger among scenes so full of romantic beauty. But already the din of the retreating column was borne towards us on the breeze; the heavy, monotonous roll of large guns and caissons—while now and then we thought we could catch the swell of martial music blending through the other sounds. But soon we came up with waggons carrying the wounded and sick, who, having joined by another road, had fallen to the rear of the march. From them we learned that the King of Spain, Joseph himself, was with the advanced guard; that the destination of the forces was Vittoria, where a junction with the *corps d'armées* of the other generals being effected, it was decided on giving battle to the Anglo-Spanish army.

As we advanced, our progress became slower and more difficult, close columns of infantry blocked up the road, or dense masses of cavalry, with several hundred led horses and baggage mules, prevented all chance of getting forward. Gradually however, the valley widened, the mountain became less steep, and by evening we reached a large plain, closed towards the north-east by lofty mountains, which I learned were the Pyrenees, and beheld, in the far distance, the tall spires of the city of Vittoria. Several roads crossed the plain towards the city, all of which were now crowded with troops—some pressing on in the direction of the town, others were taking up their position, and throwing up hasty embankments and stockades. Meanwhile the loaded waggons, with the spoil of the rich convents and the royal treasure, were seen wending their slow way beneath the walls of Vittoria, on the road to Bayonne, escorted by a strong cavalry force, whose bright helmets and breastplates pronounced them "*Cuirassiers de la Garde*." The animation and excitement of the whole scene was truly intense, and as I rode along beside the corporal, I listened with eagerness to his account of the various

regiments as they passed hither and thither and took up their position on the wide plain. "There, look yonder," said he, "where that dark mass is defiling beside the pine wood—see how they break into parties—watch them how they scatter along the low bank beside the stream under shelter of the brush-wood: there were eight hundred men in that battalion—where are they now? all concealed—they are the *tirailleurs* of the army: and see on that low mound above them where the flag is flying, the guns are about to occupy that height. I was right, you see, there they come, six, seven, eight pieces of heavy metal: *sacre bleu!* that must be a place of some consequence."

"What are the troops yonder with the red tufts in their caps, and scarlet trousers?"

"*Ah! par bleu!* your countrymen will soon know to their cost—they are the '*Infanterie de la Garde*:' there's not a man in the column you are looking at, who is not *decoré*."

"Look at this side, monsieur—see the *Chasseurs a Cheval*," said Annette, putting her hand on my arm, while her bright eyes glanced proudly at the glittering column which advanced by a road near us—coming along at a sharp trot—their equipment clattering—their horses highly conditioned—and the splendid uniform of light blue and silver giving them a most martial air.

"Bah!" said the corporal contemptuously, "these are the dragoons to my taste;" so saying, he pointed to a

dark column of heavy cavalry who led their horses slowly along by a narrow causeway; the long black horse hair trailed from their dark helmets with something of a gloomy aspect, to which their flowing cloaks of deep blue added. "*Les Cuirassiers de Milhards*;"—but look—look yonder—*tonnere de ciel*—see that." The object to which my attention was now directed was a park of artillery that covered the whole line of road from the Miranda pass to the very walls of Vittoria.

"Two hundred, at least," exclaimed he, after counting some twenty or thirty of the foremost. "*Ventre bleu!* what chance have you before the batteries of the guard?" As he spoke, the drums beat across the wide plain; a continuous dull roll murmured along the ground—it ceased—the trumpets brayed forth a call—a clanging crash followed, and I saw that the muskets were brought to the shoulder, as the bayonets glanced in the sun, and the sharp sabres glittered along the squadrons. For a second or two all was still, and then the whole air was rent with a loud cry of *Vive le Roi!*—while a mounted party rode slowly from the left, and, entering one of the gates of the city, disappeared from our sight. Night was now beginning to fall, as we wended our way slowly along towards the walls of Vittoria; it being the corporal's intention to deliver his prisoner into the hands of the "*état major*" of Marshal Jourdan.

#### CHAPTER LIII.—VITTORIA.

WHAT a contrast to the scene without the walls did the city of Vittoria present. Scarcely had we left behind us the measured tread of moving battalions, the dark columns of winding cavalry, when we entered streets brilliantly lighted; gorgeous and showy equipages turned every where; music resounded on all sides—servants in splendid liveries made way for ladies in all the elegance of evening dress, enjoying the delicious coolness of a southern climate at sunset—groups of officers in full uniform, chatted with their fair friends from the balconies of the large majestic houses. The sounds of gaiety and mirth were heard from

every open lattice, and the chink of the castanet, and the proud step of the fandango, echoed around us.

Women, dressed in all the perfection of Parisian coquetry, loitered along the streets, wondering at the strange sights the Spanish city afforded: themselves scarcely less objects of wonder to the dark-eyed *senhoras*, who, with close-drawn mantillas, peered cautiously around them to see the strangers. Young French officers swaggered boastfully about, with the air of conquerors, while now and then some tall and swarthy Spaniard might be seen louring with gloomy frown from under the broad shadow of his

sombrero, as if doubting the evidence of his own senses, at seeing his native city in the occupation of the usurper.

In the open plazas, too, the soldiers were picketted, and stood in parties around their fires, or lay stretched on the rich tapestries they had carried away as spoils from the southern provinces; cups and goblets of the rarest handiwork, and of the most costly materials were strewn about them. The vessels of the churches—the rich cloths of gold embroidery that had decorated the altars—pictures, the chef-d'œuvres of the first masters, all were there, in one confused heap, among baskets of fruit, wine-skins, ancient armour, and modern weapons.—From time to time some brilliant staff would pass, usually accompanied by ladies, who seemed strangely mixed up with all the military display of the scene.

My guide, after conversing for a few moments, with a *sous-officier* of his regiment, turned from the plaza into a narrow street, the termination to which was formed by a large building, now brilliantly lit up. As we approached, I perceived that two sentries were on guard at the narrow gate, and a large banner with the imperial "N" in the centre, waved heavily over the entrance. "This is 'le quartier general,'" said the corporal, dropping his voice respectfully, as we drew near. At the same instant, a young officer, whose long plume bespoke him as an aid-de-camp, pushed past us; but turning hastily round, said something I could not catch, to the corporal. "Bien, mon lieutenant," said the latter, carrying his hand to his shako. "Follow me, monsieur," said the officer, addressing me, and the next moment I found myself in a large and richly furnished room, when having motioned me to be seated, he left me.

My meditations, such as they were, were not suffered to be long, for in a few seconds the aid-de-camp made his appearance, and with a low bow requested me to accompany him.

"The general will receive you at once," said he.

I eagerly asked his name.

"Le General Oudinot."

"Ah! the marshal."

"No; his brother. I perceive you are a young soldier, so let me give you a hint: don't mind his manner—'c'est un brave homme' at bottom, but——"

the loud burst of laughter from a room at the end of the corridor drowned the conclusion of his speech, and before I had time for another question, the door opened, and I was introduced.

In a small but richly furnished chamber sat four officers round a table covered with a magnificent display of silver cups and plate, and upon which a desert was spread—flasks of French and Spanish wine—a salver holding cigars—and a book, apparently an orderly book, before them, from which one of the party was reading as I came in. As the aid-de-camp announced me, they all looked up, and the general for I knew him at once, fixing his eyes steadily on me, desired me to approach.

As I obeyed his not very courteous order, I had time to perceive that the figure before me was that of a stout square-built man of about fifty-five or sixty. His head was bald; his eyebrows, of a bushy grey, were large and meeting. A moustache of the same grizzly appearance shaded his lip, and served to conceal two projecting teeth, which, when he spoke, displayed themselves like boar's tusks, giving a peculiarly savage expression to his dark and swarthy countenance. The loose sleeve of his coat denoted that he had lost his left arm high up; but whenever excited, I could see that the short stump of the amputated limb jerked convulsively in a manner it was painful to look at.

"What! A deserter! a spy! Eh! what is it, Alphonse?"

The aid-de-camp, blushing, whispered some few words rapidly, and the general resumed—

"Ha! Be seated, monsieur. The officers of the imperial army know how to treat their prisoners; though *par Dieu!* they can't teach their enemies the lesson. You have floating prisons, they tell me, in England, where my poor countrymen die of disease and starvation. *Sacre Dieu!* what cruelty!"

"You have been misinformed, general. The nation I belong to is uniformly humane to all whom chance of war has made its prisoners, and never forgets that the officers of an army are gentlemen."

"Ha! what do you mean?" said he, becoming dark with passion, as he half rose from his seat; then, stopping suddenly short, he continued in a voice of suppressed anger:—"Where are

your troops? What number of men has your 'Villainton' got with him?"

"Of course," said I, smiling, "you do not expect me to answer such questions."

"Do you refuse it?" said he, with a grim smile.

"I do distinctly refuse," was my answer.

"What rank do you hold in your service?"

"I am but a subaltern."

"Tenez," said another of the party, who for some time past had been leisurely conning over the despatches which had been taken from me—"You are called 'capitaine' here, monsieur."

"Ha! ha! What say you to that?" cried the general, exultingly. "Read it, Chamont."

"The despatches which Captain Airey will deliver——" "Is it not so?" said he, handing me the paper.

"Yes," said I, coolly; "he is the senior aid-de-camp, but being employed in General Graham's staff, now occupied in the pursuit of your army——"

"Mille tonneres! Young man, you have chosen an unsuitable place to cut your jokes."

"*Sa majesté le roi*," said an aid-de-camp, entering hastily, and throwing the door open to its full extent; and scarcely had the party time to rise when the emperor's brother appeared. Of the middle size, pale, and with a thoughtful, expressive countenance—Joseph Buonaparte's appearance was much in his favour. His forehead was lofty and expansive, his eye large and full, and the sweet smile which seemed the gift of every member of the family, he possessed in perfection. After a few words with General Oudinot—whose rough manner and coarse bearing suffered no change by his presence—he turned towards me and with much mildness of voice and courtesy of demeanour, inquired if I were wounded. On hearing that I was not, he expressed a hope that my captivity would be of brief duration, as exchanges were already in progress—"Meanwhile," said he, "you shall have as little to complain of as possible."

As he concluded these few, but, to me, most comforting words, I received a hint from the aid-de-camp to withdraw, which I did, into an adjoining room. The same aid-de-camp by whom I had hitherto been accompanied now

joined me, and, slapping me familiarly on the shoulder, cried out, "*Eh bien!* I hope now you are satisfied—Joseph is a fine, generous fellow, and will take care not to forget his promise to you. Meanwhile, come and take share of my supper." He opened a door in the wainscot as he spoke, and introduced me into a perfectly fitted up little *boudoir*, where a supper had been laid out for him. Another cover was soon provided for me, and in a few minutes we were seated at table, chatting away about the war and the opposing armies, as though instead of partizans we had merely been lookers-on at the great game before us. My companion, though but a year or two older than myself, held the grade of colonel, every step to which he won at the point of his sword: he was strikingly handsome, and his figure, though slight, powerfully knit. As the champagne passed back and forward between us, confidences became interchanged; and before midnight sounded, I found my companion quite familiar with the name of Louisa Bellew, while to my equal astonishment, I was on terms of perfect intimacy with a certain lovely marquise of the *Chausée d'Antin*. The tinkle of a sharp bell suddenly called the aid-de-camp to his legs; so drinking off a large goblet of cold water, and taking up his chapeau, he left the room.

I now threw myself back into my chair, and, tossing off a bumper of champagne, began to reason myself into the belief, that there were worse things even than imprisonment among the French; flitting thoughts of the past, vague dreams of the future, confused images of the present, were all dancing through my brain when the door again opened, and I heard my companion's footsteps behind me.

"Do you know, Alphonse," said I, without turning in my chair, "I have been seriously thinking of making my escape: it is quite clear that a battle is not far off; and by Jove, if I only have the good fortune to meet with your *chef d'état major*, that savage old Oudinot, I'll pledge myself to clear off scores with him."

A half chuckle of laughter behind, induced me to continue—

"That old fellow certainly must have risen from the ranks,—not a touch of breeding about him. I'm certain his majesty rated him soundly



for his treatment of me, when I came away. I saw his old mustachios bristling up—he knew he was in for it.” A louder laugh than the first, but in some what of a different cadence, induced me to turn my head, when what was my horror to see before me, not my new friend, the aid-de-camp, but General Oudinot himself, who all this time had been listening to my polite intentions regarding his future welfare! There was a savage exultation in his look, as his eye met mine, and for a second or two he seemed to enjoy my confusion too much to permit him to break silence. At last, he said—

“Are you on parole, sir?”

“No,” I briefly replied, “nor shall I be.”

“What—have I heard you aright—do you refuse your parole?”

“Yes—I shall not pledge myself against attempting my escape the very first opportunity that offers.”

“Indeed,” said he slowly, “indeed,

What is to become of poor General Oudinot if such a casualty take place. But come, sir—I have his majesty's orders to accept your parole; but if you refuse it, you are then at my disposal. I have received no further instructions about you. Yes or no—I ask you for the last time.”

“No—distinctly no.”

“*C'est bien; holla garde—numéro dix et onze.*”

Two soldiers of the grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, appeared at the door—a few hurried words were spoken, the only part of which I could catch was the word “*cachot*.” I was at once ordered to rise—a soldier walked on either side of me, and I was in this way conducted through the city to the prison of the gendarmerie, where for the night I was to remain, with orders to forward me the next morning at day-break, with some Spanish prisoners, on the road to Bayonne.

#### CHAPTER LIV.—THE RETREAT.

My cell, for such it was, although dignified with the appellation of chamber, looked out by a small window upon a narrow street, the opposite side to which was formed by the wall of a churchyard, pertaining to a convent. As day broke, I eagerly took my place at the casement to watch what was going on without; but except some bare-headed figure of a monk gliding along between the dark yew avenues, or some female in deep mourning passing to her morning's devotions beside the grave of a relative, I could see nothing; a deep silence seemed to brood over the city, so lately the scene of festivity and mirth. Towards four o'clock, however, I could hear the distant roll of drums, which gradually extended from the extreme right to the left of the plain before the town; then I heard the heavy monotonous tramp of marching, broken occasionally by the clank of the brass bands of the cavalry, or the deep stullen thunder of the artillery waggons, as they moved along over the paved roads; the sounds came gradually nearer; the trumpets too joined the clamour with the shrill *reveillé*, and soon the street towards the front of the prison re-echoed with the unceasing clatter of troops moving forward. I

could hear the voices of the officers calling to the men to move up; heard more than once the names of particular regiments, as some distinguished corps were passing; the music of the bands was quick and inspiring, and as some popular air was struck up, the men would break forth suddenly into the words, and the rough-voiced choruses rang through the narrow streets, and fell heavily on my own heart, as I lay there a prisoner. Hour after hour did this continue; but yet the silence behind remained as unbroken as ever; the lonely churchyard, with its dark walls and sad-looking trees, was still and deserted.

By degrees the din in front diminished; regiments passed now only at intervals, and their pace increased to a run, left no time for the bands; the cavalry, too, trotted rapidly by, and at last all was still as in the gloomy street before me. It was now eight o'clock, and no summons had yet come to me, although I had heard myself the order for our marching on the Bayonne-road by sunrise; the prison was still as the grave, not a step could I hear—not a bolt nor a hinge creaked—I looked to the window, but the strong iron grating that defended it, left no

prospect of escape ; the door was even stronger, and there was no chimney.

Sometimes the thought occurred to me that the party had forgotten me, and had gone away with the other prisoners ; this thought somehow had its consolation ; but the notion of being left to starve came suddenly across me, and I hastened to the window to try and make myself known to some chance passer by ; just then the loud boom of a gun struck upon my ear ; another followed, louder still ; and then a long heavy crashing noise, which rose and fell as the wind bore it, told me that the work of death had begun. The sound of the large guns, which at first came only at intervals, now swelled into one loud continuous roar that drowned all other noise ; the strong frames of the windows shook ; and the very ground beneath my feet seemed to tremble with the dreadful concussion of the artillery ; sometimes the din would die away for a few seconds, and then, as the wind freshened, it would swell into a thunder, so loud as to make me almost to think the battle was close to where I stood. Hour after hour did this continue ; and now, although the little street beside me was thronged with many an anxious group, I no longer thought of questioning them ; my whole soul was wrapped up in the one thought, that of the dreadful engagement ; and as I listened, my mind was carrying on with itself some fancied picture of the fight, with no other guide to my imaginings than the distant clangour of the battle ; now I thought that the French were advancing ; that their battery of guns had opened ; and I could imagine the dark mass that moved on, their tall shakos and black belts peering amidst the smoke that lay densely in the field. On they poured thousand after thousand ; ay, there goes the fusillade : the platoons are firing ; but now they halt ! the crash of fixing bayonets is heard ; a cheer breaks forth ; the cloud is rent ; the thick smoke is severed as if by a lightning flash ; the red coats have dashed through at the charge ; the enemy waits not ; the line wavers and breaks ; down come the cavalry, like an eagle on the swoop ; but again, the dread artillery opens ; the French form beneath the lines, and the fight is renewed.

The fever of my mind was at its

height ; I paced my room with hurried steps ; and, springing to the narrow casement, held my ear to the wall to listen. Forgetting where I was, I called out as though at the head of my company, with the wild yell of the battle around me, and the foe before me ; suddenly the crowd beneath the window broke ; the crash of cavalry equipments resounded through the street, and the head of a squadron of cuirassiers came up at a trot, followed by a train of baggage waggons, with six horses to each ; the drivers whipped and spurred their cattle, and all betokened haste. From the strength of the guard, and the appearance of the waggons, I conjectured that they were the treasures of the army ; an opinion in which I was strengthened by the word "*Bayonne*" chalked in large letters on a chest thrown on the top of a carriage.

Some open waggons followed, in which the invalids of the army lay, a pale and sickly mass, their black-lustre eyes gazed heavily around with a stupid wonder, like men musing in a dream—even they, however, had arms given them, such was the dread of falling into the hands of the guerilla bands, who infested the mountain passes, and never gave quarter, even to the wounded and the dying. The long file at length passed, but only to make way for a still longer procession of Spanish prisoners, who, bound wrist to wrist, marched between two files of mounted gendarmes ; the greater number of these were mountaineers, guerillas of the south, condemned to the galleys for life, their bronzed faces and stalwart figures a striking contrast to their pale and emaciated companions, the inhabitants of the towns, who could scarce drag their weary limbs along, and seemed at every step ready to sink between misery and privation. The ribald jests and coarse language of the soldiers were always addressed to these, there seeming to be a kind of respect for the bolder guerillas, even in the hour of their captivity. The tramp of led horses, the roll of waggons, the cracking of whips, mingled with the oaths of the muleteers and the fainter cries of the sick, now filled the air ; and only occasionally did the loud cannonade rise above them : from every window faces appeared turned with excited eagerness towards the dense crowds ; and though I could

perceive that inquiries as to the fate of the day were constantly made and answered, my ignorance of Spanish prevented my understanding what was said.

The noise in front of the prison, where the thoroughfare was wider and larger, far exceeded that around me; and at last I could hear the steps of persons marching over-head, and ascending and descending the stairs. Doors clapped and slammed on every side; when, suddenly, the door of my own cell was shaken violently, and a voice cried out in French—"Try this; I passed twice without perceiving it." The next moment the lock turned, and my room was filled with dragoons, their uniforms splashed and dirty, and evidently bearing the marks of a long and severe march.

"Are you the Guerilla Guiposcoa de Condeiga?" said one of the party, accosting me, as I stood wrapped up in my cloak.

"No; I am an English officer."

"Show your epaulettes, then," said another, who knew that Spanish officers never wore such.

I opened my cloak, when the sight of my red uniform at once satisfied them. At this instant a clamour of voices without was heard, and several persons called out, "We have him; here he is." The crowd around me rushed forth at the sound; and, following among them, I reached the street, now jammed up with horse and foot, waggons, tumbrils, and caissons—some endeavouring to hasten forward towards the road to Bayonne; others as eagerly turned towards the plain of Vittoria, where the deafening roll of artillery showed the fight was at its fiercest. The dragoons issued forth, dragging a man amongst them, whose enormous stature and broad chest towered above the others, but who apparently made not the slightest resistance as they hurried him forward, shouting, as they went, "*A la grand place!—a la place!*"

It was the celebrated Guerilla Guiposcoa, who had distinguished himself by acts of heroic daring, and sometimes savage cruelty, towards the French—and who had fallen into their hands that morning. Anxious to catch a glance at one of whom I had heard so often—I pressed forward among the rest, and soon found my-

self in the motley crowd of soldiers and townspeople that hurried towards the Plaza.

Scarcely had I entered the square when the movement of the multitude was arrested, and a low whispering murmur succeeded to the deafening shouts of vengeance and loud cries of death I had heard before; then came the deep roll of a muffled drum. I made a strong effort to press forward, and at length reached the rear of a line of dismounted dragoons, who stood leaning on their carbines—their eyes steadily bent on a figure some twenty paces in front. He was leisurely employed in divesting himself of some of his clothes; which, as he took off, he piled in a little heap beside him; his broad guerilla hat, his dark cloak, his sheep's-wool jacket, slashed with gold, fell one by one from his hand; and his broad manly chest at last lay bare, heaving with manifest pride and emotion, as he turned his dark eyes calmly around him. Nothing was now heard in that vast crowd, save when some low, broken sob of grief would burst from the close-drawn mantillas of the women, as they offered up their heartfelt prayers for the soul of the patriot.

A low parapet wall, surmounted by an iron railing, closed in this part of the Plaza, and separated it from a deep and rapid river that flowed beneath—a branch of the Ebro.

Beyond, the wide plain of Vittoria stretched away towards the Pyrenees; and, although two leagues distant, the scene of the battle was discernible, from the heavy mass of cloud that loomed over-head, and the deep booming of the guns, that seemed to make the air tremulous.

The Spaniard turned his calm look towards the battle-field, and for an instant his dark eye flashed back upon his foes with an expression of triumphant daring, which seemed as it were to say—I am avenged already! A cry of impatience burst from the crowd of soldiers, and the crash of their firelocks threatened that they would not wait longer for his blood. But the guerilla's manner changed at once; and holding up a small ebony crucifix before him, he seemed to ask a moment's respite for a short prayer.

The stillness showed his request was complied with: he turned his

back towards the crowd, and placing the crucifix on the low parapet, he bent down on both his knees, and seemed lost in his devotions. As he rose I thought I could perceive that he threw a glance, rapid as lightning, over the wall towards the river that flowed beneath. He now turned fully round; and unfastening the girdle of many a gay colour that he wore round his waist, he threw it carelessly on his left arm; and then, baring his breast to the full, knelt slowly down, and, with his arms wide apart, called out in Spanish, "here is my life—come, take it." The words were scarcely uttered, when the carbines clanked as they brought them to the shoulder; the sergeant of the company called out the words, "*donnez*"—a pause—"feu!" The fusillade rung out, and, as my eyes pierced the smoke, I could see that the guerilla had fallen to the earth, his arms crossed upon his bosom.

A shriek, wild and terrific burst from the crowd.—The blue smoke slowly rose, and I perceived the French sergeant standing over the body of the guerilla, which lay covered with blood upon the turf. A kind of convulsive spasm seemed to twitch the limbs, upon which the Frenchman drew his sabre—the rattle of the steel scabbard rang through my heart; the bright weapon glanced as he raised it above his head; at the same instant the guerilla chief sprang to his legs; he tottered as he did so, for I could see that his left arm hung powerless at his side: but his right held a long poignard. He threw himself upon the Frenchman's bosom—a yell followed, and the same moment the guerilla sprang over the battlements, and with a loud splash dropped into the river beneath. The water had scarce covered his body, as the Frenchman fell a corpse upon the ground.

A perfect roar of madness and rage burst from the French soldiers, as, rushing to the parapet, a hundred balls swept the surface of the river; but the tall reeds of the bank had already concealed the bold guerilla, whose left arm had received the fire of the soldiers, who now saw the meaning of that quick movement by which he had thrown his girdle around it. The incident was but the work of

a few brief moments; nor was there longer time to think on it; for suddenly a squadron of cavalry swept past, at the full speed of their horses, calling out the words, "place, there—make way there in front. The ambulance—the ambulance!"

A low groan of horror rose around; the quick retreat of the wounded betokened that the battle was going against the French; the words "beaten and retreat" re-echoed through the crowd; and as the dark suspicion crept amid the moving mass, the first waggon of the wounded slowly turned the angle of the square, a white flag hung above it. I caught but one glance of the sad convoy: but never shall I forget that spectacle of blood and agony. Torn and mangled they lay, an indiscriminate heap; their faces blackened with powder, their bodies shattered with wounds. High above the other sounds their piercing cries rent the air—with mingled blasphemies and insane ravings. Meanwhile, the drivers seemed only anxious to get forward; as, deaf to every prayer and entreaty, they whipped their horses, and called out to the crowd to make way.

Escape was now open; but where could I go? My uniform exposed me to immediate detection; should I endeavour to conceal myself, discovery would be my death. The vast tide of people that poured along the streets was a current too strong to stem, and I hesitated what course to follow. My doubts were soon resolved for me: an officer of General Oudinot's staff, who had seen me the previous night, rode up close to where I stood, and then turning to his orderly, spoke a few hurried words. The moment after, two heavy dragoons, in green uniform and brass helmets, came up, one at either side of me; without a second's delay one of them unfastened a coil of small rope that hung at his saddle-bow, which, with the assistance of the other, was passed over my right wrist, and drawn tight. In this way, secured like a malefactor, I was ordered forward. In vain I remonstrated—in vain I told them I was a British officer; to no purpose did I reiterate that hitherto I had made no effort to escape. It is not in the hour of defeat Frenchmen can behave either with humanity or justice. A

volley of "*sacres*" was the only answer I received, and nothing was left me but to yield.

Meanwhile the tumult and confusion of the town was increasing at every minute. Heavy waggons—inscribed in large letters, "*Domaine extérieure de sa Majesté l'Empereur*"—containing the jewels and treasures of Madrid, passed by, drawn by eight, sometimes ten horses, and accompanied by strong cavalry detachments. Infantry regiments, blackened with smoke and gunpowder, newly arrived from the field, hurried past to take up positions on the Bayonne road to protect the retreat; then came the nearer din and crash of the artillery, as the French army was falling back upon the town.

Scarcely had we issued from the walls of the city, when the whole scene of flight and ruin was presented to our eyes. The country for miles round was one moving mass of fugitives—cannon, waggons, tumbrils, wounded soldiers, horsemen, and even splendid equipages, were all mixed up together on the Pampeluna road, which lay to our right. The march was there intercepted by an overturned waggon—the horses were plunging, and the cries of wounded men could be heard even where we were. The fields at each side of the way were soon spread over by the crowd, eager to press on. Guns were now abandoned and thrown into ditches and ravines; the men broke their muskets, and threw the fragments on the roadside, and vast magazines of powder were exploded here and there through the plain.

But my attention was soon drawn to objects more immediately beside me. The Bayonne road, which we now reached, was the last hope of the retiring army. To maintain this line of retreat, strong detachments of infantry, supported by heavy guns, were stationed at every eminence commanding the position; but the swooping torrent of the retreat had left little time for these to form—many of whom were borne along with the flying army. Discipline gave way on every side—the men sprang upon the waggons, refusing to march—the treasures were broken open and thrown upon the road. Frequently the baggage-guard interchanged shots

and sabre-cuts with the infuriated soldiers, who only thought of escape; and the ladies, who but yesterday were the objects of every care and solicitude, were hurried along amid that rude multitude, some on foot, others glad to be allowed to take a place in the ambulance among the wounded—their dresses blood-stained and torn, adding to the horror and misery of the scene. Such was the prospect before us. Behind a dark mass hovered, as if even yet withstanding the attack of the enemy, whose guns thundered clearer and clearer every moment. Still the long line of wounded came on—some in wide open carts, others stretched upon the gun-carriages, mangled and bleeding. Among these my attention was drawn to one whose head having fallen over the edge of the cart, was endangered by every roll of the heavy wheel that grazed his very skull. There was a halt, and I seized the moment to assist the poor fellow as he lay thus in peril. His helmet had fallen back, and was merely retained by the brass chain beneath his chin: his temples were actually cleft open by a sabre-cut, and I could see that he had also received some shot-wounds in the side, where he pressed his hands, the blood welling up between the fingers.

As I lifted the head to place it within the cart, the eyes opened and turned fully upon me. A faint smile of gratitude curled his lip; I bent over him, and, to my horror, recognised in the mangled and shattered form before me—the gallant fellow with whom the very night before I had formed almost a friendship. The word "cold" muttered between his teeth, was the only answer I could catch, as I called him by his name. The order to march rang out from the head of the convoy, and I had barely time to unfasten my cloak, and throw it over him, ere the waggon moved on. I never saw him after.

A squadron of cavalry now galloped past, reckless of all before them; the traces of the artillery were cut, and the men mounting the horses, deserted the guns, and rode for their lives. In the midst of the flying mass, a splendid equipage flew past, its six horses lashed to madness by the postillions; a straggling guard of honour galloped at either side, and a grand écuyer in



scarlet, who rode in front, called out incessantly—“*Place, place : pour sa majesté* ; but all to no purpose : the road, blocked up by broken waggons, dense crowds of horse and foot, dead and dying, soon became impassable. An effort to pass a heavily-loaded waggon entangled the coach ; the axle was caught by the huge waggon—the horses plunged when they felt the restraint, and the next moment the royal carriage was hurled over on its side, and fell with a crash into the ravine at the road-side. While the officers of his staff dismounted to rescue the fallen monarch, a ribald burst of laughter rose from the crowd, and a pioneer, actually gave the butt of his carbine to assist the king as, covered with mud, he scrambled up the ditch.

I had but an instant to look upon his pale countenance, which even since the night before seemed to have grown many years older, ere I was myself dragged forward among the crowd.

Darkness now added its horror to the scene of riot and confusion ; the incessant cries of the fugitives told that the English cavalry were upon them ; the artillery came closer and closer, and the black sky was traversed by many a line of fire, as the shells poured down upon the routed army ; the English guns, regardless of roads, dashed down on the terrified masses, raining balls and howitzer-shells on every side. Already the cheers of my gallant countrymen were within my hearing, and amid all the misery and danger around me my heart rose proudly at the glorious victory they had gained.

Meanwhile my escort, whose feeling towards me became more brutal as their defeat was more perceptible, urged me forward with many an oath and imprecation. Leaving the main-road, we took to the fields—already crowded with the infantry. At last, as the charges of the English came closer, they seemed to hesitate about being any longer burthened by me, and one, after interchanging some angry words with his companion, rode off, leaving me to the care of him who passed the cord round my wrist. For a second or two this fellow seemed to waver whether he might not dispose of me more briefly, and once he half withdrew his pistol from the holster, and turned round in his saddle to re-

gard me more steadily ; a better feeling, however, gained the mastery ; the hope, too, of promotion, could he bring in an officer his prisoner, had, doubtless, its share in his decision. He ordered me to jump up behind him, and, dashing spurs into his troop-horse, rode forward.

I have, perhaps, lingered too long in my recollections of this eventful night ; it was, however, the last striking incident which preceded a long captivity. On the third day of the retreat I was joined to a band of Spanish prisoners marching towards Bayonne. Of the glorious victory which rescued the Peninsula from the dominion of the French, and drove their beaten armies beyond the Pyrenees, or of the great current of events which followed the battle of Vittoria, I do not purpose to speak. Neither will I trouble my reader with a narrative of hardship and suffering ; it is enough to mention that my refusal to give my parole, subjected me in all cases to every indignity.

Wearied out at length, I accepted this only chance of rendering life endurable ; and on reaching Bayonne, gave my word not to attempt my escape, and was accordingly separated from my companions in misfortune, and once more treated as a gentleman.

The refusal to accept “parole,” I learned afterwards, was invariably construed by the French authorities of the day into a direct avowal not only to attempt escape by any means that might present themselves, but was also deemed a rejection of the hospitality of the country, which placed the recusant beyond the pale of its courtesy.

No sooner, then, had I complied with this necessity—for such it was—than I experienced the greatest kindness and politeness in every quarter. Through every village in the south, the house of the most respectable inhabitant was always open to me ; and with a delicacy it would be difficult to match elsewhere, although the events of the Spanish war were the subjects of general interest wherever we passed ; not a word was spoken nor a hint dropped before the “prisoner,” which could in the slightest degree offend his nationality, or hurt his susceptibility as an enemy.

I shall now beg of my reader to pass over with me a long interval of time, during which my life presented nothing of interest or incident, and accompany me to the environs of St. Omer, where, in the commencement of the year 1814, I found myself domesticated as a prisoner of war on parole. During the long period that had elapsed since the battle of Vittoria, I had but once heard from home: matters there were pretty much as I had left them. My father had removed to a colonial appointment, whence he transmitted the rich revenues of his office to my mother, whose habitual economy enabled her to dispense at Bath, much in the same kind of way as she had formerly done at London. My lovely cousin—in the full possession of her beauty and a large fortune—had refused some half-dozen brilliant proposals, and was reported to have an unswerving attachment to some near relative, which happy individual, my mother suggested, was myself. Of the Bellevs, I learned from the newspapers that Sir Simon was dead; and Miss Bellew, having recovered most of the great estates of her family through the instrumentality of a clever attorney—whom I guessed to be my friend Paul—was now the great belle and fortune of Dublin. I had frequently written home, and once or twice to the Rooneys and the major, but never received any answer; so that at last I began to think myself forgotten by every one, and dreamed away my life in a state of almost apathy—dead to the exciting events of the campaign, which, even in the seclusion where I lived, were from time to time reported. The brilliant march of our victorious troops through the Pyrenees and the south of France, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse, I read of as people read of long past events; life to me appeared to have run out; and my thoughts turned ever backward to the bright morning of my career in Ireland—my early burst of manhood—my first and only passion.

The old royalist seigneur upon whom I was billeted, could evidently make nothing of the stolid indifference with which I heard him and his antiquated spouse discuss the glorious prospect of a restoration of the Bourbons; even the hope of liberty was dying away within me. One ever-present

thought had damped all ardour and all ambition—I had done nothing as a soldier—my career had ended as it begun—and, while others had risen to fame and honour, my name had won nothing of distinction and repute. Instead of anxiously looking forward to a meeting with Louisa Bellew, I dreaded the very thoughts of it. My mother's fashionable *morgue* and indifference I should now feel as a sarcasm on my own failure; and as to my cousin Julia, the idea alone of her railery was insufferable. The only plan I could devise for the future was, as soon as I should recover my liberty, to exchange into some regiment in the East Indies, and never to return to England.

It was, then, with some surprise, and not much sympathy, that I beheld my venerable host appear one morning at breakfast with a large white cockade in the breast of his frock coat, and a huge white lily in a wine glass before him. His elated manner and joyous looks were all so many riddles to me; while the roll of drums in the peaceful little town, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the inhabitants, were all too much even for apathy like mine.

"What is the *Tintamarre* about?" said I, pettishly, as I saw the old gentleman fidget from the table to the window and then back again, rubbing his hands, admiring his cockade, and smelling at the lily alternately.

"*Tintamarre!*" said he indignantly, "*savez vous, monsieur? Ce n'est pas le mot, celui là.* We are restored, sir! we have regained our rightful throne! we are no longer exiles!"

"Yes!" said the old lady, bursting into the room, and throwing herself into her husband's arms, and then into mine, in a rapture of enthusiasm—"Yes, brave young man! to you and your victorious companions in arms we owe the happiness of this moment. We are restored."

"*Oxi! restored! restored!*" echoed the old gentleman, throwing open the window, and shouting as though he would have burst a blood-vessel, while the mob without, catching up the cry, yelled it louder than ever.

These people must be all deranged, thought I, unable to conjecture at the moment the reasons for such extravagant joy. Meanwhile, the room became crowded with townspeople, in

holiday costume, all wearing the white cockade, and exchanging with each other the warmest felicitations at the happy event.

I now soon learned that the allies were in possession of Paris, that Napoleon had abdicated, and the immediate return of Louis XVIII. was already decided upon. The trumpets of a cavalry regiment on the march were soon added to the uproar without, accompanied by cries of "The English!" "The brave English!" I rushed to the door, and, to my astonishment beheld above the heads of the crowd the tall caps of a British dragoon regiment towering aloft. Their band struck up as they approached; and what a sensation did my heart experience as I heard the well-remembered air of "Garryowen" resound through the little streets of a French village.

"An Irish regiment!" said I, half aloud.

The word was caught by a bystander, who immediately communicated it to the crowd, adding, by way of explanation, "*Les Irlandais; oui, ces sont les Cosaques d'Angleterre.*" I could not help laughing at the interpretation, when suddenly my own name was called out loudly by some person from the ranks. I started at the sound, and, forcing my way through the crowd, I looked eagerly on every side, my heart beating with anxiety lest some deception might have misled me.

"Hinton! Jack Hinton!" cried the

voice again. At the head of the regiment rode three officers, whose looks were bent steadily on me, while they seemed to enjoy my surprise and confusion. The oldest of the party, who rode between the two others, was a large swarthy-looking man, with a long drooping moustache—at that time rarely worn by officers of our army. His left arm he wore in a sling; but his right was held in a certain easy, jaunty manner I could not soon forget. A burst of laughter broke from him at length, as he called out—

"Come, Jack, you must remember me."

"What!" cried I; "O'Grady!—is it possible?"

"Even so, my boy," said he, as, throwing his reins on his wrist, he grasped my hand and shook it with all his heart. "I knew you were here, and I exerted all my interest to get quartered near you. This is my regiment—eh?—not fellows to be ashamed of, Jack? But come along with us; we mustn't part company now."

Amid the wildest cries of rejoicing, and frantic demonstrations of gratitude from the crowd, the regiment moved on to the little square of the village. Here the billets were speedily arranged;—the men betook themselves to their quarters—the officers broke into small parties—and O'Grady and myself retired to the inn, where, having dined *tête-à-tête*, we began the interchange of our various adventures since we parted.

#### CHAPTER LV.—THE FOUR-IN-HAND.

My old friend, save in the deeper brown upon his cheek, and some scars from French sabres, was nothing altered from the hour in which we parted: the same bold generous temperament, the same blending of recklessness and deep feeling, the wild spirit of adventure, and the gentle tenderness of a child—were all mixed up in his complex nature, for he was every inch an Irishman.

While the breast of his uniform glittered with many a cross and decoration, he scarcely ever alluded to his own feats in the campaign; nor did he more than passingly mention the actions where his own conduct had

been most conspicuous. Indeed, there was a reserve in his whole manner, while speaking of the peninsular battles, which I soon discovered proceeded from delicacy towards me, knowing how little I had seen of service from my early imprisonment, and fearing lest, in the detail of the glorious career of our armies, he might be inflicting fresh wounds on one whose fortune forbade him to share in it.

He often asked me about my father, and seemed to feel deeply the kindness he had received from him when in London. Of my mother, too, he sometimes spoke, but never even al-

luded to Lady Julia; and when once I spoke of her as the protector of Corny, he fidgetted for a second or two, seemed uneasy and uncomfortable, and gave me the impression that he felt sorry to be reduced to accept a favour for his servant, where he himself had been treated with coldness and distance.

Apart from this—and it was a topic we mutually avoided—his spirits were as high as ever. Mixing much with the officers of his corps, he was actually beloved by them. He joined in all their schemes of pleasure and amusement, with the zest of his own buoyant nature; and the youngest cornet in the regiment felt himself the colonel's inferior in the gaiety of the mess, as much as at the head of the squadrons.

At the end of a few days, I received from Paris the papers necessary to relieve me from the restraint of my parole, and was concerting with O'Grady the steps necessary to be taken to resume my rank in the service, when an incident occurred which altered all our plans for the moment, and, by one of those strange casualties which so often occur in life, gave a new current to my own fate for ever.

I should mention here, that amid all the rejoicings which ushered in the restoration—amid all the flattery by which the allied armies were received—one portion of the royalists maintained a dogged, ungenial spirit towards the men by whom their cause had been rendered victorious, and never forgave them the honour of reviving a dynasty, to which they themselves had contributed nothing. These were the old *militaires* of Louis XVIII.: the men who, too proud or too good-for-nothing to accept service under the emperor, had lain dormant during the glorious career of the French armies, and who now, in their hour of defeat and adversity, started into life as the representatives of the military genius of the country;—these men, I say, hated the English with a vindictive animosity which the old Napoleonist could not equal. Without the generous rivalry of an open foe, they felt themselves humbled by comparison with the soldiers, whose weather-beaten faces and shattered limbs bore token of a hundred battles, and for the very cause, too, for which they them-

selves were the most interested. This ungenerous spirit found vent for itself in a thousand petty annoyances, which were practised upon our troops in every town and village of the north of France; and every officer whose billet consigned him to the house of a royalist soldier, would gladly have exchanged his quarters for the companionship of the most inveterate follower of Napoleon. To an instance of what I have mentioned was owing the incident which I am about to relate.

To relieve the *ennui* of a French village, the officers of the eighteenth had, with wonderful expenditure of skill and labour, succeeded in getting up a four-in-hand drag, which, to the astonishment and wonder of the natives, was seen daily wending its course through the devious alleys and narrow streets of the little town, the roof covered with dashing dragoons, whose laughing faces and loud-sounding bugles were all deemed so many direct insults by the ill-conditioned party I have mentioned.

The unequivocal evidences of dislike they exhibited to this dashing "turn out" formed, I believe, one of its great attractions to the eighteenth, who never omitted an occasion, whatever the state of the weather, to issue forth every day, with all the noise and uproar they could muster.

At last, however, the old *commissaire de police*, whose indignation at the proceeding knew no bounds, devised an admirable expedient for annoying our fellows—one which, supported as it was by the law of the country, there was no possibility of evading. This was, to demand the passport of every officer who passed the "*barriere*," thus necessitating him to get down from the roof of the coach, present his papers, and have them carefully conned and scrutinized, their *visée* looked into, and all sorts of questions propounded.

When it is understood that the only drive led through one or other of these barriers, it may be imagined how provoking and vexatious such a course of proceeding became. Representations were made to the mayor over and anon, explaining that the passports once produced, no further inconvenience should be incurred—but all to no purpose. Any one who knows

France will acknowledge how totally inadequate a common-sense argument is in the decision of a question before a government functionary. The mayor too was a royalist, and the matter was decided against us.

Argument and reason having failed, the gallant eighteenth came to the resolution to try force, and accordingly it was decided that next morning we should charge the *barriere* in full gallop, as it was rightly conjectured that no French *employé* would feel disposed to encounter the rush of a four-in-hand, even with the law on his side.

To render the *coup-de-main* more brilliant, and perhaps, too, to give an air of plausibility to the infraction, four dashing thoroughbred light chesnuts—two of the number having never felt a collar in their lives—were harnessed for the occasion. A strong force of the wildest spirits of the regiment took their places on the roof; and amid a cheer that actually made the street ring, and a tantarara from the trumpets, the equipage dashed through the town, the leaders bounding with the swingle bars every moment over their backs. Away we went, the populace flying in terror on every side, and every eye turned towards the *barriere*, where the dignified official stood, in the calm repose of his station, as if daring us to transgress his frontier. Already had he stepped forward with his accustomed question. The words—“*Messieurs, je vous demande*——” had escaped his lips, when he had barely time to spring into his den, as the furious leaders tore past, the pavement crashing beneath their hoofs, and the shouts of laughter mingling with the uproar. Having driven for a league or so at a slow pace, to breathe our cattle, we turned homewards, rejoicing in the success of our scheme, which had fully satisfied our expectations. What was our chagrin, however, as we neared the *barriere*, to discover that a strong force of mounted gendarmes stopped the way, their drawn sabres giving us plainly to understand the fate that awaited our horses if we persisted in our plan! What was to be done? To force a passage under the circumstances was only to give an opportunity to the gendarmerie they were long anxious for—to cut our whole equipage in pieces. To yield was the only alter-

native; but what an alternative!—to be laughed at by the whole town on the very day of our victory!

“I have it!” said O’Grady, whose left arm being wounded, sat on the box beside the driver; “I have it, lads. Pull up when they tell you, and do as they direct.”

With some difficulty, the four dashing nags were reined in, as we came up to the *barriere*; and the commissaire, bursting with passion, appeared at the door of the lodge, and directed us to get down.

“Your passports will avail little on the present occasion,” said he insolently, as we produced our papers. “Your carriage and horses are confiscated. St. Omer has now privilege as a fortified town. The fortresses of France enforce a penalty of forty thousand francs——” A burst of laughter from the by-standers at our rueful faces prevented us hearing the remainder of the explanation. Meanwhile, to our horror and disgust, some half dozen gendarmes, with their long caps and heavy boots, were crawling up the sides of the drag, and taking their seats upon the top. Some crept into the interior, and showed their grinning faces at the windows; others mounted into the rumble; and two more aspiring spirits ascended to the box, by one of whom O’Grady was rudely ordered to get down, a summons enforced by the commissaire himself in a tone of considerable insolence. O’Grady’s face for a minute or two seemed working with a secret impulse of fun and devilment, which I could not account for at such a moment, as he asked, in a voice of much humility—

“Does monsieur the commissaire require me to come down?”

“Instantly!” roared the Frenchman, whose passion was now boiling over.

“In that case, gentlemen, take charge of the team.” So saying, he handed the reins to the passive gendarmes, who took them, without well knowing why. “I have only a piece of advice,” continued Phil, as he slowly descended the side—“Keep a steady hand on the near-side leader, and don’t let the bar strike her; and now, good-bye.” He flourished his four-in-hand whip as he spoke, and with one tremendous cut came down on the team, from leader to wheeler, accompanying the stroke with a yell there was



no mistaking. The heavy carriage bounded from the earth, as the infuriated cattle broke away at full gallop; a narrow street and a sharp angle lay straight in front; but few of those on the drag waited for the turn: as at every step some bear-skin shako shot into the air, followed by a tall figure, whose heavy boots seemed ill adapted for flying in.

The corporal himself had abandoned the reins, and held on manfully by the rail of the box. On every side they fell, in every attitude of distress. But already the leaders reached the corner, round went the swingle bars, the wheelers followed, the coach rocked to one side, sprang clean off the pavement, came down with a crash, and then fell right over, while the maddened horses, breaking away, dashed through the town, the harness in frag-

ments behind them, and the pavement flying at every step.

The immediate consequence of this affair were some severe bruises, and no small discouragement to the gendarmerie of St. Omer: the remoter ones, an appeal from the municipal authorities to the commander-in-chief, by whom the matter was referred for examination to the adjutant-general. O'Grady was accordingly summoned to Paris, to explain, if he could, his conduct in the matter. The order for his appearance there came down at once, and I, having nothing to detain me at St. Omer, resolved to accompany my friend for a few days at least, before I returned to England. Our arrangements were easily made; and the same night we received the adjutant-general's letter, we started by post for Paris.

#### CHAPTER LVI.—ST. DENIS.

WE were both suddenly awakened from a sound sleep in the *calèche*, by the loud cracking of the postillion's whip, the sounds of street noises, and the increased rattle of the wheels over the unequal pavement. We started up just as, turning round in his saddle, and pointing with his long whip to either side of him, the fellow called out—

“Paris, messieurs, Paris! This is Faubourg St. Denis;—there before you lies the Rue St. Denis. *Sacristi*, the streets are as crowded as at noonday.”

By this time we had rubbed the sleep from our eyelids and looked about us, and truly the scene before us was one to excite all our astonishment. The Quartier St. Denis was then in the occupation of the Austrian troops, who were not only billeted in the houses, but bivouaced in the open streets—their horses picquetted in long files along the *pavé*, the men asleep around their watchfires, or bur-nishing arms and accoutrements beside them. The white-clad cuirassier from the Danube, the active and sinewy Hungarian, the tall and swarthy Croat, were all there, mixed up among groups of peasant girls coming in to market with fowls and eggs. Carts of forage and waggons full of all manner of provisions were surrounded by groups of soldiers and country people, trading

amicably together, as though the circumstances which had brought them together were among the ordinary events of commerce.

Treading our way slowly through these, we came upon the Jäger encampment, their dark green uniform and brown carbines giving that air of *sombre* to their appearance, so striking after the steel-clad cuirassier and the bright helmets of the dragoons. Farther on, around a fountain, were a body of dismounted dragoons, their tall calpacks and scarlet trousers bespeaking them Polish lancers—their small but beautifully-formed white horses pawed the ground, and splashed the water round them, till the dust and foam rose high above them. But the strangest of all were the tall, gigantic figures, who, stretched alongside of their horses, slept in the very middle of the wide street. Lifting their heads lazily for a moment, they would gaze on us as we passed, and then lie down again to sleep. Their red beards hung in masses far down upon their breasts, and their loose trousers of a reddish dye but half concealed boots of undressed skin. Their tall lances were piled around them; but these were not wanting to prove that the fierce-looking figures before us were the Cossacks of the Don, thus come for many a hundred

mile to avenge the slaughter of Borodino and the burning of Moscow. As we penetrated farther into the city, the mixture of nation and costume became still more remarkable. The erect and soldier-like figure of the Prussian—the loose, wild-eyed Tartar—the brown-clad Russian, with russet beard and curved sabre—the stalwart Highlander, with nodding plume and waving tartan—the Bashkir, with naked scimitar—the gorgeous hussar of Hungary—the tall and manly form of the English guardsman—passed and re-passed before us, adding, by the babel of discordant sound, to the wild confusion of the scene.

It was a strange sight to see the savage soldier from the steppes of Russia—the dark-eyed, heavy-browed Gallician—the yellow-haired Saxon—the rude native of the Caucasus—who had thus given themselves a “rendez-vous” in the very heart of European civilization, wandering about—now stopping to admire some magnificent palace, now gazing with greedy wonder at the rich display of some jeweller, or the costly and splendid dresses which were exhibited in the shop windows; while here and there were gathered groups of men whose looks of undisguised hate and malignity were bent unceasingly upon the moving mass—their “bourgeois” dress could not conceal that they were the old soldiers of the empire—the men of Wagram, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wilna—who now witnessed within their own capital the awful retribution of their own triumphant aggressions.

As the morning advanced the crowds increased, and as we approached the “Place Caroussel,” regiments poured in from every street to the morning parade. Among these, the Russian *garde*—the *Bonnets d’or*—were conspicuous for the splendour of their costume and the soldier-like precision of their movements; the clash of their brass cymbals, and the wild strains of their martial music, adding indescribably to their singular appearance. As the infantry drew up in line, we stopped to regard them, when, from the place Louis Quinzé, the clear notes of a military band rang out a quick step, and the twenty-eighth British marched in to the air of “The Young May Moon.” O’Grady’s excitement could endure no longer. He jumped

up in the *calèche*, and, waving his hat above his head, gave a cheer that rang through the long corridor beneath the Louvre. The Irish regiment caught up the cry, and a yell as wild as ever rose above the din of battle shook the air. A Cossack picquet then cantering up, suddenly halted, and, leaning down upon their horses’ manes, seemed to listen: and then dashing spurs into their flanks, made the circuit of the place at full gallop, while their “Hurra!” burst forth with all the wild vehemence of their savage nature.

“We shall get into some precious scrape with all this,” said O’Grady, as, overcome with laughing, he fell back into the *culèche*.

Such was my own opinion; so, telling the postillion to turn short into the next street, we hurried away unperceived, and drove, with all the speed we could muster, for the Rue St. Honoré. The Hotel de la Paix fortunately had room for us; and, ordering our breakfasts, we adjourned to dress, each resolving to make the most of his few hours at Paris.

I had just reached the breakfast-room, and was conning over the morning papers, when O’Grady entered, in full uniform, his face radiant with pleasure, and the same easy, jaunty swagger in his walk as on the first day I met him.

“When do you expect to have your audience, Phil?” said I.

“I have had it, my boy. It’s all over, finished, completed. Never was any thing so successful. I talked over the old adjutant in such a strain, that, instead of dreaming about a court martial on us, the worthy man is seriously bent on our obtaining compensation for the loss of the drag. He looked somewhat serious when I entered; but when once I made him laugh, the game was my own. I wish you saw him wiping his clear old eyes as I described the covey of gendarmes taking the air. However, the main point is—the regiment is to be moved up to Paris, the commissaire is to receive a reprimand, our claim for some ten thousand francs is to be considered, and I am to dine with the adjutant to-day, and tell the story after dinner.”

“Do you know, Phil, I have a theory, that an Irishman never begins to prosper but just at the moment that any one else would surely be ruined.”

"Don't make a theory of it, Jack, for it may turn out unlucky. But the practice is pretty much what you represent it. Fortune never treats people so well as when they don't care a fig about her. She's exactly like a lady patroness—confoundedly impertinent, if you'll bear it; but all smiles if you won't. Have you ever met Tom Burke—'Burke of ours,' as they called him, I believe, in half the regiments in the service?"

"No; never."

"Well, the loss is yours. Tom's a fine fellow in his way; and if you could get him to tell you his story—or rather one of his stories, for his life is a succession of them—perhaps you would find that this same theory of yours has some foundation. We'll pick him up one of these days, and I'll introduce you. But now, Jack, I have a piece of news for you. What do you think of it, my lad?—Lady Charlotte Hinton's at Paris."

"My mother here? Is it possible?"

"Yes. Her ladyship resides No. 4, Place Vendôme, opposite the Hotel de Londres. There's accuracy for you."

"And who is with her? My father?"

"No. The general is expected in a few days. Lady Julia, I believe, is her only companion."

There was a kind of reserve suddenly in his manner as he mentioned this name, which made us both pause for a few seconds.

At length O'Grady broke the awkwardness of the silence by saying, in his usual laughing way—

"I contrived to pick up all the gossip of Paris in half an hour. The town is full of English—and such English too!—the Cossacks are civilized people, of quiet, retiring habits, compared to them. I verily believe the French are more frightened by our conviviality than ever they were by the bayonets of the allies. I'm dying to hear your lady mother's account of every thing here."

"What say you, then, if you come along with me? I'm becoming very impatient to see my people once more. Julia will, I'm certain, be very amusing."

"Ah! and I have a debt of gratitude in that quarter," said O'Grady, hesitatingly. "Lady Julia was so very kind as to extend her protection to that old villain, Corny. I cannot for the life of me understand how she endured him."

"As to that," said I—"Julia has a taste for character; and not even the Chevalier Delany's eccentricity would pain her. So let's forward."

"Did I tell you that De Vere is here?" said O'Grady.

"No; not with my friends, I trust?"

"On the contrary, I ascertained that he does not visit at Lady Charlotte's. He is attached to Lord Cathcart's embassy; he's very little in society, and rarely to be seen but at the *salo*, where he plays tremendously high, loses every night, but re-appears each day with a replenished pocket. But I intend to know the secret of all this, and many other matters, ere long. So now let us proceed."

#### CHAPTER LVII.—PARIS IN 1814.

IF the strange medley of every nation and costume which we beheld on entering Paris surprised us, how much greater was our astonishment when, having finished a hurried breakfast, we issued forth into the crowded streets. Here were assembled, among the soldiers of every country, visitors from all parts of Europe, attracted by the novel spectacle thus presented to them; and eager to participate in the pleasures of a capital whose rejoicings, so far from being checked by the sad reverse of fortune, were now at the highest pitch; and the city much

more resembled the gay resort of an elated people than a town occupied by the troops of conquering enemies. The old soldier of the empire alone grieved in the midst of this general joy; with the downfall of Napoleon died his every hope. The spirit of conquest, by which for so many years the army had been intoxicated, was annihilated by the one line that signed the treaty of Fontainebleau; and then among the gay and laughing groups that hurried onward, might now and then be seen some veteran of the old guard scowling with contemptuous

look upon that fickle populace, as eager to celebrate the downfall as ever they had been to greet the glory of their nation.

Nothing more strikingly marked the incongruous host that filled the city, than the different guards of honour which were mounted at the several hotels where officers and generals of distinction resided. At this time the regulation was not established which prevailed somewhat later, and gave to the different armies of the allies the duty of mounting all the guards in rotation: and now at one door might be seen the tall cuirassier of Austria, his white cloak falling in heavy folds over the flank and haunches of his coal black horse, looking like some Templar of old; at another the plumed bonnet of a Highlander fluttered in the breeze, as some hardy mountaineer paced to and fro; his grey eye and stern look unmoved by the eager and prying gaze of the crowd that stopped to look upon so strange and singular a costume; here was the impatient schimmel of some Hungarian hussar pawing the ground with restless eagerness, as his gay dolman slashed with gold glittered in the sun. The jager from Bohemia—the deadly marksman with the long rifle; the savage Tartar of the Ukraine, devouring his meal on his guard, and turning his dark suspicious eye around him, lest every passer-by might mean some treachery—all denoted that some representative of their country dwelt within, while every now and then the clank of a musket would be heard, as a heavy *porte cochère* opened to permit the passage of an equipage as strange and as characteristic as the guard himself. Here would issue the heavy “waggon” of some German prince, with emblazoned panels and scarlet hammer-cloth; the horses as fat and lethargic as the smoking and moustached figure they were drawing; there was the low droschki of a Russian—three horses abreast—their harness tinkling with brass bells as the spirited animals plunged and curvetted along; the quiet and elegant-looking phaeton of English build, with its perfection of appointment, rolled along with its deep woody sound beside the quaint, old-fashioned *caleche* of Northern Germany, above whose

cumbrous side-panels the heads of the passengers were visible only: nor were the horsemen less dissimilar—the stately Prussian, with his heel *aplomb* beneath his elbow; the Cossack, with short stirrups, crouched upon his horse’s mane; the English horse artilleryman powdering along with massive accoutrements and gigantic steed; the Polish light cavalry soldier, standing high in his stirrups, and turning his restless eye on every side—were all subjects for our curiosity and wonder.

The novelty of the spectacle seemed, however to have greatly worn off for the Parisians, who rarely noticed the strange and uncouth figures that every moment passed before their eyes, and now talked away as unconcerned amid the scene of tumult and confusion, as though nothing new or remarkable was going on about them; their very indifference and *insouciance* one of the strangest sights we witnessed.

Our progress, which at the first was a slow one, ceased entirely at the corner of the palace, where a considerable crowd was now collected. Although we asked of the by-standers, no one could tell what was going forward; but the incessant roars of laughter showed that something droll or ridiculous had occurred. O’Grady, whose taste in such matters would suffer no denial, elbowed his way through the mob, I following as well as I was able. When we reached the first rank of the spectators, we certainly needed no explanation of the circumstances to make us join in the mirth about us.

It was a single combat of a very remarkable description. A tall Cossack, with a long red beard now waving wildly on every side, was endeavouring to recover his mutcka cap from a little decrepid old fellow, from whom he had stolen a basket of eggs. The eggs were all broken on the ground; and the little man danced among them like an infuriated fiend, flourishing a stick all the while in the most fearful fashion. The Cossack, whose hand at every moment sought the naked knife that was stuck in his girdle, was obliged to relinquish his weapon by the groans of the mob, who unequivocally showed that they would not permit foul play; and being

thus unarmed, could make nothing of an adversary whose contemptible appearance caused all the ridicule of the scene. Meanwhile the little fellow, his clothes in rags, and his head surmounted by a red Cossack mutcka, capered about like nothing human, uttering the most frightful sounds of rage and passion. At length, in a paroxysm of fury, he dealt the tall Cossack a rap over the temples which made him reel again. Scarcely had the blow descended, when, stung by the insult and the jeers of the mob, the enraged savage grasped his knife. With one spring he pounced upon the little man; but as he did so, a strong hand from behind seized him by the collar, and with one tremendous jerk hurled him back upon the crowd, where he fell stunned and senseless.

I had only time to perceive that it was O'Grady who had come to the rescue, when the old fellow, turning fully round, looked up in his face, and, without evincing any emotion of surprise, or wonder, or even of gratitude, croaked out—

“And it's standin' looking on ye war all the time, and I fighting my sowle out! Ugh! bad luck to sarvice! look at my coat and small clothes! Ay, you may laugh, ye grinning bastes as ye are, and a basket of fresh eggs in smithereens, and this Friday!”

The convulsions of laughter which this apparition and the speech excited prevented our hearing more. The mob, too, without understanding a word, were fully sensible of the absurdity of the scene, and a perfect chorus of laughter rang through the street.

“And my elegant beaver—see it now!” said Corny—for we hope our reader recognises him—as he endeavoured to empty the batter from his head-piece, and restore it to shape. “Ugh! the haythens—the Turks! See now, Master Phil, it's warning I'm giving you this minit—here, where I stand. May the devil—Ah! if ye dare, ye eternal robber!” This elegant exordium was directed to the poor Cossack, who, having regained his feet, was skulking away from the field, throwing as he went a lingering look at his red cap, which Mr. Delany still wore as a spoil of his victory.

We now made our way through the crowd, followed by Corny, whose angry looks on every side elicited peals of laughter; and thus accompanied, we approached the massive *porte cochère* of a large hotel in the Place Vendôme, where a “Swiss,” in full costume of porter, informed us that Lady Charlotte Hinton resided.

While I endeavoured to pass on, he interposed his burly person, informing me, in very short phrase, that her ladyship did not receive before four o'clock.

“Arrah, bould your prate,” cried Corny; “sure it's the woman's son you're talking to.—Two pair of stin to your left hand, and the first door is the passage.—Look at the crowd there, the lazy crathurs! that has nothing better to do than follow a respectable man. Be off! Bad luck to ye! ye ought to be crying over the disgrace ye're in. Be the light that shines! but you desarved it well.”

Leaving Corny to his oration before the mob, of which, happily for the safety of his own skin, they did not comprehend one word, I took the direction he mentioned, and soon found out the door, on which a visiting card with my mother's name was fastened.

We were now introduced into a large and splendidly-furnished saloon, with all that lightness and elegance of decoration which in a foreign apartment is the compensation—a poor one sometimes—for the more comfortable look of our English houses; the room was empty, but the morning paper and all the new publications of the day were scattered about with profusion; consigning my friend for a short time to these, I followed the *femme de chambre*, who had already brought in my card to my mother, to her ladyship's dressing-room. The door was opened noiselessly by the maid, who whispered my name; a gentle “let him come in” followed, and I entered. My mother was seated before a glass under the hands of a coiffeur, and dared not turn her head. As I approached she reached me her hand, however, which having kissed dutifully, I drew my chair and sat down beside her. “My dear boy,” said she, as her eyes turned towards me, and a tear fell from the lid, and trickled down her cheek. In spite of the unnatural coldness of such a meeting, the words she



accents, and the look that accompanied them, came home to my heart, and I was glad to hide my emotion by again pressing my lips to her hand. Having kindly informed me that the ceremony she was then submitting to was imperative, inasmuch as if she had not M. Dejoncourt then, she could not have him at all—that his time was so filled up, every moment of it, from eight in the morning till eleven at night, that the Emperor Alexander himself couldn't obtain his services, if he wished for them—she proceeded to give some details of my father, by which I could learn that the change in his circumstances had never been made known to her, and that she had gone on since we met in her old career of extravagance and expense—the indulgence of which, and the cares of her ever-declining health, had given her abundant occupation.

As I looked at her beautiful features and delicately fair complexion, upon which time had scarcely laid a touch, I sighed to think at what a frightful sacrifice of feeling, of duty, and of happiness too, such loveliness had been purchased. If the fine pencilling of that brow had never known a wrinkle, the heart had never throbbed to one high or holy thought; if the smile sat easily on the lip, it was the habitual garb of fashionable captivation, and not the indication of one kind thought or one affectionate feeling; I felt shocked, too, that I could thus criticise my mother; but, in truth, for a minute or two I forgot she was such.

"And Julia," said I at length, "what of her?"

"Very handsome indeed—strikingly so. Beulwitz, the emperor's aid-de-camp, admires her immensely. I am sincerely glad that you are come, dear John. You know Julia's fortune has all been saved; but of that another time: the first point now is to secure you a ticket for this ball, and how to do it I'm sure I know not."

"My dear mother, believe me, I have not the slightest desire——"

"How very unkind you are, to think we could separate from you after such an absence;—besides, Julia would be seriously offended, and I think with cause; but the ticket—let's consider about that. Dejoncourt, is it true that the Princess de Nassau was refused a card for the ball?"

"*Oui, mi ladi.* The king of Prussia has sent her one of his, and is to take her; and Madame la Duchess de St. Bieve is so angry at being left out, that she tried to get up an alarm of conspiracy in the *faubourg*, to prevent the sovereigns from going."

"But they will go, surely—won't they?"

"Ah, to be sure. *Pardieu*, they would say to-morrow that they had been omitted too, if they didn't appear."

"What are we to do?" said her ladyship with energy. "Grammont can be of no use here; for unfortunately these people are not French."

"What, then?" said I: "it is some of the crowned heads who are the entertainers?"

"Oh, no: indeed I don't know who they are; nor do I know any one who does. The only fact of importance is, that this is their third fete: the two first were the most brilliant things ever given in Paris—that the Emperor of Russia always dances there—the King of Prussia makes his whist party—that Blucher takes the head of one of the supper-tables—and, in a word, Talleyrand himself has employed more diplomacy to secure an extra ticket, than he has often dispensed in carving out a new monarchy."

My mother handed me a splendidly embossed card as she spoke, upon which, in letters of pale burnished gold, were inscribed the following words—"Madame de Roni, née Cassidy de Kilmainham, prie honneur," &c. A burst of laughter at the absurdity of the title stopped my reading further.

"She's an Italian, possibly," said my mother.

"I should think not," I replied; "the 'née Cassidy de Kilmainham' smacks of something nearer home—what think you of Ireland?"

"Ireland! Are these people Irish?" said she, starting with horror at the thought. "I trust, my dear John, you would not think proper to jest on such a subject."

"My dear mother, I never heard of them before; the only thing that strikes me is the name. Cassidy is assuredly more Milesian than Roman."

"But she has birth—that's certain," replied my mother proudly.

Not caring to argue the point

which, after all, resolved itself into the question that the lady was the child of somebody, and that somebody was called "Cassidy," I began to meditate on the singularity of such a phaze in life as the entertainer of sovereigns, kaisars, kings, princes, archdukes, and ambassadors, being a person utterly unknown.

"But here's Grammont," said my mother, as a gentle tap was heard at the door, and the count entered; the only change in his appearance since last I saw him being the addition of another cordon to his blue coat, and a certain springiness in his walk, which I afterwards remarked as common among all the returned *émigrés* at the restoration.

"*Que diable faut il faire,*" said the count entering, "with this Madame de Roni?—she refuses all the world. Ah, Jack, *mon cher*, how do you do?—safe and sound from all the perils of these terrible French, that cut you all to pieces in the Peninsula. But only think, *mi ladi*, no card for la Duchesse de Tavanne; Madame de Givry left out. *Sacriste!* I hope there is nothing against *ce pauvre* Roi de Prusse."

"Well, and here is John," said my mother; "what are we to do about him?"

My renewed disclosure of any wish in the matter was cut short by a look of reproof, and I waited the whole discussion with patience.

"Never was there such a difficulty," said the count, musing. "There is certainly nothing to be done through the worthy husband of madame. Dejoncourt and two or three more gave him a *diner en gourmande* at Very's, to seduce him; and after his fifth flask of champagne he frankly confessed he was sorry he could not return their civilities as he wished. 'I'll entertain you here, and have Blucher and Platoff, Fouché, and any one else you like to meet you. I'll introduce you to old Prussia and the Czar whenever you please; you shall have permission to shoot at Fontainebleau any day you mention; but as to Madame de Roni, she is devilish exclusive; I really cannot manage that for you.'"

"I wish you could prevail on yourself to be serious," said my mother, in nowise pleased with the jocular spirit the count's anecdote had excited;—

"but here is Julia—what does she advise?"

As my mother spoke, the door opened, and my cousin appeared. Her figure had more of the roundness of womanhood, and her face, though paler, was fuller, and its expression had assumed a more decided character than when I last saw her. Her winning smile and her graceful carriage were all unchanged; and her low soft voice never struck me as more fascinating than when she held out her hand and said—

"My dear cousin! how happy it makes me to see you again!"

Her dark blue eyes were tearful as she spoke, and her lip—that haughty lip—trembled. A strange wild thrill crept through my heart as I pressed her hand within both of mine—a vague feeling which I dared not suffer to dwell in my mind, and yet feared lest when it should depart that I had lost my chance of happiness. Yes! there are times when a man, without the admixture of any coxcombry in the feeling—without a particle of vanity—nay, with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, can ask himself—Does this woman like me? And at such moments, if his own heart give not the ready answer, it were far better that he sought not the reply from his reason.

It was only when my mother asked, for the second time, what was to be done about John's ticket, that Julia seemed aware of the question, a slight—a very slight curving of her lip showing the while the sense she entertained of such an inquiry, after long years of separation; and at last, as if unable to repress the indignation of the moment, she said abruptly—

"But, of course, as we shall not think of going to-night——"

"We not go! *Eh, pardieu!* why not?" said the count.

"The colonel below stairs begs to say that he will call somewhat later," said the *femme-de-chambre* at this juncture.

"The colonel! Whom does she mean?"

"Oh, my friend O'Grady. Poor fellow! I have been forgetting him all this while. So allow me to join him, and we'll wait for your appearance in the drawing-room."

"I remember him perfectly," said my mother; "an agreeable person, I

think. So take Julia and the count with you, and I'll follow as soon as I can."

Julia blushed deeply, and as suddenly grew pale again, as my mother spoke. I knew that she had always treated my friend with hauteur and reserve, without any assignable reason, and had long determined that when an opportunity arose, I would endeavour to get rid of the unjust impression she had somehow conceived of my warmest, truest friend. This was not, however, the time for explanations; and I merely said, as I offered my arm—

"Poor O'Grady has been badly wounded; but I think he's now getting on favourably."

She said something in reply, but the words were lost in the noise of descending the stairs. Just as we reached the landing, I caught a glimpse of my friend issuing from the *porte cochère*, and only in time to call him by his name—

"Holloa, Phil! Don't go away."

As he turned back towards the drawing-room, he cried out—

"It's only this instant, Jack, I remembered how very awkward it was of me to come here with you at this hour. You have, of course, so much to say and hear after your absence—"

The sight of my fair cousin cut short his speech, as she stood near the door with her hand out to receive him. As O'Grady took her taper fingers within his own, there was an air of cold distance in his manner that actually offended me: bowing deeply, he said a few brief words in a tone of gravity and stiffness quite unusual with him; and then, turning to Grammont, shook his hand with a warmth and cordiality most markedly different. I only dared to glance at Julia, but as I did so I could mark an expression of haughty displeasure that settled on her brow, while her heightened colour made her turn away towards the window.

I was myself so much annoyed by the manner in which O'Grady had received advances which I had never seen made to any one before, that I was silent. Even Grammont saw the awkwardness of all parties so much in need of his intervention, that he at once opened the whole negotiation of the ball to O'Grady, describing with a Frenchman's volubility and sarcasm

the stratagems and devices which were employed to obtain invitations—the triumph of the successful, the despairing malice of the unfortunate—heightening his narrative by the mystery of the fair hostess, who—herself unknown, unheard of till now—was at this moment at the pinnacle of fashion, dictating the laws and distributing the honours of the *beau monde* to the greatest sovereigns of Europe.

"She is very beautiful, no doubt?" asked O'Grady.

"*Oui—pas mal*," said Grammont, with that all-explaining shrug of the shoulders by which a foreigner conveys so much.

"Very rich, perhaps?"

"*Millionnaire!*" said the Frenchman, in a tone of exultation that bespoke his full acquiescence in that surmise at least.

"And her rank?"

"Ah! I don't read riddles. All I know is, her house is the best thing at Paris; she has secured old Cambacere's *chef de cuisine*; has bought up the groom of the chambers of the ex-emperor; keeps an estafette going on the Strasbourg road for *patés de fois gras*; and is on such terms with the sovereigns, that she has their private bands to play at all her parties. *Que voulez vous!*"

"Nothing more, indeed!" said O'Grady, laughing. "Such admirable supremacy in the world of *bon ton*, it would be rank heresy to question farther, and I no longer wonder at the active canvass for the invitations."

"*Oui, parbleu!*" said the Frenchman gaily. "If Monsieur the Comte d'Artois does not exert himself, people will be more proud of a ticket to these balls than of the Croix de St. Louis. For my own part, I think of wearing mine over the cordon."

As he spoke, he flourished his card of invitation in the air, and displayed it in his bosom.

"Madame de Roni, née Cassidy de Kilmainham," said O'Grady, bursting into a perfect roar of laughing. "This is glorious, Jack. Did you see this?"

"See—eh?—to be sure; and what then?"

But O'Grady's mirth had burst all bounds, and he sat back in an arm-chair laughing immoderately. To all our questions he could give no other reply than renewed bursts of merri-

ment, which, however enjoyed by himself, were very provoking to us.

"He knows her," whispered Gramont in my ear: "be assured he knows madame."

"Jack, where shall we meet in half an hour?" said Phil at length, jumping up and wiping his eyes.

"Here, if you like," said I: "I shall not leave this till you return."

"Be it so," said he; and then with a bow to my cousin and an easy nod to Gramont, O'Grady took his hat and departed.

Gramont now looked at his watch, and remembering some half-dozen very important appointments, took his leave also, leaving me once more, after so long an interval, *tête à tête* with Julia.

There were so many things to talk over since we had met, so many reminiscences which each moment called up, that I never thought of the hours as they ran over; and it was only by Lady Charlotte's appearance in the drawing-room that we were apprized it was already past four o'clock, and that the tide of her morning visitors would now set in and break up all hopes of continuing our colloquy.

"Where is your friend?" said my mother, as she carried her eyes languidly round the spacious apartment.

"Gone some hours ago: but he promised to take me up here. We shall see him soon, I suspect."

"Colonel O'Grady," said a servant; and my cousin had just time to leave the room by one door, as he entered by another.

Advancing to my mother with a manner of respectful ease which he possessed in perfection, O'Grady contrived in a few brief words to resume the ground he had formerly occupied in her acquaintance, throwing out as he went an occasional compliment to her looks, so naturally and unaffectedly done as not to need acknowledgment or reply, but yet with sufficient *empressment* to show interest.

"I have heard since my arrival that you were interested about this ball, and took the opportunity to secure you some tickets, which, though late, some of your friends may care for."

He presented my mother as he spoke with several blank cards of invitation, who, as she took them, could not conceal her astonishment, nor repress the look of curiosity, which she could scarcely repel in words, as to how he had accomplished a task the highest people in Paris had failed in. I saw what was passing in her mind, and immediately said—

"My mother would like to know your secret about these same tickets, O'Grady, for they have been a perfect subject of contention the last three weeks here."

"Her ladyship must excuse me—at least for the present—if I have one secret I cannot communicate to her," said O'Grady smiling. "Let me only assure her, no one shall know it before she herself does."

"And there is a secret?" said Lady Charlotte eagerly.

"Yes, there is a secret," replied O'Grady with a most ludicrous gravity of tone.

"Well, at least we have profited by it, and so we may wait in patience. Your friend O'Grady will give us the pleasure of his company at dinner, I hope," continued my mother with her most winning smile.

O'Grady declined, having already accepted the invitation of the adjutant-general, but begged he might be permitted to join our party at the ball; which being graciously acceded to by my mother, we both made our bows and sauntered out to see more of the sights of Paris.

"Come, Phil," said I, when we were once more alone, "what is the secret? Who is Madame de Roul?"

"Not even to you, Jack," was his answer, and we walked on in silence.

## AN HOUR'S TALK ABOUT IZAAK WALTON.

## SECOND HALF HOUR.

"Meek Walton's heavenly memory."—WORDSWORTH.

WE had to pause in mid-discourse upon our pleasant theme, sweet reader; more considerate than the Ancient Mariner with his poor Wedding-guest listener, we let thee go with our story only half-told. It is now time to resume our interrupted narrative; nor canst thou in any conscience object to our so doing, when some weeks were freely given thee for breathing-time. We arrest thy passing steps, therefore, without scruple; thirty minutes' occupation!—'tis not much—and after that thou shalt turn again to the all-engrossing world.

Dost ever weary in hearkening to its tumult? dost ever grow tired and languid in justling thy way through the crowded paths of life? Then, were it well with thee for a time to forget these things; and the sweet converse of our old friend will be to thine ear soothing as the chiming fall of those melodious streams beside which it was his delight to wander.

Nor will pleasure alone attend thy communion, but positive good will likewise flow to thee from his society; from his precepts you will learn how the daily burden may be best borne, and after his example, that a meek and contented spirit is better than philosophy; for that in every allotment in life there is something or other which will demand gratitude at your hands.

The position in which we left our author (for we must go back a little in our narrative) was one calculated to test very severely his serenity of mind. Thick clouds had been long gathering in the English atmosphere; at length they joined their thunders, and the tempest was poured forth on the miserable land. The irresolute disposition of the king was ill calculated to contend with the lawless determination of the parliament, and in 1642 the civil war was begun with the indecisive engagement at Edgehill; then followed wearisome negotiations in proposals made to Charles which he could not conscientiously sanction, yet which he

was not left at liberty to decline. In 1644 was fought the obstinate battle of Marston Moor, where the military genius of Cromwell abundantly displayed itself. Next year came the ruinous fight at Naseby; then in another twelvemonth was the king a self-surrendered prisoner in the hands of the Scottish army; and in 1649 the unfortunate Charles at last found quiet in the grave.

During these troublous times, as we have already told thee, Izaak Walton had been constrained to give up his employment in the metropolis—his attachment to the royal cause being well known. He retired to his native town of Stafford, and lived there upon a small estate which in better days he had purchased; and afterwards (perhaps driven thence likewise) he resided with his distinguished friends in various parts of the country; still possessing his soul in all patience, and trustfully awaiting a brighter and better state of things.

In the lively colours of nature, in the happy society of his few familiar friends, and in the constant companionship of his own cheerful heart could he find blessings of which the turbulent world outside could not deprive him. To these did he turn in his hour of trial, and they betrayed him not. His withdrawal from the world gave him sufficient time for *thinking*, and the fruits of his retirement we possess in his remaining works which we have now to notice. Another mind would have degenerated into querulousness, but Walton's rose superior to fortune, and triumphed.

In 1653 appeared the work which has identified his name with its subject for ever—*The Complete Angler, or, Contemplative Man's Recreation*. The first edition was in duodecimo, and was adorned with steel engravings of the fish mentioned in its pages. Notwithstanding the distracted state of the kingdom its success was immediate—a second edition appearing in 1655 with



many improvements. In 1664 a third edition was published; in 1668, a fourth; and in 1676, a fifth, which was the last in Walton's lifetime. All these were successively enlarged and improved; the fifth edition, from which our present copies are made, containing eight chapters more than the first.

The modern editions of the work are innumerable. We shall specify a few of many that occur to us. First in the list for its splendour and costliness stands that published in two volumes, imperial octavo, by Mr. Pickering a few years since from the editorial hands of Sir Harris Nicolas, and illustrated by the late venerable Stothard and Mr. Inskipp. The local scenery is faithfully given in these magnificent volumes, and designs are supplied to each part of the book capable of furnishing a subject; the correctness and beauty of the type is above all praise, and the prefixed memoir was, we understand, the slow gathering of twenty years: only the price—six guineas—will keep this edition from general use. To readers, therefore, we recommend (capable as it is of great improvement) the less ostentatious edition of Professor Rennie—published in 1834, or the still better re-publication of Mr. Major a few years previously. There are also one or two diamond editions which we have not seen, and with which, for our sight's sake, we are not over anxious to make acquaintance.\*

Let us now turn from these dry details to the book itself which has been long lying open by our side soliciting our regard. Forgive us,

dear, kind, old friend! our "regard" thou hast had for many a day, and now with all delight do we betake ourselves to thy gentle and true-hearted contemplations.

"The Complete Angler," while intended primarily for instruction in the gentle art, is by no means a strictly professional work. It was the author's object, he tells us, "to make a recreation of a recreation;" and that it may not "read dull and tediously," said he, "I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent harmless mirth." Very judiciously, likewise, he adopted a conversational cast for the whole, the interlocutors being, as the first chapter instructs us, "an angler, a hunter, and a falconer, each commending his recreation;" or if we prefer their Latin dress—*Piscator*, *Venator*, and *Auceps*. By employing this machinery a liveliness is infused into his work which perhaps could not otherwise be arrived at; and as his book advances, through the introduction of one or two more characters, with the relieving of songs and snatches of poetry, instead of a dull treatise Walton has produced a volume to delight the inexperienced reader who will take it up only for the book's sake.

Also by a skilful accommodation of the parts *Venator* is overcome by the angler's praise of his gentle amusement (every thing that could be urged in favour of the art having been employed to work his conversion): he supplicates to be received a pupil, and in the figure of giving instruction to one anxious to learn, the author skill

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\* Through the kindness of a friend in Dublin, to whom we would offer our sincere acknowledgments, we have been enabled since this paper was put into the printer's hands to add to our stock of information with respect to Walton's personal history; and we only regret that we must now give in a note, what we would have gladly embodied in the text of our article. From an interesting letter about Walton addressed by Mr. Pickering to this friend, which has been very considerately submitted to us, induced as it was by our former paper, we learn that Izaak came to London at an early age; that he was in all probability educated at Westminster—the defective register not permitting us to speak with certainty; and that in his seventeenth year, in 1610, he was apprenticed to Thomas Grinnell, citizen and ironmonger, who had married his sister Anne. He was made free of the city in 1617-18.

Mr. Pickering, who is not ashamed to be a man of taste in addition to his excellent habits of business, possesses the following interesting memorials of the author of "The Complete Angler:"—a copy of this work with Izaak's autograph; Walton's prayer-book, with the register of his family in autograph; the copy of Donne's sermons, which Walton gave to his most deare Ante Cranmer; his copy of Sanderson's sermons, with the texts in his own hand; his copy of Hooker's polity; and presentation copies of all his lives and works,

fully weaves his work, and teaches his reader under guise of instructing another.

The object we have set before ourselves in this and our former paper has been the examination of the literary merits of Walton; in consequence, any hints on the subject of the work under consideration would be irrelevant. We may however be permitted, once and for all, to express our conviction of the fruitlessness of book instruction. Our memory brings clear before us almost every volume published on the theme, from Wynkyn de Worde's "Treatyse of Fyshynge with an Angle" (as edited by the worthy prioress of St. Alban's, Dame Juliana Barnes) down to the days of *Salmonia* and of the poet-fisherman, Thomas Tod Stodart; yet do we esteem them alike valueless in point of practical utility. And we detract not from the merit of "The Complete Angler" when we assert that it is chiefly as a literary composition we value it; for its rules and regulations—despite of their proceeding from our loved acquaintance—savour too much in our judgment of the sporting kingdom of Cockaigne.

Indeed, in his own introductory address to his reader, Walton confesses as much, when he declares angling to be "an art not to be taught by words but by practice;" and when he admits the imperfection of his own counsels, inasmuch as a change of circumstances will always require a change of plan, which alone experience can discover.

We shall now present our readers with a few extracts. And here at a page full of lovely thoughts has the book opened of itself: we suppose because we have found there our favourite passage. Listen, dear reader, to Master Auceps so eloquently pleading for the feathered darlings of nature:—

"Nay more, the very birds of the air, those that be not hawks, are both so useful and pleasant to mankind, that

I must not let them pass without some observations: they both feed him and refresh him; feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their cheerful voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done: and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their very excrements afford him a soft lodging by night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties, with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art."

Hush, hush! hearken to the bird of morning at heaven's gate, still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:—

"As first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her; she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity."

Emblem meet of the human soul, with all its upward risings still tending to the heaven whence they derived their being; yet often in its wanderings to the far sky checked and drawn back to earth, wherein is placed its present home!

"How do the blackbird and throssel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

"Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely, the laverock, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead."

The nightingale, also, in whose plaintive tones the desponding soul of Petrarch\* could find alone echoes for its own sadness, is here presented to us with more cheerful associations:—

"But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental

\* See that sweet, sad "sonnetto":—

"Quel rossignuol, che si soave piange  
Forse suoi figli, O sua cara consort,

E mi ramente la mia dura sorte," &c.

throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!'

Of a different character, but very well worth quoting nevertheless, are our author's ingenious remarks upon contemplation and action in their influence upon human conduct and human happiness. These powers of man have been contrasted each with the other from the earliest dawn of human thinking, and according to men's different temperaments they have been received into different degrees of favour. Singly, they may no doubt afford momentary pleasure; but for the effecting of sure and continued good they must needs be united: and Lord Bacon has expressed what we would say in language so exact and by an illustration so curious, that we shall employ his words in preference to our own. "That," said he, "will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strongly conjoined than they have been; a conjunction like unto that of the two highest planets—Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action:"\* and Walton shows, that in his favourite pastime such result follows; and with much ingenuity converts it into a plea for the greater esteeming of anglers and their innocent occupa-

tion. He begins by stating the case very fairly:—

"In ancient times a debate hath risen, and it remains unresolved, whether the happiness of man in this world doth consist more in contemplation or action? Concerning which some have endeavoured to maintain their opinion of the first, by saying that the nearer we mortals come to God, by way of imitation, the more happy we are; and they say that God enjoys himself only by a contemplation of his own infiniteness, eternity, power, and goodness, and the like; and upon this ground, many cloisteral men of great learning and devotion prefer contemplation before action; and many of the fathers seem to approve this opinion, as may appear in their commentaries upon the words of our Saviour to Martha, Luke x. 41, 42.

"And on the contrary, there want not men of equal authority and credit, that prefer action to be the more excellent; as, namely, experiments in physio, and the application of it both for the ease and prolongation of man's life, by which each man is enabled to act and do good to others—either to serve his country or do good to particular persons. And they say, also, that action is doctrinal, and teaches both art and virtue, and is a maintainer of human society; and for these, and other like reasons, to be preferred before contemplation. Concerning which two opinions, I shall forbear to add a third, by declaring my own; and rest myself contented in telling you that both these meet together, and do most properly belong to the most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling."

Our author's opinion of a "good companion," so different from old Jack Falstaff's, are very characteristic of his seriousness of mind, and the in-

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\* From the "*Resolves, divine, political, and morall*," of Owen Felltham—a work that had an extraordinary share of popularity in its day, now almost unknown, we quote the following just remarks on the subject. We think our readers will join with us in admiring as well the style of the author's thinking as the harmonious language in which his ideas are embodied:—

"Meditation is the soul's perspective glass, whereby in her long remove she discerneth God as if he were near her hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls, and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements, so is man, when contemplation is followed by action. Contemplation generates; action propagates. Without the first the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive and embryous. St. Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy and doing, nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some men call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking."

nocency of his social mirth. How much of the so-called pleasantry of society has been derived from one or other, or both, of the sources which he here so justly reprobates:—

“And now to your question concerning your host—to speak truly, he is not to me a good companion; for most of his conceits were either Scripture jests or lascivious jests, for which I count no man witty; for the devil will help a man that way inclined to the first; and his own corrupt nature, which he always carries with him, to the latter. But a companion that feasts the company with wit and mirth, and leaves out the sin which is usually mixed with them, he is the man; and indeed such a companion should have his charges borne; and to such company I hope to bring you this night. . . . I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning.”

What a blessed spirit displays itself in each line of these noble sentiments following:—

“That our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do even at this very time lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from; and *every misery that I miss is a new mercy*—and, therefore, let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these, amid all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us, therefore, rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and, therefore, let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, *every misery that I miss is a new mercy!*”

Yet at this time was he an involuntary exile from the metropolis, regarded with suspicion by the government on account of his loyal attachment to the throne, and unsettled in his place of residence, being uncertain how short he was to remain in any spot where he might fix himself. But the mind is always “its own place:” our opinions of things depend altogether upon the medium through

which we view them; and it is not so much misfortune or happiness that happen to men; as rather men make these for themselves by the regulation of their own hearts. In a rejoicing spirit of contentedness, he goes on to say—

“Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sang, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh. The whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says ‘The diligent hand maketh rich;’ and it is true indeed. But he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, ‘That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.’ And yet, God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man’s girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man’s happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us, therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.”

There are several pages similar to this, and in immediate consequence, which we are constrained by our limits to pass over, though we would willingly extract them for our readers. Your remedy, friends, if you are aggrieved, is to procure the book on your account, and study it for yourselves; then will our omission be a very blessing to you, and as such you

will acknowledge it: besides, that you should do this was always our intention; nor did we ever wish that our imperfect notice should supersede your own examination of these writings, or that an hour's talk about them should serve as substitute for a life-long acquaintance with them.

Here and there throughout the volume, Walton has introduced poems by Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Sir Walter Raleigh, George Herbert, Kit Marlowe, and Edward Waller. He has also given us one or two from his own pen, which we shall look to before we conclude our article. "Old-fashioned poetry," he calls these former, "but choicely good;" and in his commendation of them—for we have loved them long—we find our own judgment heartily to concur.

We delight to come down at times to these unfrequented spots in our native literature; for the air over them is healthful, and somehow seldomer do clouds come between them and the heavens than in the atmosphere of our modern poems. Quaint as they are, and formal in their arrangement, like the fast-disappearing parterres of our grandsires, (of which they continually remind us,) still health is throned in every flower that meets our eye, and the stiff walks and rising terraces are pleasant to look at, after the commonplace things that we see about us every day.

Pleasant, indeed, it is to wander through our solemn GLEN, the deepened shadows of which that slanting sunbeam must be now parting in twain. You may see its entrance by coming with us to the window, and placing your cheek close to that side-pane—but those thick-clustered curls must be first removed, lady! blinding as they do both your view and mine. There, at the base of those twin blue mountains lies our retreat; the beginning of it is just visible to you from this, but it goes inward miles twain, with increasing loveliness. Nowhere can the bee find for itself more tempting food than its golden furze; and the yellow broom and the purple heath seem to our fond imagination nowhere to flourish so luxuriantly as there. And, holding a middle course between the two sides of it, as if unable to determine which the more beautiful—now bending to

the one, now again wandering over to the other—stealeth along our tinkling burn. You see, in the sun-glimpse, one portion of it issuing into light, and descending the hill-side like a thin vein of gleaming silver. Yet have we beheld it, and with no long separation, in a very different temperament. Sometimes, even as now, hath it scarcely strength to descend the tiny waterfall our own hands have made for it: it tires on its journey, and on reaching the embankment seems there to rest. And very often again, when far away among the mountains the dense rains have fallen, its choked-up channel cannot give room for the turbid waters it rolls along; impatient doth it chafe against such confining limit, and, at last, singing a glorious psalm of liberty, it bursts its way to lose itself in the interminable ocean.

But alike in storm and calm do we love to wander along its banks; alike do we seek its company when the glad voice of spring comes to tell us of the birth of the violet, and when the mournful sighs of autumn too plainly reveal to us the reign of the flowers is over. And midway, as you follow its course, and right overhanging our chosen resting-place, is a cliff, mighty in stature, which we call—Wordsworth stood sponsor for it—The Rock of Names. Grey with years stands the stern giant, and round his strong ribs the creeping ivy twines itself; and here and there the lichen is seen growing from his side, and dense brushwood in patches of earth which no human hand ever disturbed. And the wild bird loves his rifted crevices, and rears her young in them, without harm, or fear of molestation.

Between it and the river spread a dozen paces of as verdant sod as Erin any where delights in. A fairy knoll it is, and in dampest season always dry; and whenever the day-god looks down upon the valley, his sweetest smile is unfailingly flung upon the little recess we have made our own.

The Rock of Names is over it, an ever-faithful warder, which has received from us its title on account of the associations our memory has connected it with; for underneath it have been recited the sweetest musings of our poets; and the names of all



that are great and good in literature that rock knows well, and will retain.

Seldom do we take with us a book when we visit it, for we find nature always too attractive to permit us to read out of doors: but we love to fling ourself upon the green turf there, and turn over the stores of thought reading has bestowed upon us; and memory opens to us her riches, and the muse herself deigns to accept our adoration.

Whatsoever delights us in poetry, a single, or at most a second, reading makes our own: it then remains for ever with us, in vivid recollection, to bring gladness to our heart so often as it may recur. And our older

*minnesingers* have supplied us with many of our pleasantest themes. With half-shut eye can we dream away whole days together, in quoting from their deathless compositions, and lying upon our river's bank can in their company listen to "music sweeter than its own."

Not long since, O sovereign cliff! didst thou take up a strain, which shall be enduring as thine own existence; and now shall it answer as fit specimen of the poetry Izaak Walton loved. But neither thou nor I, O mighty one! were to him indebted for our first introduction to it. It is, reader, by the Sir Henry Wotton we spoke to thee about in our last paper:—

**"A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.**

"Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!  
Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!  
Fame's but a hollow echo—gold, pure clay—  
Honour, the darling but of one short day—  
Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask'd skin—  
State, but a golden prison to live in  
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,  
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;  
And blood allied to greatness is alone  
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.  
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,  
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

"I would be great, but that the sun doth still  
Level his rays against the rising hill;  
I would be high, but see the proudest oak  
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;  
I would be rich, but see men too unkind  
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;  
I would be wise, but that I often see  
The fox suspected whilst the ass goes free;  
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,  
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;  
I would be poor, but know the humble grass  
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:  
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned, if poor;  
Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more:  
I have wished all; but now I wish for neither,  
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

"Would the world now adopt me for her heir,  
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair,  
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I 'vie  
Angels' \* with India; with a speaking eye

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\* An angel is a piece of coin, value ten shillings. The words, to "vie angels," are a metonymy, and signify, to compare wealth.

[Shakspeare perpetrates one of his bad puns from the name of this coin, when he makes Sir John give, as a reason for admiring Mrs. Ford:

"FAL.—Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels."—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.]

Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb  
 As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue  
 To stones by epitaphs; be called 'great master'  
 In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;  
 Could I be more than any man that lives,  
 Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,  
 Yet I more freely would these gifts resign  
 Than ever fortune would have made them mine;  
     And hold one minute of this holy leisure  
     Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure!

"Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!  
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!  
 Now the winged people of the sky shall sing  
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring—  
 A prayer-book, now, shall be my looking-glass,  
 In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.  
 Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,  
 No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears;  
 Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,  
 And learn to affect a holy melancholy:  
     And if contentment be a stranger then  
     I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again."

These verses occur in the "Complete Angler," not very far from the end; and we shall conclude our notice of this work of our author's with a few remarks on his character as a natural historian.

And here he is not to be trusted, for his ignorance led him into errors so gross, that we sometimes doubt his seriousness in asserting them. When we state a few of the absurdities he gives us for "facts," we know our readers will smile, and almost call in question his veracity. But Walton never intended to mislead. Habits of close observation would, no doubt, have saved him from most of his foolish fancies; but his mind was naturally unsuspicious, and led him to receive, without gainsaying, the statements of others on the subject. For this reason he adopts, and gives us for truths, such puerile conceits as the veriest tyro of the present day would not be guilty of.

But, as some excuse for our old friend, let us keep in mind the comparatively modern origin of the science. Aristotle, it is true, began a classification, but the regular arrangement of the various species is only of yesterday, and the *Règne Animal* of Cuvier is in our judgment merely the commencement of accurate knowledge. Even it, we are persuaded, further discovery will in many respects amend or modify, and that before long.

Some of Walton's mistakes we must now briefly mention. The round

prickly shell of the *echinus*, or sea-urchin, which we have picked up scores of times on the fair sea-beach of Y——, he makes out to be the nest of the kingfisher: pearls with him are—very poetically, no doubt—"glutinous dew-drops, condensed by the sun's heat;" eels are only vivified mud; the luce, or pike (we love the first name for our Shaksperian associations) is produced from the pickered weed; and—last not least—we learn from him the old traditionary story, that the barnacle, (*lepas anatifera*), the little animal that attaches itself to the planks of the lost vessel, is the embryous formation of the *anabernicla*, or barnacle goose! But enough; the age in which he lived, not the author, is chargeable with these things; and how many notions, equally unfounded, are believed by the otherwise well-informed, at the present day. How many a heart at lone midnight beats quicker at the tapping of the death-watch! With how many is the magpie still an unlucky bird, and the raven's hoarse voice full of decided misfortune! How general, yet how absurd, the prejudice against the common earwig!

We turn from these things to the three remaining biographies of Izaak Walton, taking them in the order in which they successively appeared.

The memoirs he had previously published were of two intimate friends and associates of his own, and were designed to preserve their memory

and make known their merits to others; but now Walton was prevailed upon to engage in a similar task for a stranger, and one no contemporary, who had been deceased sixty-four years: this was Richard Hooker, the famous author of "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity."

If the former were love-labours, the present one seems to have been undertaken from feelings of duty. The name of Hooker had been carried over the world by means of his imperishable writings, and the church to which he belonged had reaped a harvest of fame from the labours of one of her humblest sons;\* and now a notice of his life, containing "many dangerous mistakes both of himself and his books"† had been given to the public by Dr. Gauden, Bishop of Exeter—the competitor with our first Charles for the authorship of the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλείης*. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Gilbert Sheldon) knowing Walton's capabilities in such composition, enjoined him to rectify the bishop's mistakes, and vindicate the memory of Hooker by writing a fuller and a truer account.

Twenty years had now gone over, he tells us in his preface, since the publication of the lives of Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton—which fixes the date of the present biography to 1664—and, until this call upon him, he had had no thought of troubling "either himself or others by any new engagement of the kind;" but entreaty coming from such a quarter was not to be resisted, and accordingly the stores of information his diligent inquiry had laid up for him are turned to happy account in the interesting biography he next presents us with.

Richard Hooker, the *schismaticorum malleus*, as he has been called, was born of humble parents, at Heavytree, nigh to Exeter, about the year 1553. His early childhood was marked with gentleness of manner, quickness of apprehension, and withal a modesty that made him greatly beloved. He

was an early questionist, "quietly inquisitive why this was, and that was not to be remembered—why this was granted, and that denied;" and these qualities so endeared him to his schoolmaster, that when his parents desired to apprentice Richard to some trade, the worthy teacher entreated that he might be left with him, promising to double his diligence in his instruction, and declaring that he sought no other reward than the content of so hopeful an employment.

In 1567, in his fourteenth year, under the patronage of Jewell, bishop of Salisbury, to whom he had been recommended by a rich uncle, and to whom he had even more recommended himself by his remarkable promise, he was entered in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, the learned Dr. John Reynolds being his tutor. And here his deep piety and his great attainments procured for him two distinguished pupils, who for his life after were his steadfast friends—George Cranmer, nephew to the great archbishop of the same name, and Edwin Sandys, afterwards the author of that remarkable book, the "Europeæ Speculum." In 1573 he was placed upon the foundation, being made one of the twenty scholars of his college; and in 1577 he was admitted fellow.

And now for three years longer did he continue a laborious student, "enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and indeed with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies." He was then advanced to the lectureship of Hebrew, and immediately afterwards he entered into holy orders.

Being appointed to preach at Paul's-cross, he set out for London in fulfilment of his duties: here he was led into an imprudent marriage, which caused him to forfeit his fellowship, and brought him into continued cares

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\* It reached Rome, and Clement the Eighth, the ruling pontiff, on hearing the first book read gave it this testimony:—"There is no learning that this man hath not searched into; nothing is too hard for his understanding. This man indeed deserves the name of an author: his books will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that, if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

† Walton's "Epistle to the Reader of the Lives," in 8vo. 1670.

and discomfort;—but these last only caused his blessed tranquillity of temper more abundantly to be seen.

We find him in 1585, after some vicissitudes, enjoying the valuable preferment of Mastership of the Temple, to which he was appointed by the Sandys family, his pupil Edwin having recommended him to the notice of the Archbishop of York, his father; and it was now, on account of the afternoon preacher, Walter Travers, strongly giving Congregationalism the preference to Episcopacy, that Hooker's mind was turned to the examination of those points of disputed discipline which form the groundwork of his celebrated volumes. There seems to have been a public opposition between the preachers, "the forenoon sermon speaking Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva;" but the dispute brought with it much of pain and grief to both parties. Travers was removed from his office, or left it voluntarily; and Hooker, to whom contention was especially distasteful, was at his own request appointed to the rectory of Boscum, near the city of Salisbury.

In this retirement he completed the first four books—eight he intended there should be—of his *Ecclesiastical Polity*: these were entered at Stationers' Hall in 1592, but did not see the light for two years after. The fifth book appeared by itself in 1597, and was composed at the rectory of Bishop's Bourne, in Kent, to which he had been meanwhile advanced.

In the latter place, the fame of his writings and his own blamelessness of character attracted to him many visitors. But let his biographer tell the story in his own way:—

"This parsonage of Bourne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that city to Dover; in which parsonage Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others—scholars especially—went purposely to see the man whose life and learning were so much admired: and, alas! as our Saviour said of John the Baptist, 'What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen?'

No, indeed; but an obscure, harmless man; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown or canonical coat; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul; his body worn out, not with age, but with study and holy mortifications; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his inactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person let me add this of his disposition and behaviour:—God and nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance, so neither then nor in his age did he ever look any man willingly in the face; and was of so mild and humble a nature that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time."

The last three books of Mr. Hooker's work he did not live to publish; and there is too much reason to apprehend that we have them in a very different state from that in which their author left them—not from unfaithfulness on the part of his editors, but from the fact of some Puritan divines (against whom he wrote) having obtained temporary possession of the MSS. His death took place about the year 1600.

The life of that model of the humble, patient, exemplary country pastor, George Herbert, appeared from Walton's pen in 1670. He seems to have been moved to write it as "a free-will offering, chiefly to please himself, but yet not without respect to posterity." A stranger to Herbert's person, he was, however, well acquainted with his many delightful traits of character (through their mutual acquaintance, Dr. Donne); and the memoir he has given us, gathered from these gleanings of description, abounds in felicitous illustration of the mind and disposition of its subject: the arrangement is excellent, and the reader's interest is well retained throughout. We are disposed to rank it next to Walton's first and best biography—the life of Dr. Donne.

Unlike Hooker's, the family of George Herbert were noble—his father being Richard Herbert of Montgomery, and his mother Magdalen Newport, of the famous Shropshire family. He was born in the castle of Montgo-

mery, on the third day of April, 1593, the fifth of seven brothers—the eldest of whom was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the author of the celebrated deistical work “*De Veritate*.” His childhood and early youth were spent under the anxious eye of his mother, who placed him in his twelfth year at the school of Westminster, “where,” says Walton, “the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him.” At the age of fifteen, in his right of king's scholar, he was elected out of the establishment for Trinity College, Cambridge.

During his sojourn at that university many of his sweetest poems were

written, and from the first he seems to have consecrated his gift; for soon after his removal he addressed to that dear parent who had so carefully tended him, the following eloquent remonstrance against a general abuse of the talent of his day, and, alas! of our own likewise:—

“But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs, by which, scholars say, the muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems that are daily writ, and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that so few are writ, that look towards God and heaven. For my own part, my meaning, dear mother, is in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory; and I beg you to receive this as one testimony:—

“My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,  
Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,  
Besides their other flames? Doth poetry  
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?  
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and lays  
Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love  
Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise  
As well as any she? Cannot thy dove  
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?  
Or since thy ways are deep and still the same,  
Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?  
Why doth that fire, which by that power and might  
Each heart doth feel, no braver fuel choose  
Than that which one day worms may chance refuse?”

## II.

“Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry  
Oceans of ink; for as the deluge did  
Cover the earth, so doth thy majesty:  
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid  
Poets to turn it to another use.  
Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make  
A pair of cheeks of them is thy abuse.  
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?  
Such poor invention burns in their low mind  
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go  
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.  
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find  
In the best face but filth; when, Lord, in thee  
The beauty lies—in the discovery.”

We constantly think, on repeating the above admirable lines, what a prophetic reply they furnish to the opposite view of the case put forward by Dr. Johnson\* a hundred and fifty years

after. The following are a few of the doctor's glittering sentences, than which, when divested of their oracular dogmatism, nothing can be more faulty in principle or unfounded in point of

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\* *Lives of the English Poets.*—Waller and Watts.



fact:—"Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a being without passions, is confined to a few words, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Poetry loses its lustre and power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself."

We stop with the last sentence; surely, on the contrary, poetry receives a reflected glory the more it dwells in the sunlight of heaven; the nobler the subject it takes up, the higher doth it ascend in majesty itself. Could Milton have produced his undying poem by choosing any other or inferior theme?

Why is it, too, that all the impassioned portions of God's word are poetical; that the prophets spake in numbers; that the sweet Psalmist of Israel so delivered his divine commissions?

And those who sought to deprive the muse of her sacredness of character, why is it they have all so signally failed? Had Johnson no memory of her triumph over his own contemporary, the proud inhabitant of Ferney? Could he not remember that Voltaire in his tragedies bore testimony to what in his life he denied—the beauty and the blessedness of Christianity? "He came," wrote Charles Wolfe, "like the disobedient prophet that he might curse the people of God, and, behold, he blessed them altogether!"

To this devotion of his poetical talents, Herbert adhered most rigidly throughout his life: we shall have occasion immediately to refer to the fruits of this determination, and now must return to his collegiate life.

In his twenty-second year his distinguished reputation pointed him out as a fit person for a vacant fellowship, to which he was accordingly elected; and four years after, in 1619, he received the further honour of being chosen orator for the university. While holding the latter post, he was fortunate enough to attract the notice of King James, by his elegant answer on behalf of the university, thanking the king for a volume of his poems called the *Basilikon Doran*. These poems

are reprinted by Bishop Percy, who pronounces upon them a high eulogium; but they scarcely justify such praise as the following couplet, in which the orator's letter concluded:—

"Quid Vaticanam Bodleianamque ob-  
jicis hospes?  
Unicus est nobis bibliotheca liber."

From the king he received some trifling sinecure as an earnest of future favours; but these were interrupted by James's death in 1625. The year following, being now in the sacred ministry, he left his college for the prebend of Layton Ecclesia in the diocese of Lincoln, whence in 1630 he was moved to Bemerton, near Salisbury, where he continued during the remainder of his life. His feelings on entering the church are admirably expressed in his reply to a court-friend, who dissuaded him from it on the score of his birth and abilities:—

"It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable by consecrating all my poor learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

We are constrained to pass over all mention of the lowly, and therefore lovely, life he did lead in conformity with this resolution; suffice it, that Bemerton was blessed in its minister, as Layton Ecclesia had been before, and that in the former place he closed his useful life about the year 1633.

The principal works of Herbert are—"The Temple," a collection of sacred poems having reference to the parts of such an edifice; and "The Priest to the Temple," a work in prose, describing the character and offices of a Christian minister. The former requires peculiar feelings to sympathize in it: it was the great delight of the poet Cowper in his illness,

and in our own day has received the commendation of Coleridge, who often expressed his favourable opinion of it to his friends. Some of the poems, from being admitted into our popular

collections, have become well-known ; we give as specimen the following, which is comparatively obscure, but unjustly so :—

“ THE CHURCH FLOOR.

“ Mark you the floor ? that square and speckled stone,  
Which looks so firm and strong,  
Is Patience :

“ And the other black and grave, wherewith each one  
Is chequered all along,  
Humility :

“ The gentle rising, which on either hand  
Leads to the choir above,  
Is Confidence :

“ But the sweet cement, which in one sweet band  
Ties the whole frame, is Love  
And Charity.

“ Hither, sometimes, sin steals, and stains  
The marble's neat and curious veins ;  
*But all is cleansed when the marble weeps.*  
Sometimes death, puffing at the door,  
Blows all the dust about the floor :  
But while he thinks to spoil the floor, he sweeps.  
Blest be the Architect, whose art  
Could build so strong in a weak heart.”

There is something more than the mere words in these nervous lines. What a goodly subject for a homily would not that afford which we have marked in *italics* ; to what admirable account does the author turn his minute observation of a few trivial circumstances !

Robert Sanderson, whose life Walton now undertook to compile, was born at Rotheram, in the county of York, September the nineteenth, 1587. He received his education first in the grammar-school of his native town, whence, in his thirteenth year, he was removed to Eton, or Westminster, (it is uncertain which), and thence, after a short stay, to Oxford. In the last place he seems to have much distinguished himself, for in his twenty-second year he was chosen by his college their lecturer in logic ; and from 1613 to 1616 he enjoyed the dignity of sub-rector.

Two years after this he was presented to the living of Wibberton, near to Boston, Lincoln ; and here he continued but a twelvemonth when the unhealthiness of the place caused him to vacate it. He now removed to the rectory of Boothby Pannell, in

the same county, whence his various writings were dated, and where he continued to reside for upwards of forty years. Of the kindly nature of his intercourse with his people, Walton gives the following brief account. We transcribe it, as it may afford a hint to some of our readers :

“ In this Boothby Pannell he either found or made his parishioners peaceable and complying with him in the decent and regular service of God ; and thus his parish, his patron, and he lived together in a religious love, and a contented quietness ; he not troubling their thoughts by preaching high and useless notions, but such plain truths as were necessary to be known, believed, and practised, in order to salvation. And their assent to what he taught was testified by such a conformity to his doctrine as declared they believed and loved him. For he would often say, that without the last, the most evident truths—heard as from an enemy, or an evil liver—either are not, or are at least the less, effectual ; and do usually rather harden than convince the hearer.”

The distressful times of the Commonwealth found Sanderson a sufferer, as well as other good men ; his living was sequestered, and when, notwith-

standing, he continued his use of the church service, the soldiers of the parliament forced his book from him, and tore it, that so they might drive him to the use of extemporary prayer. In his pecuniary losses he was principally supported by the bounty of Robert Boyle, that good man, until a providential conjuncture restored to him, most unexpectedly, the proceeds of Boothby Pannell.

There was one Mr. Clarke, a neighbouring minister, who had risen into importance from the zeal he had evidenced on behalf of the parliament and covenant; and when Belvoir Castle was stormed by the royal forces, he was found there and made prisoner. By way of reprisal, a troop of horse was sent from the Commonwealth garrison at Lincoln, to seize Dr. Sanderson, and bring him to them in custody. This was accordingly done. But, fortunately, finding among his captors some personal friends, the doctor received from them gentle treatment — this only being insisted on, that he must remain their prisoner until Mr. Clarke was exchanged.

The cartel was effected, and on terms which placed Sanderson in comparative ease and quietness. His living was restored to him, and his person so far protected as that any injury done to him was, if unredressed, to be visited by the king's soldiers upon Mr. Clarke—and *vice versa*.

At the Restoration, Dr. Sanderson was elevated to the see of Lincoln. He was consecrated at Westminster, the 28th of October, 1660; and at the episcopal residence at Buckden he died in peace, on the 29th day of January, 1662.

Perhaps the chief interest attached to this name is now to be found in its owner's connection with the last review of the Book of Common Prayer. In the year next before his death a conference was held at the Bishop of London's lodgings in the Savoy, between

the heads of the national church and of the body of dissenters from her communion; when for the satisfying of the latter some alterations were made in the liturgy, which was then carefully revised. In all these changes Sanderson took a leading part: "The whole convocation," writes Walton, "valued him so much that he never undertook to speak to any point in question but he was heard with great willingness and attention; and when any point in question was determined, the convocation did usually desire him to word their intentions, and, as usually, approve and thank him first." In particular we are indebted to him for the present excellent preface and the general thanksgiving in the litany service.

These are the only extant biographies of Walton; but we learn from other sources that he meditated some similar lives, and that he had actually begun memoirs of Hales, the Eton critic, and of Sir Henry Savile, a distinguished provost of the same seminary. Both these imperfect sketches are lost to us.

The poems of Walton are neither many nor of much worth; they consist principally of those verses which he attached to the published writings of his friends or his own, and for this reason they very much lack interest for modern readers. The following comprise the whole:—"An Elegy on Dr. Doune," printed at the end of the biography; also a few lines written beneath the portrait of the same individual; "Verses to his reverend friend the Author of the Synagogue" (Christopher Harvie); verses before Alexander Brome's *Poems*—octavo, 1646; before Shirley's *Poems*, published in the same year; and before Cartwright's *Plays and Poems*—1651. There are also two songs from his pen inserted in "The Complete Angler," which we prefer to any of the foregoing, and the second of which we quote as a favourable specimen of our author's powers:—

"THE ANGLER'S WISH.

"I in these flowery meads would be;  
These crystal streams should solace me;  
To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
I with my angle would rejoice;  
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

"Or on that bank, feel the west wind  
 Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,  
 To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,  
 And then washed off by April showers:  
 Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;  
 There, see a blackbird feed her young,

"Or a laverock build her nest;  
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
 And raise my low-pitched thoughts above  
 Earth, or what poor mortals love:  
 Thus, free from law-suits and the noise  
 Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

"Or with my Bryan\* and a book,  
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook;†  
 There sit by him and eat my meat,  
 There see the sun both rise and set;  
 There bid good morning to next day;  
 There meditate my time away;  
 And angle on; and beg to have  
 A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

And this last he found at Winchester, dying in that city on the fifteenth day of December, 1683, at the house of Dr. William Hawkins, a prebendary of the cathedral there in which he was buried. His last literary labour was the editing, with a preface, of "*Thealma and Clearchus*, a pastoral history, by John Chalkhill, Esq.," whose name appears to one of the songs in "*The Complete Angler*," and who is remembered as an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser.

We have now conducted our old friend from the cradle to the grave, where we must leave him; and feel on taking our public adieu of his writings that we shall only love them the better in private for the solitary moments they have beguiled for us while we

were penning these two articles. We have conscientiously recommended them for use, because we do believe they will benefit the mind that studies them; and we have extracted largely from them for the purpose of encouraging others to the same investigation of their beauties which we have made on our own account. Take our word for it, reader, though thou wilt never see our face, that if this hour's discourse lead thee to procure these few books of Izaak Walton, thou wilt not esteem them the least in all thy library; and in return for our labour we only ask—esteeming it sufficient reward—that thou wilt remember in connection with them thy unknown friend—

A DREAMER.

[\* We have received (through a friend who wrote to him on the subject) the assurance of Dr. Hawtrey, of Eton, that Walton did not receive his education at that seminary, and that from his description it is doubtful whether he was ever in the school, which is now exactly in the same state it was in his time.

This, of course, overthrows the hypothesis of our former paper; and as correctness would be always our aim, we cheerfully give it admission. Mr. Teale, of Leeds, has written to the same effect.]

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\* A friend conjectures this to be the name of his favourite dog.

† Shawford Brook, part of the river Sow, ran through some property of Walton's near Stafford.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A POETIC CHILDHOOD.\*

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PASSION OF LOVE AS MODIFIED BY THE POETICAL IMAGINATION.

Παύτα γὰρ τοῦ 'αἰ καὶ τοῦ θύου ἐρίστη, κρημνὸν 'ὥστα πρῶτον 'ὅτε κατὰ φῶς  
 παύει.—Aristot. *De Animâ*, ii. 4.

Couched in the twilight bower of Memory,  
 Ere yet her last faint vesper beam expires,  
 The heart, once passion-tranced, now coldly free,  
 Dreams back the fervour of its noontide fires.  
 Thoughts in their first wild semblance profitless!  
 Yea, oft a dark and desecrated theme;  
 Where fools still hear, and babblers still confess,  
 Their record of some low licentious dream:  
 But to whom, rarely fraught, the secret's given,  
 Theme deep as Ocean's depths, holy and high as Heaven!

For here—here chief—for millions here alone  
 Gleam the veil'd glories of our deathless dower;  
 Here sound, though strange and dim their undertone,  
 The genuine echoes of immortal power.  
 Here first the Nurseling of Eternity  
 Lisps the weird language of his birthright, sighs  
 That murmur *infinite* longings, tones that be  
 Music strayed earthward from the spherèd skies.  
 Infant of Hope, the Heir of heavenly joys  
 Moulds his young heaven below, and sports among its toys!

This Power, the Promise through the Pang still seeing,  
 To paint the sunbow on the sunless storm;  
 This power to make our Hope our present Being,  
 Flesh with the life of Spirit to inform;—  
 This high, heaven-framing instinct of the Heart,  
 Prolific of new Edens,—bright Unrest,  
 August disquietude, whose ceaseless art  
 Time with Eternal hues can still invest,—  
 This, this, through Sense's earthlier tissue wove,  
 Passion's dread mystery makes,—the high Sublime of Love!

And hence,—if now, quickening long-buried thought,  
 Your Dreamer phantoms of dead joy present,  
 Err not, as though some lower aim he sought,  
 Nor basely deem of this high argument!  
 Love is the yearning of the heart for Heaven,  
 That wearied falters on its heaven-ward way,  
 The impulse unto God, itself God-given,  
 That, dazzled, errs, and divinizes clay.  
 Hail, then, the Shadow of that better Light,  
 Dawn of the infinite Love for Beauty infinite!

For round this delicate Dream of tranced youth  
 Charms, the wild creatures of ecstatic *Soul*  
 Are poured, enchanting aye the brow of Truth  
 With blossoms from ideal gardens stole.

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\* See the Number for October, 1841.



Even as the cloud-born Iris, on whose form  
If earthly substance, a celestial dye  
Sinks mantling, till the Fondling of the Storm,  
Pillowed on earth claims kindred with the sky.  
Earth and etherial hues at last combined,  
Expands the Formed not Found, the Venus of the Mind !

We feel the freshening dew of eve, and think,  
For then such thoughts the best and fairest be,  
As wandering by the crisp stream's grassy brink,  
Grief dares forget herself to reverie,—  
We think—or dream—that Dew of starry growth,  
A rain of angel tears, a something born  
Of spirit-worlds ; and our fond hearts are loth  
To spurn the fancy graver hours would scorn,  
And give these gathered mists their name. Oh, *thus*,  
Earth's purest mould is charmed to purer Heaven by us !

Nay more—this sky-born instinct too hath made  
Yearn for the paradise of *solitude*,  
The wildering cataract, the sequester'd shade,  
Those whose deep tenderness, ill understood,  
Hath turned to quench its still consuming thought  
In Nature's infinite embrace, and sate  
The famine of its longings overwrought  
On banquets sad and dim and desolate.  
The Heart, if not to Heaven or mortal clay,  
Must cling to very dreams, with them abide—decay.

And some there be to whom a happier star  
Hath given to make their passionate breathings heard,  
Hath called one answering Spirit from afar  
To own the Silent Wanderer the preferred.  
Lo, in his breast a fair creation lives ;  
Mysterious image—is it hers ? Alas,  
A brain-born phantom ! Yet the Dreamer gives  
One name to all the glory-groups that pass  
In cloudy colouring o'er his eye, and bends  
To clasp the Form to which unconscious Fancy lends

A vesture of the air ! To Love like this  
Our Earth but ministers a Subject,—such  
As the strong spirit of creative bliss  
May mould to glory with transforming touch.  
The rest is Heaven ! the eternal impulse wrought  
Through souls undying shrined in dying frames,  
That fires, still fires, the heaven-ascending thought,  
And still forestalls the blissful heaven it claims.  
Formed for one central Beauty mortal eyes  
Shroud all in their own light—the light of Paradise !

Hence rose the old world's lovely madness—hence  
The Nymphs who haunted groves and brawling brooks,  
Eternal Beauty shadowed to the sense,  
To rapture wanderers by celestial looks  
Startling like summer lightnings ! Hence the train  
Of wondrous Shapes, half mortal half divine,  
Whose breathing marbles filled each storied fane,  
The Painter's group, the Poet's subtler line.  
They sought in Love, in Poetry, in Art,  
A dream-born Heaven to still the hunger of the Heart !

And thus the Dream-Child loved ! Thus *thy* young breast,  
 Soul of his dreams ! learned its first tenderness  
 For one who formed the angel he caress'd,  
 And robed thee in a veil as shadowless  
 As moonlight on a silent sea—a veil  
 Of all his sweetest fantasies, that grew  
 Round Thee, as blossoms 'neath a western gale  
 Unclose their timid eyes of crimson hue,  
 To shrine their parent tree in verdurous bowers,  
 And garb its form with wreaths of its own spring-born flowers !

That bright Ideal, moulded of fond thought,  
 The fair Presiding Shape that haunts the heart,  
 A type of inexistent beauty, wrought  
 From every lovely model's loveliest part,  
 As rose that Sculptor's Wonder which combined  
 In one the gathered charms of all ; yea more  
 The Form that still *o'erpasses* them, which mind  
 And Mind alone can frame, frames to adore,\*  
 Methought had glided into sight, as stole  
 Like sundawn on the waves, this magic o'er my soul.

I saw in it the witching dream that wooed  
 My trancèd brain, slow waking up to life,  
 Bodied to visible Nature ; and a mood  
 Artless while passionate, and ever rife  
 With worshipp'd shadows, joyously received  
 Its own bright Phantom in the world of sense !  
 Yes—I could love it more when I believed  
 My heart's own energies had called it thence ;  
 Had quickened with some new Promethean fire  
 Its Hope to living truth, the might of deep desire !

We walked in love beside the waters wild,  
 We bound our loves to all that Nature hath,  
 Her shaggy gloom of woods, her crags o'er piled,  
 The grass and flowers that sparkled in our path.  
 We loved amidst the lovely ! and these views  
 Ceaseless of solemn Nature coloured all  
 Our hopes and joys with their eternal hues—  
 Hues awful, shadowy, still—like those that fall  
 O'er the hushed earth, when thunderous cloud-drifts lour  
 Dark o'er the pulseless rest of Summer's noontide hour !

Such is the mystic bond of lifeless forms  
 To living feeling in our passionate days ;  
 Flushed by the kindred common glow that warms  
 Breathing and breathless in one happy blaze ;  
 Diffusing soul o'er Nature, and from her  
 Borrowing those deathless beauties for each thought  
 Of the bright dreams she witness'd, which confer  
 Eternity on Memory ! They have caught  
 Immortal Nature's glow ; these blessed dreams  
 Return, and *with* them woods, and wilds, and wandering streams !

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\* The two rival theories of the Beautiful. A. W. von Schlegel (among others) has clearly and eloquently enforced the inadequacy of the former,

Thus in the ancient forest-fane our minds  
 Were wed in heavenly union! Olden trees  
 With green locks waving in the air, and winds  
 That whispered round us with a softer breeze,  
 And laughing waters, and upspringing flowers  
 Beheld our innocence with happier face;—  
 And we were happy; and the fleeting hours  
 Rested their troubled pinions on the place  
 In our joy joying:—boyish bliss yet strong  
 With the deep mournful power that marks the Child of Song!

Children—dream-haunted Children! Yet we mused  
 Of Love impictured upon old Romance,  
 Much marvelling, doubting—nay, even now confused  
 With the first glow the spirit of that trance  
 Shed on the young heart of each wondering child,  
 Love's pupil, while but dreaming o'er his page!  
 Already wrought his spell enchantment wild,  
 Strange hopes, sweet wants, such as that gentle age  
 May vaguely feel, but ill as yet imparts;  
 But years were fleet; we grew; and with us grew our hearts!

And meet was she to be my Spirit's Bride,  
 That ladye of the passionate breast, whose thought  
 Was inexpressive beauty! Side by side  
 With One whose soul was prison'd lightning, sought  
 Her steps each bare and wild acclivity  
 Pathless to all save us and straggling flocks  
 Untended, and imbibed the energy  
 Of my strong visions, as amid the rocks  
 High-piled, and barren peak, and tufted wood,  
 O'erlooking wide domains, we gloried as we stood!

And I was wont to gaze upon those eyes  
 Kindling through tears, and tell the artless maid  
 They stole their colour from the noontide skies  
 Of cloudless Summer, when a deeper shade  
 Suffuses the clear heaven, while, tranced, the earth  
 Lies slumbering in the silent light!—'twas then  
 The maiden blush first sprung to roseate birth  
 Hovering on her averted cheek; and when  
 We next read tales of hearts that passion broke,  
 Her smile was like a sigh, she trembled as we spoke!

This vision deepens—let it pass!—

I seek

But the fine spirit from human passion drawn;  
 I would not dim with shadows stern and bleak  
 The heaven-wrought glory of its golden dawn.  
 The rest let Memory mutely weep. Alas!  
 What marvel if, enwrapt in gorgeous forms  
 Of fancied bliss, men's hearts still prone to pass  
 From temperate Pity to the torrid storms  
 Of Passion's clime of tempests, fail to deem  
 Misfortune's hand *can* weave the texture of such dream!

Hast thou beheld the pallid Felon wake  
 At Morn—he knows it by the sallow light  
 That creeps along his dungeon wall to make  
 Its cold damp misery vex his sickening sight,—

Hast thou beheld him start with scream of joy,  
 A relic of the dream that saw him free  
 In his loved cot ; the wife—the prattling boy—  
 Hang on the husband, climb the father's knee,  
 And he is blest. 'Tis past ! those shuddering eyes  
 Wake but to agony,—this day the Felon dies !

Know this, and thou hast known what human souls  
 Feel in that hour of fondness and of fears,  
 When Youth's enchanted morning first unrolls  
 Its cloud of fancies to dissolve in tears.  
 What then ? the pang in mercy still is given,  
 To wrench eternal hopes from Sense and Time ;  
 Infinite hearts, the property of Heaven,  
 Must madden in earth's suffocating clime.  
 All else is mockery that men pursue,  
 God, and God's inbreath'd Life—the Soul, alone are true !

1830.

B.

## THE HUSBAND-LOVER.

A TRUE STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

“ On celui qui me flatte m'aime trop ou il ne m'estime assez.”

“ A friend !—fetch me my cloak ; for though the night be raw,  
 I'll see him too !—the first I ever saw !”—COWPER.

“ ELLEN LEARY ! Ellen Leary !” exclaimed Judith Malony, as she ran into the small but neat-looking cabin of the Widow Leary, “ isn't it yourself that's the droll girl, to be sitting there, hanging over that bit of a cap, when it isn't in your skin at all at all you should be with the dint of joy. Why, girl a *cree stig*, I was full sure that I'd find you as merry as a bee ; but instead of that, by my own song ! you're as sober and settled as if you was ninety ! Why my *ould* grandmother herself had more life in her the week before she was confined than you have.”

“ What do you mean, Judy ?” said Ellen Leary, quietly laying aside her work, and evidently rather astonished at her visitor's not particularly ceremonious address : “ won't you take a chair by the fire and warm yourself, for you must be wet from the shower.”

The speaker was a tall, finely formed

young woman, with brilliant black eyes, and rich but not coarse complexion, which was heightened not a little by the unexpected appearance of her guest. Her glossy black hair was simply drawn back from a forehead of unusual whiteness, and fastened at the back in the style almost universal among the female peasantry of the south of Ireland. Seated on a low stool not far from the clean hearth, on which a few bright embers were blazing, she was busily engaged in plying her needle at the moment of her companion's entrance—a perfect picture of quiet industry and home content. The expression of her countenance was modest, thoughtful, and intelligent ; but a close observer might have detected a slight compression of the lips, and a certain expression about the well-formed mouth, indicative of firmness, if not of obstinacy of disposition. The appearance of her

visitor was the reverse, in every respect, of her own. Her low, squat figure and clumsy features exactly accorded with the cunning, yet bold, expression of a very mischievous-looking pair of black eyes. Her nose, which was of dwarfish dimensions, showed itself, like all pigmies, to be of an aspiring disposition, inasmuch as it turned right upwards, with an exceedingly determined-looking cock, while her "elephantine pedestals" had lost in beauty what they had gained in strength, by their divergence from the model of the Medecæan Venus. No sooner had Ellen presented her with the offered chair than she flung herself upon it with a flounce which made all the plates and dishes on the neatly-arranged dresser rattle; and, after gazing on her companion for an instant in silence, burst into a loud laugh.

"What is it I *maque*, indeed, Ellen! Why then it's yourself has the face of clay to *ax* me that? Sure, you *villian* of the world, you won't be after denying that you're going to be married this blessed night to young Denis Murphy, the best match in the whole country—the rare truth of a sober, honest, responsible boy; and, I declare to my *tay*, you're sitting there like a judge, yourself and your cap, and 'tis 'what do you mean, Judy?' as if Jude was a fool!"

"Well, Judy," replied Ellen, blushing deeply as she resumed her work, "and supposing it were true, what am I doing to vex you?"

"Vex me, is it? Not to vex me at all, but to drive me distracthed. Sure when I heard the news I felt as light as a fly, and pegged off with myself in the height of the rain, as if I had wings to my toes!" So saying, she glanced complacently at the substantial vases of the Doric column before mentioned, which certainly looked as if nothing short of the wings of the Hippogriff would have been sufficient to sustain them.

"Indeed, Judy, I am much obliged to you for your kindness; but you ought not to blame me for being sorry to leave my poor mother who has so much to put up with, God help her!"—here she paused, evidently from emotion, and bent her head lower over her work, in order to conceal the tear which had started unbidden to her eye.

"Blame you! and why not, I'd like to know? Indeed, then, 'tis I that would, hot and heavy; and more betoken, if I was Denis Murphy, and to see you sitting there with your head under you, and looking so down in yourself, I'd be apt to think it was little you cared about me."

"If that's all, Judy, I'm not much afraid, for I well know Denis would not think the better of me if I could part from my own without sorrow; and so he told me himself."

"Maybe he would, and maybe he wouldn't; 'tis mighty hard to know men's minds; but, indeed faix, I would not have killed myself tearing along as if the devil was driving me to see such a sober face as yours, Miss Ellen, anyhow; and if you'll take a foal's advice, you'll just practise your manners; for if the young man was to see you looking so black, maybe 'twould run in his head that 'tis somebody else you were after."

"What do you mean, Judy?" said Ellen, looking up anxiously, and regarding her companion with an earnest and steady gaze; "sure you know there is no one in the whole world I care for but him."

"And who said there was, Miss Ellen? only if you don't look pleasanter in yourself when your husband is coming, maybe he'd think 'twas Tade Ferrall you had in your eye."

"Is that it?" said Ellen, looking much relieved: "indeed, Judy, you're greatly mistaken—Tade Ferrall is nothing more to me than a neighbour's son; and Denis well knows it."

"And I suppose I don't know it myself, Ellen? Why sure, when first he came home with his two elegant suits of clothes, as good as the priest's, and his beautiful hat, and his watch as big as a plate, and the neighbours used to be saying it would be a match, I often told them it never would be, though to tell the honest truth, he was ever and always stuck up to you just like a pocket."

"That might be, Judy, but I never cared any thing about him; for although he certainly kept himself decent and respectable, and he was good enough and too good for me, I knew how unkind he was to his poor old mother, and how he stinted her, to spend it elsewhere; and it's many a long day since I saw him at all."



"Oh, then, Ellen, 'tis you has the *sinse*! many and many's the time I said that you never would have him; and when the people used to be saying this and that about the match, 'Hold your tongues, you know nothing of it,' says I; 'Miss Ellen Leary is not a fool. What has Tade Ferrall in the wide world but just the little decency of them two or three wearables he has on his back; and won't Denis give her full, plenty, and leavings, and the life of a lady?' besides, faix, 'tis well I knew who'd be left."

"And do you really think, Judy," said Ellen, anxiously—"do you *really* think that that is the reason why I liked Denis better than Tade Ferrall?"

"Do I think so, is it? Why then, what else would I do? Oh, Ellen! Ellen! you'd melt a Quaker, so you would! 'tis you that are sober, and sensible, and settled, my darling. Sure when the good offer came, you should take it; and then, the back of my hand and the sole of my foot to you, Tade, says Miss Ellen."

"Indeed, indeed, Judy, you wrong me," said Ellen, with an earnest truthfulness which would have convinced any one not determined on incredulity; but Judith, who had now fulfilled the object of her visit, turned a deaf ear to the words of her companion, and hastily starting up, and declaring "that the sun was shining illigant and that she should be home in three shakes," she rushed out of the cabin as abruptly as she had entered it.

The sun was, indeed, shining brilliantly, as she hurried along the footpath which led to the high road; and as she moved forward at a rapid pace, she glanced round her with an air of malicious triumph, and, snapping her fingers with mischievous delight, exclaimed aloud—"Ha, ha, Miss Ellen, I think I scalded your heart prettily, any how! True for you, you doats upon Dinnis, but what's that to me? only for you and your tricks, I well know 'tis my sister would have him; and if there's strength in my elbow, I'll break the match!" At this moment her quick eye caught the figure of a man proceeding along the public road, at a short distance before her, and accelerating her steps, she soon lost sight of the cabin of the Widow Leary. Ellen, meanwhile, remained with her head bent forward upon her hand, lost in deep and painful meditation.

The insinuation of her treacherous visitor was one, the falsity of which she well knew; but, at the same time, a presentiment of coming evil pressed upon her heart with a weight which she found it impossible to shake off. Herself the eldest of a family of five children, whose mother had been left a widow at a time when those children were unable to assist her, she had early felt the necessity of exerting herself to the uttermost, in order to relieve her over-tasked parent from the burthen of her support; and of late years almost the whole maintenance of the family had depended upon her exertions. Long and deeply attached to her future husband, she had yet steadily resisted all his solicitations for an immediate marriage, so long as her family remained dependant on her for their support. Now, however, the case was rather different: her two younger sisters were almost grown up, and her little brothers were beginning to make themselves useful in many ways; yet it was not until she had been repeatedly urged both by her lover and her parent, that she consented to a union so much to her own happiness. Her intimate knowledge of the character of the former had, however, taught her, that though himself strongly attached, and firmly convinced of the truth of her affection, yet his character was not wholly free from jealousy; and this conviction gave a point to the inuendo of Judith Malony, which otherwise it would not have possessed. Was it possible that Denis could think so meanly of her as to suppose that his paltry possessions had influenced her decision? The thought was most painful; and the big tears coursed each other unheeded down her cheeks as the idea suggested itself to her mind. Her reverie was at length interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps, and turning towards the open door, she perceived her mother toiling up the steep ascent which led to the house, and bending under the weight of a large and apparently well-filled basket, which she carried upon her back; feeling that at that moment she could not meet her ever-anxious parent without betraying her agitation, she hastily arose, and before the exhausted traveller had reached the house, her daughter had taken refuge in the inner room.

## CHAPTER II.

“ From labour health, from health contentment springs ;  
 Contentment opes the source of every joy.  
 He envied not, he never thought of kings ;  
 Nor from those appetites sustained annoy,  
 That chance may frustrate or indulgence cloy.  
 Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled ;  
 He mourned no recreant friend or mistress coy ;  
 For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,  
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.”—BEATTIE.

THE sun had scarcely risen on the morning of the day on which the conversation detailed in our last chapter took place, when Denis Murphy issued from the door of his cabin, prepared for a journey of some miles across the mountains. The Roman Catholic priest of his own parish lived at some distance ; and as it was necessary to obtain a certificate from him, previous to his marriage, he rose with the lark, in order to obtain the important document as early as possible. It was one of those bright and unclouded mornings which sometimes cheer and gladden us in the latest of the autumnal months, and which not unfrequently, like the bright hopes of our early years, terminate in disappointment and gloom. No such reflection, however, occurred to our hero, who, as he gazed around him on the rich pastures and brown stubble fields, glistening under the beams of an October sun, felt that the smiling aspect of external nature but faintly imaged his own happy feelings. He was a tall, stoutly-made young man, of about five or six and twenty, and although not handsome, there was a look of such decided good humour and drollery about his laughing blue eyes, that few persons would have been inclined to find fault with his healthful though homely countenance, as he walked along the public road leading towards the mountain ; swinging his stout blackthorn stick backwards and forwards by a leather thong which bound it to his wrist, he contrived to time his footsteps to the lively strains of a popular jig, which he continued whistling with a pertinacity and determination truly edifying. He had proceeded in this manner about two miles, when, on reaching a turn in the road, his attention was attracted by the figure of a man, who was proceeding along in the

same direction as himself, and at some distance before him. Instantly determining to “share the road” with company, he pushed forward at an accelerated pace, in order to overtake the stranger. This, however, he found was no easy task, as the traveller, although apparently making no extraordinary exertion, still kept a-head in a manner which showed him to be a good and practised walker. Putting forth increased exertion as he perceived that the distance between him and the stranger did not sensibly diminish, he at length succeeded in attaining his object, and as he came up with him was surprised to find, that although not an old man, he was decidedly past the meridian of life, a circumstance which, from the elasticity and vigour of his step, he should not have supposed. He was of middle stature, and rather slender frame, and was attired in a brown cloth coat and waistcoat, and knee-breeches of white corduroy. In his right hand he carried a very slight, dapper-looking walking-cane, while in his left he flourished an enormous red and yellow cotton handkerchief, gaudy enough to have suited the fancy of a New Zealand chief. Altogether, there was an air of ludicrous self-importance and conceit about the odd-looking little stranger, which, while it excited curiosity, promised it ample gratification. As soon as our hero had fairly come up with him, he at once opened the conversation by a good-humoured—“ Good morrow, sir.”

“ The same to you, young man,” replied the stranger, drawing himself up to his full height, and immediately taking from his pocket a large horn snuff-box, which he presented to his new acquaintance. “ The sun got up this morning as bright as a *phainix*, but prognosticate from the *obnubilation*

of the atmosphere that we'll have a *distillation of the altitudes!*"

This little oration, which was pronounced with great gravity, and a most imposing wave of the large cotton handkerchief, impressed poor Denis with a very high idea of the superiority of the stranger, whom he at once set down, in his own mind, as a most *illigant* scholar: it was, therefore, with a marked increase of respect that he ventured to continue the conversation, by observing—

"You were out early this morning, sir: may I be so bold as to ask, did you come far?"

"Why, not to say very far, entirely. I only parbulated about *tin* or twelve miles—just from Cork; but, you see, I'm a little too warm, for the road is oppos-site the *apricity* all the way, and the sun is rather hottish this morning."

"From Cork!" said Denis. "I suppose you must have been in a great hurry home, that you started so early."

"No, indeed; but if you'd wish to know, I'll just tell you how it happened. My name is Tim Doolan, and I'm a stone-cutter by trade. Well, you must know I lived ever and always with an old aunt of mine, Peggy Cashman by name. She was a good woman—the Lord rest her soul in his glory—and she brought me up, and reared me, and took care of me, and gave me schooling and every thing else, till I was able to earn. Well, the other day she took very bad entirely, and she called me down to the room to her to tell me her mind. The poor dear woman was *setting* up in the bed, and her old cloak about her, comfortable and respectable; but the very instant I clapped my two eyes upon her, I knew the death in her face. 'Peggy Cashman,' says I, 'is there any thing in the whole 'versal world I can do for you? sure, I'd do any thing at all, so I would, and a good right I'd have.' 'Thank ye, Tim,' says she, 'and 'tis for that reason I called you. You know I've lived long in the world a poor pinnacle of a lone woman, and how I struggled and strove to rear you and give you the learning, till there

isn't such a scholar anywhere; and I don't know myself half my time what you're saying, you speaks so delightful, and has such tip-top English: and now, Tim, there's only one thing on my mind—I'm entirely *afeced* when I die that that blackguard docthor will be stealing my poor carcase, to make castheroil of me, for when he was here last, he was feeling my arm with his watch in his hand, and "put out your tongue, woman," says he, just as if he was buying a baste! Oh! Tim, you don't know them docthors: they'd skin a flea for the hide and tallow, so they would; and so stand opposite me out, and promise once for all that you'll take me down to the Botany Gardens,\* and bury me there *clac* and *dacent*, as an honest woman should.' Well, young man, to make a long story short, or to *cart-tail* it, as I ought to say. 'Twas true for her 'twas the last death that was on her, and so she departed that blessed night, glory be to God." Here the speaker paused, and had recourse to his snuff-box, while Denis fancied he could see a tear glisten in his small grey eye; it must have been fancy, however, for after a moment's silence he continued his narrative in the same tone, but still retained his snuff-box in his hand, tapping it gently on the lid with an air of ineffable conceit. "Well, well, she was the *rare* truth of a good woman, any how; and so we had a very pleasant wake, and all the neighbours were very agreeable, and came about her as kind as they could, and yesterday I promise you she had plenty of company convoying her every step of the way, till we got down to the gardens entirely; but, man alive! if I was talking for ever, I never could tell you the *transmogrifications* of that heavenly place!"

"What place is it, if you plaze, sir?" said Denis, looking rather confused.

"The Botany Gardens, man, to be sure. Oh, then, if it would not delight any one's heart to see the tombstones, and the roses, and the gravel-walks, and the vaults! But there was one thing I saw there that flogged all—but 'tis no use to tell it to you, for you never could believe it; and if I

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\* The Botanical Gardens, near Cork, have been tastefully laid out as a cemetery by the Rev. Theobald Mathew.

was speaking for ever, sure nobody could——”

“What is it at all, man?” said Denis, who felt rather piqued at this imputation on his credulity, “maybe I could believe it as well as another.”

“Well, then, I’ll tell you, though I said to my own two eyes, says I—‘You’re telling me lies!’ I saw an angel there, man, a most beautiful angel, cut in the marble stone, and his wings, man, his wings!—every feather was just cut out as wonderful as if it was in the wing of a goose!”

“Oh, blood and thunder!” exclaimed Denis, “did you *really* see that?”

“I did indeed, young man, and a great deal more; for, by my own song, there’s more in the world than *ignoramus* knows.”

“True for you,” said Denis; “and now you mentions a song, maybe you’d be so kind as to give us a bar, for I think I heard you singing something when I came up.”

“Only a little, just to shorten the road, for my heart was so heavy,” replied Tim, evidently much gratified at having his musical powers noticed, but at the same time, requiring, like many other amateurs, to be *properly* pressed.

“Little or much,” said Denis, “I’d like to hear it, and I think ’twas an English song.”

“Ay, indeed, was it? Why, I’ll tell truth, I can sing a song that you won’t understand one word of it from the beginning to the end.”

“Can you, indeed?” said Denis, eagerly. “Oh, then, I’ll be for ever obliged to you, sir, to sing me *that*.”

“Well, then, here goes,” said Tim,

drawing himself up to his full height, and giving a few preliminary flourishes with his gaudy handkerchief—

“Come hither, ye nine,  
Unite in sweet merriment,  
In loyal strains for to aid me once more;  
And now for to praise  
The theme that is ’gelical,  
Lady St. Leger and Porciclot.  
She’s tall, straight, and slender,  
Lustre attends her,  
Cupid befriends her  
With love and indulgency:  
She’s fortune’s care  
And nature’s effulgency.  
Around her the graces have framed a  
convergency,  
Highly, loftily,  
Entwined, combined,  
To laurel her name!”

“Well, to be sure,” exclaimed Denis, as the precious ditty came to a conclusion, “that’s illigant; maybe you’d give us another like that.”

“No, no, young man; for the road divides here, and I suppose we must make a *partition*, and indeed I’m sorry for it, for you’re a very dacent, proper boy, that understands himself very well.”

“You’re right, Mr. Doolan, my road does turn off here, so I’ll bid you good morning, sir, and thank you for your song.”

“Oh, no thanks at all: you were perfectly welcome to the best I had; and now, as I have a good step to go, I’ll just bid you good-by, and good luck to you.” So saying, Mr. Doolan grasped his little cane more firmly, and again set forward alone, while Denis pursued his own solitary path towards the dwelling of the old priest.

### CHAPTER III.

“They tell me I am happy, and I try to think it true;  
They say I have no cause to weep, my sorrows are so few,  
That in the wilderness we tread mine is a favoured lot,  
My petty griefs all fantasies—would I but heed them not—  
It may be so! the cup of life hath many a bitter draught,  
Which those who drink with silent lips have smiled on while they quaffed.  
But, oh, my heart is wandering back to my father’s home,  
Back to my sisters at their play—the meadows in their bloom.

Then heed not when the stranger sighs, nor mark the tears that start,  
There can be no companionship for loneliness of heart!”—MISS STICKNEY.

It has been a favourite theory with many writers of merit that true happiness has an existence wholly irrespective of time, place, or circum-

stances; and from the days of the poetical philosopher, Pope, to those of the philosophical novelist, Bulwer, it has been a frequent assertion that

the portion of felicity allotted to each individual member of the family of man is nearly, if not completely, equal; or, to use the beautiful language of the latter, that "the beams of happiness fall with the same lustre and power over the whole expanse of the ocean of life, although to our eyes they seem only to rest on those billows from which the rays are reflected back on our sight." Now, though we freely admit the general truth contained in the above passage, yet we do believe that there are some classes of mankind who by their education, habits, and position in society, are peculiarly cut off from the enjoyments of life, and were we asked to point out the man whose outward circumstances were the least calculated to render him happy in his peculiar sphere, we should at once and unhesitatingly reply—the Irish Roman Catholic priest. Selected usually from the family of some petty farmer or peasant in his native land, the future ecclesiastic is early set apart from his brethren and educated in a manner wholly different from them. At first, and while he remains under the parental roof, this difference is not so distinctly perceived; but years roll away and the young student is sent to a distant college to prosecute an education which has as yet hardly commenced. There for the first time his mind becomes conscious of its innate powers, and as the stimulus to exertion becomes more and more powerful his diligence is proportionally increased, and he starts forward in the intellectual race with a determination which insures—most commonly at least—a moderate portion of success. Meanwhile the boy is grown into the man, and when at length he has attained the object of his wishes and been admitted to the priesthood, he returns home full of fond anticipations of the pleasures which await him there. Such anticipations, however, are, alas! doomed to complete and bitter disappointment. The brothers and sisters with whom he whiled away the long summer hours of a gay and happy childhood are no longer such as his imagination was wont to paint them. They are all men and women now, and a thousand interests occupy their attention which were unknown before; and, oh, how inexpressibly painful is the discovery that *they* can no longer sympa-

thize in his pursuits, that their minds have lain dormant while his has been urged forward to the full stretch of its powers, and that the intellectual culture which cost so much to obtain, has placed a wide gulph between him and his own flesh and made him for ever a stranger in his father's house! Even his mother, the being who watched and tended his feeble infancy, and whose eyes were wont to gladden with tenderness and pride at every mention of his success—even she regards with an indefinite feeling of awe the consecrated minister of her mysterious and comfortless religion, and unintentionally betrays that though he may be loved as fondly and proudly as before, yet in the hallowed circle of domestic companionship there is no place for him. A short period elapses and the youthful ecclesiastic is called upon to fulfil the onerous duties of a parish priest. The wealthy of his own congregation feel little disposed to hold out the right hand of fellowship to one who, whatever his attainments, has little in his appearance or manners to conciliate the good opinion of the elegant and refined; and he stands, as it were, between the two great classes of his flock, like some of those bare and rocky islands in the mouths of the great American rivers, within hail of both shores, yet effectually separated from either. His parish, indeed, affords ample occupation, and to the painful duties which he is obliged to perform he sedulously applies. He stands beside the miserable and filthy beds of the sick, the guilty, and the dying. At midnight he is summoned from his couch to ride perhaps many miles through the inclemency of a winter's night, in order to listen to some tale of shame and sorrow faltered forth by the parched and fevered lip of suffering penitence, and then, when he has administered those rights which he falsely holds so indispensable, and when with a failing spirit and an exhausted frame, he turns towards his own solitary and cheerless abode, he knows that no kind and watchful being awaits his return and will welcome him with smiles. Cut off by that stern enactment of papal tyranny which commands the celibacy of the clergy from all the endearments of social life, his loneliness is shared by no loved companion, who can understand his



feelings or sympathize in his depression. "The little strong embrace" of heedless infancy is not for him—all that can brighten and beautify existence, collecting "all the hearts sweet ties into one knot of happiness," are to him, and by his own act, as though they were not, and he finds too late that he has sacrificed on the altar of a soul-destroying superstition the solid comforts of domestic peace. Can we wonder then if for lack of a more satisfying portion the Irish Roman Catholic clergy should plunge into the arena of political contention, and become ambitious, artful, and dangerous men, or seek to drown by artificial stimulants the aching sense of isolation which they are compelled to feel. The person whom we are now about to introduce to our readers was one of the latter class. In his early youth he had been sent to the low countries in order to fit him for the priesthood, and there his sagacity and strong mental powers early distinguished him among his fellows. Unfortunately, however, his quick perception of the ridiculous and ready wit made him as great a favourite with his young companions as with his instructors, and the consequence was, that while he rapidly advanced in all those attainments which it was his main object to acquire, his manners remained wholly uncultivated and unimproved, and he returned home rich indeed in much solid information, but as ignorant of the common usages of polished society and as uncouth in appearance as if he had matriculated among the denizens of an Indian wigwam or an Esquimaux hut. He was almost immediately inducted into a large parish, where his zeal and talents soon distinguished him as a most promising preacher, and as he became better known he was much respected by those whose good opinion was best worth having—still, still, he was vulgar, openly, undisguisedly, irreclaimably vulgar; and though he felt that in society few could compete with him, either in acquired information or natural gifts, yet he often perceived, with indignation and shame, that the cheek of many a haughty beauty was

dimpled with malicious smiles, and the lip of many a solemn blockhead curled with a sneer, when some uncouth expression or slight breach of conventional good-breeding brought into a more prominent light the *gaucheries* and deficiencies of the peasant's son.

Let not those to whom the education of youth is committed despise *externals*. It must indeed be their care to guard the precious jewel of integrity from every taint; but the unpolished diamond has as yet no beauty, and though great talents and acquirements may occasionally force a man upwards in society in despite of every obstacle, yet even in those circles which derive their highest lustre from his presence he will be looked upon with jaundiced eyes, and feel himself to be an alien and a stranger.

Father Peter Mulcahy was too sensitive and high-minded not to be keenly alive to the various slights which unfortunate deficiency of manner gave rise to; and by degrees he shrunk more and more into himself, until at length he wholly ceased to join in the social meetings of his wealthy parishioners. At first his books supplied the want of all intellectual companionship, and his solitary hours were cheated by literary pursuits; but his disposition was essentially social, and gradually these lost their power, and he learned to seek society among that class from which he had been taken. It is painful to follow the downward course of those who have been designed for better things. Gradually his own domestics and the neighbouring farmers became the sharers of his festive enjoyments, until at length there was scarcely a scene of revelry in the whole parish at which Father Peter was not a welcome guest. Thus completely and for ever was a strong and powerful intellect darkened and debased, and few of those who witnessed the sad result were conscious of the bitterness of feeling which had been its cause, although there were many but too ready to make a scoff and a by-word of the drunken priest.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ The moon is sailing o’er the sky,  
 But lonely all, as if she pined  
 For somewhat of companionship,  
 And felt it was in vain she shined.  
 Earth is her mirror, and the stars  
 Are as a court about her throne ;  
 She is a beauty and a queen—  
 But what of that ?—she is alone.

“ Is there not one—not one to share  
 Thy glorious majesty on high ?  
 I cannot choose but pity thee,  
 Thou lovely orphan of the sky.  
 I’d rather be the meanest flower  
 That grows, my mother earth, on thee,  
 So there were others of my kin  
 To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.  
 Earth has its sorrows—grief and death ;  
 But these far better could I bear,  
 Than reach and rule the highest sphere,  
 To be a solitary there !”—L. E. L.

ALTHOUGH it was yet early when Denis Murphy reached the comfortless-looking abode of Father Mulcahy, the old man was already up ; and, as Denis passed through the gateless piers which terminated the rude cart-track leading to the house, denominated, with true Milesian magnificence, “ the avenue,” he descried the person he came to seek pacing leisurely up and down before his half-opened door. His portly person was encased in a long blue riding frock and black leather gaiters, which ascended considerably above the knees. He wore an enormous green handkerchief, rolled rather than tied round his neck, while a low, broad-brimmed hat was so placed on his forehead as almost to conceal the grey and shaggy eyebrows, which, in their turn, shaded a pair of once scrutinizing and intelligent, but now almost lustreless dark eyes. Both hands were crossed behind his back ; but the left firmly grasped an old-fashioned silver snuff-box, while the fore finger and thumb of the right managed to contain between them a most Brogdignagian pinch of real Irish rappee. On the cover of the box might be seen engraved, in diminutive letters, the simple yet significant inscription, “ Gage d’Amitie,” which betokened that it had been the gift of an early friend. And so it was ; and though the noble-hearted youth who gave it had met an early grave, and time had now shed its snows upon the

old man’s head, yet still he fondly cherished that token of affection in memory of one beloved, and of a land where many of the brightest and happiest of his young days had been spent, and towards which his heart yet yearned. As he paced slowly onwards, with his eyes fixed on the ground, occasionally stopping to gaze with a vacant stare at the barren and desolate-looking field which divided the house from the public road, it was easy to see that the mind—the ever-active mind, was busied with far other thoughts than any which the scene around him was likely to suggest. We say *likely*, for who can trace the hidden chain which connects our thoughts with one another, or links them with external objects ? Perhaps the very prospect of utter wretchedness and neglect which we have been endeavouring to describe recalled to his mind the rich fields and sunny plains of France, the gay laugh of his young and reckless companions, the buoyancy of his own youthful feelings when prospects of future fame rendered him blind to the reflection that for the uncertain and unstable breath of popular applause he was sacrificing, on the altar of a soul-destroying superstition, the solid comforts of domestic peace ; or, perhaps—and the sad yet softened expression of his usually stern countenance favours the idea—his heart is wandering back to recollections of still earlier years, ere yet the whisperings

of ambition had roused within him the craving spirit that was to sleep no more—to that happy time when brothers and sisters felt for each other as they shall never feel again! They are all present with him now as once they were—not as the changed and worldly and selfish characters which added years have made them; and *she*, the fond, the anxious, the proud and happy mother—oh! she gazes with her holy eyes upon her darling boy, and from that abode of felicity which has for long, long years been hers she stretches forth her arms of love, and beckons him to follow where the worn and wounded spirit rests at length in peace.

The old priest was so completely absorbed in his own reflections that Denis had approached quite closely to him without being observed, and stood for some moments holding his hat respectfully in his hand before he was aware of his presence. The instant, however, that he perceived he was not alone, his features resumed their usual severe expression, and, halting directly before our candidate for matrimony, and disposing at one inhalation of the enormous pinch of snuff before mentioned, asked him, in rather a stern tone, his business? Poor Denis, who had had some difficulty in screwing up his courage to the sticking place, was quite taken aback by the abrupt manner and imperative tone in which the question was put, and, casting a most rueful glance at Father Mulcahy, muttered that he was glad to see his reverence's honour looking so *illigant*.

"Well in health, Denis, I'm obliged to you. But I'm bothered entirely from the rheumatism; and sure it is time for me. But, Denis," he added, fixing his eyes inquisitively upon him as he spoke, "it is not to inquire for me that you came here: the old priest may be sick and lonely, shut up from Sunday to Sunday, but it's not until he's wanted that he's looked for."

"God Almighty forgive your reverence! 'tis a *rare* shame for you to say *that*. 'Tis you that knows right well that I'd walk to Dublin on my bare knees to *serve* you; and a good right I'd have, for 'tis

yourself got enough of my trouble when the sickness was on me. Sure you don't think, your reverence, I'd be the unpitiful *vagabone* to forget what you done?"

"No, Denis, it was not you I thought of, but that unfortunate Tim Buckley, that gave me a turn no later than yesterday. He came up to me, with his hat in his hand, and his 'God bless your reverence,' and told me a yard long of a lie about how his landlord was distressing him for his trifle of *rint*, and how his poor wife and children would be driven to take to the bag;\* and so he worked and worked at the poor old priest till he coaxed a five-pound note from his sick-looking purse, and then went off to America, and left the wife and the children to tramp it."

"*Murdher* in Irish! did he do that? Oh then, then 'tis the hot lodging he'll be getting hereafter, and a chair in the divil's kitchen, for certain! Oh, Tim, Tim, 'twould be better for you that you never stirred out from the ashes than to do what you done to the priest!"

"*Thrus* for you, Denis—but I won't dirty my lips again with his ugly name; and so now tell me your business at once, for I well know it wasn't to know how I was you came here. 'Tis few would be crying after Peter Mulcahy if he was under the sod; so make a long story short, and tell me at once what is at you."

It was very difficult, however, for our hero to tell *what was at him*. He first raised his eyes to the face of his interrogator, but, finding something not very easy to stand in the earnest gaze of the priest, he then fixed them intently on the crown of his hat, as if he could read on it the word "courage," which our valiant and distinguished enemies the Chinese have painted on a large board and suspended at their backs. The hat, however, obstinately refused to lend him any assistance, whereupon, dashing it to the ground with a vehemence intended to punish it for its treachery, he burst out at once with,

"Sure your honour's reverence knows well enough what I'm after. Isn't it going to be married I am; and that's all about it."

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\* The beggar's wallet.

“That’s all about it, indeed! There’s more in it than that, I’m thinking. Well I knew, from the moment I saw your red face, that the bachelors were done for ever with Denis. But tell me, who is the girl? Is she a good, honest, two-fisted, well-spoken *colleen*, able to mind the cabin and the children, and to make a stirring wife for a poor man?”

“Why, *plaze* your reverence, I thinks Ellen Leary is good enough, and too good for the likes of me. She has no fortune, indeed—neither money nor value to signify—only one feather-bed of her own, and two hens that her godmother gave her; but then, what I said to my sister I’ll not go back of it now. God rot the money, says I; I don’t care any more for it than if it was the dirt under my shoe. Don’t I see how she works and slaves for that poor dissolute mother of hers; wet and weary she never fails her; and so now, says I, Katy, *hould* your bothering tongue, for I’ll marry her, and no thanks, if she was as bare as the back of my hand.”

“And so you’re come to me for your certificate, I suppose, to take to her parish priest, and worse than that, I suppose I must give it. But didn’t somebody say that your handsome sweetheart was going to marry Tade Ferrall, and leave you to look for a wife?”

“’Twas a lie for whoever said it, then!” exclaimed Denis, at once taking fire at the insinuation: “she never cared a *thrawneen* for him; not she indeed.”

“I’m glad to hear it, Denis. And now that you have a little money in the heel of your old stocking, and that you’ll have a strong, hearty young wife, I suppose you’ll take a house on the new line of road, and set up public business.”

“No, *plaze* your reverence, I’ll do no such thing. The publicans makes a deal of money, that’s certain; but if I was looking at them for ever, I couldn’t tell in the world wide how it melts: and it isn’t the money alone that goes, but themselves and their families that melts down through the ground and goes to the bad entirely. Drunkards they are, for all they deny it; and what between drinking, and courting, and fighting, and card-playing, ’tis more liker hell upon earth to

be in one of their houses than to be along with an honest man.”

Hopelessly as his companion had long given himself up to the use of intoxicating liquors, he was yet struck with the force of our hero’s observations, and could not help muttering to himself, as he hastened towards the door—“He is right! those who live by the vices of their fellow-men will share with them in one common ruin, like the devouring flame which finds its own extinction in the annihilation of that whereon it feeds.”

The necessary papers were soon signed, and the fees deposited in the priest’s eel-skin purse, and the old man then kindly invited Denis to take his breakfast before he returned home.

“Thank your reverence kindly for that same; but the devil fly away with the morsel that shall cross my two lips till I stand on my own *stare* once again—thanking your reverence all the same, and meaning no way no offence.”

“None in the world, my good fellow; and before you go I’ll just give you a small piece of advice, in case the wife should be troublesome hereafter—

‘If you’re advis’d by me,  
Take the oil of hazel tree,  
And anoint her body well till she’s dumb  
’Tis the best receipt in life  
For to make a scolding wife—  
For to make a scolding wife hold her  
tongue.’”

“Sure, then, your reverence should have your joke, and you’re heartily welcome to that same. But now, sir, I’m going, and I hope ’tis long again before I’ll trouble you, and may you never see sickness or sorrow—and just give me your blessing before I go.”

So saying, and before Father Peter was aware of his intention, he threw himself on his knees before him, and waited with reverent attention for his benediction.

“You have it, my poor fellow—you have it,” said the old man, much moved. “May God Almighty bless and protect you, and give you all health and happiness!”

“Thank you, sir—thank you,” said Denis, as he rose from his knees, his face beaming with the expression of grateful and happy feelings. “The Lord love you for all your goodness

to me this day—and he will love you, with the help of God.”

In a few moments our hero had taken his departure for his own home; and as Father Peter watched him from his window, and marked his elastic step, and the happy expression of his healthful countenance, a glow of something like youthful feeling filled his own withered heart. There he was, trotting down the uneven cart-track, swinging his stout black-thorn stick about, and occasionally taking with it well-directed aim at some tall thistle or blossoming dandelion, and the lonely old man could well understand the excitement of his feelings. “Ay, there he goes,” he at length exclaimed aloud, “happy and contented! Whether his felicity is to share the common fate of earthly joys he knows or cares not, but proceeds on his homeward path, unmindful of future events. Oh! what would I give to feel as he does—to take the good gifts of God as they

are sent to me, and not stay to examine curiously every blessing, and pick it to pieces as children do their toys, in order to find out what it is made of! Yes! I would wish to do so—to bear patiently the evils which old age and loneliness bring with them; and surely we need not shrink from solitude, when we remember that in the last great struggle of existence, when the palsied hand refuses to obey our command, and the dim eye is closed on external objects, we are emphatically solitary, though surrounded by mourning relatives and friends, for

‘All alone, so Heaven has willed, we die.’”

Calming his troubled spirit by such reflections, the soliloquist slowly withdrew from the window, and again crossing his hands behind his back in their accustomed position, once more sallied forth into the open air.

#### CHAPTER V.

“O vita nostra di travaglia piena  
Come ogni tua allegrezza poco dura  
Il tuo gioir è come aura serena,  
Ch' alla fredda stagion troppo non dura,  
Fu chiaro a terzo il giorno, a vespra mena;  
Subito pioggia ed ogni cosa oscura.  
Parea ai Franchi esser fuor d'ogni periglio  
Morto Agramante e sotto il re Marsiglio  
Ed ecco un'altra volta che il ciel tuona,  
Da un'altra parte, e tutti ardi di lampi,  
Sì ch' ogni speme i miseri abbandona,  
Di poter cor frutto delli lor campi  
E così avien ch' una novelta buona;  
Mai più di venti o trenta di non campi,  
Perche vien dietro un'altra che l'uccide,  
E piangerà domane l'uom ch' oggi ride.”

ARIOSO.

It has ever been a favourite theory among aristocratic sentimentalists, of the *Sterne* and *Werther* school, that warm affections and acute sensibilities are the exclusive prerogative of the higher classes; and, while such persons are compelled to acknowledge that characters like those of *Jeannie Deans* and *Evan Dhu* exhibit a strength of attachment to the objects of their devotion, and a heroism of affection seldom to be met with among the great, yet they secretly nourish the conviction, that though these characters

are professedly drawn from nature they borrow half their lustre from the skill of their historian, and that the genius of the novelist has not a little embellished the actions he compels them to admire. Individuals like those I have been endeavouring to describe, look upon the common feelings of humanity as the old countess did upon her Bible, as “essentially aristocratic,” and stifle their own feelings of compassion for sufferings they are determined not to relieve, by the sweeping assertion, that the poor have really



little or no feeling for any thing but themselves. With all due deference to the amiable and enlightened individuals who hold such comfortable opinions, we beg leave to state our own settled conviction, that the very reverse is the fact, and that the shock of any great and unexpected calamity strikes upon the heart of the uneducated peasant with a sense of utter hopelessness and desolation, unknown to the better regulated and more reflective minds of the intellectual and refined. We say this with regard to the first burst of sorrow only, for we do believe that the duration of affliction is, with the poor, (we had almost said with the great mass of mankind,) in an inverse ratio to its intensity; and the imperious necessity which exists for providing for their daily and pressing wants, soon drowns their recollection, as well as diminishes their regret for by-gone sorrows. The rich, the idle, and the dyspeptic find, on the other hand, that well-nursed and properly-petted affliction becomes quite a powerful auxiliary in all their schemes for selfish gratification. By its aid they can desert their own home, and the duties of their station in society, to try the effects of English watering-places and German baths. Whatever it would be either disagreeable or troublesome for them to do they can avoid, under the plea of their over-acute sensibility, until at length some tremendous calamity at once arouses the conscience they have long successfully cheated, and they are compelled, with bitter tears of contrition, to acknowledge that their sin has found them out!

The joys of the poor are like their sorrows, most intense. Unaccustomed to serious reflection upon the course of human events, they never look upon happiness and prosperity as essentially fugitive in their nature: on the contrary, they rest in them, unapprehensive of change, never considering them as "trials, not rewards," or having been taught the substance of the great truth which the French moralist has so well expressed when he says: "*Que rien ne ressemble mieux à demain que hier.*"

Our hero was not one whit more inclined to torment himself with coming evils than others of his class;

and it was with feelings of unmixed delight that he retraced the way which led to his own abode, where he knew that his sister waited for him, and would have his breakfast of potatoes and milk prepared against his return. He had performed his journey so expeditiously that he reached the cross-road, turning off to his cabin, several minutes before Judith Malony, who accordingly "put her best leg foremost," as she herself expressed it, in order to overtake her intended victim. Now, which was Judith's best leg we cannot take upon ourselves to determine, as one was bound up with a length of dirty rag sufficient to have secured the celebrated chest of Ulysses, and the other decidedly limped; but this we can say, that both were exceedingly thick: and we suppose it was some such personage which suggested to Tickell his not very complimentary lines:—

"They say Hibernian ladies kick,  
And nature arms them—for their legs  
are thick!"

As she panted after the happy and unconscious Denis, puffing at every step like a wheezy French poodle, and thumping her bare heels on the ground with such hearty good will as to take what she termed "music out of the sod," her mischievous spirit made her snap her fingers, with excess of glee, at the very idea of all the misery she was about to inflict on a fond and faithful heart, which had never injured her. Had she been asked to do so, she could not have adduced a single plausible reason for supposing, that even if Ellen Leary had never existed, Denis would ever have been induced to think of choosing her sister as his wife; but she was *spiteful*, and in a small way she generally contrived, even when she failed in doing good to herself, to do a little mischief to others.

Let not our gentle readers imagine that we draw upon our imagination for a character like hers, or that feelings so repugnant to their natures are confined to the narrow and cunning heart of Judith Malony. Alas! we fear that there are too many who, while they would not positively dash the cup of happiness from their neigh-

bour's lips, would like, of all things, to add a few bitters to the draught.

Denis had advanced about three hundred yards from the cross, whistling most industriously "the girl I left behind me," when Judith's sturdy step and loud puffing for breath attracted his attention, and caused him to turn his head hastily, in order to ascertain who it was who seemed so determined on overtaking him.

"Is that you, Judy Malony? You're welcome as the flowers of May," said he, at once bringing "the girl I left behind me" to a very abrupt conclusion.

"The top of the morning to yourself, Mr. Murphy, my darling, and I hope you're as well as I wishes. Oh! 'tis I that isn't able to wag from tearing after you, down the road, just like a race-horse; running, and driving, and breaking my heart within in me, just like a egg, striving to come up to you; till at last I was so mad, I says to myself, I wish to my heart the devil would break one or other of his greyhound legs, and then maybe he'd let me tell him I wished him joy."

"Thank you, Judy," said Denis; "I'm entirely obliged to you for your *friendship*, and as for joy, you couldn't wish me more of *that* than I have; for I am as happy as the king, or the pope, and sure the divil himself couldn't hold me this blessed minute—glory be to God!"

"Oh! then may I never sin if that same isn't droll. Denis, Denis, 'tis you that *are* happy, and comfortable, and respectable, and well liked. Sure when I heard the news, I was only watching myself till the first peep of day; and I'll engage I never laid leg to ground, or blessed myself even, till I pitched my two eyes on her handsome face."

"Ay, ay, Judy; handsome is that handsome does; and, though I say it, that shouldn't say it, Ellen Leary is the *rale* truth of an honest girl."

"And why shouldn't you say it? and who dare prevent you, I'd like to know? She's all that and *more*, for if she's good and gracious, sensible and steady she is, too. My hand for you, Ellen wasn't the fool to throw herself away upon them that had neither money nor value, as many a poor girl did before her; but when the

good *match* came across her, she let the bad ones lie back, and small blame to her for that same."

Now, though Denis knew in his heart that it was not for his paltry possessions, great as his artful companion contrived to make them appear, that he was beloved; and, though his *riches* only consisted of two tolerably fat pigs, a house, furnished with a deal table, a feather-bed, and four chairs, and an old leather pocket-book, in which lay, in solitary grandeur, one hardly-earned ten-pound note, yet he was doomed to feel that curse of comparative wealth in all ranks and stations—*suspicion*. And, though there was nothing which he could positively lay hold on in the artful speech of his tormentress, yet a feeling that he was not loved for himself alone, crossed his mind as she spoke, and caused him to remain silent. Judith saw her advantage, and after a short pause returned to the charge.

"Yes, Denis; I'm sure I always said it and thought it, that she'd do the *sinsible* thing at long last; and I'm sure, when herself and Tade Ferrall used to be stuck up so close to one another, and the neighbours used to tell me, some morning or other they'd give the old woman leg-bail, I used to tell them to mind their own business, for Ellen Leary knew a trick that was better than that. And thrue it was for me; for when I only just mintioned his name there above at the house, out blazes her two beauteeful eyes at me, like two coals of fire, and—'Judy,' says she, 'is it mad entirely you are? Don't be a thwarting me that way, with a beggar like that; for, believe you me, I'll never look at the same side of the road with Tade Ferrall again.'"

The fixed attention with which Denis drank in the poisonous words of the cunning Judith, as well as the dead silence he had observed, almost terrified the slandress from finishing her speech. Happy had it been for more than one young heart if it had done so. But, alas! who ever set his heart to do evil, that did not find himself compelled to go forward even against his will, and even to advance much farther than he originally intended to have done.

The moment the name of Tade Ferrall was mentioned, the train which had been ignited burst into a flame, and the unhappy victim of jealousy and suspicion felt that the world contained for him but one individual, and that hated individual was his rival. Father Mulcahy had, likewise, mentioned him as the acknowledged lover of his bride; and now that Judith had aroused his jealous fears, he saw clearly what, ten minutes before, he would have deemed impossible; and read, by the strong light of his own jaundiced imagination, that she whom he loved with all the intensity of the wildest devotion, had ever preferred Tade Ferrall to himself, and that nothing but the basest and most avaricious motives had guided her in her acceptance of his suit.

Hastily bidding Judith good morning, he jumped over the neglected fence which separated the barren and stony fields from the road, and telling her he would take a short cut home, set forwards at a pace almost equal to a run. He had not, however, gone a hundred yards, when he stopped suddenly, and a moment afterwards set forward as suddenly again.

Judith watched all these movements, indicative of a troubled spirit, with infinite glee.

"Ha, ha! Mr. Murphy, I think I scalded your heart purty well," she exclaimed aloud; "but now, faith, I must stir my stumps, and leg away home."

So saying she walked forwards, at a rapid pace, in the direction of her own abode.

Denis, meanwhile, hurried onwards, a prey to the most conflicting sensations. His first feelings were all jealous rage and a vague desire for instant and signal revenge; but gradually the image of his beloved Ellen, as he saw her last, when she timidly, yet

with all the confidingness of a tender, sensitive, yet modest woman, consented to plight her faith to his, and, leaving those to whom she had so nobly clung, and to whom early ties and associations had united her, share with him every coming joy or sorrow, rose up before him and bid him blush! Surely it was not possible that one so young, so innocent, so loving and so loved, could feign the emotions he had believed so genuine, and consent to plight her faith to one she cared not for, because he had two pigs, a table, and a ten-pound note. It could not be; and as he thought of the many instances in which she had given him ample proofs of the strength and constancy of her attachment, and felt how unjust were his jealous fears, the scalding tears fell in hot drops from his eyes, and yielding, in spite of every effort, to the emotion which shook his frame, he clasped his hands together and wept aloud. Feeling unequal to meeting his sister and her husband until a little more calm, he seated himself on a large stone, by the side of the road, and by degrees reasoned his excited feelings into greater tranquillity. By degrees, too, his confidence in the object of his early affections was restored, and he rose to continue his journey in a calmer mood. But oh! how different were his sensations, when at length he beheld his own cabin, from what they would have been but one short hour before. His step was firm, and his countenance no longer bore the impress of passion; but the happy expression which had animated it was gone, and a low monotonous whistle now indicated a sad change in his feelings from what they had been when he had beguiled the way with the lively strains of a well-known jig as, when Judith Malony first overtook him, on his return from his visit to the priest.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Impose impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds,  
 Or bends with the remover to remove.  
 Ah! no! it is an ever fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken:  
 It is the star of every wandering bark  
 Whose worth's unknown, although its height be taken.  
 Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
 But bears it out, e'en to the edge of doom.  
 If this be error, and upon me proved,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved."

## SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

Is there a human being who has ever taken even that furtive, partial, and prejudiced glance at the workings of his own feelings, which is sometimes forced upon us, and which we dignify by the name of an *examination into our own hearts*, who can lay his hand upon that heart, at which he has just taken a glimpse, and seriously and soberly assert *that it is not selfish*? We believe that there are few who would have the hardihood to do so, although we remember to have heard certain gentlemanly bachelors, who lead club lives, and never visit their estates; and also, certain elderly and respectable gentlewomen, whose days are devoted to scandal, and their nights to cards, inveigh against the selfishness and ingratitude of the world, as if they formed no part of it themselves. We believe that even if these immaculate and never-too-much-to-be-admired individuals were asked, when in a candid mood, their opinion of themselves, they would acknowledge that they were a *little*—"just the least taste in life," as our countrymen say—*selfish*; and if *they* concede the point, we humbly conceive that no other person—not even the benevolent Howard, or the indefatigable Mrs. Fry—will venture to deny the charge. The fact is, that without self-love, all idea of personal identity would be lost; and consequently it becomes a most necessary ingredient in the very constitution of our nature. Selfishness is *fallen* self-love, and is so nearly allied to it, that though a whole host of French philosophers have laboured to explain satisfactorily the difference between *amour propre* and *amour de*  
 VOL. XX.—No. 119.

*soi*, they have done little more than confuse and embarrass their readers, who are, however, pretty well convinced, before they have half perused their writings, that from the *grand selfishness* denominated ambition to the more circumscribed selfishness denominated avarice there is not a single passion incident to the natural heart which this odious vice does not either dictate, modify, or control.

Kate Connor, the sister of our hero, was not destitute of a considerable share of selfishness in her own little way. She had been so long hearing from Denis of his intention of marrying Ellen Leary, that at length she began to feel very unapprehensive of the marriage ever taking place; for although she had never advanced so far in her education as to scrawl, in a large sprawling hand, on the leaf of a well-worn copy book, that "Delays are dangerous," yet she had a little theory of her own on the subject, which brought her to the same conclusion, namely, that "when the thing is put on the long finger, God knows but maybe it would never come to pass." Now, Kate Connor and her husband had lived with Denis ever since they were married, and very comfortable they found it, it was, therefore, an extreme annoyance to her to find that he was really and truly going to bring a sister-in-law to live in the same abode with her; for though in *theory* she wished her brother every happiness, and though she had frequently and eloquently lamented to her female friends that Denis never "set his mind upon marriage," yet in *practice* she would not have been

grieved if he had wasted the best years of his life in anxious suspense, terminated by bitter disappointment, provided she were left undisputed mistress of the mud cabin he kindly permitted her to share. We do not say that Kate was herself conscious of the cause which led to her reception of the announcement of the approaching wedding with very gloomy looks, but we do say, that if she had probed her own heart, she might have been fully aware of what was passing there. Do any of my readers consider her a *very* detestable character? If so, let them analyze their own feelings closely the next time they hear of some great change taking place in the situation and prospects of their friends, and then let them condemn Kate Connor, if they dare! As Denis Murphy drew near the house, his mind reverted to the angry countenances of his sister and her husband, when he had the night before imparted to them the intelligence of his immediate marriage; and as he thought over their eloquent objections to his Ellen's want of fortune, as well as the innumerable cogent reasons they had adduced against his marrying *so soon*, interlarded as they were with exaggerated expressions of attachment to himself, as a sort of set-off against the real unkindness of their words, the present dejection of his mind made him almost dread to encounter another lecture from Kate. But our hero, though remarkably acute in the common affairs of life, knew as little of the windings of a selfish woman's policy, as if he had never known one of the sex. His brother-in-law might, for aught we know, have retained precisely the same feelings he entertained the night before; but Kate had had time to consider the matter in all its bearings, and having decided, that as what can't be cured must be endured, and that as the marriage was, *bona fide*, a settled thing, the more firmly she persuaded Ellen that it met her wishes, and that she rejoiced in it, so much the "better quarters" she could pull out of Ellen, she, with laudable activity, at once acted on her convictions, and Denis had the exquisite satisfac-

tion of finding the whole of his household furniture in the middle of the high road, while his sister, with her petticoats tucked up to her knees, and her face flaming like a little *Ætna* in a penny show, was engaged in bringing an action of damages against the unoffending, though undoubtedly, hard-hearted chairs and tables—"sand and scrubbing *versus* old age and dirt, the cost of which were likely to be considerable. The moment Kate noticed his approach, she discontinued her employment, and hastily wiping her back in a blue check apron which was twisted round her waist, and which in case of surprise she could let down in a moment to conceal her dripping garments, ran into the house, in order to place upon the embers of the almost extinct peat fire the half-cold potatoes, of which she now intended to make what she termed *very kettles*."

"Well, Denis darling, is that you? You were wonderful long to be sure, and indeed you look as if you were ready to drop after the walk, set down at wanst and rest yourself, for you can't but be tired."

So saying, she rushed into the road, and with one sweep of the wing of straw she held in her hand clearing the sand from the chair upon which her brawny arms had been exercising their powers at the moment of his arrival, and which now looked among its fellows like a *pole fox* among a sedate party of *Charobans*. She bore it hastily into the house. Denis was soon comfortably seated with a large wooden bowl of potatoes on his knees and a porringer of milk placed beside him on the ground, and then, as the ceremonial of the breakfast-table did not require that Kate should discontinue her labours, she quietly returned to the unhappy pieces of furniture upon which she was expending so much muscular power, and which testified by sundry groans and shrieks the extremity of their sufferings, and their real *Hibernian* antipathy to being washed.

We shall leave Denis Murphy for a short time while we turn to describe the scenes which had meanwhile been taking place at the cabin of the *Widow Leary*. The panting and exhausted



parent had scarcely deposited her precious basket on the snow-white table, when she called loudly to Ellen to assist her in unpacking its contents, and unwilling as the poor girl was to appear before her mother at that moment, she dared not disobey her summons. Accordingly, composing her countenance as much as possible, she hastened to render Mrs. Leary the assistance she required. She need not, however, have been very uneasy, as to the effect her looks would produce, as the hospitable widow was so intent on displaying her little stores, that at that moment we believe if her daughter had been in an ague fit, she would not have remarked it. The contents of the well-packed basket were like a teetotal tea-party, "numerous and select." First came a pair of mould-six candles, carefully embedded in hay, and designed to grace the nuptial board; next, a quantity of white cabbage sufficient to have furnished the commissariat of a whole army of caterpillars; then a small piece of very salt-looking beef; a companion piece of pickled pork; and lastly two lemons, a paper of white sugar, and a stone jar containing "good parliament whiskey," as the label on the side ostentatiously set forth.

"Well, Ellen dear, I hope you'll like what I brought, and indeed the gentleman that served me said it was good, 'for,' says he, 'ma'am, I wouldn't give *you* any spirits that was not fit for your use; and I'm sure I'm not sorry I'm off the road, for my feet is as sore as if I was after dancing a *co-tee-long*\* on a furze bush; but tell me, darling, where's the children, for I brought them a paper of *cupitial* bull's eyes."

Here was a startling inquiry. Poor Ellen, who had never from the hour of her birth neglected one of her brothers and sisters, had this day, from the moment she had given them their breakfast, completely forgotten their existence. The sister who was to supply her place with her mother was in the service of a farmer in the neighbourhood, and could not be spared for a week or two; but the three younger children were at home,

and should they appear in their dearly-beloved dirt before the wedding guests, it would be a perfect disgrace.

"Run, Ellen dear, before we're shamed entirely, and bring them in crooked or straight, or I'll lose my *sinses* clear and clean," said the poor mother in a voice of despair; and Ellen, covered with confusion at her own negligence, instantly set off in search of the little truants, whom she discovered seated very pleasantly in a stagnant pool by the side of the road, engaged in the primitive and never-tiring amusement of making mud pies. No sooner were the children made acquainted with the errand than they all vociferated at the full pitch of their by no means particularly-delicate lungs, that they would *not* be made clean; and it required all Ellen's management, and a very skilful distribution of the "bull's eyes," to induce them to return to the house. This done, however, she soon hurried them into bed; and although poor little Paddy roared and kicked most furiously at being shut up in the dark when he wanted to be out in the sunshine, he was compelled to submit, while his sister endeavoured, by her present activity, to repair her previous forgetfulness. It was about four o'clock when the three liberated children were dressed in their clean clothes, and permitted to run into the outer room; but what a wondrous change met their astonished eyes! The table was placed at the end of the room, covered with a white tablecloth; a pair of most resplendent brass candlesticks were placed upon it, and in them the identical mould sixes we have before mentioned. The jar containing the whiskey was at present invisible, but some tumblers and glasses, borrowed from a neighbouring public-house, were arranged conspicuously upon the dresser.

"Ellen! Ellen! is mother dead?" exclaimed the whole party at once, having no idea of a table covered with white except at a wake; and learning for the first time to connect the not particularly congruous ideas of matrimony and mould candles, boiled cabbage and salt beef.—"No, no, you little fools," said Ellen, smiling in spite

of herself at the oddity of their conceit, and hastening to give admittance to her mother, who had gone to invite a widowed neighbour, to assist her in the preparation of the wedding feast. Poor old Joan Cassidy was the very picture of decrepitude and destitution—a widow indeed, and childless now, though once the mother of a healthful and happy family, who she might have reasonably hoped would have been the support and solace of her old age. Lame, very lame, and almost blind, her active services were not likely to be very great; but Mrs. Leary thought that a bit of meat had not crossed the lips of her sorely-afflicted neighbour for many a day, and so she

just ran over to ask her to come and help to dress the dinner; and old Joan replied that “she’d do that and more for Mrs. Leary,” totally forgetting that she could do *nothing*, and, seizing her crutch, limped across the mountain, gossiping the whole way about every wedding which had taken place in the parish for the last forty years, with all the volubility of garrulous old age. Ellen having admitted her mother and her guest, and welcomed the latter with one of her sweetest smiles, was now desired by them to “go down in the room and dress herself in all haste.” And there for the present we shall leave her, engaged in the duties of her simple toilet.

#### THE MONK AND THE DEVIL.

BEING NO. IV. OF THE KISHOGH PAPERS.

Three hours are past since the curfew bell,  
And Peter the Sacristan sits in his cell;  
A monk more devout,  
Withal burly and stout,  
In St. Benedict's abbey there may not dwell;  
Yet not o'er his beads or his breviary now  
Doth Peter the Sacristan thoughtfully bow;  
Far other is his occupation I trow—  
With easel before him and pencil in hand,  
He works at a painting terrific and grand;  
There are angels fair,  
With golden hair,  
Floating on pinions of light through the air,  
And blessed spirits, so bright they seem,  
Like the forms that haunt some beautiful dream;  
Martyrs who for the faith have died,  
Virgins holy and sanctified;  
While in contrast sad at the opposite side  
The souls of the damned  
Together are crammed,  
And are whipped and lashed, the unfortunate throng,  
By a legion of merciless devils along—  
Devils of every fashion and size,  
With trumpet noses and saucer eyes,  
And corkscrew tails,  
And talons and nails,  
And heads like fishes, and horns and scales;  
With snouts like rats,  
And wings like bats,  
And claws like lobsters, and bodies like cats;

Some like parrots, and some like apes,  
 Devils, in fact, of all colours and shapes.  
     All are done  
     Save a single one,  
 And at him the Sacristan works like fun :  
 Nothing, however horrid or grim  
 In colour or feature, or figure or limb,  
     Was ever yet seen,  
     Or thought of, I ween,  
 But that, when completed, will beat it out clean.  
 Stout must the Sacristan's nerves be to-night,  
 Who can look without awe on so fearful a sight ;  
     For, sober or drunk,  
     There's no other monk  
 Could gaze on his work and not feel in a funk.  
     But not so with Peter ;  
     No joy could be sweeter  
 Than his in depicting that horrible cretur'.  
 Louder and louder his lips doth he smack,  
     At each fresh attack  
     On his flagon of sack.  
     Vividly glows  
     The tip of his nose  
 With joy, as, beneath it, that strange image grows.  
 Merrily twinkle his funny old eyes,  
 Quicker and quicker the pencil he plies,  
 Till, just as the clock of the turret chimes one,  
 He jumps up and cries, " 'There, you Devil, you're done !"

" I'm done," said a voice in the Sacristan's ear—  
 " Faith I *am* done, indeed, most confoundedly queer.  
 " On my life, Friar Peter, you make rather free,  
 " If you mean to give this as a portrait of me."

Peter starts at the sound,  
 Turns suddenly round,  
 And sees what would many a friar confound,  
 And what makes even *him* for a moment look pale,  
 The Devil himself, with his horns and his tail,  
 Whose visage displays such a picture of rage,  
     That 'tis easy to see  
     How unpleasant 'twould be  
 His anger just then to attempt to assuage.

But Peter the Sacristan isn't the man  
     To be put in a puzzle  
     By horns or by muzzle ;  
 So the Devil at once he commences to scan,  
     And cries—" Go to hell,  
     " You most damnable fel—  
 —" Low, how dare you your cloven-hoof plant in my cell ;  
 " Be off in an instant you monster of ill,  
 " Or I'll make your vile picture more horrible still."

The Devil at once sees that threats are in vain,  
 And addresses the Monk in the opposite strain ;  
     With an accent like balm  
     Says, " Come, Peter, be calm—  
 " A little less zeal, friend—just listen to reason,  
 " The best things are good only when they're in season.

" A little composure  
 " May get you a crozier,  
 " And what is the use of this petty exposure ?  
 " To be somewhat politer  
 " Won't lose you a mitre,  
 " Nor your chance of salvation make one tittle slighter.  
 " The abbot *may* die of a fit apoplectic  
 " In the course of the night—he is *very* dyspeptic.  
 " Poor man, he mistakes  
 " The true cause of his aches ;  
 " His thirst, which is great, he too frequently slakes.  
 " A little less *sack*, and a little more *sackcloth*,  
 " Would keep him some years to come yet in his black cloth.  
 " If he *does* die to-night, just get rid of that figure—  
 " When you are mitred-abbot vent freely your rigour,  
 " You'll of course indulge often in long exhortations.  
 " Abuse me in these  
 " As much as you please ;  
 " Show up all my plots, all my dark machinations,  
 " Attack me for ever in sermon or stricture,  
 " All I ask you to do is—show no one that picture !”

Fierce was the Sacristan's rage when he heard  
 The Enemy tempting him thus to his beard :

He scarcely could speak,  
 So swollen was his cheek,  
 For the Sacristan's temper was not over meek.  
 He felt tempted to tweak  
 The old boy on the beak,

But thought he might waken the house with a squeak ;  
 And Peter the Sacristan, though he was burly,  
 Didn't fancy much making the lord Abbot surly,  
 Whose temper, perhaps, would be none of the best,  
 If suddenly roused from his sanctified rest ;

So he paused, and, instead,  
 He indignantly said—  
 " Avaunt, you infernal, detestable imp,  
 " Or I'll make you jump out of that like a shrimp ;  
 " Do you think, you old rascal, that I care a bob for you ?  
 " Begone out of that, or else I'll do your job for you !”

Nick doesn't withdraw,  
 Nor betray the least awe,  
 But breaks out in a most unaffected guffaw ;  
 While the coolness displayed by the covey in black  
 Throws the Sacristan clearly “ a little a-back ;”

And while in surprise  
 He wide opens his eyes,  
 The former again says—“ My friend, I'd advise  
 “ You to do as I say,  
 “ Or else you'll rue the day  
 “ That you ventured my very kind hint to despise.”

But the Sacristan cries,  
 “ Begone, father of lies ;  
 “ Know that Peter yourself and your vengeance *deserve*,  
 “ And warfare henceforth between him and you, Nick,  
 “ He solemnly seals with this resolute—kick !”

Wherewith he lets fly  
 His right foot so high,  
 'Twould have sent the arch-enemy up to the sky,  
 But Nick, being somewhat an adept in rhyme,  
 Foresaw what was coming, and vanished in time.

Softly the silver moonlight falls  
 Upon the dark grey convent walls,  
 Greeting, with melancholy smile,  
 That lonely and sequestered pile,  
 Whose inmates lie in rest profound,  
 Types of the wider world around ;  
 Though placed in calm seclusion there  
 For deeds of sanctity and prayer.  
 Alas ! can convent walls restrain  
 The projects of man's burning brain ?  
 Will cowl or cassock never hide  
 Ambitious lust, or heartless pride ?  
 Will guilty thoughts no bosom haunt  
 At vesper hymn or matin chaunt ?  
 Vain questions—hearts are beating there  
 That mock the censor and the prayer—  
 Hands that, to youth again restored,  
 Had spurned the bead to grasp the sword—  
 Souls that had bartered heaven above  
 For earthly fame or earthly love.  
 But there, too, many an aching breast  
 Hath sought and found relief and rest,  
 And many a bosom's fervid sighs  
 Like incense to the Godhead rise,  
 The cloister or the palace scan,  
 The inmate still of both is—man.

The Sacristan's sleep  
 Is placid and deep,  
 For the good even here some advantages reap ;  
 And ill-omened dreams 'tis said rarely attack  
 Those who find themselves bless'd with good conscience and sack.  
 And as Peter was loth  
 To be found without both,  
 He slept like a Trojan you may take your oath.  
 The Devil, 'tis true, ev'ry recipe tried  
 His rest to break through,  
 But in vain, 'twouldn't do,  
 The sack and good conscience his malice defied ;  
 He pulled off his nightcap, he tickled his nose,  
 He roared in his ears, and he pinched at his toes,  
 He pitch'd a whole shelf of the fathers o' top of him,  
 Enough to make almost a bookseller's shop of him.  
 But spite of his tickling, his pinching, his roaring,  
 And piling of books, still poor Peter kept snoring—  
 Nor awoke till the sound of the loud matin bell  
 Called him to his prayers and the Devil to hell.

Sorely in truth is the Devil perplexed,  
 Much does he cogitate what to do next.  
 There's no time for delays,  
 For within a few days  
 His portrait will meet the community's gaze,  
 Unless he can manage in some way or other  
 To soften the heart of that excellent brother,  
 But at length he discovers a famous expedient  
 To make the poor monk to his wishes obedient.

Hushed is the sound of the matin peal,  
 In the chapel now the brotherhood kneel,



And the Sacristan bows with penitent breast,  
 Singing his anthems there with the rest ;  
     When just at his side,  
     Where the rails divide  
 The chapel choir from the transept wide,  
     He hears a sigh,  
     And he raises his eye  
 From the book in his hand, and he turns it awry,  
 And he meets the glance of a damsel fair,  
 Who kneeleth, too, with her prayer-book there ;  
     And he can't tell why,  
     But he feels rather shy,  
 That damsel's glance is remarkably sly ;  
     He fixes his look  
     On the leaves of his book,  
 But away from the page they very soon creep  
 Once more at that sly-looking damsel to peep.  
     And he can't help thinking  
     That damsel is winking,  
 And he feels his own eyelids are funnily blinking ;  
 And he singeth so, where it ought to be si,  
 And he chuckles with very unclerical glee,  
 And he looks in the sly-looking damsel's eyes,  
 And she frowns with an air of extreme surprise,  
 And she modestly drops each beautiful lid,  
 As if she was sorry for what she did,  
     But he sees all the while  
     A very arch smile,  
 Which plays round her lips—ah ! the treacherous wile :  
 And he whispers her timidly over the rail,  
 And he grows very red, and again very pale ;  
 And the damsel who looks so exceedingly modest,  
 Gets on in a way that is really the oddest ;  
     And after the matins  
     He puts on her pattens,  
 And vows that she ought to be dressed out in satins :  
 And she bids him good-bye in such accents bland,  
 That he can't help squeezing her white little hand,  
     And he calls her sister,  
     And perhaps would have kissed her,  
 But some of the brotherhood then drawing nigh,  
 He's forced to go off with a simple " Good-bye."

'Tis the early dawn and the stars are fled,  
 But the sun hasn't yet appeared in their stead—  
 'Tis the early dawn and slumber's spell  
 Still soothes each monk in his lonely cell—  
     Each monk, save one,  
     Who don't wait for the sun,  
 But his morning's work has already begun ;  
 The Sacristan Peter I trow is he,  
 And busy in truth he seems as a bee—  
 Looking half frightend, and yet half elate,  
 He's hurriedly packing up vestments and plate  
     Into a sack  
     Which he throws on his back,  
 And stealthily creeps through the postern gate ;  
 Creeps through the postern gate, and hard by  
 A damsel waits with an arch-looking eye—  
 An arch-looking eye, and well do I ween,  
 That eye before hath the Sacristan seen ;

And she smiles at the pack  
Which he has on his back,  
And he gives her lips an exceeding loud smack—  
'Tis odd that a monk could have found out the knack—  
And then off together,  
Like birds of a feather,  
They go—as if tied with the conjugal tether.  
Oh, isn't it sad that there's nobody by  
To say to the Sacristan—"Fie, father, fie,  
"To elope with a lass with an arch-looking eye!"

They're gone a short while,  
Not quite half a mile,  
When that arch-looking damsel skips over a stile,  
Crying out to the monk with a comical smile,  
"Ho, ho! ho, ho!"  
"I'd have you to know,  
"My old cove, that I've played you a very rum trick,  
"For your rascally picture and ill-designed kick;  
"If you must run away  
"With a damsel gay,  
"Just follow my footsteps, my jolly old brick."  
And the Sacristan stands like a stone or a stick,  
And 'tis plain to be seen  
That he's wondrously green,  
For that arch-looking damsel is clearly Old Nick!

There's a deuce of a noise in the long corridor,  
And very loud steps on the pumice-ston'd floor,  
And a very loud kick at each narrow cell door,  
And a voice which exclaims with so hideous a roar  
That it rouses the monks who most lustily snore,  
"Get up from your beds, for a second don't wait,  
"Friar Peter is off through the postern gate,  
"And is running away at a terrible rate,  
"Taking with him the whole of the vestments and plate!"

Up from his bed  
Full of wonder and dread  
Jumps ev'ry monk, as if waked from the dead;  
Out in a body they rush to the cell,  
Wherein was wont friar Peter to dwell.  
No friar Peter is visible there;  
Well may they certainly wonder and stare.  
Out to the sacristy breathless they run,  
'Gad he is gone off as sure as a gun;  
Chalice and salver, and rochet and stole,  
Censor and cope, he has taken the whole.  
They've no time to wait,  
Through the postern gate  
Off they all run at a deuce of a rate,  
Peter must make right good use of his time  
If they don't catch him before matin chime.

Alack, alack,  
Here they are back,  
They've caught the poor Sacristan bearing his pack,  
Whom it didn't, indeed, cost much trouble to take,  
For the moment he found out his precious mistake,  
And saw that Old Nick  
Gave him so great a stick,  
The stings of remorse came his conscience to prick,

And fixed the poor man in a state of despair  
 To the spot where his mistress eloped in the air.  
     And now the whole throng  
     Drag him rudely along  
 To secure in a dungeon prodigiously strong ;  
 For what fate, indeed, can be too ignominious  
 To punish a sacrilege so very heinous ?

Oh! a weary thing is the captive's cell,  
 And proud the heart that it cannot quell ;  
 'Tis sad to list to the timid sigh  
 Of the wanton breeze as it flutters by—  
 To mark the light of the midnight stars  
 Gleam softly in through the dungeon bars—  
 And to think how many a joyous hearth  
 Is ringing loud with the laugh of mirth—  
 To feel how many a heart beats high  
 In the worshipped light of the loved one's eye,  
 And to know no smile *thy* lot can bless,  
 No loved one soothe with her fond caress,  
 No welcome voice, with its accents dear,  
 Like music fall on thy lonely ear.  
 Alas ! can man in his direst hate  
 His fellow doom to a darker fate ?  
 And, oh ! how far more deep its hue,  
 If the wretch it shadows be guilty too !

The Sacristan sits in his dungeon alone,  
 Silent and sad on a bench of cut stone,  
 And the first hour of night has right wearily flown,  
     When sudden and quick  
     As a conjurer's trick  
 Starts up before him his enemy Nick,  
     And cries, " My old brick,  
 " You've got yourself into a very odd mess,  
 " And would like to get out of it vastly, I guess.  
 " If you come to the terms I proposed t'other night,  
 " I'll take it upon me to set matters right :  
 " Confer upon me a respectable shape,  
 " And in less than an hour you are out of this scrape.  
     " Refuse  
     " If you choose,  
     " I'll be off in two two's,  
 " And few friars, believe me, would stand in your shoes,  
 " So make up your mind, for I've no time to lose."  
     What can Peter do  
     When things look so blue ?  
 He accepts the proposal—I'm sure so would you.  
 And scarce had he done so, when, *presto*, he flew  
 Through the roof of the prison, and ere he could tell  
 What the deuce had occurred—was asleep in his cell.

At the matin bell the Sacristan wakes,  
 And down to the chapel his way he takes,  
     To the brothers' surprise,  
     Who open their eyes,  
 And really can't their amazement disguise.  
     That he somehow got out  
     Of his den there's no doubt,  
 But ~~how~~ puts them all in confusion devout.

But whether he did so by cunning or sin,  
 They resolve that again he'll be very soon in,  
 And accordingly seize him and bring him once more  
 To the villainous dungeon, and open the door.

The door of the cell is unbarred and unlocked ;  
 The Abbot has entered—he's surely half cocked ;  
 His eyelids he rubs, and then opens them wide—  
     He ventures still nearer,  
     Lord, what *could* be queerer,  
 Friar Peter himself is there sitting inside—  
     Sitting alone  
     On the bench of cut stone,  
 Bitterly sobbing his fault to atone,  
 And looking as contrite and full of remorse  
 As if he had spavin'd a cardinal's horse.

The Abbot looks posed, so indeed does each monk,  
 'Tis not very likely they all should be drunk.  
     They're in a sad panic,  
     For something Satanic,  
 It seems pretty certain, has caused the delusion  
 That throws them all into such precious confusion.  
     'Tis some rascally trick  
     Of that damnable Nick,  
     That he might give a handle  
     To ill-natured scandal,  
 And bring disrespect upon cassock and sandal,  
     Which the Abbot at once,  
     Being far from a dunce  
 Sees into—and, great men are never at fault,  
 Cries—"Bring me a jug of cold water and salt !  
 "And if the old boy is here playing his tricks,  
 "I'll very soon make him abscond o'er the Styx."

    Into the vault  
     The water and salt  
 Are brought to the Abbot, who fearlessly stands  
 In the midst, and the jug takes in both of his hands,  
     (For 'tis not very small,  
     But a flagon full tall,  
 Which the Abbot himself used for taking his malt,)  
 And to its contents gives devoutly his benison,  
 For it minds him of savoury pasties of venison ;  
 By whose side it full often has occupied place,  
 And the poor Abbot fancies he's now saying grace,  
 Which indeed he begins in his error, repeating,  
 Though the *Devil* that's there is too hot for *his* eating.  
 But a titter reminds him of what he's about,  
 So he blesses the water in accents devout,  
 Making thus a most anti-satanical drug of it,  
 And flings in that mock friar's face the whole jug of it.

    With a steam  
     And a scream  
     That bewilder all there,  
 That duplicate Sacristan jumps in the air,  
 Not dressed in his habits, but perfectly bare,  
 With horns and with tail, and two eyeballs that glare  
     With a horrible stare,

And he fills the whole place with an odour of brimstone,  
That would make rather useful the eye-snuff of Grimstone.

After quitting his station,  
He takes a gyration  
Over head, which the monks view with deep consternation.  
And while inwardly each most devoutly pronounces  
An *ave* or two, on the lord-Abbot pounces,  
Who gives a loud howl,  
As Old Nick with a scowl,  
Takes him straightway aloft seizing hold of his cowl,  
As a hawk might fly off with a portly crammed fowl;  
And says, of the waggery pleasantly tasting—  
“Holy father, we’ll *do* you without any basting.”  
But—truly lord-Abbots do well to grow fat,  
What garments could hold up such mighty obesity?  
His cincture gives way in a twinkle, God bless it, he  
Falls on the floor  
With a horrible roar,  
And lies there extended, not certainly *flat*,  
Which could scarcely be said of a man of his weight  
But rather, in truly a *natural* state.  
Leaving Nicholas only the cowl in his claws,  
Which is perfectly valueless to him, because  
The horns which he carries prevent him from wearing it,  
So his spleen he can gratify only by tearing it;  
Which done, he goes off through a hole in the roof,  
That he makes for himself with a kick of his hoof.

And now that the Devil has gone back to hell,  
There remains of the story the sequel to tell.  
Friar Peter his compact religiously kept,  
And gave Nick a fair likeness that night ere he slept.  
At matins and vespers he ne’er again took  
His glance even once from the leaves of his book;  
He never sang *sol.* when he ought to sing *si*,  
He chuckled no more with unclerical glee;  
And he crossed himself thrice if he chanced to espy  
Any damsel again with an arch-looking eye.

The monks who believed  
They were grossly deceived,  
And that Nick had himself from the sacristy thieved  
The vestments and plate in the Sacristan’s shape,  
In order to get the poor monk in a scrape  
In revenge for his well-approved fervour and piety,  
His excellent life and distinguished sobriety;  
Showed him all the respect  
That good men can expect,  
And feeling he must be amongst the elect,  
To raise him to temporal rank didn’t dare,  
Saying well—“The reward of the good is elsewhere;”—  
So that never puffed up with vain-glory or pride,  
In the autumn of years the old Sacristan died.

The Abbot—poor man—being saved by his fat,  
From a doom which he trembled full frequently at,  
Thought the best way in future to shun a like ill,  
Was to go on progressively fattening still.  
He contrived for some years his existence to drag on  
By the aid of his cook and his well-beloved flagon;  
And at length having reached to a corpulence vast, he  
Died saying grace o’er a huge venison pasty.



## ALISON'S FRENCH REVOLUTION.—CONCLUSION.\*

WE were, we believe, amongst the first to hail the appearance of Mr. Alison's very instructive and interesting volumes, and we now offer him our sincere and cordial congratulation upon their close. He has completed a very full and graphical history of Europe, during a period replete with interest, and abounding in events of absorbing magnitude; and he brought to his task a candid, an elevated, and an inquiring mind, and a laborious and persevering diligence and research, which have enabled him to present to the English reader, for the first time, in a continuous form, the multifarious transactions which he has undertaken to elucidate, so as to preclude the necessity of referring to any other work for such knowledge on the subject as may satisfy the general reader.

The tyro in history may now study, with an undivided mind, all the consequences of that mystery of iniquity—the French revolution. He may discern its origin in the superstition by which the pure simplicity of the Gospel was obscured; he may trace its growth in the infidelity which such superstition is sure to engender, when the religious system of any country falls below the requirements of the age; he may witness its progress in the development of those passions and propensities which are sure to manifest themselves in corrupt human nature when the restraints of religion are removed, and in that violent re-action against tyrannical establishments which ended in the overthrow of social order, until society became convulsed, humanity demonized, and a whole nation infected with an epidemic phrenzy, which rendered them a curse to themselves, and a scourge and an astonishment to the world.

The reflecting student may also learn, if he duly ponder the pages of this enlightened man, that, amidst all the disorders incident to revolution,

and the temporary triumph of impiety and wickedness, “verily there is a God that judgeth the earth.” To this point Mr. Alison always has a special reference; and we deem it impossible that many of the details which on former occasions we deemed it right to bring before our readers, when noticing his earlier volumes, can be attentively considered by any competent judge, without impressing the conviction of an overruling Providence. In this tenth and last volume, the great historical drama is brought to a close. The great man who so long “rode the whirlwind and directed the storm” of the revolution, and whose genius and whose energy was such that he seemed to have subdued the monster who had destroyed all others, and subordinated him to his own will and pleasure, is himself *the victim* of that vaulting ambition which had stimulated his rise, and finds that in the deeds of darkness and of blood, by the perpetration of which he had hoped to grasp universal empire, was engendered that avenging wrath by which he was stripped of his dominions, and steeped to the lips in humiliation.

Yes; Buonaparte was the concentrated essence of the French revolution. In him was exemplified all the terrific energy of that dreadful explosion, with a vigour of intellect, and an unity of purpose by which it was controlled and directed. The lightnings which played around his head he collected, by means of his conductors, and converted into an artillery, by which, for a season, he was enabled to spread confusion amongst his enemies. He thus, for a time, appeared to be a god. All nations, with one glorious exception, at one time or another, bowed down and worshipped him. And this was the cause why he was so holden with pride, and so surcharged with cruelty,

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\* History of Europe from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., Advocate. Vol. X. 8vo. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1842.

that he deemed no let or impediment could be placed to his dominion from the sea unto the world's end. "I would have your master to know," was his language to the ambassador from the Emperor of Russia, "that I propose, and I dispose." And oh, how signally was the impiety avenged! The conflagration of Moscow and the snows of Russia, were the answer to the profane and wicked boast; and the debris of the most splendid armament that Europe ever saw, in rout, and confusion, and despair, through the countries which they had so recently traversed with a conqueror's tread, was but the precursor to that tissue of calamities, which thenceforth, in uninterrupted sequence, attended the French arms, until the potentate who would fain wrest the bolt from Omnipotence, was precipitated to his doom, and became as memorable for the reverses which he sustained, as he had ever previously been for the brilliant successes which conducted to his exaltation.

It is, in truth, in the vindication of the ways of God to man, by pointing out the retributive justice which sooner or later overtakes long triumphant wickedness, that the value of Mr. Alison's volumes chiefly consist. He has studied his subject with the mind of a man deeply imbued with this truth, that "verily there is a God that judgeth the earth;" and he seldom fails to trace to a departure from moral or religious principle, the heaviest of those calamities to which the nations of Europe were subjected, during the tyrannous ascendancy of the principle of the revolution.

The reader who has traced even our brief and necessarily meagre analysis of the preceding volumes, will have seen how inevitably the first outbreak of the revolution proceeded from the abuses engendered by tyranny and superstition. He will have seen how furiously oppressed humanity at length vindicates itself, and how terribly its oppressions are avenged. As he proceeds, he will see the demonizing effects of unbalanced democratic power upon the multitude, when either godless or unenlightened. He will see the fury with which the different factions assail each other, after they have, by their united efforts, completed the destruction of the privileged orders.

He will thus see society resolved into its original elements, and an anarchy of evil passions, in which confusion itself is worse confounded, taking the place of the government that had been overthrown, until France ran with the blood of its most virtuous citizens; and, resolving itself into a nation of atheists, firebrands, and assassins, affronted the eye of heaven by impieties too shocking to be described, and disturbed the peace of surrounding nations by a propagandism too monstrous to be tolerated, until indignant Europe was roused to arms, and every civilized country felt itself concerned in arresting a course of things which must, if unresisted, have led to universal disorder. He will then see the desperate and convulsive struggle of the regicide power to make head against the hostility which has been provoked by her misdeeds, until, sinking under the exhaustion of her own efforts, she succumbs under the domination of the military chief, who curbed her factions, retrieved her fortunes, and led her armies to victory. A tyranny was now established, a splendid, gorgeous, military tyranny, in which Buonaparte made his little finger feel more heavy, than the feeble-minded Louis had ever made his whole loins, and by which, the madness and wickedness of revolution was well avenged. Nor does the retributive justice of heaven appear only in the oppressions and calamities which a guilty nation brought upon itself by its misdeeds. It is clearly discernible also in the dealings of God with the surrounding nations, whose reverses, during the ascendancy of Buonaparte, are all distinctly traceable either to defects in their government, or a want of principle in their councils, by which they might have well provoked the Almighty Ruler's high displeasure. It is impossible to behold the great continental monarchies so repeatedly prostrated before the terrific energy of France, and steeped to the lips in misery and humiliation, without thinking of the partition of Poland, and considering that it was when their own hands were still reeking with the blood of an unoffending nation, which, in their profligate ambition they had torn asunder, they were compelled to feel that galling tyranny by which the iron was made to enter into their

souls. But long enough had the great oppressor been suffered to prevail as the scourge of God. His own iniquities, and those of the nation whom he punished while he governed, loudly challenged divine vengeance. And, though long delayed, at last it came; and the interest and the value of the volume before us chiefly consists in the vivid detail of those circumstances which led to a more cordial and better principled combination of the European powers against the great oppressor, and the struggles of that extraordinary man against the tide of destiny which now rushed upon him with an overwhelming flood, but which he boldly breasted to the last; and when he was eventually overborne by it, a single man against an embattled world, still left him "not less than archangel ruined."

The following is the historian's description of the deplorable state of the French army after the disastrous campaign of 1813.

"On returning to Paris, Napoleon had inserted a statement in the *Moniteur*, that the re-organization of the army was rapidly advancing; that the marshals had received reinforcements to enable them to maintain impregnable the barrier of the Rhine; that the artillery had repaired its losses; the National Guards were crowding into its fortresses; and that all the efforts of the allies would be shattered against that bulwark of art and nature. But in the midst of all this seeming confidence, the real state of the army on the frontier was very different; and disaster, wide-spread and unparalleled, had overtaken the shattered remains of the host which had wended its way back from the Elbe. Though the country through which that retreat had been conducted was rich and cultivated, the season temperate, and the marches not in general of unusual length; yet the deplorable effects of Napoleon's system of carrying on war without magazines, or provision of any kind for a retreat, had reduced the troops to the most woeful state of destitution. The first corps which passed along the road consumed every thing on its line, and within reach of the stragglers on either side, to the distance of several miles; and those which came after, as on the Moscow retreat, could find nothing whatever whereon to subsist. Magazines there were none between the Elbe and the Rhine, a distance of above two hundred miles, except at Erfurth; and the supplies there only maintained the troops

during the two days that they rested within its walls. During the fifteen days that the retreat lasted, the men were left to search for subsistence as they best could, along an already wasted and exhausted line, and the consequence was, that they straggled from necessity over the whole country, and arrived on the Rhine half starved, in the deepest dejection, and bearing with them the seeds of a frightful epidemic, which soon proved more fatal even than the sword of the enemy.

"Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the inhabitants of the left bank of the Rhine, who had hitherto known war only by its excitement and its glories, when they beheld this woeful crowd, refluxed by the bridge of Mayence into the French territory, and spreading like a flood over the whole country. But their number was so considerable that even the zeal and charity of the inhabitants, which were taxed to the utmost, were unable to provide any effectual remedy for their distresses. In the fortified towns, where the great mass of the fugitives, armed and unarmed, found a refuge, their situation though at first superior was ere long still more deplorable. The dreadful typhus fever which they brought with them from the scenes of their suffering in the German plains, soon spread to such a degree among the exhausted crowds who sought shelter within their walls, that in a few days not only the greater part of the military, but a large proportion of the citizens, were prostrate on the bed of sickness. The churches, the hospitals, the halls of justice, the private houses, were soon filled with a ghastly and dying multitude, among whom the worst species of fever spread its ravages, and dysentery wore down extenuated forms to the lowest stage of weakness. Such was the mortality, that for several weeks at Mayence it reached five hundred a-day. The exhalations arising from so great a multitude of dead bodies, which all the efforts of the inhabitants could not succeed in burying, were such, that they ere long poisoned the atmosphere, and spread an insupportable and pestilential odour through the whole city. The churchyards and ordinary places of sepulture being soon overcharged, and interment in coffins out of the question, from the multitude of dead bodies which abounded on all sides, they were thrown promiscuously into vast trenches dug in the public cemeteries, which were rapidly heaped up to a height exceeding that of the walls which enclosed them; and, when this resource failed, they were consigned to the Rhine, the stream of which wafted them down, as from a vast field of carnage, to the German Ocean; while

the shores of the Baltic were polluted by the corpses, which, borne by the waters of the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula, from the vast charnel-houses which the fortresses on their banks had become, bespoke the last remains and final punishment of the external government of the revolution."

But France was now to have the bitter chalice commended to her own lips, which she had so long made other nations drain to the dregs. The sacred territory was on all sides invaded—Wellington, in the south, with hostile banners displayed, came down from the Pyrenees upon the fertile plains of the Garonne, while the united armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden extended their mighty masses towards the north and east, enclosing, by the progressive development of their resources, their formidable antagonist in a circle of fire. Never, surely, since the world began, was such involuntary homage done to the genius and the valour of a single man! The allies made war, not upon a nation, but upon an individual. Their hostility was directed, not against France, but Napoleon Buonaparte. He had made her what she was—a terror to the nations; and it was now clear to almost all the allies, and loudly asserted by the emperor of Russia, who took the lead in the coalition, that by his deposition alone could she become what she ought to be; so that her existence as an independent state might be compatible with the security of the rest of Europe. Only Austria demurred. That power, from the very commencement of the contest had looked with a greedy eye to national advantages at the expense of the common cause, and was indebted for some of its most serious reverses to the selfish councils which postponed general to personal objects. And now, when her son-in-law was driven to his last resource, great was the reluctance which was evinced by the emperor to compel him to lay down the imperial sceptre, and wily were the expedients of Prince Metternich to procure for him such terms as might still leave him upon the throne. In vain were the reclamations of the Prussian and Russian sovereigns thundered in the dull ears which would not hear them. In vain were the most tempting opportunities of advancing upon the French capital

opened to the allies by their victorious arms. Austria was sluggish in her movements to a degree that balked the ardent spirit and defeated the energetic combinations of the other powers; and were it not for the desperate imprudence of Napoleon, who was deceived by some temporary gleams of success into the belief that his star was about to be again ascendant, the bold advance would never have been made which brought to its appropriate close the eventful drama of the revolution.

We can afford to give our readers but a very few extracts, in which Mr. Alison depicts with much vigour the contest which was now going on, and the prodigious energy of the French emperor, who, overmatched though he was, still boldly kept the field against the most overwhelming odds, and whose military genius never shone forth with brighter lustre than just then when it was about to be extinguished for ever.

The following is the description our historian gives of the combat at Laon, where for the first time the whole disposable forces of Napoleon, under his own personal direction, were brought to a stand:—

"It was a sublime and yet animating spectacle, when, on the evening of the 8th March, the allied army withdrew on all sides into the vicinity of this ancient and celebrated city. To the anxious and trembling crowds of citizens, and peasants driven in from the adjacent country, which had been the theatre of hostilities, the horizon to the south and west appeared covered by innumerable fires; loud discharges of cannon rolled on all sides, and sensibly approached the town; long lines of light, proceeding from the fire of the infantry of the allies as they retired, or the French as they advanced, were distinctly seen as the shades of evening set in. When night approached, and darkness overspread the plain, a still more extraordinary spectacle presented itself; the continued fire in the midst of the thickets and woods with which the country abounded, produced a strange optical delusion, which converted the trees into so many electrical tubes, from the summits of which sparks and dazzling light, as from so many fireworks, appeared to rush upwards into the heavens. In the midst of this lurid illumination, long lines of infantry dark masses of cavalry, and smaller



files of artillery, were seen covering the plain in all directions, till they were lost in the obscurity of the distance.

"The succeeding day, being the 9th, was passed without any serious action on either side. Approached to the villages of Classy, Sermilly, and Ardon, at the foot of the hill of Laon, the centre and left, composed of the troops under Napoleon in person, were perfectly prepared for an attack; but he was justly unwilling to hazard a general engagement, until his right wing, under Marmont, came up to its ground from the side of Rheims; and repeatedly in the course of the day he dispatched messengers in that direction, to learn where the marshal was, and how soon he might be expected in the field. Meanwhile, in order to feel the strength of the enemy's position, Ney was ordered to advance right against Laon by the great road from Soissons. Favoured by a thick fog, which entirely enveloped the hill of Laon, and concealed his advance from the enemy, he succeeded, by a sudden attack, in making himself master of the villages of Sermilly and Ardon, at the foot of the hill, and was only prevented from pushing up its slopes by the concentric fire of the batteries, which commanded every approach to the town. At eleven the mist cleared away, and the whole field of battle became visible from the ramparts. Blucher, perceiving how inconsiderable were the forces opposed to him in the centre, resolved to resume the offensive, and drive the enemy from the villages he had won at the foot of the hill. With this view, while Woronzow's infantry were ordered to attack Sermilly in front, and Bulow's at Ardon, a division of infantry, supported by all Winzingerode's cavalry, were directed to make a sweep in the plain, and turn their left. This double attack entirely succeeded; and Ney's corps were driven back across the *chaussée* and marshes towards Etouville, in such disorder, that it was only by charging with the imperial guard and reserve cavalry, that Ney and Beliard succeeded in arresting the pursuit of the allies, and driving them back to the bottom of the hill. At four in the afternoon, Napoleon having learned that Marmont had come up to his ground on the right towards Athies, on the road to Rheims, brought forward his guards and cuirassiers, and by a vigorous advance again expelled the allies from Ardon, and carried, after a bloody struggle, the village of Classy and the abbey of St. Vincent from the Russians on their right.

"Neither party, however, were intent

on these attacks; both fought only to gain time. Napoleon was counting the minutes, till the announcement of the approach of Marmont warned him that he might with safety commence a real attack upon the enemy at once in front and flank; while Blucher, having received intelligence of the French marshal being expected on the road to Rheims from Laon, when he was totally unsupported by the remainder of the army, was taking measures to fall upon and crush him. Meanwhile Marmont, who had commenced his march early in the morning from Bery-au-Bac, issued at one in the afternoon from the defile of Fetioux, and, driving the Prussian videttes before him, commenced an attack at four o'clock on a division of D'York's infantry, which was stationed at Athies, and after a fierce combat the Prussians were driven out of the village, which became a prey to the flames. Blucher now clearly perceived, from the vivacity of this assault, that the principal effort of the enemy was to be made in that direction; and that Napoleon's design was to amuse him by false attacks in front on the Soissons road, and, meanwhile, turn his flank, cut him off from all communication with the grand army, and throw him back on a separate field of operations on the side of Flanders. He immediately took measures to defeat this project, and converted it to the enemy's ruin; and for this object his central position at Laon, midway as it were between the two wings of the French army, presented extraordinary advantages. Langeron and Sacken were removed up behind Laon to the left, so as to be in a condition to support D'York; Kleist was ordered up to the front, close in his rear; the horse-artillery of the army of Silesia was moved to the extreme left, so as to be ready to commence the attack; the infantry were all arranged in close columns, the cavalry in dense array of squadrons, and the whole received orders, as soon as it was dark, to advance in double quick time, and without firing a shot or uttering a word, against the enemy.

"Meanwhile Marmont's troops, worn out with fatigue, and wholly unconscious of their danger, had sunk to sleep in their frigid bivouacs. At the dead of night, and in perfect silence, the Prussians advanced to the attack; Prince William of Prussia led the infantry, which were headed by the brigades of Horn and Klux, and moved by the high road right on Athies; the fields on either side were filled with the remainder of Kleist's corps, all in close column, so as to occupy very little room;



while Zeithen's turned the right flank of the enemy, and drove them back on the infantry. Both attacks proved entirely successful. So complete was the surprise, so universal the consternation, that the French merely fired one round of grape on the approach of Prince William, and then dispersed, every one flying in the profound darkness where chance or his fears directed. Zeithen's horse at the same instant falling on the right, increased the confusion: the fugitives from these two attacks, flying at right angles to each other, soon got intermingled, and poured headlong out in frightful disorder on the road to Bery-au-Bac; while the Prussian infantry, pressing on through the throng with loud shouts, soon arrived at the grand park and reserve caissons, all of which, with the exception of a few pieces, were taken. The Prussian hussars, highly elated with their success, continued the pursuit without intermission, and the darkness of the night alone prevented the whole corps being made prisoners. In wild confusion, horse, foot, and the few cannon, hurried through the defile of Fetioux, six miles off, at the entrance of which Colonel Fabvier contrived to rally a few hundred men, who, from the smallness of their number, not being perceived from the darkness of the night, contrived to stop the pursuit. As it was, however, Marmont lost forty pieces of cannon, a hundred and thirty-one caissons, and two thousand five hundred prisoners: the number of killed and wounded, from the rapidity of the flight, was not considerable; but his corps was totally dispersed, and disabled from taking any part, till re-organized, in any military operation, while the whole loss of the allies was not three hundred men.

“Napoleon, anticipating a general battle, was drawing on his boots at four o'clock in the morning of the 10th, with his horse already at the door, when two dragoons, who had just arrived on foot, in great consternation were brought to him. They stated that they had escaped by a miracle from a nocturnal hourrah, which the enemy had made on the bivouacs of Marmont; that the marshal himself was killed or taken, and that all was lost on that side. He immediately gave orders to suspend the preparations for a general attack, which were already commencing; and soon after more authentic intelligence of the disaster arrived, to the effect that the marshal was neither killed nor taken, but that his corps was entirely dispersed, its artillery lost, and the fugitives, in disorder, only beginning to rally in the

neighbourhood of Fismès. The emperor at once saw, that to persist in his attack on Laon, defended by an enemy double in amount to his own force, and with his right wing, for the time at least, *hors de combat*, was a vain attempt. But how to retreat in the face of a victorious enemy was the question; for already Blucher, elated by his victory, had given orders to Langeron, Sacken, D'York, and Kleist, to pursue Marmont with the utmost vigour; and he himself was only waiting on the ramparts of Laon, from whence he saw every movement in the French army, for the commencement of the retreat of the main body, to pursue on the road to Soissons. In this dilemma he adopted the wisest course he could have pursued, which was, to remain where he was, and impose upon the Prussian general by the display of a formidable force in front, so as at once to prevent pursuit of his own corps and relieve the pressure on that of Marmont. So completely did this plan succeed, that Blucher, who in the first instance had given orders to Bulow and Winzingerode to issue forth from Laon in pursuit of the French main body, not only countermanded the directions upon seeing they stood firm, and seemed rather preparing for an attack, but dispatched orders to the generals in pursuit of Marmont to return with their infantry, and follow him up only with their cavalry. Chernicheff, in consequence, who at daybreak had made a successful attack with Winzingerode's advanced guard on the French division at Classy, on the allied right, finding himself unsupported, was obliged to return in haste to the foot of the hill of Laon, and shortly after nine o'clock Napoleon ordered a general advance against that formidable position. The action soon became extremely warm; and when the French approached the hill, they were received by such tremendous discharges of artillery from the heights around its foot, as well as musketry from the loop-holed villages, that after sustaining a severe loss they were obliged to retire. At four o'clock the grand park and equipages began to defile on the road to Soissons, and the French troops withdrew at all points; but the cannonade continued till nightfall, and from the summit of the ramparts of Laon, the march of the retiring columns could be traced by the sight of villages in flames, and the awful prospect of granaries, farm-yards, and churches, consuming under the reckless fury of the devastating bands, which, like a stream of lava, overspread even their own territory with conflagration and ruin.”

Such was the blow which Napoleon received, and which would be felt by any other man with stunning violence, but it only operated upon him as a summons to greater efforts to retrieve, if it were yet possible, the falling fortunes of the empire. The town of Rheims, having been taken by General St. Priest, by which Blucher's communications with the grand army were re-established, and the right flank of Napoleon threatened :

"He had no sooner heard of it, accordingly, than he gave orders for the whole army, with the exception of Mortier's corps, which was left for the defence of Soissons, to defile to the right on the road for Rheims. With such expedition did they march, that on the evening of the same day on which they set out from Soissons, the advanced guards appeared before the walls of Rheims. The Prussian videttes could hardly believe their own eyes when the increasing numbers of the enemy showed that a serious attack was intended; and, notwithstanding repeated warnings sent to St. Priest, he persisted in declaring it was only a few light troops that were appearing, and could not be brought to credit that the army so recently defeated at Laon was already in a condition to resume offensive operations. At length, at four o'clock, the cries of the troops and well-known grenadier caps of the old guard, announced that the emperor himself was on the field; and then, as well he might, the Russian general hastily began to take measures for his defence. The nearest regiments, without orders or any regular array, hurried off to the threatened point; the French, skilfully feigning to be outnumbered, ceased firing and fell back, and for a short time all was quiet. St Priest was confirmed, by this circumstance, in the belief that it was only a partizan division which was before him, or, at most, the beaten corps of Marmont, for which he conceived himself fully a match; and even on being assured by a prisoner that Napoleon was with the troops, he said, 'He will not step over fourteen thousand men; you need not ask which way to retire, there will be no retreat.'

"Shortly after Napoleon arrived, and after looking on the town for a short time, dryly observed—'The ladies of Rheims will soon have a bad quarter of an hour'—and gave orders for an immediate attack. The allies by this time had almost entirely assembled in front of the town, and occupied a position in two lines, guarding the approaches to it; the right resting on the river Vele,

the left extending to the Basse-Muire; the reserves on the plateau of St Genevieve in the suburbs, where twenty-four pieces of cannon were planted. These preparations seemed to prognosticate a vigorous defence; but the promptitude and force of Napoleon's attack rendered them of very little avail. Eight thousand horse, supported by thirty pieces of horse artillery, were directed at once against the Russian left, to which St. Priest had hardly any cavalry to oppose; in a few minutes three Prussian battalions were surrounded and made prisoners. At the same time Marmont, supported by the guards of honour and cavalry of the guard, advanced by the high-road, direct upon the enemy's centre. The Russian general, upon this, perceiving that he was immensely over-matched, gave orders for the first line to fall back on the second; and, at the same time, the battery of twenty-four guns withdrew towards the rear. Hardly were these movements commenced, when he himself was wounded in the shoulder by a ball: this event discouraged the troops; and the retiring columns, aware of their danger from the great masses which were every where pressing after them, fell into disorder, and hastened with more speed than was consistent with discipline into the town. Owing to the narrowness of the bridge and streets, the columns got entangled at every step, and in less than a quarter of an hour became a mere mob, while the French infantry and cavalry, with loud shouts, were pressing on their rear. Such was the scene of horror and confusion which soon ensued, that it appeared impossible for any part of the corps to escape; and none in all probability would have done so but for the steadiness of the regiment of Riazan, which, under its heroic colonel, Count Scobelof, formed square on the field of battle, and not only repulsed the repeated attacks of an enormous mass of cavalry at the entrance of the town, and gave time for a large part of the corps to defile in the rear, but itself pierced through the forest of sabres with the bayonet, bearing their bleeding and dying general in their arms.

'General Emmanuel now took the command; and the most vigorous efforts were made at the entrance of the town, by disposing the troops in the houses which adjoined it; and so obstinate was the resistance which they presented, that for about three hours the French were kept at bay. Towards midnight, however, it was discovered that the enemy, by fording the Vele, had got round the town, and therefore the whole troops in it were withdrawn, some on the road to

Chalons, others on that to Laon, while the defence of the gate was entrusted to a non-commissioned officer of the 33rd light infantry, with two hundred men. This little band of heroes kept their ground to the last, and were found by the officer sent to withdraw them, dividing their few remaining cartridges, and encouraging each other to hold out even till death. When they received orders to retire, they did so in perfect order, as the evacuation was completed: and they fortunately effected their retreat in the darkness, without being made prisoners. Napoleon then made his entry into the town at one o'clock in the morning by torch light, amidst the acclamations of his troops, and enthusiastic cheers of the inhabitants, who gave vent to the general transport in a spontaneous illumination. In this brilliant affair the French took two thousand five hundred prisoners, eleven guns, and a hundred caissons, and the total loss of the allies was three thousand five hundred, while the Emperor Napoleon was only weakened by eight hundred men—a wonderful achievement to have been effected by a worn-out army, after nearly two months' incessant marching and fighting, and two days after a disastrous defeat; but more memorable still, by one circumstance which gives it a peculiar interest—it was the **LAST TOWN NAPOLEON EVER TOOK.**"

The capture of Paris, the fall of Napoleon, his banishment to Elba, the restoration of the Bourbons, are all described with a minute and graphical precision which leaves nothing to be desired. The sudden return of the ex-emperor from his place of banishment, and the manner in which Europe was electrified by the magical name of Napoleon again in arms, are no where set forth with more vivid distinctness than in the pages before us, and to which we can only refer our readers, while we hasten to offer such remarks as occur to us upon the account which our historian gives of the crowning victory at Waterloo.

The great question is, was the Duke of Wellington surprised by his great antagonist, and were his measures characterised by that haste and that imperfection which must detract from his merits as a great commander? Such would appear to be the opinion of Mr. Alison, but, as we think, upon very insufficient grounds. His pages have attracted the notice of a very distinguished critic in the last *Quar-*

*terly Review*, who appears to be possessed of information not accessible to other men, and by whom many of the facts narrated by our historian are denied, while the positions assumed by him are powerfully and even angrily disputed: and we allow that it is a matter of not a little national importance whether a slur is or is not to rest upon the first military reputation in the world.

The duke, be it observed, commanded an army far inferior, in every point of view, to that which, in the Peninsula, he had so frequently led to victory; and although in the first instance he had contemplated an invasion of France, yet he clearly saw, so early as the middle of April, that such a movement could not be safely made, and that with Napoleon must rest the initiative in the coming hostilities, the issue of which was to determine the destinies of Europe. His duty, therefore, clearly was, to be prepared, as far as possible, at all vulnerable points the importance of which might attract the attention of the enemy, and so to dispose his troops that, when the principal point of attack was clearly indicated, he might mass his supporting columns so as best to arrest the threatened danger.

That he foresaw the period about which his troops were likely to be actively engaged, is clearly manifest, as from letters both to Schwarzenburgh and Sir Henry Wellesley, bearing date the 2nd of June, he distinctly mentions the 16th as the day upon which he hoped to begin his active operations. It is also distinctly to be held in mind that all his movements must have reference not only to the army in his front, but to the German and the Russian troops who were on their march to the theatre of action, and whose communication with him a single false movement might compromise.

It is well known that the field of Waterloo had been examined by him, and surveyed by his orders some weeks before the battle took place, as the ground upon which an action might be advantageously fought, and where he felt confident that he could arrest the progress of the enemy.

In what, then, consisted the surprise? He had predetermined, upon excellent military grounds, that the

principal contest should take place in the front rather than in the rear of Brussels. The very field was marked in which the battle was to be fought. The very day was indicated when hostilities were likely to commence. Of what, then, was the Duke of Wellington unaware, or against what was he unprovided? He could not know beforehand whether Buonaparte would make his principal attack by the way of Charleroi or by the way of Mons. The French emperor knew too well how to keep his own counsel. His eagle eye had been, no doubt, exploring the vulnerable points along the British line, and had not the duke been well prepared to give him a warm reception upon his right, Mons and not Charleroi might have been his first object. But as soon as the duke was made aware that the Prussian right was seriously attacked, he issued the orders which brought his troops into the several positions where their presence might be of most avail, and prepared, in case the Prussians should be defeated, for that retirement upon Waterloo where the final stand was to be made, and which he has rendered memorable to all time by his immortal victory.

In all this there was no surprise. But the duke did more. Having despatched the orders to his own troops, by which the several divisions were to be brought to bear upon the point of attack, he actually rode over to Ligny on the night of the 15th, and saw the veteran Blücher on the morning of the 16th, and before the action was fought in which he was worsted. He then arranged with him, that in case of defeat, he should fall back upon Wavres, and be ready on the next day to move in the direction of Waterloo. By this wise precaution, the great object of Buonaparte's attack was defeated. He did not succeed in separating the Prussians from the British. The old Prussian was on horseback on the morning of the 18th, making his impatient way, through many difficulties, to the scene of action, determined to redeem his pledge; and as the deep booming of artillery told him how hotly the English were engaged, cursing, no doubt, the tardy-gaited steed, which could not bear him, on wings of fire, to the contest. In all this, assuredly, there was no surprise.

Upon what, then, does Mr. Alison ground his dictum that a surprise really did take place? Upon this, that some of our infantry arrived at Quatre Bras without the proper support of cavalry. Such, undoubtedly, was the case. But it remains to be proved that this was an oversight on the part of the duke. It is very possible that there are unpublished memoranda by which this matter might be explained. The duke was only responsible for the issue, not for the faithful delivery or the due execution of his orders. A very little delay on the part of his messengers, not to talk of the many casualties to which they might have been exposed, would be sufficient to account for this. It is perfectly certain that in the course of the night the cavalry did arrive, and from thenceforth our gallant troops, who had before taken tolerably good care of themselves, were abundantly protected. Now to ground upon a casualty like this, a charge which compromises the military reputation of the greatest warrior of his age, is reprehensible in the extreme in one who might well have suspended his own judgment until he was more certainly informed upon whom the blame really rested that the cavalry were not present with the troops when they were most wanted.

But the collateral proof which Mr. Alison adduces that the Duke of Wellington was surprised, is even more insulting than the imputation itself is injurious. It is this, that the duke depended upon Fouché for his information respecting the movements of the French emperor, and that by that arch-traitor he was deceived. Now to suppose that Buonaparte would have entrusted such a villain with his most secret resolves respecting the commencement of the campaign, (a wretch whom, shortly before he set out from Paris, he was upon the point of handing over to the executioner,) is greatly to underrate the military prudence of that extraordinary man; and to suppose that the duke would have *depended on him* for correct information upon such a subject, is to impute to him a degree of folly which would have utterly unfitted him for any command, and for which, assuredly, his whole previous history does not furnish any warrant. The plain



fact is, and Mr. Alison might have learned it from his own despatches, that he had no communication with Fouché whatsoever, that he waited for no information which should come through so polluted a source, and that his arrangements were made, and his final measures taken with reference solely to the great military and political considerations which should be uppermost in his mind. And they were guided by a wisdom and executed with a promptitude and vigour, which, notwithstanding accidents over which he could have no control, left nothing to be desired for the successful prosecution of a contest, in the issue of which, it is scarcely saying too much to say that the interests of humanity were more involved than in any other that had taken place from the commencement of the world. No. Had Mr. Alison been there, Fouché might have made a fool of him. He may rest assured that that wily intriguer did not make a fool of the Duke of Wellington.

Admitting that with Buonaparte rested the initiative in the coming contest, what was the duty of the noble duke? Was it not so to dispose his troops as that an effective observation might be made of all points upon which he might be menaced? This included the space between Charleroi and Mons, and there would have been advantages both military and political, from striking a successful blow against the English, by which they might be separated from their naval resources, and by which the personal safety of Louis the Eighteenth, and the French court might be compromised, which would not have attended an attack upon the Prussians, even supposing them to be never so completely defeated. It is, therefore, not improbable, that the noble duke looked to Mons as the point upon which Napoleon would advance, and that he took care to be more ready for him there than he was in any other quarter; while yet his arrangements were such that his troops could be rapidly moved to any other point which might be really menaced, so as to be in the field of battle when they were required.

The cavalry were concentrated in and about Grammont, a position in which they were well in hand, supposing the attack to be made by way of Mons.

Had they been at Nivelles, as matters actually occurred, it would, no doubt, have been more convenient. And this very circumstance may have been the cause why the French emperor directed his force in the first instance against the Prussians, and where he was less expected. But could that be called a surprise? Assuredly not. The more probable danger was not only foreseen but prevented; and the troops were rapidly put in motion to meet the new contingency, so as effectually to baffle the efforts of the enemy. It is true the cavalry did not arrive at Quatre Bras quite as seasonably as could be desired; but that is a casualty which might be accounted for by any one of twenty accidents which, in the tumult of such a busy time, might well have occurred to mar the best-conceived arrangements. We know that it was an accident alone which prevented Bulow being present with Blucher at the battle of Ligny, of which, had he taken his expected part in it, the result would, in all probability, have been very different. We are told by authority that all the memoranda connected with the orders of the 15th, and the movements of the 16th, are not yet before the public; so that we are at present unable to judge why it was, or whose fault it was, that the cavalry were not earlier at the scene of action at Quatre Bras. As it was, no irreparable mischief was done until they did arrive, and then they gallantly did their duty. But to make the accident, for such it may be, of their non-arrival in the nick of time, a ground for questioning the military arrangements of the duke, and casting a slur upon his high military reputation, is, to say the least of it, hasty and inconsiderate in our historian.

The appearance of the hostile armies on the morning of that eventful day is thus well described:—

“The morning of the 18th opened with a drizzling rain; but the clouds were lighter, and the sun occasionally broke in fleeting glimpses through the hazy atmosphere. Eagerly the men in both armies started from their dripping beds; at once they awoke to a rapid consciousness; but numbers were so stiff that it was with difficulty they could rise out of the water in which they had passed the night. But the sight which presented itself when they arose, rivetted every eye, and moved every heart.”



even in the most unthinking breasts in those vast arrays. Never was a nobler spectacle witnessed than both armies now exhibited; its magnificence struck even the Peninsular and Imperial veterans with a feeling of awe. On the French side, eleven columns deployed simultaneously to take up their ground; like huge serpents clad in glittering scales, they wound slowly over the opposite hills, amidst an incessant clang of trumpets and rolling of drums from the bands of a hundred and fourteen battalions and a hundred and twelve squadrons, which played the Marseillaise, the Chant de Départ, the Veillons au Salut de l'Empire, and other popular French airs. Soon order appeared to rise out of chaos: four of the columns formed the first line, four the second, three the third. The formidable forces of France were seen in splendid array; and the British soldiers contemplated with admiration their noble antagonists. Two hundred and fifty guns, arrayed along the crest of the ridge in front, with matches lighted and equipment complete, gave an awful presage of the conflict which was approaching. The infantry in the first and second lines, flanked by dense masses of cavalry, stood in perfect order; four-and-twenty squadrons of cuirassiers, behind either extremity of the second, were already resplendent in the rays of the sun; the grenadiers and lancers of the guard in the third lines were conspicuous from their brilliant uniforms and dazzling arms; while in the rear of all, the four-and-twenty battalions of the Old Guard, dark and massy, occupied each side of the road near La Belle Alliance, as if to terminate the contest. The British army, though little less numerous, did not present so imposing a spectacle to either army, from their being in great part concealed by the swell of the ridge on which they stood. They were drawn up, for the most part, in squares, with the cavalry in rear, and the guns in front skilfully disposed along the summit of the swell. No clang of trumpets or rolling of drums was heard from their ranks; silently, like the Greeks of old, the men took up their ground, and hardly any sound was heard from the vast array, but the rolling of the guns and occasional word of command from the officers. Napoleon had been afraid that the English would retreat during the night, and expressed the utmost joy when their squares appeared in steady array next morning, evidently with the design of giving battle. 'I have them, these English!' said he. 'Nine chances out of ten are in our favour.' 'Sire,' replied Soult, 'I know these English; they will die on the ground on which they stand before they lose it.'

The principal attack of Napoleon was intended to be against the right centre of the British; but the appearance of troops in the distance, upon his own right, which he never doubted to be the advanced division of the Prussians, caused him to direct the force of his columns more upon the left of his antagonists, with a view to force them back, and prevent the junction with Blücher's veterans, which was now hourly expected. The following is our historian's account of the brilliant charge of British cavalry by which this well-conceived design was defeated:—

"Wellington no sooner perceived the formidable attack preparing against his left centre than he drew up the noble brigade of horse, under Sir William Ponsonby, consisting of the Scotch Greys, Enniskillens, and Queen's Bays, close in the rear of Picton's division, and stationed Vandeleur's light brigade of cavalry on the extreme left. A brigade of Belgians formed the first line; they, however, speedily gave way before the formidable mass of the French columns, and D'Erlon's men, sustaining with undaunted resolution the heavy fire which the British cannon and infantry opened upon their front, still pressed up the slope till they were within twenty yards of the British line. Here they halted, and a murderous fire commenced, which soon fearfully thinned the first British line under Kempt, which began to yield. Picton, upon this, ordered up Pack's brigade, consisting of the 42d, 92d, 1st or Royal Scots, and 44th; and these noble veterans, as on the brow of the Mont Rave at Toulouse, advanced with a loud shout, and poured in so close and well-directed a fire, that the French columns broke and recoiled in disorder. At this instant, the heroic Picton, as he was waving his troops on with his sword, was pierced through the head with a musket-ball, and fell dead. Kempt immediately took the command; the rush of horse was heard, and Ponsonby's brigade, bursting through or leaping over the hedge which had concealed them from the enemy, dashed through the openings of the infantry, and fell headlong on the wavering column. The shock was irresistible; in a few seconds the whole mass was pierced through, rode over, and dispersed; the soldiers in despair fell on their faces on the ground and called for quarter, and in five minutes two thousand prisoners and two eagles were taken, and the column utterly destroyed. Transported with ardour, the victorious horse, supported by Vandeleur's brigade

of light cavalry on their left, charged on against a battery of D'Erlon's guns, consisting of twenty-four pieces, which was quickly carried. The Highland foot soldiers, vehemently excited, breaking their ranks and catching hold of the stirrups of the Scots Greys, joined in the charge, shouting, 'Scotland for ever!' Unsatisfied even by this second triumph, these gallant horsemen amidst loud shouts charged a third line of cannon and lancers, and here also they were triumphant. So forcibly was Napoleon struck by this charge, that he said to Lacoste, the Belgian guide, who stood beside him, 'Ces terribles chevaux gris; comme ils travaillent!' He instantly ordered Milhaud's cuirassiers from the second line to charge the victorious British; and these fresh troops, clad in their steel armour, easily overthrew the English horsemen, now much disordered, and entirely blown by their unparalleled effort. In the hurried retreat to their own position, Ponsonby was killed, and the brigade hardly brought back a fifth of its numbers; but never perhaps had a charge of an equal body of horse achieved such success, for, besides destroying a column five thousand strong and taking two thousand prisoners, we have the authority of the great military historian of Napoleon for the fact, that they carried, cut the traces, and rendered useless for the remainder of the day, no less than eighty pieces of cannon."

But the principal effort was still to be made on the part of the French, and it was one worthy of their former renown, and which could alone have been baffled by the troops and the general against whom it was directed:—

"It was a quarter past seven when the first column of the Old Guard, under Reille, advanced to the attack; but the effect of the artillery on its flank was such, that the cavalry were quickly dispersed; and the French battalions uncovered, showed their long flank to Adam's guns, which opened on them a fire so terrible, that the head of the column, constantly pushed on by the mass in rear, never advanced, but melted away as it came into the scene of carnage. Shortly after, Ney's column approached with an intrepid step: the veterans of Wagram and Austerlitz were there; no force on earth seemed capable of resisting them; they had decided every former battle. Drouot was beside the marshal, who repeatedly said to him they were about to gain a glorious victory. General Friant was killed by Ney's side: the marshal's own horse was shot under him; but bravely advancing on foot, with his drawn sabre

in his hand he sought death from the enemy's volleys. The impulse of this massy column was at first irresistible; the guns were forced back, and the Imperial Guard came up to within forty paces of the English foot-guards, and the 73d and 30th regiments. These men were lying down, four deep, in a small ditch behind the rough road which there goes along the summit of the ridge—'UP, GUARDS, AND AT THEM!' cried the duke, who had repaired to the spot; and the whole on both sides of the angle into which the French were advancing, springing up, moved forward a few paces and poured in a volley so close and well-directed, that nearly the whole first two ranks of the French fell at once. Gradually advancing, they now pushed the immense column, yet bravely combating, down the slope; and Wellington, at that decisive instant, ordered Vivian's brigade to charge the retiring body on one flank, while Adam's foot advanced against it on the other. The effect of this triple attack, at once in front and on both flanks, was decisive: the 52d and 71st, swiftly converging inwards, threw in so terrible a volley on their left flank, that the Imperial Guard swerved in disorder to the right; and at that very instant the 10th, 18th, and 21st dragoons, under Vivian, bore down with irresistible fury, and piercing right through the body, threw it into irrecoverable confusion. The cry, 'Tout est perdu—la Garde recule!' arose in the French ranks, and the enormous mass, driven headlong down the hill, overwhelmed every thing which came in its way, and spread disorder through the whole French centre.

"From morning to night on this eventful day, the British squares had stood as if rooted in the earth, enduring every loss and repelling every attack with unparalleled fortitude. But the moment of victory had now arrived; the last hour of Napoleon's empire had struck. At the very moment that Ney's column of the Old Guard was receding in disorder down the hill, with their flanks reeling under the fire of infantry and the charges of horse on either side, Wellington beheld Blücher's standards in the wood beyond Ohain; and the fire of guns from thence to Frischermont, showed that Zeithen had come up, and that the Prussians in great strength and in good earnest, were now about to take a part in the fight. He instantly ordered a general advance, in the formation in which they stood—the British in line, four deep, the Germans and Belgians in column or square; and himself, with his hat in his hand, rode to the front and waved on the troops. Like an electric shock, the heart-stirring order was communicated along the line; con-

fidence immediately revived; wounds received and dead comrades were forgotten; one only feeling, that of joyous exultation, filled every breast. With joyful step, the whole line pressed forward as one man at the command of their chief; and the last rays of the sun glanced on fifty thousand men, who, with a shout which caused the very earth to shake, streamed over the summit of the hill. The French, who had believed that the British infantry was wholly destroyed, for not having seen them for so long a period on the crest of the ridge, were thunderstruck when they beheld this immense body advance majestically in line, driving before them the last column of the Imperial Guard who had made the attack. At the same time, Bulow's and Zeithen's corps of Prussians, of whom six-and-thirty thousand had already come up, emerged entirely from the wood, and advanced with a swift step, and in the finest order, in the double-necked column then peculiar to their country, to join in the attack. A hundred guns, arranged in the form of an amphitheatre on the skirts of the wood, opened a tremendous fire over their heads, and the balls soon began to fall in the midst of the French army, on the *chaussée* of La Belle Alliance. Despair now seized upon the French soldiers; they saw at once that all was lost, and horse, foot, and cannon, breaking their ranks, fled tumultuously towards the rear; while the British cavalry, eight thousand strong, streamed in every direction down the slope, cutting down those who attempted to resist, and driving before them the mass of fugitives who still attempted to keep their ranks."

The deroute was now complete. The last hour of Napoleon's empire had struck. Darkness had now set in; and the moon arose just as the illustrious duke halted his wearied troops, and handed over the pursuit to the newly arrived Prussians, who were but too happy for such an opportunity of venting the hoarded vengeance of years against their country's oppressors, and thus "feeding fat the ancient grudge they bore them." Blucher entered *con amore* upon the congenial task, and nine times during the night the wretched fugitives had attempted to snatch a hurried repose, when they were uproused by the fierce hurrah of their terrible enemy, whose unslumbering hate would allow no intermission to the exaction of their debt of vengeance. With difficulty Napoleon himself escaped, his travel-

ling carriage, private papers, sword, and hat having fallen into the hands of the victors; but he escaped only to experience fresh humiliation in the capital which he had so recently left at the head of a powerful army, and which had so frequently exulted in his exploits as the crowning glories of their country. There all now was confusion, disappointment, dismay, and despair. The miserable party who rallied in his favour were wholly unable to make any head against the powerful factions by whom he was assailed; and his deposition would have been unhesitatingly pronounced, had he not anticipated that disgrace by a reluctant abdication. But the measure of retributive justice would have been incomplete, if France herself did not feel the heel of the conqueror; and *that* she assuredly did, when the victorious allies made their triumphant entry into Paris.

"The 7th of July was the proudest day in the annals of England. On that day her victorious army, headed by Wellington, made their public entry, along with the Prussians, into Paris, where an English drum had not been heard for above four hundred years. They entered by the barrier of Neuilly, and spreading on either side round the boulevards, took military possession of all the principal points in the capital. The English established themselves in the Bois de Bologne in a regular camp; the Prussians bivouacked in the churches, on the quays, and in the principal streets. The aspect of the troops was in the highest degree interesting, and the Highland regiments in particular attracted universal admiration. But it was a very different spectacle from the former entry of the allies on the 31st of March, 1814. Joy then beamed in every eye, hope was buoyant in every heart; all felt as if rescued from death. The reality of subjugation was now felt: the crime of the nation had been unpardonable; its punishment was unknown. With a proud step and beating hearts, to the triumphant sound of military music, the British troops defiled through the capital; but the French regarded them with melancholy and anxious looks. Few persons were to be seen in the streets; hardly any sound but the clang of the horses' hoofs was heard when they marched through the city. On the following day, Louis XVIII., who had followed in the rear of the English army from Ghent, made his public entrance, escorted by the National Guard. But his entry was still more melancholy, and

of sinister augury to the future stability of his dynasty. Even the Royalists were downcast ; their patriotic feelings were deeply wounded by the defeat of France ; they augured ill of the restoration of the king in the rear of the English bayonets. On the same day, Fouché announced to the commission, which had hitherto carried on the government, its dissolution, as the English and Prussian armies had occupied the capital, and their deliberations were no longer free. The wily minister shortly afterwards received the reward of his treacherous conduct, by being appointed minister of police under the new government."

Here we must pause. Seven and twenty years have since rolled away, and Europe continues in unbroken repose ; and that, notwithstanding ten years' domination of the Whigs, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been sufficient to light up the flames of war in every country in the world. Better men have now succeeded to the British helm ; and, under a graciously superintending Providence, better things may be expected than could be looked for from those who could only maintain their ascendancy by pampering the passions, and fostering the prejudices which lead directly to revolution.

Although not admirers of contrasted delineations of character, and believing that such style of writing presents an almost irresistible temptation to point an antithesis at the expense of truth, we are ready to acknowledge, that in the following *résumé* of the leading features of distinction between Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, there is much force and justice.

" Napoleon and Wellington were not merely individual characters : they were the types of the powers which they respectively headed in the contest. Napoleon had more genius, Wellington more judgment : the former combated with greater energy, the latter with greater perseverance. Rapid in design, instant in execution, the strokes of the French hero fell like the burning thunderbolt : cautious in counsel, yet firm in action, the resources of the British champion multiplied, like the vigour of vegetation, after the withering stroke had fallen. No campaign of Wellington's equals in genius and activity those of Napoleon in Italy and in France ; none of Napoleon's approaches in foresight and wisdom that of Wellington's at Torres Vedras. The vehemence of the French emperor would have ex-

hausted in a single campaign the whole resources which during the war were at the disposal of the English general ; the caution of Wellington would have alienated in the very beginning the troops which overflowed with the passions of the revolution. Ardour and onset were alike imposed on the former by his situation, and suggested by his disposition : foresight and perseverance were equally dictated to the latter by his necessities, and in unison with his character. The one wielded at pleasure the military resources of the half of Europe, and governed a nation heedless of consequences, covetous of glory, reckless of slaughter : the other led the forces of a people distrustful of its prowess, avaricious of its blood, but invincible in its determination. And the result, both in the general war and final struggle, was in entire conformity with this distinction : Wellington retired in the outset before the fierce assault of the French legions, but he saw them, for the first time since the revolution, recoil in defeat from the rocks of Torres Vedras : he was at first repeatedly expelled from Spain, but at last he drove the invaders with disgrace across the Pyrenees !

" The personal and moral character of the two chiefs was still more strikingly opposed, and characteristic of the sides they severally led. Both were distinguished by the unwearied perseverance, the steady purpose, the magnanimous soul, which are essential to glorious achievements : both were provident in council, and vigorous in execution : both possessed personal intrepidity in the highest degree : both were indefatigable in activity, and iron in constitution : both enjoyed the rarer qualities of moral courage and fearless determination. But, in other respects, their minds were as opposite as the poles are asunder. Napoleon was covetous of glory, Wellington was impressed with duty : Napoleon was reckless of slaughter, Wellington was sparing of blood : Napoleon was careless of his word, Wellington was inviolate in faith. Treaties were regarded by the former as binding only when expedient—alliances valid only when useful : obligations were regarded by the latter as obligatory, though ruinous ; conventions sacred, even when open to objection. Napoleon's wasting warfare converted allies into enemies ; Wellington's protecting discipline changed enemies into friends : the former fell, because all Europe rose up against his oppression : the latter triumphed, because all Europe joined to share in his protection. There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers, in which glory is not mentioned and duty forgotten : there not an order of Wellington to his troops,



in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is alluded to. Singleness of heart was the great characteristic of the British hero, a sense of duty his ruling principle: falsehood pervaded the French conqueror, the thirst for glory was his invariable motive. The former proceeded on the belief, that the means, if justifiable, would finally work out the end: the latter, on the maxim that the end would in every case justify the means. Napoleon placed himself at the head of Europe, and desolated it for fifteen years with his warfare; Europe placed Wellington at the head of its armies, and he gave it thirty years of unbroken peace. The one exhibited the most shining example of splendid talents devoted to temporal ambition; the other, the noblest instance of moral influence directed to exalted purposes. The former was in the end led to ruin, while blindly following the phantom of worldly greatness; the latter was unambitiously conducted to final greatness, while only following the star of public duty. The struggle between them was the same at bottom as that which, anterior to the creation of man, shook the powers of heaven: and never was such an example of moral government afforded as the final result of their immortal contest."

That which was ever uppermost in the mind of Wellington was an honesty that could not be corrupted; that which was uppermost in the mind of Napoleon was an ambition that could not be controlled. In the art of war, the emperor was gifted with almost superhuman genius; the duke with the very perfection of common-sense. This it was which always led the latter to see that, in the long run, honesty must prove the best policy; while the dazzling visions which were ever afloat in the imagination of Napoleon lured him into projects of aggrandisement, the reckless and daring prosecution of which ultimately caused his ruin.

We conclude with again congratulating Mr. Alison upon the completion of a work which is undoubtedly a great accession to the historical literature of the country, and which required for its production great research, and a calm, investigating, and comprehensive

mind. He is brought successively into contact with every government and people in the civilized world, China only excepted; and his best informed readers will be the most ready to acknowledge the extent of knowledge, solidity of judgment, and justness of reflection with which their various systems of policy and principles of government are discussed and expounded. His most partial admirers will, perhaps, desiderate a little less haste and dogmatism in his dissertations respecting intricate matters of finance, and his adjudications respecting knotty points of international law; while as a moral investigator of the principles of action, whose foundations lie deeper than the historian often thinks it needful to penetrate, he has yet much to learn, as we could easily show did time permit us to enter fully upon the consideration of the pages which constitute his conclusion. In them we discern the workings both of a religious and a philosophical mind, but one not yet arrived at full maturity, or mellowed into that ripeness of wisdom which we doubt not it is yet destined to attain, and by which Mr. Alison will be enabled to see in religion the perfection of philosophy, and in philosophy the handmaid of religion. That his reflections are, upon the whole, just and wise, is most true; but he has as yet attained to but half the truth; and while he detects with admirable precision the latent source of that perturbation in human affairs by which nations are convulsed and governments rocked and agitated to their base, he is not equally happy in lighting upon the adjusting and rectifying principle by which a proper equilibrium would be established in society, and harmony maintained amongst the nations. But we must not be drawn farther at present. We acknowledge with gratitude the obligations under which Mr. Alison has laid us, and we need not say that in whatever shape his genius may prompt him to appear, we shall be glad to meet with him again.



## LETTERS FROM ITALY.—NO. VII.

Rome, April, 1838.

WHEN I last wrote, our visit to the Capitol was at hand. I will not confess how often I longed for the hour to come, nor how often my attention has been diverted from objects of deep interest by sundry yearnings after its unseen treasures. I had never asked myself what I expected, nor turned inquisitively to the guide books; I can therefore scarcely explain why the exterior so completely disappointed me. It is all modern—did you know it?—so here again the graceful veil which imagination had thrown over the antiquities dropped away at the touch of reality. I knew that Michael Angelo had built several palaces on the Capitoline Mount, that the Tarpeian rock was no rock at all, and that heathen and Christian traditions were strangely mingled in its history; but imagination had confidently assured me, that I should read of the greatness of other days in ruins majestic even in decay—that a name which belongs to the earliest days of the republic still lived in monuments impressive even in their loneliness. Alas for the Capitol—the citadel of the “Queen of the earth!”—not one vestige of antiquity meets the eye—not one temple, even in ruins, speaks of the empire, or of the many gods of peace and war to whom her temples were dedicated! The vaults under the senator’s palace, and about eighty feet of wall under that of the Caffarelli, are the chief remains of ancient days to be found by the most diligent seekers on the capitoline. The Franciscan church of Santa Maria, Ara Cœli, is supposed to stand on the site of one of the temples of Jupiter, and to have borrowed from it the fine columns that support the roof. Underneath the church of St. Pietro in Carcere are the remains of the Mamertine prisons. The summit of the Tarpeian rock is covered with wretched hovels; its once fatal depth considerably diminished by the accumulated rubbish of centuries. Perhaps you will think I have pretty well accounted for my disappointment, as, in this meagre list,

I have named all the antiquities that are to be seen. Happily I expected nothing from the two palaces—“dei Conservatori” del Senatore—or from the museum, which enclose three sides of the piazza of the modern Capitol. Their exterior corresponds little to the great name of the architect. They are heavy, clumsy buildings, though the double flight of steps leading to the palace of the senator has a fine effect. The heavy, tasteless windows are the sins of a later architect; but certainly the extravagance to which Michael Angelo’s system led seems to have been the result of his want of true taste in this noble department of art. The centre of the piazza is occupied by the celebrated equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, on his still more celebrated horse, which seems only to wait the will of his master to start into life and motion. The court, portico, and lower rooms are filled with sarcophagi, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and a host of Egyptian deities, most of them executed, however, in Rome, when, in deference to Hadrian’s taste, it became a fashion to admire these stiff barbarisms; they are, however, distinguished from the true Egyptian works by their higher finish and more correct forms. The sphinxes are by no means to be classed with the barbarisms: they are particular favourites of mine, with their massive features and solemn expression of wisdom. Why cannot you tell me if we agree?—what a long way off it seems to send a little thought for sympathy! I was full of pity, with a small infusion of contempt, for the tasteless imitations of Hadrian’s day, when hosts of Grecian models were within reach, until I recollected the pitiful revival of a taste even more depraved in our own time—that for Chinese monstrosities—ships sailing on the sky, fishes swimming on the land, pagodas standing on nothing, &c. &c.

But a truce to reflection, as the hero of an old novel is wont to say. I wish I could only make my paper reflect the half of what delighted me in the Capitol. Among many examples

of the imitative spirit is a very curious altar, on which are sculptured, in relief, the labours of Hercules. In many respects it appears strictly antique, while some of its characteristics are evidently of a later date. A fine spirited Diana, watching the arrow just shot from her bow, is one of the few statues I admired before we reached the second suite of apartments,—except, indeed, a beautiful female figure on the staircase, veiled in almost transparent drapery, which, according to your good pleasure, you may imagine a vestal, a sepulchral figure, or a modesty. The critics allow great latitude in naming antiques; but as you have set me up as your guide, it is incumbent on me to tell you, that in giving my admiration to this figure I committed a grievous error: be sure to recollect that transparency is not an effect to be attempted in marble—that this exquisite veil sins against propriety; and, however you may feel inclined to share my sin against true taste, you must stifle the unworthy inclination, and frown upon such tricks of a degenerate age. Seriously, it does please the eye, but not the judgment; and much as I deprecate the slavery of mind which takes the dicta of others as its standard, without a careful study of their reasons, it is most desirable to gain some insight into the principles of art which guided the Greeks to a perfection which seems hopelessly unattainable by their successors of every age. An artist of Greece would have too well understood the proper limits of his art to have attempted a representation of the form as seen through a transparent covering, though in his simple and expressive drapery the graceful movement of the limbs is as perceptible as in nature. In the gallery are several busts, with names of great interest; but who can vouch for their right to them? Here is a statue that needs no warrant; the spirit of Lysippus plays in the flexile grace, the ease and life of Cupid bending the bow. An ancient copy in the Villa Albani is far inferior in elegance and finish;—this, too, is only a copy! My ignorance respecting these copies has been a fruitful source of disappointment, in leading me to believe that in the ancient sculpture here I should see the actual *chef d'œuvres* of the masters of

the schools of Greece. I knew that immense numbers of them had been removed to Constantinople, and had there fallen a prey to the blind fury of the Iconoclasts, but still I never doubted that the Apollo Belvidere, wounded Amazon, and multitudes of others were the very statues which had been the glory of the temples and cities of Greece. It is mortifying to learn that scarcely any of these originals exist. Admirable as are some of the copies, the unsatisfactory feeling will arise while studying them—that greater works have been, and are lost to us for ever. Next to having the original *chef d'œuvres*, however, is the certainty that the manifold copies of them are by Greek artists of closely succeeding periods. We know that after the conquest of Greece Rome became the chief seat of art—the fruitful soil to which the Greeks transplanted their own graceful mythology and delicate perception of the beautiful; and the Romans munificently encouraged and fostered those arts, which, without genius to originate, they had taste sufficient to patronize. Now I see the dissenting shake of the head with which you read this; and I, who am no great admirer myself (shall I say thanks to you?) of the Romans of the empire, admit it was no unmixed admiration for the arts which suggested the wholesale plunder of the great master-works of Greece. Still they did encourage the arts in a grand spirit; and though destitute of the poetic character of the refined Grecian, they were still gifted with a feeling for the great and magnificent which manifested itself in those splendid structures they have scattered over Europe, and in the amazing number of statues, busts, &c. &c., destined to adorn them. In the small rooms which open from the gallery are some interesting vases; one very large, adorned with vine leaves and other symbols of Bacchus; it is placed on an Etruscan pedestal, adorned with sculptured figures of the twelve great gods: another of bronze—one of the wonders of the deep, for it was discovered in the port of Antium, and, according to the inscription, belonged to a king of Pontus. The sarcophagi here are more interesting as illustrating the thoughts and feelings of the age than for the merit of their execution. If

we had time, I should like to make out the symbolical allusions which on many of them are far from evident. On one the fable of Prometheus is the subject; on others there are portrait busts, &c. &c. The ancient mosaic of the four doves drinking from a vase, so well known in small copies, is here: the simplicity of the design and the well-chosen colours make it a far more beautiful work of art than I expected. It is composed entirely of natural stones, so small that one hundred and sixty are contained in a single square inch. It formed the centre of the pavement in a room in Hadrian's villa.

I must pass by the remainder of the gallery, despite the fine heads of Niobe and two of her children; busts of Phocian, Scipio Africanus, &c.; for seated in the centre of the Hall of the Emperors which adjoins it is the celebrated Agrippina—the model of Canova's Madame Mère. It is a noble figure, the very personification of a Roman matron—grand, majestic, and dignified; with uncommon ease in the attitude, and a truthfulness of expression which stamps it at once as a portrait. The drapery alone dissatisfies me; the elaborate folds do not, I think, always follow the movement of the limbs. It was probably by Napoleon's desire that the statue of his mother was made a copy of this fine antique, the sculptor himself would hardly have desired to encounter the comparison: in the soft rounding of the flesh he seems to me as inferior as in the dignity and expression of the head. Busts of several of the emperors are ranged round the room, and are considered one of the most valuable parts of the collection, not only as historical monuments, but as marks of the progress—sometimes the degeneracy—of different periods of art. In some the individual likeness appears to have been preserved, without any attempt to idealize or elevate the character; others, to gratify imperial vanity, or by the flattery of the senate, are represented as the gods or heroes of antiquity—the real and assumed character amalgamated with great skill. I am no phrenologist and not much of a physiognomist, I cannot say any of the heads appeared to me strikingly characteristic: many of them might change names with their neighbours without disturbing my belief in

their identity. The best men have not the best faces; Nero looks as humane and has a better expression than Vespasian, Commodus and Caracalla as dignified and placid as though they had never dreamt of crime or cruelty.

The next apartment, that of the philosophers, has much higher claims to respect. The Grecians (it is dedicated to them as well as to the Romans) are generally well authenticated, as the busts of their sages, poets, and philosophers were placed in the public edifices by these true worshippers of art in her every form. While the Roman emperors carefully impressed their own features on marble and bronze for the benefit of posterity, the neglect of greater men, the wise and intellectual Greek employed the same imperishable characters to perpetuate the memory of the benefactors of mankind. Hence it is that the Catos, Virgils, &c. are generally impostors, while we have every reason to believe that the busts of Plato, Socrates, Demosthenes, &c. &c. are genuine portraits. How came nature to give such a head to Socrates?—modern imagination would have done him far greater justice. The far characteristic head of Homer is suppositious, but copied from an ancient and celebrated original. In the centre of this room is a most graceful bronze figure, supposed to be one of a youthful priesthood instituted by Romulus. I find by my list I saw a bust of Faerno, an architect, by Michael Angelo. I cannot recollect any thing about it—a proof, I think, of its want of merit, but you may think differently. The walls of both these rooms are filled with bas-reliefs. In the saloon are two inimitable centaurs in nero antico; one a joyous mirthful creature looks back with an air of malicious triumph, *perhaps* at the little Achilles he is supposed to have carried off on his back: but there is no Achilles there now. The other a poor dejected being, his hands tied behind him, looks as rueful in his captivity, as his companion joyous in his freedom. Both figures are full of life and expression. The wounded Amazon and another preparing to spring forward are ancient copies of celebrated Greek works. The first is touchingly graceful and one of the best specimens I have seen of the simple, expressive

character of Grecian sculpture in form and drapery. The statues of Isis—the tunic in stiff folds, the fringed upper garment knotted on the breast—are not in general considered good works. They principally belong to the time of Commodus and Caracalla, by both of whom she was made an object of worship. One with the lotus wreath round her head, said to be a portrait statue, I thought beautiful, despite the critics. With the noble figure called (I do not know why) the Master of a Gymnastic-school—a little Harpocrates, finger on lip, enjoining the silence which no one keeps in looking at him—a grand semi-colossal Apollo of the most ancient type, severe and less youthful than from the later schools—I must leave the saloon.

The next apartment takes its name from the faun in Rosso Antico—the graceful invention, it is believed, of Praxiteles. His wild gaiety and bounding form are highly characteristic; he holds his bunch of grapes above his head with a gleesome comic air, which makes his smile ludicrously infectious. This room, like the others, is filled with statues, busts, &c., among which we could have lingered long, if the last of the suite, had not contained the Dying Gladiator. You well know the figure from casts, but no statue suffers more in translation than this. Of its kind it seems to me perfect. Nature here asks no aid from fancy or from history to awaken our sympathy; the expression is deeply pathetic, the energy of will that still sustains the drooping form is slowly yielding to the near approach of death. It is hardly possible to gaze upon it long without fancying that the figure—growing more and more feeble—is gradually sinking to the ground. The execution appears to me faultless; there is a breadth grandeur in the lines, and an expression of lassitude in the muscles, which convey an impression of life and reality almost entirely lost in the copies. The best authorities have decided that it is one of the excellent works of the Ephesian school, and from the moustaches, fashion of the hair, and neck-chain—a dying Celt; probably the terminal figure of a group which represented one of the battle scenes and the defeat of this people—a favourite subject of the

period. There is no foundation for the often-repeated assertion that the right arm is a restoration by Michael Angelo. Nor is it known where this fine work was discovered, but the greater number of the best statues, &c. of this collection were buried in the ruins of Hadrian's villa. I looked till sympathy grew almost painful, and it was some time before I could enjoy even the Venus, which is only second in execution to the Medicean. The form is most graceful and true to nature; the firmness and smoothness of the flesh a triumph of art. The embrace of Cupid and Psyche is one of the most poetical of the Roman conceptions; though founded on a Greek fable it assumes a still more beautiful form in the hands of later artists. The group here is highly *spirituelle*, (I really cannot think of an English word that combines the spirit, grace, and soul of this French one,) qualities that are wonderfully blended in the form and expressive heads of these youthful lovers. In this apartment too there are many other matchless works of art which I must reserve for some pleasant future, when words spoken will have power denied to words written, to tell you of their varied excellence and beauty. We had now seen enough for the morning, but in the evening we finished our visit to the Capitol.

In the Palazzo dei Conservatori we saw nothing, ancient or modern, so remarkable as the procession of the senators and conservators which passed out as we passed in; one mighty senator, six ditto conservators—vulgar slovenly-looking men; Sir John Falstaff would not have marched through Coventry with them. I expected some remains at least of the grandeur of former days, and that we should have felt it a mournful sight—it was simply ludicrous and nothing more. How men do cling to the name of power and of place; here the shadow of a shade, as their duties are discharged by the governor of the city, and the names are mere honorary distinctions. The real brazen wolf, an Etruscan antique, is here; the Fasti Consulares, ancient and modern; innumerable fragments of ancient sculpture which but faintly indicate the beauty which they once helped to form. The well-known Ro-

man youth extracting athorn from his foot—how simple and beautiful the sweeping line of the bending figure; the patriotic geese which saved the Capitol, (in bronze I mean,) very like ducks, and a great many more “ands” than I can mention. Neither can I say a word of two rooms full of pictures on this floor, and but a few of the one hundred and twenty or thirty on the second. The Cumean Sybil by Domenichino is a noble creature, her eye lighted up with lofty feeling and inspiration—the execution beautiful. The pensive Sybilla Persica by Guercino, on the contrary, seems to ponder mournfully on the dark secrets of the future, her inspiration has been of no joyful character, but she too has a fine and expressive head. A Beatified Spirit by Guido—unfinished and rather *washy*, but pervaded by uncommon elegance of taste and sentiment. The Marriage of St. Catherine by Coreggio, one of many copies of the subject, full of grace and child-like tenderness. An immense picture by Guercino I mention for its curious subject and as the first I have been able to compare with the mosaic copy in St. Peter’s—Saint Petronilla raised at the request of her lover from the grave in which she had lain (I am afraid to say how many) years in unfaded beauty; Christ, in the clouds, receives her spirit. It is a very fine picture despite the glaring improbability and the oddity of the story. There is grandeur in the composition and grouping, great skill in the technic, fine masses of drapery, well-harmonized colouring, and the figures rounded with all Guercino’s accustomed and complete success. The painting is life-like; the mosaic stiff and hard, though every line and every tint is copied with marvellous exactness, it wants the spirit which gives life—the animated touch that springs from fresh spontaneous feeling. I must tell you, however, that at first I frequently mistook a mosaic copy for painting, and even in this case I did not so much feel the hardness of the one until after I had compared it with the other. But neither Fra Bartolomeo’s Presentation within, nor Rome triumphant, with the weeping province of Dacia at her feet, without, shall tempt me to lengthen these interminable notices of the Capitol.

You must come to the Quirinal, the most populous of all the seven hills, to the pope’s summer palace or its summit. No antiquities remind you of Numa, or that here he built his temple; a few scarcely visible remains of Constantine’s baths mark where were discovered the two colossal groups of Castor and Pollux rearing in their noble steeds, which stand in front of the palace. One is considered much finer than the other, but no one now believes they are the original works of Phidias and Praxiteles, though a Latin inscription asserts it, nor do artists suppose that the present positions of the figures and horses accord with the original design. The palace was painted and furnished for Napoleon. The ceilings are in excellent taste—medallions with figures in white painted on blue, brown, or gold grounds, are encircled by graceful arabesques: a beautiful decoration of one room is the frieze (in plaster of Alexander’s triumphal procession—the classical design of Thorwalden, begun in marble for Napoleon, but still unfinished, when his power was overthrown. The frames of the doors are of Verde-antique and porphyry: the floors inlaid with portions of ancient mosaics. Some few among the many pictures are of great excellence. Saint Peter and Paul by Fra Bartolomeo are noble conceptions. I admire the pope’s taste in his oratory—the altar-piece by Guido, and some of his most angelic cherubs on the ceiling, with all its elegant appointments—more than in his garden. In it the papal arms, initials, keys of St. Peter, &c. in parterres of small white shells or stones, are a miserable substitute for flowers, and the dismal-looking trees and shrubs are cut into divers formal shapes. In a garden-house of the neighbouring Rospigliosi Palace Guido’s Aurora, deservedly one of the most admired frescoes. Aurora borne on the air before the chariot of Phoebus, the hours encircle it in its rapid course. The morning star, a bright cherub with a lighted torch, hovers above them. I cannot describe the light graceful movements of these aerial beings as they sweep up the fleecy clouds, the very poetry of motion. No fresco in Rome, after Raphael’s and Michael Angelo’s can bear, it is said, a comparison with the



in the happy combination of its brilliant and beautiful colours. Though the rather clumsy god guides his steeds with a free, bold air, his heavy figure is scarcely in unison with the aerial character of the rest of the picture. "The fiery-footed steeds" too appear to me rather heavy "for the ambient air" they traverse. There is another of Guido's pictures here not much spoken of—Andromeda chained to the rock—but in his most delicate manner. When I say she looks calm and undisturbed, though the sea-monster is fast approaching, and Perseus is above winging his way to her rescue, that the colour of the flesh is unlike any thing in nature, you will probably smile at my admiration; yet it really is a beautiful picture. Andromeda's form is most graceful; the colouring (a bright silvery light seems to come from it) I admit is not in nature, but it is singularly pleasing to the eye; the flesh, too, is soft, and the limbs exquisitely rounded. Guido certainly did not form his ideal from a close study of nature—an ungrateful return for the delicate perception of beauty she had bestowed on him; yet despite the fiat of a very good judge who pronounces his ideal a mere empty abstraction, wanting life and truth, there is an inexpressible grace and refinement in his pictures which seizes upon the admiration of every one, and has probably been the foundation of his widely-extended fame.

Have I ever told you of the fountains? Their immense number, (I have not heard its extent, but they seem to greet us at every turn,) and the great quantity of water in them, make them a most attractive novelty to us. Of the beauty of those in the piazza of St. Peter's I have surely spoken. We never pass through it without stopping to admire the graceful showers falling in a silvery mist into their granite vases. The Fontana di Trevi would be more beautiful if its pure waters were less impeded by river-gods, sea-monsters, &c. &c. In a climate like this, the popes deserve all gratitude and honour for the quantity of water they have conveyed into the city; but it is no harm to wish they had a little more taste in the decorations of the fountains. In general they are singularly hideous and unmeaning; and Moses, in par-

VOL. XX.—No. 119.

ticular, though he has a little niche to himself, and somebody to keep him company in another, in the Fontana di Termini, is ungraciously deprived of the honour intended him by the sculptor, that of drawing forth the gushing stream by striking the rock—there is no rock to strike. But we need scarce look for taste in the man who could never bear to look upon the Apollo, Laocoon, or other great works of the Vatican and Capitol, who considered it a pious duty to remove the cinerary urn from the top of Trajan's pillar, to make way for a figure of St. Peter, and give to St. Paul a position as incongruous on that of Antonine. But Sixtus V. has rivals in the race of bad taste; Urban VII. attempted to demolish the tomb of Cecilia Metella, to furnish materials for the Trevi, but was happily defeated by the amazing strength of the masonry; and Paul V. gathered up the fragments of the Forum of Nerva for his pet fountain, the Paolina—a sin against taste and antiquity, to which even its three fine cascades cannot reconcile us. A few evenings ago we were enjoying one of the quiet hours in which I delight, seated in the corridor of the Colosseum, (while I inveigh against other popes, I do not forget to be grateful to him who saved this precious relic from the hand of the despoiler,) when our reveries and the profound repose were broken by the sound of voices, chanting in recitative the service for the souls "*nel purgatorio*." On looking down, we saw that several members of one of the penitential fraternities had assembled in the arena. Each figure was wrapped in a loose, gray garment, with a cowl drawn over the head, the face, all but the eyes, for which two slits were cut, was covered too. In this masquerade-looking dress they said a prayer at each of the altars, while several well-dressed people knelt on the grass to hear them with an expression of deep devotion. One of the brotherhood occasionally held out his box for the offerings of the pious, "*per le anime in dolore*." Laymen of every rank belong to these fraternities; the streets are full of them, distinguished by the colour of their mysterious disguise—some gray, others white, black, or blue. They

all unite the twofold object of religious observances and unceasing acts of benevolence. I always think of them with respect for their self-denial and their charitable deeds; the more as I have never heard of any abuse of their power; but the tales, perhaps ill-founded, of the severity of their self-inflicted penances for secret crimes, produce, in spite of myself, a sort of shiver, that seems to freeze up my respect, when I come in contact with them in the lonely streets.

Just as I began to be sorely puzzled whether I had or had not overdone the character you assigned me, of pioneer to your future researches in Rome, I have received the encouraging assurance that your appetite for art and antiquities is still unappeased. I shall certainly offer up a sacrifice to the twelve great gods, that "appetite may grow by what it feeds upon," till Italy has passed away from my eyes, and, with all her lovely associations, has become a tale that is told.

You will be glad to hear the post is regular; letters reach us in from twelve to fourteen days, from London. After all there is no such heart-stirring sight as a letter from home; and under the bright influence of yours of the 9th, I enjoyed, two-fold, a visit this morning to Hopfgarten's studio. I think I have mentioned him—a German artist—a worker in bronze; his figures, generally in small size, are most faithful copies of the originals, whether from the antique or Thorwaldsen. He has an admirable copy of the Roman youth of the Capitol. I wish I had sixty louis, and the youth should be mine, which is as high praise as I can give it. I assure you, the taste that feasts every day on the remains of antiquity, grows very fastidious, and much that I wished for, when every thing was new to me, is now passed by with laudable equanimity.

We have been to the Academy of

St. Luke, a society of painters and sculptors, which also includes female artists. Their very indifferent rooms contain models and designs by many renowned artists; Michael Angelo's Moses, Day and Night, &c. &c. The only interesting picture is that of St. Luke, represented as painting the Virgin, attributed to Raphael. I did not know the apostle had been an artist till I came to Rome, certainly not an inspired one, if we may judge from the wretched daubs his friends ascribe to him. But Raphael has given him a fine, expressive head, full of inspiration, warm in colouring, and painted in a masterly style. The shadowy form of the Virgin and child, who appear to him in the clouds, as well as the head of Raphael himself, are so inferior as to leave no doubt that the picture was finished by a scholar, perhaps after the master's death.

I have scarcely room, indeed I should say knowledge, to answer your questions on the present state of art in Italy. Here, where students come expressly to form their style and taste on the great models of former days, there are few opportunities of producing original works. The designs of Cammucini,\* an historical painter, are pleasing; his colouring is not good, and I observe a tendency to imitate in almost all his figures, which is difficult to avoid, when such models are daily before him. His own collection of the ancient masters is well worth seeing; but, except a sketch of Leonardo da Vinci's, and a beautiful little picture, a repetition by Raphael of his Aldobrandini Madonna, there is nothing I need name, though a great deal you would like to see. For my own part, there is nothing I should so much like to see as yourself, and as you desire me not to be "anguine" about my return next winter, I mean to be certain, which is much more agreeable.—Farewell.

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\* Since dead.

## LETTER—NO. VIII.

Rome, April, 1838.

After all my anticipations of the pleasure I should give and enjoy in telling you of the Vatican, I have been a whole week trying to find out what to say! And I have not found it yet, for the more I think the more puzzled I grow. It is not that I have nothing to say; quite the reverse. I have too much. But all I had ever read, heard, or seen, had so little prepared me for the magnificent reality of the Vatican, I have not yet recovered from the feeling of astonishment which was almost overpowering the first and second days. Even now that we have been several times through its spacious halls, lingered many an hour among the beautiful creations which people them, my surprise is undiminished, my curiosity unsated, my admiration ever increasing. Till these feelings are a little sobered, and the objects which excite them a little more familiar, I despair of giving you a share in my enjoyment. For as yet these living records of ancient genius are enveloped, even to myself, in a soft and hazy light, which veils from the eye the clear outline of their forms. It faintly reveals, indeed, their matchless grace, yet gives to them a shadowy indistinctness which eludes every effort to fix them in my memory in all their individual beauty. In a mood like this, I am almost afraid to write to a sober friend like you. Seated quietly at home, with no inspiring vatican to kindle your imagination, and bring out the little sparks of poetic feeling that, despite yourself, you occasionally emit, what can I expect but that you will look upon my expressions of delight as mere "false adornments—flowers, not fruit." But though I cannot hope to bring what Wordsworth calls the spiritual presences of absent things before you, I may, perhaps, convey some idea of the amazing extent, variety, and riches of this living monument of the glories of ancient Greece and Rome.

The interior, in its adaptation to its present purposes, and in the arrangement of its vast collections, is unequalled. The exterior, on the contrary, is a huge pile of unsightly structures, crowded together on one

side of St. Peter's, and forming another disfiguring feature, in the view of its tasteless front. From the time of Nicholas III. in 1280, down to Pius VII. alterations in the Vatican appear to have been the favourite hobby of every successive pope. Erections of endless variety arose, for no visible purpose but to be pulled down again. Palace was added to palace, to increase the accommodation for the papal court. Gallery united to gallery, with no apparent object but to destroy that symmetry which was the best feature of Bramante's plan. The halls, chapels, and various apartments, the growth of four centuries, exceed eleven thousand in number. A noble staircase leads to the *Sala Regia*, from which we passed, through another hall, into the lower range of the *Loggie*, where handsome folding-doors, now thrown open, showed an immense extent of gallery, well lighted and proportioned, each side lined with countless statues, busts, bas-reliefs, sarcophagi, &c. &c. As we passed on, every now and then long perspectives of other galleries opened on the left, every object standing out in its own beauty, uncrowded, uninjured by bad lights, all to be seen and enjoyed without straining the eye or head.

The first evening we could do little but take a rapid glance of the arrangement, pass hurriedly from hall to hall, to appease the cravings of curiosity and excitement, stirred up by a scene of such unexpected and transcendent grandeur. Court succeeds to court, or leads to small apartments containing some rare work of art, too precious to be mingled with the crowd. But we paused not till we found ourselves in one of these circular cabinets; the Apollo was before us, and rivetted us at once by his godlike majesty, the beauty of his form and attitude. But even here I could not long rest; the Stanze and the Loggie of Raphael were yet to be seen. I felt an inexpressible longing to look at last on painting in perfection. I entered the apartment with some anxiety and fear that such high-wrought expectations as mine could scarcely be realized; I left it with a

feeling of gratitude to art and to Raphael, that they were far surpassed—imagination had never reached the reality. The closing hour came too quickly; but we left the Stanze with the happy conviction, that in the future study of these matchless works we looked forward to an enjoyment that can neither weary nor disappoint.

It was pleasant to rest our minds in the vast solitude of St. Peter's; evening service was over, and the steps of the few remaining worshippers, as they flitted through the aisles, in the deepening twilight, scarcely broke the profoundness of the silence. It is at such an hour that one best feels the majesty and immensity of St. Peter's. In the light of day, much of the effect is frittered away in the multiplication of ornaments, details, &c. &c.; but the general effect is always imposing; and from my own experience, I should say this feeling increases daily. After repeated visits, the understanding becomes familiarized with the colossal size of the accessories, and assists the imagination in her endeavour to grasp the immense structure as a whole. One visit, even as far as the first gallery in the dome, will, I think, force the sturdiest sceptic to acknowledge the powerful impression its size is calculated to make. Recollect, I do not defend this appeal to reiterated experience; its necessity is, I am sure, a serious architectural defect. The whole edifice strikes me as a fair type of the faith it is intended to honour and represent. Gorgeous and brilliant, appealing irresistibly to the senses, it seizes rather than captivates the imagination; maintains its hold by the daring grandeur of its pretensions, despite the still small voice of taste, that whispers of incongruity, lavish display; of glaring blemishes, of perverse application of means.

We seated ourselves on the altar-steps, and watched for an hour the effect of the fading light deepening the shadows of the aisles and nave, bringing out each massive pier or sculptured figure, as it rested on it a moment, till all were indistinctly grouped into a few majestic masses. Even the thousand ever-burning lamps, placed round the shrine under which it is said St. Peter lies buried, threw little light into the surrounding

darkness; imagination roamed at will through the dim immensity of space, and yielded involuntarily to a feeling of sublimity and awe it fails to produce when daylight shines upon its brilliance and magnificence. The tumultuous thoughts of the past day were stilled, the eager curiosity that hurried me through the Vatican faded like the shadow of a dream; the pursuits of my present life lost the intensity of interest which every passing hour seemed before to increase. One form of art alone found a resting-place among the holy thoughts suggested by the hour and the place, and this form was embodied in Raphael's name. Years ago I had learnt to know him in some of the lovely Madonnas, whose divine character he has so happily brought down to our sympathies, in the form of the loving and gentle mother; and I delight in these pictures especially, as the reflection of the perfect peace in which his own mind seemed to have dwelt; a mind "in whose pure depths the beautiful and true alone were mirrored."

He was one of the happy few to whom time and circumstances were alike favourable, loving and loved untainted by envy, unspoilt by adulation, he lived the friend and chosen companion of the brightest spirits of his bright era. And the unequalled qualities of his heart and head are revealed in every work of his hand. It is his own angelic nature that wins our love, his own simple grace and fervent feeling that sinks into our soul. But it was to-day, for the first time, that the sublime character, the wonderful versatility of Raphael's genius, shone upon me. With power to touch every chord of the human heart, awaken the deepest feelings, delight the purest taste, and satisfy the highest conception of the capabilities of art, no wonder his name should blend itself with the soothing influences of one of the most delightful hours I have spent in Rome. I shall be curious to know if the complete revolution, reformation I might say, which these frescos have wrought in all my ideas of painting, is a common one. None of our travelled friends had prepared me for it; but men rarely talk of what they feel most deeply, and are, indeed, rarely believed when they do. We give but a

cold reception to enthusiasm, and are apt to set down to exaggeration what appears to be beyond the conventional standard of feeling. As my own conscience reminds me of some small sins in this particular, I will be patient under a like sentence, aided by the comforting assurance it will be reversed when your own eyes help to cure your scepticism.

Painting, or rather art in general, has now and for ever assumed for me a higher character than I had hitherto dreamed of—as an element of good, to be cherished, not as a luxury or a mere gratification of taste, but as a precious gift of God to man, to elevate his mind above the absorbing cares of life, and teach him to live, at least in part, in a world of purer and higher feeling than the present. But we must look, I fear, for some revelation of her power in a new form; for the spirit which gave life to the artists of other days has faded, it seems, for ever. Art, I fear, will never again be a religion to her professors; their works a heart-offering to him who gives the power to embody their homage in this lovely form. Greece, unrivalled in sculpture, Italy in painting—two distinct chapters, as it were, in the universal history of human education—are destined, for aught we can see, to be for ever our highest standard of excellence in these departments of art.

How long we should have stayed in St. Peter's I cannot say, as we found, too soon, it was not to be left to our choice. We were the last of the stray devotees to be discovered by the reverend guardian of the temple, who warned us by his deep-toned "*audiamo*," to depart. We obeyed reluctantly, and with many a promise to ourselves to come again at the self-same hour.

I have changed my mind about sending you a detailed description of Saint Peter's. I hope you'll be sorry; but, at all events, it will be gracious and proper to send a few entreaties to relent: let them be urgent, too, that I may refer to them some future day, when, with more time and less daily material, I may be glad of an excuse to recall my present impressions. I should be sorry, I confess, to lose any of my admiration of

this noble structure, despite the ominous frown of the critics.

I must tell you one little historical fact, of which, connected as it is with England, you would probably live and die in ignorance if I had not travelled. I can vouch for its truth on the testimony of an epitaph, that a James III. of England, and his wife, Clementina Maria, Queen of England, are buried in St. Peter's. A beautiful Genius of Death, by Canova, mourns over their tomb, which is simple and pretty. Its tenants were the last of the unhappy Stuarts who clung to the vain semblance of royalty, "the ruling passion strong in death."

Though we went very early next morning to spend the whole (a private) day in the Vatican, *santa papa* was earlier still: he was at prayers, and, though I do not well see how he can be disturbed in a chapel, perhaps half a mile distant, (we reckon by miles in the Vatican,) such is the law, no admission till his holiness comes forth. We tried to climb the hill of patience, but it was such hard work we thought it a pity to exhaust ourselves, and gave up the attempt. We did not, however, rail very much, though this useless form robbed us of precious time, because the venerable old man cares little for show and form in more important matters. We had a gracious inclination of the head as he passed us.

Experience has taught me, in smaller collections, how vain is the attempt to describe all we see. These beautiful things do not bear translation. The Vatican offers still greater difficulties, not only from its immensity, but because its very grandeur places the littleness of all description in a more striking light; and it is discouraging enough to begin any thing with a certainty of failure.

The contents of the first long gallery had little attraction for ignorant me—it is filled with inscriptions and bas-reliefs taken from various ruins and sarcophagi. I was looking at them, however, with a reverence proportioned to my ignorance of their meaning, (there is something wonderfully imposing in a language one does not understand,) when D—— ill-naturedly assured me that all he had read were



sepulchral inscriptions not more edifying than a similar collection would be in our own day. What a fall was here to my reverence! It was probably the office of epitaphs then, like epitaphs now, to tell not "what men were, but what they should have been." This gallery, "Lapidaria," (shall I tell you all their names?) is a grand preparation for the several museums named after the popes who have been the founders of the buildings or collectors of their respective treasures. I have so often spoken of the prevailing inattention to cleanliness, even in the palaces, it is only justice to say that the rooms and collections in the Vatican leave nothing to be desired in this or any other respect. Every part devoted to the sculpture is admirably lighted: in one apartment, the "Braccio Nuovo," each statue stands on its pedestal, in a niche of gray granite, not so deep as to injure the general effect, yet sufficiently isolated to be studied alone. Owing to this judicious arrangement, which prevails more or less throughout, I have never felt a collection so little fatiguing and oppressive to the mind. Above these niches fine bas-reliefs are inserted in the walls as a continuous frieze. Other apartments contain particular classes of subjects, and are called from them—the hall of the muses, emperors, animals, &c. Canova is as yet the only modern sculptor whose works have been admitted into the Vatican. His Perseus and Boxers occupy one of the small cabinets in the corners of the court of the Belvedere, corresponding to those in which are separately placed the Apollo, Laocoon, and Mercury, (formerly Antinous). Be satisfied (if you can) that no words of mine or of any one else can impress you sufficiently with the noble, grand, and tasteful character of the whole, and that the Vatican alone is well worth a pilgrimage, if Rome contained nothing more.

At first it is difficult to see, where all is beautiful, that there are yet many degrees of excellence to be discovered after patient study. Already I find it easier to distinguish the works of the early Greek artists, in whom, though resident in Rome, the spirit of Greece still lived, and those of the later days of the empire, when the arts were

made to minister to a tasteless love of splendour. To an inexperienced eye, the most striking difference is in the drapery. In the Grecian statues it is simple and expressive—its peculiar form and the cast of the folds always point to the character and office of the wearer; invariably subordinate to the figure, it seems to lend it new dignity and grace, while the movement of the limbs is happily displayed in the simple distribution of its parts. If you look at Flaxman's truly Grecian outlines you will see in a moment what I mean. By-the-by, we have found out Piroli, the son of the original publisher of his works; he has some excellent copies of them all—but I am sure I heard you say—"do go on with one subject first," so let this pass as an *aside*. In the Roman works the drapery is often the most striking feature of the statue, its folds are multiplied to excess, and are more like a study of drapery than a necessary but subordinate part of the whole. The treatment of the hair is another distinguishing feature of style. In Grecian art it is adapted, like the drapery, with the nicest attention to the represented character, always simple; there is still great variety in the arrangement; there is, for instance, the close-cut head of the Athlete and youths of the gymnasium; the thick, short, curled hair of the martial gods; the long wavy locks falling on the neck and shoulders of those of more peaceful character; while the majestic head of Jupiter is always distinguished by the hair rising from the forehead in the middle, and falling down on each side in large wavy masses. In the earlier schools of Greece a greater attention to regularity of arrangement is evident: in the latter the masses are more sharply separated, and produce the strong effects of light we see in natural hair. The Roman statues have the most elaborate heads—their busts the most tasteless you can conceive. How should you like to see sculpture profaned in making perukes for a Julia, a Livia, &c., or with a refinement of degeneracy (may it pass?) making them of black marble, separate from the head, in order to be replaced in some whim of fashion by another? To judge from such specimens, and many others of and after the time of

the Antonines, it would seem that the Romans valued sculpture, not for its intrinsic beauty, but for the elaborate labour and time bestowed on its execution. "No doubt they did," you will say; "what else could you expect from these magnificent barbarians?" But what kind of barbarians—Philistines, as the Germans call it—are we who live in the light of the nineteenth century, and seem to value it principally for its cost? I wonder how I got into this disparaging mood; I am sure when in the Vatican I was in a most amiable one, and only glanced at the little that was disagreeable instead of dwelling on it as I have here done, not much, I fear, to your edification. But I might go on through every fold, line, attitude, and gesture, if I were to enumerate the careful adaptation of each feature of Grecian sculpture to the part it is destined to fill. However useful this might be to myself, it might, I fear, be a little *too* useful for you—you do not particularly like a letter to be turned into a lecture, do you? I hesitate, despite your injunction, to speak of the Apollo, Laocoon, &c., for what can I say that has not been said before? You ask if they, too, are copies. The first is, but not the last. It is said that the disposition of the chlamys, the thinness of the folds, and other peculiarities in the Apollo, prove that it is a copy of a bronze. It was discovered at Antium, one of the storehouses of ancient remains. The left arm, nearly to the elbow, and the fingers of the right hand were wanting, and several other parts were broken. The modern restorations, though generally speaking well executed, account for a slight awkwardness in the form of the lower limbs. Of all the delineations of the Apollo in his various offices, this in form and expression appears to me to combine most perfectly the majesty of the god with the beauty of the man. The noble victor's scorn of the ignoble foe he has just destroyed is not more finely expressed in the proud curl of the lip and slightly inflated nostril—though most frequently mentioned—than in the calm consciousness of power in the serene forehead and clear, searching eye; the slight curl of the brow is exaggerated, I think, in the casts, and gives a more stern expression of anger than is congenial to the

elevated character and elegance of the form and head. I have never seen in any work of art the same perfect expression of *momentary* rest; he scarcely pauses to see the effect of his arrow—his course may not be stayed by this trivial impediment; he sees and conquers, while his foot scarcely presses the earth. This god-like indifference to the victory he has achieved wonderfully enhances our sense of his god-like power. In its all but breathing life and grace this statue I should think stands quite unrivalled. According to Müller, one of the best authorities, the Laocoon is an original of the Rhodian school—a miracle of art, not only for the noble taste exhibited in the delineation of a difficult subject, but also for the deep science displayed in the technical execution. This able critic considers that the aim at brilliant effect evident in this fine work corresponds exactly to the known character of Rhodian eloquence as well as art. More allied to oriental splendour than was congenial to the pure and refined attic taste, it borders on the theatrical; and even the pathos, admirably as it is expressed, is carried far beyond what would have been permitted in the time of Phidias and his immediate successors. To me it goes beyond the point at which sympathy is a pleasurable feeling. The tragedy is too deep, the evidence of suffering too great, not to overstep the limit which true taste assigns to its exhibition. It was discovered in the Baths of Titus in a very perfect state; of the father's figure only the right arm was broken, but there are several restorations in the sons, to which we may fairly attribute the affectation visible in their attitudes: it is not, however, nearly so great as in the casts.

There are innumerable statues and busts of Jupiter, with every variety of attitude and character assigned to him in the poetic religion of the Greeks. Different as they are in some respects, they all bear the impress of the majestic conceptions of Phidias. I wish you were with me to trace, as I like to do, the slight variations of attitude, gesture, and feature that convey to us in a moment the *motive* of each statue, and also the differences of national taste as marked in the form of some of the features. The forehead, for

instance, is lower than in our standard of a beautiful countenance, the chin rounder and more prominent, the eyes more deeply set, the cheeks rather flatter; and in the Venuses, Psyche, &c. I never observe the sloping shoulder we are accustomed to think a striking beauty in the English female form; nor, you may be sure, the barbarism of a waist compressed to the modern standard. Every head of Jupiter has a serene but overhanging forehead, round which the mane-like hair falls in grand masses; the nose forms a fine unbroken line with the forehead, and more than any other feature expresses the scornful, angry, or victorious god; deep, penetrating eyes; delicately-formed, mild upper lip; a majestic flowing beard; and a form powerful and noble, without any obtrusive display of muscular strength. These sublime figures always excite in me a feeling of solemn reverence approaching to awe. A very majestic one is seated at the upper end of the Gallery of Statues—at the lower, a fine Ariadne in that expressive attitude of deep repose by which the ancients personified sleep—one arm thrown over the head, the other falling listlessly on the figure. This is the so-called Cleopatra, now ascertained to have belonged to a group.

The adjoining hall of animals, though its many graceful subjects show the fine feeling of the Greeks for characteristic form, never detains us long from the human face and forms divine which fill the others. The Grecian horse is full of life, fire, and spirit—the Roman heavier and more massive, but still a noble-looking creature. The domestic animals, dogs, stags, &c., as well as the lordly lion and other beasts of prey, are executed with the highest care and finish. As to the union of the human and lower animal forms, I do not like it in idea, yet do not dislike it in many specimens here. Among the Greeks, it is still subject to the laws of their naturally fine taste and feeling. The human takes the first place—they rarely, if ever, sanctioned the lower animal head on the human body. With them it was an embodiment of their popular poetry; and as Shakspeare has since done, they seized an idea familiar and dear to the people, rather than one which, though

possibly of higher abstract beauty, would never reach their hearts.

Juno has not been favoured with so many representatives as her spouse, nor are any of the statues which do exist of the highest order. She looks more majestic than gracious; and so many of her virtues and offices have been usurped by her more attractive descendants, there seems to be few to which she has an undisputed right. Minerva meets us at every turn, in all her varied characters and costumes—the goddess of wisdom and of war, of eloquence, and *other* feminine accomplishments; in complete armour with ægis and helmet, or dressed in graceful flowing robes; the countenance the same in all—its type also was perfected by Phidias. Both face and figure wonderfully combine the male and female characteristics ascribed to her; the expression in both is of tranquil, earnest thought, conscious power, clear and comprehensive intellect. There are few fine single statues of Mars—he was never honoured as a patron or protector of any Grecian state, though, as might be expected, a distinguished member of the conclave of Roman divinities. Many doubtful statues have received his name, many more owe theirs to the restorers. In groups he is a more interesting subject, as in those of Venus and Mars—a favourite fable in Roman works. Sometimes the portrait-heads of Marcus Aurelius, Faustina, and other imperial personages, are substituted for those of the divinities.

There are many beautiful representations of Venus here, both busts and statues. The earlier figures have something of a Juno-like fulness and dignity of form, but without her severe majesty—more completely the woman than Minerva or Diana; her whole expression of face and figure combines the characteristics of an all-ruling power with womanly softness and grace. In the later, the eyes are more languishing, the lips slightly parted with a smile; the nose is exquisitely formed: the hair, in the earliest heads, confined by a diadem; in later, simply tied in a knot. Sometimes we see her in a group, as she rises from the waves the ocean-queen, amidst the graceful forms of sea-nymphs, and surrounded by grotesque sea-monsters; and, not less beautiful, as the young

mother playing with her graceful boy. But it is almost time to assure you I have no intention of journeying through all the heavenly bodies, though it seems little short of ingratitude to pass unnoticed the grand, the lovely, the glorious beings which, under the names of Diana, Cupid, Psyche, Bacchus, &c. &c., have been my daily study and my nightly dream. I must be content with offering them the silent homage of the heart, treasuring their memory as a resting-place for future happy thought—a line of living light and beauty amid the trivialities and perplexities of daily life. Was there no cynical smile upon your lip when you hoped I was “enchanted, like other travellers, with the headless Torso?” Honestly, I have *learned* to feel that it is one of the finest relics in the Vatican, and can, without affectation, say I never *now* feel that it wants head, arms, &c. The magic by which it charms every one who studies it is in its grand, soft, and flowing lines, and in the impression of faultless symmetry it conveys to the mind—how, I cannot explain. It is said to be a resting Hercules, one of the most pleasing forms in which the hero is represented, as the muscles have not the thick, inflated appearance, which, to me, lessens the dignity of the Hercules in action. Innumerable are the spirited bas-reliefs and vases—innumerable the masks, sarcophagi, and mosaics—innumerable the graceful tripods, candelabra, &c. &c., that would each claim a word if I were to tell of all that rises before my eye as it wanders in fancy again and again through the halls of the Vatican; but I must leave them all untold.

The library is of immense extent, but not a book or manuscript is visible; all are kept in presses, under lock and key, not to be seen without an order, and one loses the pleasure of reverencing even the backs of the venerable volumes, and misses the peculiar atmosphere of an old library, which so agreeably conjures up the recollection of each hero of a hundred folios. Valuable vases are placed in various parts of the rooms, but their curious designs—always interesting as examples of life in their day, often extremely beautiful in grouping and form—may not be read by those who merely walk past them; and, despite our ceaseless

invocations, not one moment will time rest his weary wings, but hurries us on to our last day, as relentlessly as though he were leagued with the fates themselves. Again and again we have been to the Stanze of Raphael, discovering some new feature of beauty in every visit: even if I were competent, it would require more than the “few words” you ask for to name the peculiar and varied excellencies which, though he has been surpassed in some single branch of his art, have yet placed him far above all other artists. He is not so powerful and daring in conception as Michael Angelo; he yields to Titian in the magic richness of his colouring, to Leonardo da Vinci in high finish, to Correggio in knowledge of *chiar oscuro*; but in Raphael alone is to be found united the varied power of expression, the inexhaustible fertility of invention, the delineation of character in every shade, the fine eye for arrangement and grouping, and that crowning charm—the grace and harmony of soul diffused over every touch of his pencil. His pictures are emanations of an intelligence more pure, a spirit more refined and elevated, than falls to the lot of any but the most favoured amongst the children of genius. That none such has crossed our path makes me more prize the opportunities of seeing its results in the fast-fading treasures of the Stanze. Why do you delay your coming? Even now they are perishing—their glory is waning like that of the declining sun; but here we shall see no bright return, no glad rising on the morrow. These frescos, in the varied character of their subjects, gave full play to the exhaustless fertility of the artist’s mind. They cover the ceilings and walls of four apartments: each subject on the walls corresponds to that immediately above and below it. Those I admire most are the first and third in the Camera della Signatura—Theology, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In the Theology, the first painted, an occasional stiffness and minute attention to detail show that the creative spirit of the gifted scholar had not yet freed itself from the trammels of his master’s school. The severe and symmetrical arrangement of the upper part of the picture produces an effect of solemnity and repose congenial to the characters of the

divine and holy persons assembled. Christ is in the centre, the Virgin, inexpressibly sweet and tender, and John the Baptist at each side: above him, a half figure of the Almighty; below, the dove of the Holy Spirit. Seated in a half circle are the apostles, saints, and patriarchs: the tranquil repose of their sublime figures is in fine contrast with the more animated action of the youths in the lower division. The central point here is an altar, at each side of which are seated the fathers, and behind them stand various celebrated teachers of the church. Different groups of young men press forward to hear or speak; some of their countenances glow with enthusiasm, others breathe a serene, tranquil devotion. Dante is introduced as the first Christian poet. Of the single figures on the ceiling, that of Poetry is the most beautiful: in her radiant countenance dignity and sweetness are blended with inspiration. The corresponding painting on the wall represents Apollo and the Muses seated on Parnassus. Though the subject is less interesting than the first, it gives evidence of greater fertility of imagination; for in the works of his predecessors Raphael found no prototype of this bright dream of fancy, in which poetry is blended with a speaking truth of expression that gives to the heads of the assembled poets of antiquity and of modern Italy the interest and reality of portraits. The light and cheerful elegance diffused over the whole of this picture harmonizes perfectly with its most graceful character and subject. But how shall I tell you

philosophy—this perfect model of wisdom, in the masterly arrangement of its countless figures, in the grand union of its various

It represents a splendid hall, where are assembled the most celebrated ancient philosophers, almost entirely Greeks. Passing that Raphael intended to tell by this assembly of the different stages the development of philosophy the states of Greece. Raised steps, and forming the centre of the whole picture, stand Plato and Aristotle, the representatives of Greek philosophy in the two directions. Each master, in attitudes wonderfully varied, are groups of listening disciples. Pythagoras seated appears

to explain the relations of music and harmony: among his listeners is the profile of a beautiful woman, supposed to be his wife. Socrates appears to sum up on his fingers the conclusions to which his scholars have assented, while their countenances express how unexpected is the dilemma to which he has conducted them. The graceful Alcibiades stands in front of his master. Archimedes constructs a geometrical figure on the ground. The varied expression in the countenances of his scholars is highly interesting: the bright intelligence which seizes in a moment the idea just given by the master—the slower comprehension, on which no light yet breaks—the surprise and admiration which is yielding assent, though the truth is not yet distinctly revealed. Near this group Raphael himself enters the hall with his venerated friend and master Perugino. I forgot Diogenes—a very prominent figure: he lies on the steps, apart from all, buried in thought, or in the contents of a tablet he holds in his hand. I have only mentioned a few of the most striking groups: the accessories are quite as full of interest. The venerable old man, for instance, who turns the attention of a youth from the selfish Cynic to the teachers of a better and higher philosophy, &c. &c. There are also various groups of Stoics, Epicureans, &c. &c. There are several portraits among the groups, and a portrait-like individuality in all, which gives a strange reality to the picture, and awakens a feeling of reverence, as though we actually stood before these venerable sages of Greece. I find myself lean forward to catch the words of wisdom that fall from their speaking lips, and watch the animated countenance of Socrates, forgetful of the homely features in the benevolent expression, with a breathless hope that some of his divine precepts will reach me as well as the attentive listeners that stand around him. Day by day renews this impression of reality, and seems to unfold more and more the sublimity of this wonderful work. The grand flowing masses of the drapery tell how rapidly Raphael imbibed the spirit of the classical models, opening upon him for the first time in Rome—a spirit congenial to his own, the spirit of perfect beauty. The colouring has faded,



but without disturbing the harmony of the whole, as though time had touched with a reverential hand this hallowed memento of genius. It is, however, in the "Mass of Bolsena" that Raphael is said to have left a miracle of colouring in fresco. But I must confine myself to those subjects that have most captivated me.

Next to these, then, is the expulsion of Heliodorus from the Temple of Jerusalem. In the act of despoiling its treasures, he has been struck to the ground by a youth in golden armour, on horseback; he lies prostrate under the hoofs of the horse, while two divine messengers sweep onward with scourges in their hand, to chastise the impious despoilers. Some of his attendants fly from the divine wrath; others raise their spears to defend themselves; while Heliodorus, recognizing, it is believed, the direct interposition of heaven, offers no resistance. There is a noble group of women and children, who look on with the liveliest emotion—some in fear and astonishment—others exulting in the safety of the holy treasures. In the introduction of a group on one side, consisting of the pope (Julius II.) and his attendants, generally portraits, we probably see the effect of one of those fantastic freaks in which patronage too often delights to exhibit its power. It is but poor consolation for the professors of art at home, that even Raphael was constrained to submit to its dictates, though it may well be encouragement and example to know how successfully he combated this and many other difficulties in the Stanze. The unique and astonishing effect of this picture is in the expression of *successive* moments. The swift messengers of the divine vengeance sweep onward before our eyes; we trace their light and rapid movement in the space they have just traversed; their hasty progress by the flutter of their garments—every object lives, feels, vibrates with emotion. I must pass over the Mass of Bolsena, with its surprisingly varied expression of sympathy, solemn awe, undoubting faith—the Incendio del Borgo, in which the most agitating passions are delineated with the greatest power and truth, always within the limit of true taste—and Attila at the head of his wild hordes, astonished, affrighted, and thrown into dire confusion by the apparition of the

apostles Peter and Paul, displaying the boldest and most animated movements—and the Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison, remarkable both for its beautiful arrangement, and the skilful and picturesque effect of its different lights. Though I hasten to the Battle between Constantine and Maxentius, it is only the design of Raphael—he did not live to paint it. But it, perhaps more than any other, displays his wondrous dramatic power. A battle piece, in other hands, generally appears to me a mass of confusion, a chaos in which one or two figures are prominent in a dense crowd of heads and limbs, which puzzle and distract the eye. Here the masses are finely grouped, the single figures full of life, the groups animated with living energy. The bright central point is the emperor himself—a figure of victory hovers over him. It is the crisis of the battle—victory is with the Romans—but the hosts of the barbarians do not yet yield to their impetuous fury. Some are driven over the bridge, the very Ponte Molle that exists at this day. Maxentius himself struggles in the river—Constantine springs over his prostrate foes to reach him. On the left the battle still rages, all its terrors expressed with a life, energy, and grandeur, which fascinates the eye, while we instinctively shrink from the terrible spectacle. On the ceilings of each apartment are various beautiful designs by Raphael; but my whole attention is absorbed by the frescos on the wall. Here he is to every other painter what Shakspeare is to every other poet. The approach through the Loggie—open galleries built round three sides of the court of St. Damascus—is worthy of the Stanze. There are three stories—the two lower, vaulted arcades, the upper a colonnade. The middle story (that of which I speak) is painted by Raphael and his scholars—the inside wall with various animals, fruits, and flowers, the model for every succeeding artist in arabesque. They are lamentably injured by time and neglect, but still show the most delicate and refined grace of design and execution. The roof is formed of thirteen small cupolas, each containing four subjects, principally from the Old Testament, and called Raphael's Bible. There is little actually of Raphael's painting, but the de-

signs speak of him in every line—in the cast of the drapery, so grand and simple, in the heads, in which the portrait character gives place to a higher ideality. In the Creation he has scarcely reached the grandeur of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel—in the figure of Eve, every touch and line shows the master's grace of hand and spirit. He was principally assisted by Guilio Romano, who also executed, and in a style worthy of himself and his master, the Battle of Constantine and Maxentius, Perin del Vaga, and Giovane da Udine. The wondrous

creations of Raphael's genius are not even yet exhausted—there are still the Tapestries, the Transfiguration, &c. &c. But I must give both you and myself some rest. We leave Rome the day after to-morrow. If I can snatch a few moments from all the last day is to accomplish, I may, perhaps, return to the Vatican;—if not now, when we come from Naples, and refresh our eyes and minds by seeing it all again. Even with this hope, my heart sinks at the thought of bidding Rome farewell.

NURSERY RHYMES.—BY J. A.

L.

URSCHENLIED—FROM UHLAND.

DER WIRTHIN TÖCHTERLEIN.

Conrad—Udal—Leoline,  
Students three have crossed the Rhine.

Turning from the road aside,  
To the little inn they hied.

Hostess, bring us wine and beer—  
Send your little daughter here.

My beer and wine are fresh and clear—  
My little child is on her bier.

To the room within went they,  
Where the black pall o'er her lay.

The first he drew aside the veil,  
And gazed upon the features pale.

"Ah, wert thou living still, sweet may,  
How would I love thee from this day!"

Softly did the second spread  
The veil and wept—and turned his head.

"There art thou upon thy bier,  
Whom I loved this many a year!"

And the third the veil uprist,  
And the dead white lips he kist.

"Love to thee long years I bore,  
Love thee now and evermore!"

## II.

## SONG FROM GOETHE.

With glad heart and sad heart  
 Musing—ah me!  
 From the clouding, and crowding, and thronging  
 Of painful thoughts, pining and longing  
 To sink down to rest and be free!

Far away—far away flying,  
 Shouting out gladness and glee,  
 Like a lark in the blue skies above,  
 Sad—sad unto dying—  
 Ah me!  
 Yet the soul is happy in love.

## III.

## "DER RECHTES ZEIT."

## FROM GRIMM'S ALTBANISCHE HELDENLIEDER.

Out from the island Herr Lovmann rid,  
 (*Maidens, ye dance merrily,*)  
 To woo the proud maid Ingelid,  
 (*Mine will yet come back to me.*)

"Proud Ingelil, hear what I ask of thee—  
 How long will you tarry, my love, for me?"

"Winters eight for thee I wait,  
 —For the ninth I will not say,  
 Happen then what happen may."

Eight years and a day are gone,  
 Faithful maid she pined alone.

"Proud Ingelil's brothers held council and said,  
 This year we our sister wed.

"To the rich Herr Tord we give her hand,  
 More silver hath he than Herr Lovmann hath land.

"More gold in the mail coat on his breast,  
 Than all in Herr Lovmann's gilded chest.

"Herr Tord hath in his box more gold  
 Than on Lovmann's fields is red earth mould."

And so to Herr Tord they give her away—  
 Five days they drink at the bride-feast gay—  
 Proud Ingelil never in bride-bed lay.

On the sixth day when the night fell gray,  
 They seize with force that haughty may.

"And if I must, I must," said she—  
"To the bridge by the castle first follow me."

To the bridge by the castle they go—and she  
With sad eyes looks on the far-off sea.

"See there the streamers yellow and blue,  
My little fingers knit so true.

"Oh had I a friend that's good at need,  
Would for me thither ride with speed.

"Peter, brother, ride and make  
Good speed for thy sister's sake."

Brother Peter quick to stall  
Goes and sees the good foals all—

He looks at the brown, and the grey doth he view,  
On the steed of most spirit the saddle he threw.

Herr Lovmann steers hither his bark to the land,  
Herr Peter rides thither upon the white sand.

"Hail, stalworth Peter—and how is my bride?"  
"They drink at her wedding-feast," Peter replied.

"Seven years on the island a sick man I lay,  
Would I had died ere I saw this day.

"Ill luck on the woman fall  
Who to life did me recall!

"On the blue waves ill luck be,  
That did not drown my ship and me!"

"Be of cheery heart—for still  
May be thine proud Ingelil—"

"Peter, stalworth comrade mine,  
Lend me that grey colt of thine—

"Let me have the grey colt now,  
Brother, take my good ship thou."

Lovmann rides and rests not—true  
To his wish the grey horse flew.

He is come—and not before  
The torches are lit at the bridal door.

In through the door sprang Herr Lovmann stout,  
"Who now is to blame if Herr Tord must stay out."

Herr Lovmann within strikes the barred door with might,  
"Say to Herr Tord that I bid him good night.

"Let him take for his wife a sister of mine,  
Dark brown mead, and clear bright wine—

"Twelve tons of mead—twelve tons of new wine  
At the bridal feast Herr Tord shall be thine."

"And swift to Herr Tord runs the news, I trow,  
Herr Lovmann sleeps by the young bride now.

He sleeps at the side of his own young bride,  
"If he sleep with Ingelil," Tord replied.

"Ingelil is Lovmann's—she  
Was his betrothed ere given to me.

"Ingelil be Lovmann's,—mine  
Lovmann's sister, Lovmann's wine :

"Lovmann's sister bring with speed,  
Lovmann's wine, and Lovmann's mead."

Thus his bride won Lovmann brave,  
And to Tord his sister gave.

Tord and he one bride-feast keep,  
Eating long and drinking deep.

Stead of sorrow cheer did come,  
(Maidens, ye dance merrilie,  
Each a happy bride brings home—  
(She will yet come back to me.)

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## MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF CHARLES WOLFE.\*

THE deserved popularity of Archdeacon Russell's *Memoir of Wolfe* is probably among the reasons why it has been so little noticed in the *Reviews*, and we ourselves have hitherto felt hesitation in bringing before the public attention a work which, without any help whatever from the periodical critics, seems likely to take its place in the permanent literature of the country.

The same feeling, however, which leads us now to devote a few pages of our journal to a new edition of Cowper, or Milton, or Burns, and in which studies we have found our readers not unwilling to follow or accompany us, would afford sufficient motive for calling attention to the works of Wolfe; and, in addition to this, we have some reason to believe, that although the book before us is in the eighth edition, there are yet large classes of readers to whom this notice is likely to be the means of first making it properly known.

Charles Wolfe, the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esquire, of Blackhall, in the county of Kildare, was born in Dublin, on the 14th of December, 1791. His father died early, and the family removed to England, where they resided some years. In 1805 he was placed at Winchester-school, of which Mr. Richards was then the master. In 1809 he entered Dublin College,—in 1817 entered into holy orders—from that time till within a year of his death discharged the duties of a country curate, in a remote part of Ulster—and died of consumption on the 23rd of February, 1822, in the 22nd year of his age.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a life more uneventful than Wolfe's, and the whole interest of the volume arises from the opportunity it gives of contemplating the character of a singularly amiable and excellent man, and of studying works, to which the author appears never to have attached the slightest value—which seem to have been almost accidentally preserved—no one of which was written for the press—nay, no one of which

can be almost described as other than accidentally arising from the circumstances in which he was for the moment placed—and, thus to be fairly regarded rather as indications of what such a mind was likely, if fairly tasked, to have produced. Of what do these *Remains* consist? Copies of verses, Latin and English, written as school or college exercises; a few poems—not half-a-dozen—which are the records of a few days' ramble with friends in the country, and manifestly written with direct reference to the gratification of the party with whom the ramble was taken—a few letters to college friends—we believe Archdeacon Russell, his biographer, and Dr. Dickinson, late Bishop of Meath; both of whom, like Wolfe himself, had but just entered into the profession of the church,—and some of the sermons preached by him in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his curacy, or in Dublin, on his occasional visits there.

In Archdeacon Russell's memoir of his friend, we have but one thing to complain of—and that is, that through his volume it is difficult to make out the dates of either the few incidents which he has to record, or of the composition of such poems and essays of Wolfe's as are interwoven with his narrative. Even when a collective edition of the works of any of our great writers exhibits the compositions of very different periods of life, it is always desirable that the dates should, if possible, be given; as indeed the great value of such collections is, to exhibit the growth and progress of the mind, from its first imperfect imitation of the language of others, to the period when language is an instrument which it wields at will. The school exercises of Milton, no doubt, might be regarded as predictions of the *Paradise* and the *Samson*, but who is there that does not feel what injustice to his fame it would be not to communicate the order in which his poems were written. And in such a case as Wolfe's, where all his poems and essays, connected with general

\* *Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B., with a Brief Memoir of his Life.* By the Rev. John A. Russell, M.A., Archdeacon of Clogher. Eighth edition. Small 8vo. London. 1842.

literature, were written in early boyhood, or the first dawn of manhood, the fitness of giving dates with precision, or at all events of determining with some approach to correctness the sequence of the poems is so obvious, that it ought to have been felt by the biographer as an absolute duty.—Poems, written when Wolfe was in the twenty-second or twenty-third year of his age, are referred by Mr. Russell to the first year of his college life, when he was scarcely seventeen; and we but state what we know to have been the effect of this confusion of dates, when we mention that it has led to a false estimate of his powers, by misleading readers into the injurious supposition, that the earlier works of the writer were those which exhibited the highest marks of genius: the contrary being, when the true dates are supplied to his respective works, more remarkably the fact than in almost any other writer we know. Of the poems, (alas! too few,) each successive poem exhibits a wonderful development of increasing powers, and the sermons—his last works—are beyond comparison the most original and striking of all. We are not, indeed, surprised, that Dr. Russell seems to have regarded them as constituting the proper and peculiar value of the whole. His memoir is, in fact, but introductory to them, and we are told, in his graceful preface to the early editions of the *Remains*, that his hope was, that the miscellaneous portions of the volume might, perhaps, lead the public to the study of that which he felt to be more instructive, and the *Poet* thus serve to introduce the *Divine*.

An appendix to Mr. Russell's volume gives some of Wolfe's juvenile poems. One is called a "Prize Poem on the Death of Abel,"—and was probably a Winchester exercise.—There can be no object in our reprinting it; but it is a composition of considerable talent, and with occasional gleams of Wolfe's own mind. The respective sacrifices of the brothers, and the acceptance of Abel's, are thus described:—

"Each with his offering to the Almighty came,  
Their altars raised, and fed the sacred flame.

VOL. XX.—No. 119.

Scarce could the pitying Abel bear  
to bind  
A lamb, the picture of his Master's  
mind;  
Which to the pile with tender hand  
he drew,  
And wept as he the bleating victim  
slew;  
Around with fond regard the zephyr  
play'd  
Nor dar'd disturb the oblation Abel  
made."

We see something of Wolfe's own mind in the few last lines of this extract. A passage follows, describing the brothers after the fatal blow is given:—

"The streaming blood distain'd his  
locks with gore,  
Those beauteous tresses that were  
gold before.  
His dying eyes a look of pity cast,  
And beam'd forgiveness ere they  
clos'd their last."

Among the commonplaces of a schoolboy's conception of the subject, we think we can distinguish the gleam of our author's peculiar genius, in a passage describing Cain:—

"'Abel! awake, arise!' he trembling  
cried;  
'Abel, my brother!' but no voice re-  
plied.—  
In frightful silence o'er the corse he  
stood,  
And, chained in terror, wondered at the  
blood.  
'Awake!' yet oh no voice, no smile, no  
breath!  
'O God support me! Oh, should this be  
death!'"

The poem closes with a soliloquy of Cain's,—half repentance, half remorse—still, surely when the author's early age is remembered, is not without great beauty:—

"My brother! thou canst not see how  
deep I grieve;  
Look down, thou injured angel, and  
forgive.  
Far hence a wretched fugitive I roam,  
The earth my bed, the wilderness my  
home:  
Far hence I stray from those delightful  
seats  
To solitary tracts and drear retreats.  
Yet, oh! the very beasts will shun my  
sight,  
Will fly my bloody footsteps with af-  
fright.

No brother they, no faithful friend have  
slain—  
Detested only for that crime is Cain.  
Had I but lulled each fury of my soul,  
Had held each rebel passion in control,  
To Nature and to God had faithful  
proved,  
And loved a brother as a brother loved,  
Then had I sunk into a grave of rest,  
And Cain had breathed his last on  
Abel's breast."

"The Raising of Lazarus" is another of the Winchester poems, which Mr. Russell has judiciously printed. Like every thing of Wolfe's, it shows his great power of picturing scenes to his own eye, and some skill in presenting them to others. And, like every thing else, too, of Wolfe's, suggests to us that, had he felt it right to pursue poetry as a study, his most successful walk would probably have been the drama. There is nothing in the poem on Lazarus equal to the passages we have given from the poem on Abel,—but there is the same evidence of objects being seen with a poet's eye. And while the language is remarkable rather for propriety and delicacy, than for any peculiar power, there is a truth of sentiment and a tone of sincerity throughout, which characterises every thing of Wolfe's, first and last.

We have mentioned that in the year 1809 Wolfe entered Dublin College, and was early distinguished there as a classical scholar. As far as we can gather, he at first paid but little attention to the prescribed studies of the place,—at least, his first distinctions in college were rather recognitions of how well the foundation of sound classical scholarship had been laid at Winchester, than any thing else. Wolfe was, we fear, at this period idle; or perhaps it ought rather to be said, that he was good-natured enough to allow every idle acquaintance to loiter with him as long as he pleased. "This facility of disposition," as his biographer happily calls it, "exposed him to many interruptions in his studies." He never allowed himself to be denied to any chance visitor;—a concourse of idlers was for ever about him, either in his rooms or in the courts and gardens of

college, and this gave his more diligent friends fair excuse for saving themselves from the trouble of performing any routine duty, which Wolfe's college standing qualified him to discharge (he, pretty certainly, would not be doing any thing better, and they would): so between Wolfe's friends of the more idle or the more studious classes, the poor fellow was left but little time to himself.

There seems to have been some change for the worse in Wolfe's pecuniary circumstances, however, in the second or third year of his college life, which rendered it necessary for him to look round for some addition to his means of support. A college Scholarship was a seasonable aid; but in his day it was not of as much value as now,—and even now, it is altogether inadequate to the support of a student, however economical his habits may be. In Dublin College, where every person permanently connected with the establishment has for many years to discharge the duties of tutor, the instant resource of any young man who has talents and time enough for it, is to undertake the task of private tuition. When Wolfe's wish to take pupils was known, some young men, we believe relations of his, immediately sought to avail themselves of his instructions. His habits of idleness, or of what in their effects on the mind are little different—of undirected and desultory exertion, were thus, at a very critical period of life, providentially converted into those of singular diligence.—"He discharged the task of instruction with such singular devotedness and disinterested anxiety as materially to entrench on his own particular studies. He was, indeed, so prodigal of his labour and of his time to each pupil, that he reserved little leisure for his own pursuits or relaxations."\*

Wolfe, however, found time enough to become a successful competitor at the college examinations for the highest distinctions in science, which, till now, he had neglected; and the Historical Society (a voluntary association of college students, for the cultivation of the talents necessary for public life) seems to have broken

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\* *Remains of Wolfe*, p. 11.

the spell which had kept sealed the fountains of poetry and oratory, since the days of his exercises and declamations at Winchester.

The Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, at the period of which we are speaking, was to all classes of the students of the university, and we may say to almost every person connected with the learned professions in Dublin, one of the great attractions of the place. Its very existence, as a sort of independent establishment, created by the students themselves, and seeking to govern itself by its own laws, seems, at first inconsistent with college discipline, and disputes of one kind or another were perpetually arising between it and the governing part of the college. In the very circumstance, that it proposed to supply a deficiency in the system of education pursued at the university, there was, perhaps, something not altogether gratifying to those who had the power of altering the system itself. Its medals were sought for by the more ambitious student with an earnestness which was itself a kind of rebellion against the body representing the sovereignty of the place. The principle of kingly power, that the sovereign is the sole fountain of honour, cannot be conceded without admitting, in the very concession, a kind of republicanism; and the society, though in many instances its distinguished men were those who had succeeded in obtaining the premiums given at the quarterly examinations by the board, yet quite as often was the first to discern and reward the talents of men who had been overlooked by the college examiners. In a hundred instances the more vigorous competition called out by the society, brought forward men previously unthought of. In a hundred instances the indolent man or the idler was reclaimed into active exertion. And, while we feel that the governing part of the college had to deal with a case of great difficulty in the proper management of the society, yet we think it would have been impossible, had the society existed in their time, and with the degree of power which it possessed in Wolfe's, that such men as Burke, and Goldsmith, and Swift,

could have passed away from their college undistinguished.

The name of the Historical Society was derived from an association of the students, whose original object appears to have been little more than the cultivation of the knowledge of history. This first society was called the Historical Club, and out of this seems to have grown the Historical Society of 1770. In a document published by this body it is stated, that "in 1770 several students, observing the insufficiency of the academical course as a qualification for active life, obtained a grant of apartments in college, for the purpose of devoting one evening in every week to the cultivation of those useful branches of the *belles lettres* which were totally neglected in the undergraduate course." In 1794 some discussion arose between the society and the college-board, and from that date, while the extern members of the society, disclaiming all dependence on the board, continued to meet for some years outside the precincts of college, the college students accepted from the governing part of the body a new charter, more consistent with academic discipline than that of 1770, and entered into an engagement, at all times necessary, but in the then state of European politics essentially necessary—that no question of modern politics should be debated. It would appear that in the original constitution of the old society, while no person could be proposed as a member of the Historical Society whose name was not on the college books, yet on ceasing to be connected with college he did not cease to be a member of the society. This must, while it had some obvious advantages, have, on the whole, rendered the government of the society exceedingly difficult of management, when it is considered that such members were in no way subject to the board. This led to a regulation, in 1794, which effectually removed the difficulty, and in a manner which had the advantage of quietly getting rid of the mere idlers likely to continue attending the meetings, and of giving the society the kind of benefit that could not but arise from the occasional appearance at its sittings of the distinguished

members of the several learned professions, who might at any time be tempted to look in on their young friends. The regulation made every person cease to be a member of the society on taking his name off the college books, except he had obtained a medal in the society or a premium in college. The persons thus excepted were permitted to continue members for a few years longer.

The society, which has since been dissolved, existed during the greater part of Wolfe's college life; and in the same year in which he obtained a scholarship he became a member of it. It seems to have been an era in his life. We well remember the effect of his speeches there, and we regret that his biographer has not been enabled to give us some extracts from them; but it is probable that such parts of them as were written have not been preserved: it is also not improbable that some of the passages which we remember as most effective were never written.

The objects of the society were, the cultivation of such branches of study as least provision was made for by the ordinary range of college pursuits. Medals were given for oratory, for composition, and for proficiency in history; and each year of the society was opened and closed with a speech from the chair, in which the objects of the society were set forth by some one of the members of the society, specially selected for the task.

Lord Plunkett, Chief Justice Bushe, the late Mr. North, Dr. Miller, Mr. Wise, the late Mr. Taylor, Mr. Serjeant Greene, Mr. Finlay, Mr. Peter Burrowes, and other most highly distinguished men, were among those who from time to time discharged this honourable duty; and it may be well imagined that each successive speech, on the same topics, rendered the task of the next representative of

the society more difficult. Several of these speeches have been printed; in all are passages of great power and beauty; but the fragments of Wolfe's here published are perhaps more beautiful than any passages which could be selected from the others—while we are not sure that, as a whole, we should give it the preference. For this speech, and for a very beautiful composition called the "College Course," which is still better, we must refer to Mr. Wolfe's volume.

Wolfe's speech from the chair was delivered about three years after he had become a member of the Historical Society. About the same time he must have written the poem of "Jugurtha," which, by some mistake, Mr. Russell has referred to the year 1809, and a poem called "Patriotism," which was read in the society, and given a medal. The compositions read in the society were on subjects selected by the authors themselves, and not, like those written for college prizes, on themes dictated by others. "Jugurtha was," says Mr. Russell, written on a subject proposed by the heads of the university. This fixes the date of the poem to 1814, when that subject was the theme proposed for what are called Vice-Chancellor's Prizes—the fees to which that officer is entitled, on the graduation of each person, being the fund for their payment.\* Jugurtha is, perhaps, Wolfe's best poem. Its only fault is one, which, as Goldsmith says in a similar case, it would be easy for a critic, of a different temper to insist on as a beauty;—but a fault, and a grievous fault it is, however speciously it may be defended,—we mean the tendency to amplification. A true thought is expressed, and Wolfe will not let us rest there, but repeats it in every variety of phrase—protects it behind a sevenfold shield of words. The poem is, however, a noble effort.

The only poem in the volume which

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\* Wolfe's poem was probably unsuccessful with the board: at least we know, that among the compositions to which prizes were awarded, the most successful on this subject was one by the Rev. Mr. Halpin, who soon after entered into the church, and was for nineteen years curate of the parish of Oldcastle, in the county of Meath. Mr. Halpin still lives, is author of some political essays, chiefly on subjects connected with the Irish Church, and of an exceedingly interesting paper in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.



we do not like is one on the battle of Busaco, which seems to have been a college exercise. To this Mr. Russell has not fixed a date, but from internal evidence we are inclined to think it could not have been written in the full maturity of Wolfe's powers. The battle was fought on the 27th of September, 1810, and we think it likely that Wolfe's poem was written soon after—at least it was at that period very much the practice in Dublin College to give the victories of Wellington such chance of immortality, as prize poems in Greek, English, and Latin could give—and it went a great way to make Tories of the young poets, though we are quite sure that the seven wise men of Dublin College had not any thought of this advantage gained for Church and State. Wolfe's *Busaco* is not good. "*Patriotism*" is a poem of exceeding beauty. We are surprised that this and "*Jugurtha*" have not found their way into the popular selections.

In February, 1815, the Historical Society was dissolved. The Board of College thought it necessary to impose new regulations, under which the society regarded it as impossible for them to continue their meetings to any useful purpose. Before coming to this resolution, a manly remonstrance was drawn up, to which were signed the names of Hercules Henry Graves, Bingham Walker Hamilton, William Brooke, Lundy Foot, and Charles Wolfe. The very names are a proof of what noble materials the society was composed. Of the five, only two are now living—Mr. Brooke and Mr. Foot. Mr. Brooke is in the very highest practice at the chancery bar, verifying the hopes which his early distinctions in college and to society suggested. Mr. Foot is one of the honorary secretaries of the Dublin Society, and the author of the triumphant defence of that body, in the late controversies into which they were reluctantly forced. Of Hercules Graves, to which our own recollections are as of yesterday, we prefer Archdeacon Russell's record, the feelings expressed in which were those of all who knew him. Hamilton, the son of a distinguished man, who was murdered in the Irish rebellion, died early; a man in many respects of

equal promise with Graves; and in the anticipations which college contemporaries make of rising men, and in which the future years of life are regarded as if the same kind of competition were going on for its honours and rewards, as actuates people in college, it was always felt a matter of doubt to which of them earlier or more entire success might be safely predicted. Of Hamilton's talents, the books of the Historical Society contain proofs; and some essays of his, for which he obtained medals, may be found there; and a pamphlet now before us, drawn up by Hamilton, stating the causes which led to the dissolution of the society, is a masterly production. The views of the members of the society are truly and well stated. Perhaps sufficient allowance is not made for the difficulties in which the board was placed. The remonstrance was fruitless—neither party was disposed to make any concession, and the society was dissolved.

Wolfe about this time thought of reading for a college fellowship. The fellowships in Dublin College are given to the best answerers at a public examination in a very extensive course of science—the preparation for which is sufficient to occupy a clever man's attention for several years. Wolfe's habits of study were desultory—his talents for poetry and general literature were likely to mislead him—and while his success could not be doubtful if diligence could be reckoned on, yet it was quite uncertain whether Wolfe could be got to attend with perseverance to a prescribed course of study for any long time. At all events the trial was not made. One or two visits to friends in the counties of Dublin and Wicklow seem to have dispersed the dream. The contrast between the domestic happiness which he saw enjoyed by the friends with whom he was on those visits and excursions, and the dulness of his college rooms, appears to have completely put an end to any chance of his contentedly fixing himself down to the necessary plans of study. There was little chance of fellowship-reading for a man who, when he returned to his rooms from his country excursions, was engaged in describing the scenes he had left in verses such as the following:—

## "FAREWELL TO LOUGH BRAY.

"Then fare thee well!—I leave thy rocks and glens,  
 And all thy wild and random majesty,  
 To plunge amid the world's deformities,  
 And see how hideously mankind deface  
 What God hath given them good;—while viewing thee,  
 I think how grand and beautiful is God,  
 When man has not intruded on his works,  
 But left his bright creation unimpaired.  
 'Twas therefore I approached thee with an awe  
 Delightful,—therefore eyed, with joy grotesque—  
 With joy I could not speak; (for, on this heart  
 Has beauteous Nature seldom smiled, and scarce  
 A casual wind has blown the veil aside,  
 And shown me her immortal lineaments,)  
 'Twas therefore did my heart expand, to mark  
 Thy pensive uniformity of gloom,  
 The deep and holy darkness of thy wave,  
 And that stern rocky form, whose aspect stood  
 Athwart us, and confronted us at once,  
 Seeming to vindicate the worship due,  
 And yet reclined in proud recumbency,  
 As if secure the homage would be paid:  
 It looked the Genius of the place, and seemed  
 To superstition's eye, to exercise  
 Some sacred, unknown function. Blessed scenes!  
 Fraught with the primeval grandeur! or, if aught  
 Is chang'd in thee—it is no mortal touch  
 That sharpened thy rough brow, or fringed thy skirts  
 With coarse luxuriance:—'twas the lightning's force  
 Dash'd its strong flash across thee, and did point  
 The crag; or, with his stormy thunderbolt,  
 Th' Almighty architect himself disjoin'd  
 Yon rock; then flung it down where now it hangs,  
 And said 'do thou lie there;—and genial rains,  
 (Which, e'en without the good man's prayer, came down,)  
 Call'd forth thy vegetation. Then I watch'd  
 The clouds that cours'd along the sky, to which  
 A trembling splendour o'er the waters mov'd  
 Responsive; while at times it stole to land,  
 And smil'd among the mountain's dusky locks.  
 Surely there linger beings in this place,  
 For whom all this is done:—it cannot be,  
 That all this fair profusion is bestow'd  
 For such wild wayward pilgrims as ourselves.  
 Haply, some glorious spirits here await  
 The opening of Heaven's portals; who disport  
 Along the bosom of the lucid lake;  
 Who cluster on that peak; or playful peep  
 Into yon eagle's nest; then sit them down  
 And talk of those they left on earth, and those  
 Whom they shall meet in Heaven: and, haply tired  
 (If blessed spirits tire in such employ,)  
 The slumbering phantoms lay them down to rest  
 Upon the bosom of the dewy breeze—  
 Ah! whither do I roam—I dare not think—  
 Alas! I must forget thee, for I go  
 To mix with narrow minds and hollow hearts—  
 I must forget thee—fare thee—fare thee well.

"The following stanzas," says I  
 Russell, "will convey some idea of  
 sensations with which the poet return'd

res as this to the sound  
 re, and how painful  
 tion from such

ments to the grave occupation of academic studies."

SONG.

" Oh, say not that my heart is cold  
To aught that once could warm it;  
That Nature's form so dear of old  
No more has power to charm it;  
Or, that the ungenerous world can chill  
One glow of fond emotion  
For those who made it dearer still,  
And shar'd my wild devotion.

" Still oft those solemn scenes I view  
In rapt and dreamy sadness;  
Oft look on those who lov'd them too  
With Fancy's idle gladness;  
Again I long'd to view the light  
In Nature's features glowing;  
Again to tread the mountain's height,  
And taste the Soul's o'erflowing.

" Stern duty rose, and frowning flung  
His leaden chain around me;  
With iron look and sullen tongue  
He muttered as he bound me:  
' The mountain-breeze, the boundless  
Heaven  
Unfit for toil the creature;  
These for the free alone are given—  
But what have slaves with Nature?' "

There is a poem, of which many of the stanzas have all the vigour of Burns—and which are so perfectly descriptive of the friend whose character inspired them—George Grierson of the Irish bar—that we wish we could transcribe them, but must refer our readers to the volume itself.

Mr. Russell, in describing Wolfe's admiration of Campbell's Hohenlinden, mentions some peculiarities of his manner, which we may as well preserve.

" It was, indeed, the peculiar temperament of his mind, to display its emotions by the strongest outward demonstrations.

" Such were his intellectual sensibilities, and the corresponding vivacity of his animal spirits, that the excitation of his feelings generally discovered itself by the most lively expressions, and sometimes by an unrestrained vehemence of gesticulation, which often afforded amusement to his more sedate or less impressible acquaintances.

" Whenever in the company of his friends any thing occurred in his reading, or to his memory, which powerfully affected his imagination, he usually started from his seat, flung aside his chair, and paced about the room, giving vent to his admiration in repeated ex-

clamations of delight, and in gestures of the most animated rapture. Nothing produced these emotions more strongly than music, of the pleasures of which he was in the highest degree susceptible. He had an ear formed to enjoy, in the most exquisite manner, the simplest melody, or the richest harmony. With but little cultivation, he had acquired sufficient skill in the theory of this accomplishment, to relish its highest charms, and to exercise a discriminative taste in the appreciation of any composition or performance in that delightful art. Sacred music above all, (especially the compositions of Handel,) had the most subduing—the most transporting effect upon his feelings, and seemed to enliven and sublimiate his devotion to the highest pitch. He understood and felt all the poetry of music, and was particularly felicitous in catching the spirit and character of a simple air or a national melody. One or two specimens of the adaptation of his poetical talents to such subjects, may give some idea of this.

" He was so much struck by the grand national Spanish air, 'Viva el Rey Fernando,' the first time he heard it played by a friend, that he immediately commenced singing it over and over again, until he produced an English song admirably suited to the tune. The air, which has the character of an animated march, opens in a strain of grandeur, and suddenly subsides for a few bars into a slow and pathetic modulation, from which it abruptly starts again into all the enthusiasm of martial spirit. The words are happily adapted to these transitions; but the air should be known, in order that the merits of the song should be duly esteemed. The first change in the expression of the air occurs at the ninth line of the song, and continues to the end of the twentieth line,

SPANISH SONG.

Air—'Viva El Rey Fernando.'

The chains of Spain are breaking—  
Let Gaul despair and fly;  
Her wrathful trumpet's speaking,  
Let tyrants hear, and die.

Her standard o'er us arching  
Is burning red and far;  
The soul of Spain is marching  
In thunders to the war.  
Look round your lovely Spain,  
And say shall Gaul remain?

Behold yon burning valley,  
Behold yon naked plain—  
Let us hear their drum—  
Let them come, let them come!  
For Vengeance and Freedom rally,  
And Spaniards! onward for Spain!

Remember, Remember, Barossa,  
Remember Napoleon's chain,—  
Remember your own Saragossa,  
And strike for the cause of Spain—  
Remember your own Saragossa,  
And onward, onward! for Spain!

"Another of his favourite melodies was the popular Irish air, 'Gramachree.' He never heard it without being sensibly affected by its deep and tender expression; but he thought that no words had ever been written for it which came up to his idea of the peculiar pathos which pervades the whole strain. He said they all appeared to him to want *individuality* of feeling. At the desire of a friend he gave his own conception of it in these verses, which it seems hard to read, perhaps impossible to hear sung, without tears.

## SONG.

AIR—'Gramachree.'

If I had thought thou could'st have died,  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou could'st mortal be;  
It never through my mind had past,  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again;  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak—thou dost not say,  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,  
And now I feel, as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have,  
Thou seemest still my own,  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may sooth this heart,  
In thinking too of thee;  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

"He was asked whether he had any real incident in view, or had witnessed any immediate occurrence which might have prompted these lines. His reply was, he had not; but that he had sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

The following is, in its way, of almost unequalled beauty:—

## "SONG.

Oh, my love has an eye of the softest blue,  
Yet it was not that that won me;  
But a little bright drop from her soul  
was there,  
'Tis that that has undone me.

I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,  
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;  
But the sensitive blush that came trem-  
bling there,  
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

I might have forgotten that red, red lip—  
Yet how from that thought to sever?—  
But there was a smile from the sun-shine  
within,  
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay,  
The elegant form that haunts me;  
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that  
moves  
In every step, that enchants me.

Let me not hear the nightingale sing,  
Though I once in its notes delighted;  
The feeling and mind that comes whis-  
pering forth,  
Has left me no music beside it.

Who could blame had I loved that form,  
Ere my eye could twice explore her;  
Yet, it is for the fairy intelligence there,  
And her warm—warm heart I adore  
her."

We are inclined to think the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore" was the last poem that Wolfe ever wrote. They were first circulated in manuscript among his college friends, then printed in the newspapers and magazines. Byron read them out from a magazine to some friends, of whom Captain Medwin was one. At this time the author's name was not known to the public, and Medwin, in one way or other, was led to think them Byron's. The copy sent by Byron to his sister, in his own handwriting, seemed at first to Captain Medwin to give a kind of confirmation to a conjecture which, however, in every after edition of his exceedingly interesting book, he took care to tell his readers was a mistake—adding that the poem was ascertained to be Wolfe's. Medwin's claim of the poem for Byron led to several letters, stating the true author: one from Mr. Taylor, of the English

bar, which first gave to the public a substantially correct copy of the lines; another from Dr. Miller, of Armagh, in which Wolfe's character is strikingly drawn; but by far the most interesting document which the occasion called forth was the Rev. Mr. O'Sullivan's narrative of the original production of the poem. We transcribe his account from a letter of his to Mr. Taylor—

“The poem was commenced in my company. The occasion was as follows:—Wolfe came into my room one evening while I was reading the ‘*Edinburgh Annual Register*,’ I think it was the volume for 1809,\* and which concluded with an account of the battle of Corunna, and the death of Sir John Moore. It appeared to me to be admirably written—and although the writer might not be classed amongst the *very* warmest admirers of that lamented general, yet he cordially appreciated his many great and amiable qualities, and eagerly seized upon every opportunity of doing him generous and ample justice. In college we do not always lay down our books when visited by our friends; at least, *you* know, to your cost, that such is not *my* practice. I made our dear departed friend listen to me while I read the account which the admirable writer (I conjectured that he must be Mr. Southey) made to assume a classical interest; and we both felt kindled and elevated by a recital which was calculated to concentrate whatever of glory or interest attached in our young imaginations to Chæroneæ or Marathon, upon the spotless valour of a British soldier. When I had done, Wolfe and I walked into the country; and I observed that he was totally inattentive to the objects around him, and in conversation absent and self-involved. He was, in fact, silently composing; and, in a short time, he repeated for me (without writing them down) the first and last stanzas of his beautiful ode, which, as you have truly stated in ‘the *Morning Chronicle*,’

were all that he at first intended. I was exceedingly pleased by them; and I believe the admiration I expressed partly induced him to supply the other stanzas. Every one of the corrections which you have suggested is right. Your memory has served you admirably to restore the ode to the state in which it was left by its lamented author.”

It seems impossible that any mind could be uncandid or dull enough to resist such evidence as this: yet though, in addition to this evidence, Archdeacon Russell printed the poem in his remains as Wolfe's, the old reports ascribing its authorship to one or other of the popular poets of the day, or to some obscure village minstrel, were every now and then repeated. Unluckily, in Mr. Russell's memoir of Wolfe, after stating some of the absurd reports concerning the authorship of the poem, the following carelessly-written sentence occurred:—“However, the matter has been placed beyond dispute, by the proof that it appeared with the initials ‘C. W.’ in an Irish print, long prior to the alleged dates which its false claimants assign.” A sentence is at least as likely to be carelessly read as carelessly written; and it was supposed from this that Mr. Russell knew no more about the matter than any body else, and that the whole of the evidence rested on the fact of some Irish paper having printed, at some time not stated by Mr. Russell, the lines, with the letters ‘C. W.’; and we, who happen to know of our own knowledge the fact of Wolfe's being the author of the lines, happen also to know of our own knowledge, that men of the very highest rank in literature fell into what we cannot but think the very natural mistake which we have pointed out. Other passages in Mr. Russell's memoir ought to

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\* “It was the volume for 1808. The following is the conclusion of the passage to which Mr. O'Sullivan alludes:—

“Sir John Moore had often said, that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a body of the 9th regiment; the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured; and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.”—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 458.



have placed the matter beyond all doubt; but in his narration of the matter, it is not easy to distinguish what is evidence and what is argument. Mr. Russell, like ourselves, or any other of Wolfe's friends, would as soon think of doubting the authorship of *Marmion* or any other acknowledged work of any well-known writer as that of this poem; yet we cannot but think that the mixture of argument and evidence, the boundary-lines of which are not very distinctly marked in his account, tended somewhat to perplex a case which was the simplest in the world. While the friends of Wolfe were one after another stating their knowledge of his having written the poem, it was claimed, in some unintelligible local hoax, as the production of a rhyming horse-doctor in Durham. The letter, written in his name by some provincial jester, claiming it for him, was copied into the papers, and the laurels which Medwin demanded for *Byron*, were now for a while awarded to *Marshal*—that was, as we best remember, the name. A more respectable parentage was soon after found, and gave rise to a conjecture which many thought probable enough. A volume of poems was printed by a young clergyman of the name of Barnard, who soon after died of consumption. A friend of ours claiming the authorship of the poem for Wolfe, was told, under circumstances that coerced his belief—so strongly was the matter stated, and by a person whose means of knowledge were of a peculiar kind—that the poem was printed in Barnard's book; his informant, of course, asserting that Barnard was the author—not Wolfe. The facts appeared to our friend to be indisputable, and a theory instantly started up in his mind, which reconciled them with the fact of Wolfe's authorship of the poem. The conversation occurred after Wolfe's death, just at the period of Medwin's publication; and the account of Barnard's early death, and some other coinciding circumstances, led him to the conclusion that Wolfe had published a volume of poems under the assumed name of Barnard. We have had more than one argument with our friend on the subject, knowing that it was almost impossible that Wolfe, all whose movements were known to his friends, could have been the author of the

poems; while we felt that it would gratify our curiosity to learn more of Barnard's book, and we had inquiries made of the publisher. The little book, a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, is now on our table—"Trifles, imitative of the chaster style of Melanger." Graceful imitations they are,—not translations, nor in any degree approaching that character: not equal to Merivale's poems from the *Anthology*, or even to Bland's, but still very pleasing in their way; and we are glad of the accident that introduced us to the pleasant little book; but unfortunately the sight of it at once put an end to the romance which our friend had woven out of the publication, and the fates of Barnard and Wolfe. The poem which, to the gifted eye of the printer and bookseller, whose claim of Wolfe's ode for Barnard, led to the confusion, had appeared to be "The Burial of Sir John Moore," turns out to be "Verses occasioned by the death of Captain ——— 9th regiment of dragoons, who fell in the battle of Waterloo!!" Captain ——— of the dragoons became identified with Sir John Moore, and Corunna and Waterloo were all one. In mistakes like this, or in the buffoonery of provincial jests, we are convinced that all the claims to this poem originated, with the exception of one, so peculiar that we feel it necessary reluctantly to notice it.

In the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a letter dated *Temple, January, 1841*, signed *A. Mackintosh*, and addressed to the Rev. W. Muir, assistant minister of Temple, accompanied with documents of one kind or other, by which the statements of the letter were sought to be confirmed, was printed. The writer of the letter, the master of the parish school at Temple, states himself to have written the poem, and goes into a very minute detail of circumstances connected with his claim. Mr. Muir manifestly gave entire credence to Mackintosh's statement, and the editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser* gave it also his sanction. This led to the publication of several letters on the subject, all from persons of considerable eminence, who knew the fact of Wolfe's being the author of the poem. Mackintosh published an impudent letter, admitting that Wolfe must have claimed the poem, but still asserting

himself to be the writer. He was unlucky enough to assign a date to the period at which *he* composed it; and though the precise date of Wolfe's poem is not ascertained, yet it is ascertained that it was written prior to the date which Mackintosh chose to lay for his handiwork. While the discussion about Mackintosh's claim was going on in the newspapers, Dr. Luby luckily found a letter of Wolfe's, giving a complete copy of the lines in Wolfe's hand-writing. The overwhelming evidence that from one quarter or another exposed the impudence of Mackintosh's pretensions, led Mr. Muir, who had at first been imposed on by him, to re-examine the plausible school-master, and he succeeded in extorting from him a confession that his statement was "a lie from end to end." In Wolfe's letter, the copy of the poem is introduced by the following words:—"I have completed 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' and will here inflict it upon you; you have no one but yourself to blame, for praising the two stanzas that I told you so much." We transcribe from the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy the following interesting particulars concerning the letter, which must for ever put an end to any controversy on the subject of the authorship:—

"Dr. Anster, on the part of Dr. Luby, F.T.C.D., read a letter of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of the lines on the burial of Sir John Moore. The letter, or rather fragment of a letter, had been found by Dr. Luby among the papers of a deceased brother, who was a college friend of Wolfe and of Mr. Taylor, to whom the letter was addressed. The part found had the appearance of having been torn off from the rest of the letter. It contains the address; a complete copy of the ode; a sentence mentioning to Mr. Taylor that his praise of the stanzas first written led him to complete the poem; a few words of a private nature at the end of the letter; and the signature. There is no date on the part preserved; but the post mark of September 6, 1816, fixes the time at which it was sent. Dr. Anster read passages from Captain Medwin's 'Conversations of Lord Byron,' and Archdeacon Russell's 'Remains of Wolfe,' in which mention is made of the various guesses as to the author, when the poem first appeared, without the author's name, in the newspapers and magazines. It was said Dr.

Anster attributed to Moore, to Campbell, to Wilson, to Byron, and now and then to a writer in many respects equal to the highest of these names, whose poems have been published under the name of Barry Cornwall. Shelley thought the poem likely to be Campbell's; and Medwin believed Byron to be the author. When Medwin's book appeared, in which this was stated, several friends of Wolfe's, among others Mr. Taylor, to whom was addressed the letter, of which an important part has been fortunately found, stated their knowledge of Wolfe's having written the ode. One gratifying result of the controversy was the publication by Archdeacon Russell of the remains of Charles Wolfe, with a memoir written with great beauty, and, what constitutes the rare charm of the work, describing with entire fidelity the character, and habits, and feelings, of one of the most pure-minded, generous, and affectionate natures that ever existed. The question as to the authorship of the ode was for ever set at rest, to any one who had seen either the letters of Mr. Wolfe's friends, at the time of Captain Medwin's publication, or Archdeacon Russell's book. Were there any doubt on the subject of authorship, the document now produced would completely remove it; but for this purpose it would really not be worth while to trouble the academy with the communication, as it would be treating the insane pretensions now and then put forward in the newspapers for this person or the other, with too much respect to discuss them seriously, or at all; but another and a very important purpose would be answered by the publication of this authentic copy of the poem from Wolfe's autograph in their proceedings. The poem has been more frequently reprinted than almost any other in the language; and—an almost necessary consequence of such frequent reprints—it is now seldom printed as it was originally written. Every person who had occasion to compare the common editions of Milton, or Cowper, or any of our poets, with those printed in the lifetime of the authors, is aware that no dependence whatever can be placed on the text of the books in common use. Every successive reprint from a volume, carelessly edited, adds its own stock of blunders to the general mass. Wolfe's ode has been, in this way, quite spoiled in many of its best passages. The academy had now the opportunity of correcting these mistakes by publishing an authentic copy of the poem. Dr. Anster stated the fitness of this being done by the academy, not only from its being the natural and proper guardian of every thing relating to the literature

of Ireland, which alone would seem to him a sufficient reason, but even yet more, from the circumstance that the academy's proceedings must command a circulation over the continent, which it would be in vain to expect from any private publication. The poem has been often translated, and the strange blunders which have often got into our copies are faithfully preserved in the translations. In a German translation of the ode, three stanzas of a poem, consisting of but eight, are spoiled by the translator's manifestly having read an imperfect copy of the original. In one it is quite plain that the stanza, which closes with the lines—

'And we heard the distant and random gun,  
That the foe was sullenly firing.'

and in which the word 'suddenly' is often substituted for 'sullenly' was printed falsely in the copy before the German translator. In the second stanza, 'The struggling moonbeam's misty light,' is lost, probably from some similar reason. The general effect of Wolfe's poem is exceedingly well preserved in the translation, but there are several mistakes in detail, most of which, perhaps all, arise from the translator's having used an incorrect copy of the original. The translation is printed in the octavo edition of 'Hayward's Faust,' p. 304."

Dr. Anster's suggestion was adopted. Wolfe's autograph letter has been lithographed and published by the Academy. With anxiety to have this interesting document preserved, Dr. Luby generously presented the letter in his possession, on which he naturally placed a high value, to the Academy—who have undertaken the custody of it. We are not sure whether the following incident may not be worth mentioning—which would be alone, were the authorship of the poem a question of doubt, sufficient to fix it. Mr. Downes, a friend of Wolfe's, favourably known to the public by his published works, before this copy of the poem was examined, expressed considerable curiosity to see it; mentioning a conversation in which Wolfe expressed a doubt whether in the seventh stanza he should have "the clock struck the *hour* for retiring," or "the clock struck the 'note' for retiring." Every copy previously known gives it "the clock struck the *hour* for retiring." This accidentally confirms Mr. Downes's recollection, as the word in this copy is "note."

The fitness of having the autograph preserved for the reasons given by Dr. Anster, which might at first appear too strongly stated by him, is amusingly proved by the misprints in the best editions of the Remains. The printed sheets of the eighth edition contain this error in the first stanza, "*was* buried" for "*we* buried;" and in a copy now before us of "Lough Bray," "*thy mild* and random majesty" is printed for "*thy wild*," &c., and "the mountain's *dusky* locks" are altered into "*dusty* locks." But the printer's are not the only mistakes to be guarded against. The caprices of vanity are quite inexplicable. In a York paper, a few years ago, Mr. Shelton Mackenzie met a copy of Wolfe's poem, with the title, "The Burial of Sir John Moore, by the Rev. Charles Wolfe," with two additional stanzas, in no way whatever distinguished by any printers' mark or any note or comment from the rest, but appearing as part of the poem. We print them.

"And there let him rest, tho' the foe  
should raise,  
In zeal for the fame they covet,  
A tomb or a trophy to swell the praise  
Of him who has soar'd above it.

"By Englishmen's feet when the turf is  
trod,  
On the breast of their hero pressing,  
Let them offer a prayer to England's  
God—  
To him who was England's blessing."

The date of Wolfe's letter to Mr. Taylor in all probability gives us the year at least in which the ode was composed. Mr. O'Sullivan and the Bishop of Meath assign an earlier date to it, but Mr. O'Sullivan's recollection does not fix the year with accuracy, though the *evening* walk during which two stanzas of the poem were composed, makes it probable spring or early summer was the time. The Bishop of Meath's recollection is more precise as to the year, and would decidedly fix it as written in an earlier year than 1816. He remembers having read the poem to Hercules Graves in rooms which he had ceased to occupy before 1816. So many of Wolfe's compositions were handed about in manuscript among his friends, that we cannot but think it more probable that twenty-six years after the incident, a friend recollecting

an incident of the kind should mistake one poem for another, than that Wolfe, *writing a year or more after the poem was composed*, should use the language which we have quoted from his letter to Mr. Taylor.

In November of the next year—1817—Wolfe took orders. His first curacy was at Ballyclog, in Tyrone. A letter to one of his friends describes the position in which he found himself. It is dated in December. He describes himself sitting opposite a turf-fire, “with my Bible beside me, in the only furnished room of the glebe-house—surrounded by mountains, frost, and snow, and by a set of people with whom I am wholly unacquainted, except a disbanded artillery-man, his wife, and two children, who attend me—the churchwarden, and clerk of the parish.” In another letter he describes himself as “surrounded by grandees, who count their income by thousands, and clergymen innumerable; however I have kept out of their reach: I have preferred my turf-fire, my books, and the memory of the friends I have left, to all the society that Tyrone can afford—with one bright exception. At M——’s [Meredith’s—we feel it a duty to supply the name] I am indeed every way at home. I am at home in friendship and hospitality, in science and literature, in our common friends and acquaintances, and in topics of religion.” This last letter from which we have quoted was written from Castle Caulfield, the principal village of Donoughmore, the parish of which (after a few weeks’ service at Ballyclog) he became the curate. After a short visit to Dublin we have a few letters from his parish, one of which we must transcribe:—

“Castle Caulfield, January 28th, 1818.

“A man often derives a wonderful advantage from a cold and fatiguing journey after taking leave of his friends; viz. he understands the comfort of lolling quietly and alone by his fire-side, after his arrival at his destination—a pleasure which would have been totally lost, if he had been transported there without difficulty and at once, from the region of friendship and society. Every situation borrows much of its character from that by which it was immediately preceded. This would have been all melancholy and solitude, if it had immediately succeeded the glow of affectionate and

literary conviviality; but, when it follows the rumbling of a coach, the rattling of a post-chaise, the shivering of a wintry-night’s journey, and the conversation of people to whom you are almost totally indifferent, it then becomes comfort and repose. So I found at my arrival at my own cottage on Saturday: my fire-side, from contrast, became a kind of lesser friend, or at least, a consolation for the loss of friends.

“Nothing could be more fortunate than the state of things during my absence: there was no duty to be performed; and of this I am the more sensible, as I had scarcely arrived before I met a great supply of business, such as I should have been very much concerned if it had occurred in my absence. I have already seen enough of service to be again fully naturalized. I am again the weather-beaten curate: I have trudged roads, forded bogs, braved snow and rain, become umpire between the living, have counselled the sick, administered to the dying, and to-morrow shall bury the dead. Here have I written three sides without coming to the matter in hand.

“Yours affectionately, C. W.”

In another his migration from Ballyclog to his cottage at Castle Caulfield is described:—

“One waggon contained my whole fortune and family, (with the exception of a cow which was driven alongside of the waggon,) and its contents were two large trunks, a bed and its appendages; and on the top of these, which were in appearance, sat a woman (my future piled up so as to make a very command-house-keeper) and her three children, and by their side stood a calf of three weeks old—which has lately become an inmate in my family.”

“Castle Caulfield, Oct. 20th, 1818.

“I have no disasters now to diversify my life—not having many of those enjoyments which render men obnoxious to them, except when my foot sinks up to the ankle in a bog, as I am looking for a stray sheep. My life is now nearly made up of visits to my parishioners—both sick and in health. Notwithstanding, the parish is so large that I have yet to form an acquaintance with a very formidable number of them. The parish and I have become very good friends: the congregation has increased, and the Presbyterians sometimes pay me a visit. There is a great number of Methodists in the part of the parish surrounding the village, who are



many of them very worthy people, and among the most regular attendants upon the church. With many of my flock I live upon affectionate terms. There is a fair proportion of religious men amongst them, with a due allowance of profligates. None of them rise so high as the class of gentlemen, but there is a good number of a very respectable description. I am particularly attentive to the school: there, in fact, I think most good can be done, and besides the obvious advantages, it is a means of conciliating all sects of Christians, by taking an interest in the welfare of their children.

"Our Sunday-school is very large, and is attended by the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. The day is never a Sabbath to me; however, it is the kind of labour that is best repaid; for you always find that some progress is made—some fruit soon produced; whereas, your labours with the old and the adult often fail of producing any effect, and, at the best, it is in general latent and gradual. Yours, &c. C. W."

"Castle Caulfield, May 4th, 1819.

"I am just come from the house of mourning! Last night I helped to lay poor M—— in his coffin, and followed him this morning to his grave. The visitation was truly awful. Last Tuesday (this day week) he was struck to the ground by a fit of apoplexy, and from that moment until the hour of his death, on Sunday evening, he never articulated. I did not hear of his danger until Sunday evening, and yesterday morning I ran ten miles, like a madman, and was only in time to see his dead body. It will be a cruel and bitter thought to me for many a day, that I had not one farewell from him while he was on the brink of this world. Oh! —, one of my heart-strings is broken. The only way I have of describing my attachment to that man is by telling you that next to you and D——, he was the person in whose society I took the greatest delight. A visit to Ardtrea was often in prospect to sustain me in many of my cheerless labours. My gems are falling away; but, I do hope and trust, it is because God is 'making up his jewels.' Dr. M—— was a man of a truly Christian temper of mind. We used naturally to fall upon religious subjects; and I now revert with peculiar gratification to the cordiality with which 'we took sweet counsel together' upon those topics. You know that he was possessed of the first and most distinguished characteristic of a Christian disposition—humility. He preached the Sunday before for —, and the sermon

was unusually solemn and impressive, and in the true spirit of the Gospel. Indeed, from several circumstances, he seems to have had some strange presentiments of what was to happen. His air and look some time before his dissolution had, as — told me, an expression of the most awful and profound devotion. \* \* \* Yours, &c. C. W."

We transcribe from Archdeacon Russell's memoir some account of the district in which Wolfe's life was cast, and the duties in which he was daily occupied:—

"The sphere of duty in which Mr. Wolfe was engaged was extensive and laborious. A large portion of the parish was situated in a wild hilly country, abounding in bogs and trackless wastes; and the population was so scattered, that it was a work of no ordinary difficulty to keep up that intercourse with his flock, upon which the success of a Christian minister so much depends. When he entered upon his work he found the church rather thinly attended; but in a short time the effects of his constant zeal, his impressive style of preaching, and his daily and affectionate converse with his parishioners were visible in the crowded and attentive congregations which began to gather round him.

"The number of those who soon became regular attendants at the holy communion was so great as to exceed the whole ordinary congregation at the commencement of his ministry.

"Amongst his constant hearers were many of the Presbyterians, who seemed much attracted by the earnestness of his devotion in reading the liturgy, the energy of his appeals, and the general simplicity of his life; and such was the respect they began to feel towards him, that they frequently sent for him to administer spiritual comfort and support to them in the trying hour of sickness, and at the approach of death.

"A large portion of the Protestants in his parish were of that denomination, and no small number were of the class of Wesleyan Methodists. Though differing on many points from these two bodies of Christians, he, however, maintained with them the most friendly intercourse, and entered familiarly into discussion on the subjects upon which they were at issue with him.

"There was nothing in the course of his duties as a clergyman (as he himself declared) which he found more difficult and trying at first, than how to discover and pursue the best mode of dealing with the numerous conscientious dis-



senters in his parish, and especially with the Wesleyan Methodists who claim connexion with the Church of England. While he lamented their errors, he revered their piety; and at length succeeded beyond his hopes in softening their prejudices and conciliating their good will. This he effected by taking care in his visits amongst them, to dwell particularly upon the grand and vital truths in which he mainly agreed with them, and, above all, by a patience of contradiction, yet without a surrender or compromise of opinion, on the points upon which they differed. It is a curious fact that some of the Methodists on a few occasions sought to put his Christian character to the test, by purposely using harsh and humiliating expressions towards him in their conversations upon the nature of religion. This strange mode of inquisition he was enabled to bear with the meekness of a child; and some of them afterwards assured him that they considered the temper with which such a trial is endured as a leading criterion of true conversion, and were happy to find in him so unequivocal proof of a regenerate spirit. . . .

“The success of a Christian pastor depends almost as much on the manner as the matter of his instruction. In this respect Mr. Wolfe was peculiarly happy, especially with the lower classes of the people—who were much engaged by the affectionate cordiality and the simple earnestness of his deportment towards them. In his conversations with the plain farmer or humble labourer he usually laid his hands upon their shoulder or caught them by the arm; and while he was insinuating his arguments, or enforcing his appeals with all the variety of simple illustrations which a prolific fancy could supply, he fastened an anxious eye upon the countenance of the person he was addressing, as if eagerly awaiting some gleam of intelligence to show that he was understood and felt.”

Wolfe's duties were increased by the visitation of typhus fever in his parish. He knew not what it was to spare himself when any office of humanity required his exertions—and here the demand on his time and thoughts was incessant. He was overworked, and symptoms of consumption began to manifest themselves. An habitual cough, of which he himself seemed almost unconscious, alarmed his friends; and in the spring of 1821, it became too plain that the disease had made fatal progress. He was persuaded to visit Scotland, in order to

see a physician distinguished for his skill in the treatment of pulmonary complaints; and on his return, was met by the affectionate friend, whose record of his virtues is likely to perpetuate his own name with that of Wolfe. Archdeacon Russell (then a curate in Dublin,) seized a moment from his duties to try and persuade Wolfe to attend for a little while to his health.

“On the Sunday after his arrival he accompanied Wolfe through the principal part of his parish to the church; and never can he forget the scene he witnessed as they drove together along the road and through the village. It must give a more lively idea of his character and conduct as a parish clergyman than any laboured delineation, or than a mere detail of particular facts. As he quickly passed by, all the poor people and children ran out to their cabin-doors to welcome him, with looks and expressions of the most ardent affection, and with all that wild devotion of gratitude so characteristic of the Irish peasantry. Many fell upon their knees invoking blessings upon him; and long after they were out of hearing, they remained in the same attitude, showing by their gestures that they were still offering up prayers for him; and some even followed the carriage a long distance making the most anxious inquiries about his health. He was sensibly moved by this manifestation of feeling, and met it with all that heartiness of expression and that affectionate simplicity of manner, which made him as much an object of love, as his exalted virtues rendered him an object of respect. The intimate knowledge he seemed to have acquired of all their domestic histories, appeared from the short but significant inquiries he made of each individual as he was hurried along; while at the same time he gave a rapid sketch of the particular characters of several who presented themselves—pointing to one with a sigh, and to another with looks of fond congratulation. It was indeed impossible to behold a scene like this, which can scarcely be described, without the deepest, but most pleasing emotions. It seemed to realize the often-imagined picture of a primitive minister of the Gospel of Christ, living in the hearts of his flock—‘willing to spend and to be spent upon them’—and enjoying the happy interchange of mutual affection. It clearly showed the kind of intercourse that habitually existed between him and his parishioners, and afforded a pleasing proof that a faithful and firm discharge of duty, when accompanied by kindly

sympathies and gracious manners, can scarcely fail to gain the hearts of the humbler ranks of the people.

"It can scarcely be a matter of surprise that he should feel much reluctance in leaving a station where his ministry appeared to be so useful and acceptable; and accordingly, though peremptorily required by the physician he had just consulted, to retire for some time from all clerical duties, it was with difficulty he could be dislodged from his post and forced away to Dublin, where most of his friends resided.

"It was hoped that timely relaxation from duty and a change in his mode of living to what he had been originally accustomed, and suitable to the present delicate state of his health, might avert the fatal disease with which he was threatened. The habits of his life while he resided on his cure, were in every respect calculated to confirm his constitutional tendency to consumption. He seldom thought of providing a regular meal, and his humble cottage exhibited every appearance of the neglect of the ordinary comforts of life. A few straggling rush-bottomed chairs, piled up with his books—a small rickety table before the fire-place, covered with parish memoranda—and two trunks containing all his papers, serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor, constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper; and between this wretched cell and his parlour was the kitchen, which was occupied by the disbanded soldier, his wife, and their numerous brood of children, who had migrated with him from his first quarters, and seemed now in full possession of the whole concern, entertaining him merely as a lodger, and usurping the entire disposal of his small plot of ground, as the absolute lords of the soil."

He was induced for a while to leave his curacy in the hands of another, and went to Dublin and the neighbourhood for medical advice and change of air and scene. There were alternations of health and debility; he was even able, occasionally to preach in Dublin, but the disease continued to make its sure and insidious progress.

Towards the approach of winter, (1820) he was advised to go to the south of France. He sailed for Bordeaux, but was twice beaten back by violent gales, and then abandoned the plan; and settled near Exeter during the winter and ensuing spring. The summer months of 1822 he passed in Dublin and the vicinity. In August he sailed to Bordeaux and back, as some benefit was anticipated from the voyage. In November he removed to the Cove of Cork—a town sheltered by the surrounding mountains from the winds. Mr. Russell and a female relative of Wolfe's accompanied him. For a while he seemed to revive, then sank again. He died on the morning of the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age. On the day before his death the physician who attended him, astonished at the solemn fervour with which he spoke, exclaimed, when he left the room of his dying patient, "There is something superhuman about that man. It is astonishing to see such a mind in a body so wasted—such mental vigour in a poor frame dropping into the grave!"

The plan of our work renders it, if not impossible, yet inconvenient that we should give any extracts from his sermons, or enter into any detailed examination of his theological opinions. This is done by Archdeacon Russell, and we have quoted sufficient from his book to render it unnecessary for us to express our opinion of the good sense and good feeling with which his task has been performed, with more distinctness. To those who have time and opportunity to study the character of Wolfe more in detail than we can give it, there is much interesting matter, communicated chiefly we believe by the late Mr. Taylor, to be found in the tenth volume of THE ANNUAL BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY; and his character and progress are sketched with great beauty in a volume to which we have before alluded, entitled, COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

A.

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1842.

Vol. XX.

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### CONTENTS.

	Page
OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. LVIII.—THE “RONI FETE.” CHAP. LIX.—“FRESCATI.” CHAP. LX.— DISCLOSURES. CHAP. LXI.—NEW ARRIVALS. CHAP. LXII.—CONCLUSION. EVOY . . . . .	626
THE BATTLE OF THE EYES . . . . .	630
ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, UNTIL THE YEAR 1600 .	663
TO UNA—A MEMORY PAINTING . . . . .	681
THE THREE HALF-CROWNS . . . . .	682
LETTERS FROM ITALY No. IX.—CONCLUSION . . . . .	694
THE POETS versus THE PUBLIC—DEFENDANT’S CASE . . . . .	704
THE HUSBAND-LOVER. A TRUE STORY. PART II.—CONCLUSION . . . . .	717
CANADA . . . . .	725
INDEX TO VOL. XX. . . . .	752

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# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XX.

OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER LVIII.—THE “RONI FETE.”

THERE is no epidemic more catching than excitement. The fussy manner and feverish bustle of the people about you, are sure, after a time, to communicate themselves to you—the very irritation they create being what the physicians call a predisposing cause. I became an illustration in point, as the hour of this ball drew nigh. At first I could not but wonder how, in the midst of such stupendous events as were then taking place—in the heart of a city garrisoned by an enemy—with every thing that could wound national pride and offend national honour—even French levity could raise itself to the enjoyment of fashionable frivolity; but, by degrees, the continual recurrence of the subject familiarized my mind to it, wore off my first and more natural impressions, and at last I began, like my neighbours, not only to listen with patience, but even to join in the various discussions with animation and interest.

No sooner had the report gained currency that Lady Charlotte was in possession of blank invitations, than our hotel was besieged by half Paris—the unfortunate endeavouring, by every species of flattery, and every imaginable stratagem, to obtain tickets; the lucky ones all anxious to find out the mystery of her ladyship's success, which at first seemed almost incredible. The various surmises, guesses, hints, allusions, and subterfuges which followed

each other in rapid succession, as this motley mob of fashionables came and went, and went and came again, amused me considerably—the more so, perhaps, as the occasion called into full play all my cousin Julia's powers of flippant raillery and sarcasm, both of which she exercised without scruple, but never within range of discovery by any of her victims.

Every thing gave way to the convenience of this splendid *fête*. The eight o'clock dinner was anticipated by full two hours—no other subject of conversation was ever broached by the company—and at nine the carriages were ordered to the door, it being wisely calculated that if we reached our destination at eleven we should esteem ourselves fortunate.

How often, as the dashing equipage whirls past to some scene of pleasure, where beauty, and rank, and riches await the sated votary of fashion, will the glare of the carriage lamps fall upon the gloomy footway, where, wet and weary, some melancholy figure steals along with downcast head and plodding step—his thoughts turned ever to some accustomed scene of wretchedness, where want and misery, disease, neglect, decay, all herd together, and not even hope can enter. The poor man, startled, looks up—the rich one, lolling back upon his easy cushion, casts a downward glance—their eyes meet—it is but a second—



there is no sympathy between them—the course of one lies north, the other south. Thus at each moment did my sad heart turn away from all the splendour of the preparation about me, to wonder with myself how, even for an instant, I could forget my own path in life, which, opening with every prospect of happiness, yet now offered not a hope for the future. Between these two alternate states the hours crept on. As I sat beside Julia in the carriage, I couldn't but mark that something weighed also on her spirits. More silent than usual, she replied, when spoken to, with effort, and more than once returned wrong answers to my mother, who talked away unceasingly of the ball and the guests.

It was near midnight when we drove into the large archway of the Hotel de Rohan, where Madame de Roni held her court. Brilliantly lighted with lamps of various colours, the very equipages were made a part of the spectacle, as they shone in bright and changeful hues, reflected from gorgeous housings, gilded trappings, and costly liveries. A large, dark-coloured travelling carriage, with a single pair of horses, stood in the corner of the court, the only thing to distinguish it being two mounted light dragoons, who waited beside it, and a chasseur in green and gold uniform, who stood at the door. This simple equipage belonged to the King of Prussia. Around on every side were splendidly appointed carriages, glittering with emblazonry and gilding, from which, as the guests descended and entered the marble vestibule, names of European celebrity were called out, and repeated from voice to voice along the lofty corridors. Le Prince de Schwartzenberg, Count Pozzo di Borgo, le Duc de Dalberg, mi Lord Cathcart, le Comte de Nesselrode, Monsieur Talleyrand de Perigord, with others equally noble and exalted, followed in rapid succession.

Our turn came at last; and as we reached the hall we found O'Grady waiting for our arrival.

"There's no use in attempting to get forward for some time," said he; "so follow me, and I'll secure you a more comfortable place to wait in."

As he spoke he passed through the hall, and, whispering a few words to a servant, a door was opened in the

wainscot, admitting us to a small and neatly fitted up library, where a good fire and some easy chairs awaited us.

"I see your surprise," said O'Grady, as my mother looked about her with astonishment at his perfect acquaintance with the whole locality; "but I can't explain—it's part of my secret. Meanwhile, Jack, I have another for your ear," said he, in a low whisper, as he drew me aside into a corner. "I have made a very singular discovery, Jack, to-day, and I have a notion it may lead to more. I met, by accident, at the adjutant-general's table, the brother of a French officer whose life I saved at Nivelle; he remembered my name at a moment, and we became sworn friends. I accepted his offer of a seat in his carriage to this ball, and on the way he informed me that he was the chief of the secret police of Paris, whose business it is to watch all the doings of the regular police and report upon them to Fouché, whose spies are in every soul and at every dinner-table in the capital. I have no time at present to repeat any of the extraordinary stories he told me of this horrible system; but just as we entered the court-yard of this hotel, our carriage was jammed up in the line and detained for some minutes. Guilemain suddenly let down the glass, and gave a low, peculiar whistle, which, I had not been paying considerable attention to every thing about him, might have escaped my notice. In about a minute after a man, with a hat slouched over his face, and a large cravat covering his mouth, approached the carriage. They conversed together for some time and I could perceive that the new comer spoke his French in a broken manner and with a foreign accent. By a slight movement of the horses one of the lamps threw the light full upon the man's face; I fixed my eyes rapidly on him, and recognised—whom, then, I say you?—but you'd never guess—no other than your old antagonist, Ulick Burke!"

"Ulick Burke! You must have been mistaken."

"No, no. I knew him at once: the light rested on him for full five minutes and I had time enough to scan every feature of his face. I could swear to the man now. He left us at last, and I watched him, 'till he disappeared among the crowd of servants that filled the court-yard."

“‘That’s one of your people,’ said I, carelessly, as Guillemain drew up the glass, and sat back in the carriage.

“‘Yes, and a thorough scoundrel he is—capable of any thing.’

“‘He’s not French,’ said I, with the same indifference of manner I had feigned at first.

“Guillemain started as I spoke; and I half feared I had destroyed all by venturing too much; at length, after a short pause, he replied—‘You’re right, he’s not French; but we have them of all nations—Poles, Swedes, Germans, Italians, Greeks—that fellow is English.’

“‘Say Irish, rather,’ said I, determining to risk all—to know all.

“‘You know him, then?’ said Guillemain hurriedly: ‘where did you see Fitzgerald?’

“‘Fitzgerald!’ said I, repeating the name after him; and then affecting disappointment, added—‘that’s not the name.’

“‘Ha! I knew you were mistaken,’ said Guillemain with animation; ‘the fellow told me he defies recognition; and I certainly have tried him often among his countrymen, and he has never been detected; and yet he knows the English thoroughly and intimately. It was through him I first found out these very people we are going to.’

“Here, Jack, he entered upon a long account of our worthy host, who, with great wealth, great pretensions, and as great vulgarity, came to Paris some weeks ago in that mighty flood of all sorts of people that flocked here since the peace. Their desire to be ranked among the fashionable entertainers of the day was soon reported to the minister of police, who, after considering how far such a house might be useful, where persons of all shades of political opinion might meet—friends of the Bourbons, Jacobites, Napoleonists, the men of ’89, and the admirers of the old *regime*—measures were accordingly taken that their invitations should go out to the first persons in Paris, and more still, should be accepted by them.

“While these worthy people are therefore distributing their hospitalities with all the good faith imaginable, their hotel is nothing more nor less than a *cabinet de police*, where Fouché and his agents are unravelling the intrigues of

Paris, or weaving fresh ones for their own objects.”

“Infamous system! but how comes it, Phil, that they have never discovered their anomalous position?”

“What a question, Jack! Vulgar pretension is a triple shield that no eye can pierce; and as you know the parties——”

“Know them! no, I never heard of them before.”

“What, Jack! Is your memory so short-lived; and yet there was a pretty girl in the house who might have rested longer in your memory.”

The announcement of Lady Charlotte and my cousin’s names by the servant at the foot of the stairs, broke up our conference; and we had only time to join our party as we fell into that closely-wedged phalanx that wound its slow length up the spacious staircase. O’Grady’s last words had excited my curiosity to the highest pitch; but as he preceded me with my mother on his arm, I was unable to ask for an explanation.

At last we reached the antechamber, from which a vista of *salons* suddenly broke upon the view; and although anticipating much, I had formed no conception whatever of the splendour of the scene before me. More brilliant than noonday itself, the room was a blaze of wax lights; the ceilings of fretted gold and blue enamel, glittering like a gorgeous firmament; the walls were covered with pictures in costly frames of Venetian taste; but the decorations, magnificent and princely as they were, were as nothing to that splendid crowd of jewelled dames and glittering nobles; of all that was distinguished in beauty, in rank, in military glory, or in the great contest of political life. Here were the greatest names of Europe—the kings and princes of the earth, the leaders of mighty armies, the generals of a hundred battles: here was the collective greatness of the world—all that can influence mankind—hereditary rank, military power, stupendous intellect, beauty, wealth—mixing in the vast vortex of fashionable dissipation, and plunging into all the excesses of voluptuous pleasure. The band of the Imperial Guard stationed near the staircase, were playing with all the delicious softness of their national instrument—the Russian Horn—a favourite ma-

zurka of the emperor's as we entered ; and a partial silence reigned among the hundred listeners.

O'Grady conveyed my mother through the crowd to a seat, where, having placed my cousin beside her, he once more came near me.

"Jack," whispered he, "come a little this way." He drew aside a curtain as he spoke, and we entered a boudoir, where a buffet of refreshments was placed ; here the scene was ludicrous in the extreme, from the incongruous mixture of persons of so many nations and languages who were chatting away and hobnobbing to each other in all the dismembered phrases of every tongue in Europe ; roars of laughter, however, poured from one corner of the room, whither O'Grady directed his steps, still holding my arm. A group of Cossack officers in full scarlet costume, their loose trowsers slashed with gold embroidery, and thrust into wide boots of yellow leather, stood in a circle round a person whom we could not yet perceive ; but who, we were enabled to discover, was exercising his powers of amusement for this semi-savage audience, whose wild shouts of laughter broke forth at every moment. We made our way at length through the crowd, and my eyes at last fell upon the figure within. I stared—I rubbed my eyes—I actually began to doubt my very senses, when suddenly turning his joyous face, beaming with good humour towards me, he held forth his hand and called out—"Captain, my darling, the top of the morning to you. This beats Stephen's Green, doesn't it?"

"Mr. Paul Rooney," said I.

"No, no, Monsieur de Roni, if you please," said he, again breaking out into a fit of laughing. "Lord help you, man, I've been christened since I came abroad. Let me present you to my friends." Here Paul poked a tall Cossack in the ribs to attract his attention, and then pointing to me, said—"This is Captain Hinton ; his name's a poser ; a cross between chincough and a house key. Eh, old fellow?"

A Tartar grin was the reply to this very intelligible speech ; but a bumper of champagne made every thing comprehensible between them. Mr. Rooney's hilarity soon showed me that he had not forgotten his native habits ; and was steadily bent upon

drinking glass for glass with his company, even though they only came in detachments ; with Bashkir chiefs, Pomeranian barons, Rhine graafs, and Polish counts, he seemed as intimate as though he had passed as much of his time in the Caucasus, as the Four Courts ; and was as familiar with the banks of the Don as ever he had been with those of the Dodder.

"And is it really our old friend Mrs. Paul who entertains this host of czars and princes?"

"Is it really only now that you've guessed it?" said O'Grady, as he carried me away with him through the saloon. "But I see Lady Charlotte is amongst her friends, and your cousin is dancing, so now let's make the most of our time. I say, Jack, your lady mother scarcely supposes that her host is the same person she once called on for his bill. By Jove, what a discovery it would be to her ; and the little girl she had such a horror of is now the *belle* of Paris. You remember Louisa Bellew, don't you? Seven thousand a year, my boy, and beauty worth double the money ; but there she is, and how handsome."

As he spoke, a lady passed us leaning on her partner's arm, her head turned slightly over her shoulder. I caught but one glance, and as I did so, the rushing torrent of blood that mounted to my face made my very brain grow dizzy. I knew not where I stood—I sprang forward to speak to her, and then became rooted to the ground. It was she, indeed—beautiful as ever I had seen her : her pale face wore the very look I had last seen the night I saved her from the flood.

"Did you observe her companion?" said O'Grady, who fortunately had not noticed my confusion. "It was De Vere. I knew he was here ; and I suspect I see his plans."

"De Vere!" said I, starting. "De Vere with Miss Bellew! Are you certain?"

"Quite certain—I seldom mistake a face, and his I can't forget. But here's Guillemain. I'll join you in a moment."

So saying, O'Grady left my side, and I saw him take the arm of a small man in black, who was standing at a doorway. The rush of sensations that crowded on me as I stood there alone, made me forget the time, and I knew

not that O'Grady had been above half an hour away when he again came to my side.

“How the plot thickens, Hinton,” said he, in a low whisper. “Only think, the villain Burke has actually made the hand and fortune of that lovely girl the price of obtaining secret information from De Vere of the proceedings of the British embassy. Guillemain did not confess this to me, but he spoke in such a way, that with my knowledge of all parties, I made out the clue.”

“Burke! what influence has he over her?”

“None over her, but much over the Rooneys, whom, independent of threats about exposing their real condition in life, he has persuaded that such a marriage for their ward secures them in fashionable society for ever. This with Paul would do nothing; but Madame de Roni, as you know, sets a high price on such a treasure; besides, he is in possession of some family secret about her mother, which he uses as a means of intimidation to Paul, who would rather die than hurt Miss Bellew's feelings. Now, Jack, De Vere only wants intellect to be as great a scoundrel as master Ulick; so we must rescue this poor girl, come what will.”

“We must and we will,” said I, with a tone of eagerness that made O'Grady start.

“Not a moment is to be lost,” said he, after a brief pause. “I'll try what can be done with Guillemain.”

An opening of the crowd as he spoke compelled us to fall back, and as we did so, I could perceive that an avenue was made along the room.

“One of the sovereigns,” whispered O'Grady.

I leaned forward, and perceived two aid-de-camps in green uniform, who were retreating step by step slowly before some persons further back.

“The Emperor of Russia,” whispered a voice near me; and the same instant I saw the tall and fine-looking figure of Alexander, his broad massive forehead, and frank, manly face turning from side to side as he acknowledged the salutations of the room. On his arm he supported a lady, whose nodding plumes waved in concert with every inclination of the Czar himself. Curious to see what royal personage shared thus

with him the homage of the assembly, I stooped to catch a glance—the lady turned—our eyes met—a slight flush coloured her cheek, as she quickly moved her head away—it was Mrs. Paul Rooney herself! yes, she whom I had once seen with an effort to subdue her pride of station, when led in to dinner by some Irish attorney-general, or some going judge of assize, now leaned on the arm of an emperor, and divided with him the honours of the moment.

While O'Grady sought out his new friend, the minister of police, I went in search of my mother and Lady Julia, whom I found surrounded by a knot of their own acquaintances, actively engaged in surmises as to the lady of the house—her rank, fortune, and pretensions. For some time I could not but feel amused at the absurd assertions of many of the party, who affected to know all about Madame de Roni and her secret mission at Paris.

“My dear John,” said my mother in a whisper, “you must find out all about her. Your friend, the colonel, is evidently in the secret. Pray, now, don't forget it. But really you seem in a dream. There's Beulwitz paying Julia all the attention imaginable the entire evening, and you've never gone near her.—*Apropos*, have you seen this ward of Madame de Roni? she is very pretty, and they speak of her as a very suitable person” (this phrase was a kind of cant with my mother and her set, which expressed in brief that a lady was enormously rich and a very desirable match for a man with nothing)—“I forget the name?”

“Miss Bellew, perhaps,” said I, trembling lest any recollection of ever having heard it before should cross her mind.

“Yes, that's the name: somehow it seems familiar to me. Do you know her yet? for my friend Lady Middleton knows every one and will introduce you.”

“Oh, I have the pleasure of being acquainted with her already,” said I, turning away to hide my confusion.

“That's quite proper,” said her ladyship encouragingly. “But here she comes: I think you must introduce me, John.”

As my mother spoke, Louisa Bellew came up, leaning on a lady's arm. A moment's hesitation on my part would

have only augmented the embarrassment which increased at every instant ; so I stepped forward and pronounced her name. No sooner had the words "Miss Bellew" escaped my lips, than she turned round, her large full eyes were fixed upon me doubtingly for a second, and her face grew deep scarlet, and then as suddenly pale again. She made an effort to speak, but could not : a tottering weakness seemed to creep over her frame ; and as she pressed her companion's arm closely I heard her mutter—

"Oh, pray move on!"

"Lady Charlotte Hinton—Miss Bellew," said the lady at her side, who had paid no attention whatever to Louisa Bellew's agitated manner.

My mother smiled in her sweetest manner ; while Miss Bellew's acknowledgments were made with the most distant coldness.

"My son had deemed himself fortunate enough to be known to you," said Lady Charlotte.

Miss Bellew became pale as death ; her very lips were bloodless, as, with a voice tremulous with emotion, she replied—

"We were acquainted once, madam—but——"

What was to be the remainder of the speech I know not ; for as the crowd moved on she passed with it, leaving me like one whose senses were forsaking him one by one. I could only hear my mother say, "How very impertinent!" and then my brain became a chaos. A kind of wild reckless feeling, the savage longing that in moments of dark passion stirs within a man for some act of cruelty, some deed of vengeance, ran through my breast. I had been spurned, despised, disowned by her of whom, through many a weary month, my heart alone was full. I hurried away from the spot, my brain on fire. I saw nothing, I heeded nothing, of the bright looks and laughing faces that passed me ; scornful pity and contempt for one so low as I was seemed to prevail in every face I looked at. A strange impulse to seek out Lord Dudley de Vere was uppermost in my mind ; and as I turned on every side to find him, I felt my arm grasped tightly, and heard O'Grady's voice in my ear—

"Be calm, Jack, for heaven's sake !

Your disturbed looks make every one stare at you."

He drew me along with him through the crowd, and at length reached a card-room, where, except the players, no one was present.

"Come, my dear boy, I saw what has annoyed you."

"You saw it!" said I, my eye-balls straining as I spoke.

"Yes, yes ; and what signifies it? So very handsome a girl, and the expectation of a large fortune, most always have followers. But you know Lady Julia well enough——"

"Lady Julia!" repeated I, in amazement.

"Yes. I say you know her well enough to believe that Beulwitz is not exactly the person——"

A burst of laughter at his mistake broke from me at the moment ; but so wild and discordant was it, that O'Grady misconstrued its meaning, and went at some length to assure me that my cousin's affection for me was beyond my suspicion.

Stunned by my own overwhelming sorrow, I felt no inclination to deceive him, and let him persist in his error without even a word of reply.

"Rouse yourself, Jack," said he at length. "This depression is unworthy of you, had you even cause for grief. There's many a heart heavier than your own, my boy, where the lips are smiling this minute."

There was a tone of deep affliction in the cadence of his voice as those words fell from him, and he turned away his head as he spoke. Then rallying in an instant, he added—

"Do you know, our dear friend Mrs. Paul has scarcely ventured to acknowledge me to-night? and I feel a kind of devilish spirit of vengeance working within me in consequence. To cut me!—I that trained her infant mind to greatness—that actually struggled for her a contraband viceregal, and brought him alive into her dominions! What dire ingratitude! Come, what say you to champagne?"

He poured me out a large glassful as he spoke, and, filling his own, called out laughing—

"Here—I give you a toast. '*La Vendetta!*' Eh, Jack? Corsican vengeance on all who maltreat us!"

Glass after glass followed ; and I felt my brain, instead of being excited,



grow calmer, steadier : a firm and determined resolution usurped the flitting thoughts and wandering fancies of before.

“They’re moving towards the supper-room,” said O’Grady, who for some time past had talked away, without my paying any attention to what he said.

As we descended the stairs, I heard my mother’s carriage announced, and could just see her and my cousin handed to it by some Austrian officers as we entered the supper-room.

The incessant crash and din of the enormous banquetting-room, its crowd and heat, its gorgeous table-equipage and splendored guests, were scarce noticed by me, as I followed O’Grady half mechanically towards the end of the room. For some time I remained stupidly unconscious of all around ; and it was only after a very considerable time I descried that immediately in front of where we stood, Mrs. Paul Rooney was seated—the Emperor of Russia on her right, the King of Prussia on her left hand ; Swartzenburg, Blucher, Talleyrand, Nesselrode, and many others equally distinguished occupying places along the board. Her jocund laugh and merry voice indeed first attracted my attention.

“By Jove, she does it admirably,” said O’Grady, who for full five minutes had been most critically employed scrutinizing Mrs. Paul’s manner. “Do you remark the tact with which she graduates her attentions to the emperor and the king ? and look at the hauteur of her bearing to old Blucher. But hush—what’s coming ?”

A kind of suppressed murmur buzzed along the crowded room, which subsiding into a dead silence, the Emperor Alexander rose, and addressing the guests in a few but well-chosen words in English, informed them he had received permission from their amiable and captivating hostess to propose a toast, and he took the opportunity with unqualified delight to give the health of “the Prince Regent.” A perfect thunder of applause acknowledged this piece of gracious courtesy, and a “hip ! hip ! hurra !” which astonished the foreigners shook the very roof. While the deafening shouts rose on every side, Mrs. Paul wrote a line with her pencil hastily on her card, and turning round, gave it to a

Cossack aid-de-camp of the emperor to deliver into Mr. Rooney’s hands. Either from the excitement of the moment, or his imperfect acquaintance with English, the unlucky Cossack turned towards the first British officer near him for an explanation, who happened to be O’Grady.

“What does this mean ?” said he in French.

“Ah !” said Phil, looking at it, “this is intended for that gentleman at the foot of the table. “You see him yonder—he’s laughing now. Come along, I’ll pilot you towards him.”

Suspecting that O’Grady’s politeness had some deeper motive than mere civility, I leaned over his shoulder and asked the reason of it.

“Look here,” said he, showing me the card as he spoke, on which was written the following words—“Make the band play ‘God save the King ;’ the emperor wishes it.”

“Come with us, Jack,” whispered O’Grady ; “we had better keep near the door.”

I followed them through the dense crowd, who were still cheering with all their might, and at last reached the end of the table, where Paul himself was amusing a select party of Tartar chiefs, Prussian colonels, Irish captains, and Hungarian nobles.

“Look here,” said Phil, showing me the card, which in his passage down the room he had contrived to alter, by rubbing out the first part, and interpolating a passage of his own ; making the whole run thus :—“Sing the ‘Cruiskeen Lawn ;’ the emperor wishes it.”

I had scarcely time to thrust my handkerchief to my mouth, and prevent an outbreak of laughter, when I saw the Cossack officer present the card to Paul with a deep bow. Mr. Rooney read it—surveyed the bearer—read it again—rubbed his eyes—drew over a branch of wax candles to inspect it better ; and then directing a look to the opposite extremity of the table, exchanged glances with his spouse, as if interrogating her intentions once more. A quick, sharp nod from Mrs. Paul decided the question thus tacitly asked ; and Paul, clearing off a tumbler of sherry, muttered to himself—“What the devil put the ‘Cruiskeen Lawn’ into his majesty’s

head I can't think; but I suppose there's no refusing."

A very spirited tapping with the handle of his knife was now heard to mix with the other convivial sounds, and soon indeed to overtop them, as Paul, anxious to fulfil a royal behest, cleared his throat a couple of times, and called out, "I'll do the best I can, your majesty;" and at once struck up—

"Let the farmer praise his grounds,  
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,  
And talk of the deeds they have  
done;  
But I more blest than they——"

Here Paul quavered, and at last the pent-up mirth of the whole room could endure no more, but burst forth into one continuous shout of laughter, in

which kings, dukes, ambassadors, and field-m Marshals joined as loudly as their neighbours. To hear the song was utterly impossible; and though from Mr. Paul's extended cheeks and violent gesticulation, it was evident he was in full chant, nothing could be heard save the scream of laughing which shook the building—an emotion certainly not the less difficult to repress, as Mrs. Paul, shaking her hand at him with passionate energy, called out—

"Oh, the baste!—he thinks he's on circuit this minnit!"

As for myself, half-choking, and with sore sides, I never recovered till I reached the street, when O'Grady dragged me along, saying as he did so—

"We must reach home at once. Nothing but a strong *alibi* will save my character for this in the morning."

#### CHAPTER LIX—"PREGATI."

I WAS not sorry when I heard the following morning that my mother would not appear before dinner-hour. I dreaded the chance of any allusion to Miss Bellew's name requiring explanation on my part; and the more so, as I myself was utterly lost in conjectures as to the reason of her singular reception of me.

Julia, too, appeared more out of spirits than usual. She pleaded fatigue: but I could see that something lay heavily on her mind. She conversed with evident effort, and seemed to have a difficulty in recalling her faculties to the ordinary topics of the day. A thought struck me that perhaps De Vere's conduct might have given cause for her depression; and gradually I drew the conversation to the mention of his name, when I soon became undeceived on this point.

She told me with perfect unconcern how my father had tracked out the whole line of his duplicity and calumny regarding me, and had followed the matter up by a representation to the duke at the head of the army, who immediately commanded his retirement from the Guards. Later on, his family influence had obtained his appointment as *attaché* to the embassy at Paris; but since their first rupture he had discontinued his visits, and now had ceased to be acknowledged by them when they met.

My cousin's melancholy not being then attributable to any thing connected with De Vere, I set myself to work to ascertain whence it proceeded; and suddenly the thought struck me that perhaps my mother's surmise might have some foundation, and that Julia, feeling an affection for me, might have been hurt at my evident want of attention towards her since we met.

I have already begged of my reader to separate such suspicions from the coxcomby of the lady-killer, who deems every girl he meets his victim. If I did for a moment imagine that my cousin liked me, I did so with a stronger sense of my own unworthiness to merit her love, than if I myself had sought her affection. I had felt her superiority to myself too early in life, to outlive the memory of it as we grew older. The former feeling of dread which I entertained of Julia's sarcasm still lived within me; and I felt keenly that she who knew the weaknesses of the boy was little likely to forget them in reflecting over the failures of the man; and thus, if she did care for me, I well knew that her affection must be chequered by too many doubts and uncertainties to give it that character of abiding love which alone could bring happiness.

I perceived clearly enough that she disliked O'Grady. Was it, then, that

being interested for me, she was grieved at my great intimacy with one she herself did not admire, and who evidently treated her with marked coldness and reserve?

Harassed with these suspicions, and annoyed that those I had hoped to see regard each other as friends avoided every opportunity of intimacy, I strolled forth to walk alone, my mind brooding over dark and disagreeable images, and my brain full of plans all based upon disappointed hopes and blighted expectations. To my mother's invitation to dinner for that day O'Grady had returned an apology—he was engaged to his friend M. Guillemain, with whom he was also to pass the morning; so that I was absolutely without a companion.

When first I issued from the Place Vendôme, I resolved at all hazards to wait on the Rooneys, and at once see Miss Bellew, and seek an explanation, if possible, for her manner towards me. As I hastened on towards the Chaussée, however, I began to reflect on the impropriety of such a course, after the evident refusal she had given to any renewal of acquaintance. “I did know, Mr. Hinton,” were the words she used—words which, considering all that had passed between us, never could have been spoken lightly or without reason. A hundred vague conjectures as to the different ways in which my character and motives might have been slandered to her occupied me as I sauntered along. De Vere and Burke were both my enemies, and I had little doubt that with them originated the calumny from which I now was suffering; and as I turned over in my thoughts all the former passages of our hatred, I felt how gladly they would embrace the opportunity of wounding me where the injury would prove the keenest.

Without knowing it I had actually reached the street where the Rooneys lived, and was within a few paces of their house. Strange enough, the same scene I had so often smiled at before their house in Dublin was now enacting here; the great difference being, that instead of the lounging subs of marching regiments, the swaggering cornets of dragoons, the over-dressed and underbred crowds of would-be fashionables who then congregated before the windows or cur-

vetted beneath the balcony—were now the generals of every foreign service, field-m Marshals glittering with orders, powdered *diplomates*, cordoned political writers, *scavans* from every country in Europe, and idlers whose *bon mots* and smart sayings were the delight of every dinner-table in the capital;—all happy to have some neutral ground where the outposts of politics might be surveyed without compromise or danger, and where, amid the excellencies of the table and the pleasures of society, intrigues could be fathomed or invented, under the auspices of that excellent attorney's wife, who deemed herself meanwhile the great attraction of her courtly visitors and titled guests.

As I drew near the house I scarcely ventured to look towards the balcony, in which a number of well-dressed persons were now standing chatting together. One voice I soon recognised, and its every accent cut my very heart as I listened. It was Lord Dudley de Vere, talking in his usual tone of loud assumption. I could hear the same vacant laugh which had so often offended me; and I actually dreaded lest some chance allusion to myself might reach me where I stood. There must be something intensely powerful in the influence of the human voice, when its very cadence alone can elevate to rapture or sting, to madness. Who has not felt the ecstasy of some one brief word from “lips beloved,” after long years of absence? and who has not experienced the tumultuous conflict of angry passions that rise unbidden at the mere sound of speaking from those we like not? My heart burned within me as I thought of her who doubtless was then among that gay throng, and for whose amusement those powers of his lordship's wit were in all likelihood called forth; and I turned away in anger and in sorrow.

As the day wore on I could not face towards home. I felt I dare not meet the searching questions my mother was certain to ask me; nor could I endure the thought of mixing with a crowd of strangers, when my own spirits were hourly sinking. I dined alone at a small *café* in the Palais Royal, and sat moodily over my wine till past eleven o'clock. The stillness of the room startled me at length, and I looked up and found the tables deserted; a sleepy waiter lounged lazily on a bench, and

the untrimmed candles and disordered look of every thing indicated that no other guests were then expected.

"Where have they gone to?" said I, curious to know what so suddenly had taken the crowd away.

"To Frescati, monsieur," said the waiter: "the *salon* is filling fast by this time."

A strange feeling of dislike to being alone had taken hold on me; and having inquired the way to the Rue Richelieu from the servant, I issued forth.

What a contrast to the dark and gloomy streets of Paris, with their irregular pavement, was the brilliantly-lighted vestibule, with its marble pillars and spacious stair rising gracefully beyond it, which met my eye as I entered Frescati's. Following in the crowd of persons who pressed their way along, I reached a large antechamber, where several servants in rich liveries received the hats and canes of the visitors who thronged eagerly forward, their merry voices and gay laughter resounding through the arched roof.

As the wide doors were thrown open noiselessly, I was quite unprepared for the splendour of the scene. Here were not only officers of rank in all the gala of their brilliant uniform, and civilians in full dress shining in stars and decorations, but ladies also with that perfection of toilette only known to Parisian women, their graceful figures scattered through the groups, or promenading slowly up and down, conversing in a low tone; while servants passed to and fro with champagne and fruit ices on massive silver salvers, their noiseless gesture and quiet demeanour in perfect keeping with the hushed and tranquil look of all around. As I drew closer to the table, I could mark that the stillness was even more remarkable: not a voice was heard but of the croupier of the table, as with ceaseless monotony he repeated—"*Faites le jeu, messieurs!—Le jeu est fait. Noire perd—et couleur gagne. Rouge perd—et le couleur—*;" the rattle of the rake and the chink of the gold followed, a low muttered "*Sacre!*" being the only sound that mingled with them. But I could mark that, although the etiquette of *un* demanded this unbroken silence, passion worked in every feature there.

On one side was an old man, his filmy eyes shaded by his hand from the strong glare of wax lights, peering with eagerness, and tremulous from age and excitement as the cards fell from the banker's hands, his blanched lips muttering each word after the croupier, and his wasted cheek quivering as the chances inclined against him. Here was a bold and manly face, flushed and heated, whose bloodshot eye ranged quickly over the board, while every now and then some effort to seem calm and smile, would cross the features, and in its working show the dreadful struggle that was maintained within. And then again, a beautiful girl, her dark eye dilated almost to a look of wild insanity, her lips parted, her cheek marked with patches of white and red, and her fair hands clenched, while her bosom heaved and fell, as though some pent-up agony was eating within her very heart.

At the end of the table was a vacant chair, beside which an officer in a Prussian uniform was standing, while before him was a small brass-clasped box. Curious to know what this meant, I turned to see to which of those about me I might venture to address a question, when suddenly my curiosity became satisfied without inquiry. A loud voice talking German with a rough accent—the heavy tramp of a cavalry boot, clanking with large spurs, announced the approach of some one, who cared little for the conventional silence of the rooms; and as the crowd opened I saw an old man in blue uniform, covered with stars, elbow his way towards the chair; his eyebrows of shaggy grey almost concealed his eyes as effectually as his heavy moustache did his mouth. He walked lame, and leaned on a stick, which, as he took his place in the chair, he placed unceremoniously on the table before him. The box, which was opened the moment he sat down, he now drew towards him, and, plunging his hand into it, drew forth a handful of "Napoleons," which, without waiting to count, he threw on the table, uttering in a thick guttural voice the one word "*rouge*." The impassive coldness of the croupier, as he pronounced his habitual exordium, seemed to move the old man's impatience, as he rattled his fingers hurriedly among

the gold, and muttered some broken words of German between his teeth. The enormous sum he betted drew every eye towards his part of the table, of all which he seemed totally regardless, as he raked in his winnings, or frowned with a heavy lowering look as often as fortune turned against him, Marshal Blucher—for it was he—was an impassioned gambler, and needed not the excitement of the champagne, which he drank eagerly from time to time, to stimulate his passion for play.

As I turned from the *rouge et noir* table, I remarked that every now and then some person left the room by a small door, which, concealed by a mirror, had escaped my attention when I entered. On inquiry, I found that this passage led to a secret part of the establishment, which only a certain set of players frequented, and where the tables were kept open during the entire day and night. Curious to see the interior of this den of greater iniquity, I presented myself at it, and on opening found myself in a narrow corridor, where a servant demanded my billet. Having informed him that I was merely there from motives of curiosity, I offered him a Napoleon, which speedily satisfied his scruples. He conducted me to the end of the gallery, where, touching a spring, the door opened, and I found myself in a room considerably smaller than the *salon*, and, with the exception of being less brilliantly lighted, equally splended in its decorations. Around on all sides were small partitions, like the cells in a London coffee-house, where tables were provided for parties to sup at. These were now unoccupied, the greater attraction of high play having drawn every one around the table, where the same monotonous sounds of the croupier's voice, the same patter of the cards, and the same clinking of the gold, continued unceasingly. The silence of the *salon* was as nothing to the stillness that reigned here. Not a voice save the banker's was ever heard—each better placed his money on the red or black square of the table, without speaking—and the massive rouleaus were passed backwards and forwards with no other sound save the noise of the rake. I remarked, too, that the stakes seemed far heavier; crumpled rolls of *billets*

*de banque* were often thrown down; and, from the muffled murmur of the banker, I could hear such sums as “seven thousand,” “ten thousand francs,” called out.

It was some time before I could approach near enough to see the play; at last I edged my way to the front, and obtained a place behind the croupier's chair, where a good view of the table was presented to me. The different nations, with their different costumes, tongues, and expressions, so strangely congregated, were a study that might have amused me for a long time, had not a chance word of English, spoken close by me, drawn off my attention. Immediately in front, but with their backs towards me, sat two persons, who seemed, as was often the habit, to play in concert. A large heap of gold and notes lay before them, and several cards, marked with pin holes to chronicle the run of the game, were scattered about. Unable to see their faces, I was struck by one singular but decisive mark of their difference in condition and rank: the hands of the one were fair and delicate almost as a woman's—the blue veins circled clearly through them, and rings of great price and brilliancy glittered on the fingers; those of the other were coarse, browned-stained, and ill-cared for; the sinewy fingers and strong bony knuckles denoting one accustomed to laborious exertions. It was strange that two person, evidently so wide apart in their walks in life, should be thus associated; and feeling a greater interest, from the chance phrase of English one of them had dropped, I watched them closely. By degrees I could mark that their difference in dress was no less conspicuous; for although the more humble was well, even fashionably attired, he had not the same distinctive marks which characterized his companion as a person of class and condition. While I looked, the pile of gold before them had gradually melted down to some few pieces; and as they bent down their heads over the cards, and concerted as to their play, it was clear that by their less frequent ventures they were becoming more cautious.

“No, no,” said he who seemed the superior, “I'll not risk it.”

“I say yes, yes,” muttered the other, in a deeper voice; “the *rouge* can't



go on for ever: it has passed eleven times."

"I know," said the former bitterly; "and I have lost seventeen thousand francs."

"You have lost!" retorted the other savagely, but in the same low tone; "why not *we*? Am *I* for nothing in all this?"

"Come, come, Ulick, don't be in a passion."

The name and the tone of the speaker startled me; I leaned forward; my very head reeled as I looked. It was Lord Dudley de Vere and Ulick Burke. The rush of passionate excitement that ran through me for a minute or two, to be thus thrown beside the two only enemies I had ever had, unnerved me so far that I could not collect myself. To call them forth at once, and charge them with their baseness towards me was my first rapid thought; to dare them openly, and denounce them before that crowded assembly; but from this wild thrill of anger I was soon turned, as Burke's voice, elevated to a tone of passion, called out—

"Hold! I am going to bet!"

The banker stopped—the cards still rested in his hands.

"I say, sir, I will do it," said Burke, turning to De Vere, whose cheek was now pale as death, and whose disordered and haggard air was increased by his having torn off his cravat and opened the collar of his shirt. "I say I will—do *you* gainsay me?" continued he, laying on the words an accent of such contemptuous insolence that even De Vere's eye fired at it. "*Vingt mille francs, noir*," said Burke, placing his last *billet* on the table; and the words were scarce spoken, when the banker cried out—

"*Noir perd et passe.*"

A horrible curse broke from Burke as he fixed his staring eyeballs on the outspread cards, and counted over the numbers to himself.

"You see, Burke—" said De Vere.

"Don't speak to me, now, d——n you," said the other, with clenched teeth.

De Vere pushed back his chair, and rising, moved through the crowd towards an open window. Burke sat with his head buried between his hands for some seconds, and then starting up at the banker's call, cried out—

"*Dix mille noir!*"

A kind of half-suppressed laugh ran round the table, at seeing that he had no funds, while he still offered to bet. He threw his eyes upon the board; and then as quickly turned them on the players. One by one his dark look was bent on them, as if to search out some victim for his hate; but all were hushed. Many as reckless as himself were there—many as utterly ruined—but not one so lost to hope.

"Who laughed?" said he in French, while the thick veins of his forehead stood out like cordage; and then, as none answered to his challenge, he rose slowly, still scowling with the malignity of a demon.

"May I have your seat, monsieur?" said a dapper little Frenchman, with a smile and a bow, as Burke moved away.

"Yes, take it," said he, as lifting the strong chair with one hand he dashed it upon the floor, smashing it to pieces with a crash that shook the room.

The crowd which made way for him to pass out, as speedily closed again around the table, where the work of ruin still went forward; not a passing glance was turned from the board to look after the beggared gambler.

The horrible indifference the player had shown to the sufferings of the wretched man so thoroughly disgusted me, that I could no longer bear even to look on the game; the passion of play had shown itself to me now in its most repulsive form, and I turned with abhorrence from the table.

My mind agitated by a number of emotions, and my heart now swelling with triumphant vengeance, now filled with pity for the sake of him who had ruined my fortunes for ever, I sat in one of the small boxes I have mentioned, which, dimly lighted, had not yet been sought by any of the players to sup in. A closely drawn curtain separated the little place I occupied from the adjoining one, where from time to time I heard the clink of glasses, and the noise of champagne corks. At first I supposed that some other solitary individual had established himself there to enjoy his winnings, or brood over his losses; when at last I could hear the low muttering of voices, which ere long I recognised as belonging to Burke and De Vere.

Burke, who evidently from his tone

and manner possessed the mastery over his companion, no longer employed the insulting accents I had witnessed at the table; on the contrary, he condescended to flatter—affected to be delighted with De Vere's wit and sharpness; and more than once insinuated, that with such an associate he cared little what tricks fortune played them; or, to use his own phrase, “they were sure to come round.”

De Vere's voice, which I could only hear at rare intervals, told that he had drank deeply; and that, between wine and his losses, a kind of reckless desperation had seized him, which gave to his manner and words a semblance of boldness which his real character lacked completely.

When I knew that Burke and De Vere were the persons near me, I rose to leave the spot. The fear of playing the eaves-dropper forbade my remaining; but, as I stood up, the mention of my own name, uttered in a tone of vengeance by Burke, startled me, and I listened.

“Yes,” said he, striking his hand upon the table, and confirming his assertion with a horrible oath. “Yes; for him and through him my uncle left me a beggar. But already I have had my revenge; though it sha'n't end there.”

“You don't mean to have him out again: confound him, he's a devilish good shot—winged you already. Eh?”

Burke, unmindful of the interruption, continued—

“It was I that told my uncle how this fellow was the nephew of the man that seduced his own wife. I worked upon the old man so, that he left house and home, and wandered through the country till mental irritation, acting on a broken frame, became fever, and then death.”

“Died—eh? glorious nephew you are, by Jove. What next?”

“I'll tell you: I forged a letter in his hand-writing to Louisa, written as if on his death-bed, commanding as his last prayer that she should never see Hinton again; or if by any accident they should meet, that she should not recognise him nor know him.”

“Devilish clever, that: egad, a better martingale than that you invented a while ago. I say, pass the wine—red fourteen times—wasn't it fourteen?—and if it had not been for

your cursed obstinacy I'd have backed the red. See, fifty Naps.—one hundred—four—eight—sixteen—thirty-four—or six—which is it?—oh, confounded stupidity!”

“Come, come, Dudley, better luck another time. Louisa's eyes must have been too kindly bent on you, or you'd have been more fortunate.”

“Eh? you think she likes me?—capital champagne that—I always thought she did from the first. That's what I call walking inside of Hinton. How he'll look—ha! ha! ha!”

“Yes, how he'll look,” echoed Burke, endeavouring to join the laugh. “But now one thing is yet wanting.”

“You mean those dispatches,” replied De Vere, suddenly; “you always come back to that. Well, once for all, I say, no!”

“Just hear me, Dudley: nothing is easier—nothing incurs less risk.”

“Less risk! what do you mean? No risk for me to steal the papers of the embassy, and give them to you, to hand over to that scoundrel at the head of the secret police? Devilish green I may be, but not so green as that, Master Burke.”

“Gullemain will give us forty thousand francs. Forty thousand! with half that and your luck, De Vere, we'll break every banque in Paris. I know you don't wish to marry Louisa.”

“No, hang it; that's always the wind up. Keep that for the last throw—eh! There's heavy play there—see how silent they are.”

“Ay, and with forty thousand francs we might join them,” said Burke, as if musing; “and so safely it may be done.”

“I say no!” replied De Vere resolutely.

“What do you fear?” is it me?”

“No, not you; I believe you are true enough—your own neck will be in the rope too; so you'll say nothing; but I won't do it—pass the champagne—there's something so devilish black-guard in stealing a man's papers.”

Burke started, as if the tones of his companion's voice had stung him like an adder.

“Have you thought over your present condition?” said Burke, firmly; “you have not a guinea left—your debts in Paris alone, to my knowledge, are above forty thousand francs.”

“I'll never pay a livre of them—

damned swindlers and Jew money-lenders," was the cool reply.

"Might not some scrupulous moralist hint there was something black-guard in that," said Burke, with slow and distinct articulation.

"What!" replied De Vere; "do you come here to tutor me—a low-bred horse-jockey—a spy? Take off your hand, sir, or I'll alarm the room; let loose my collar."

"Come, come, my lord, we're both in fault," said Burke, smothering his passion with a terrible effort: we, of all men, must not quarrel. Play is to us the air we breathe, the light we live in. Give me your hand."

"Allow me to draw on my glove first," said De Vere, in a tone of incomparable insolence.

"Champagne here," said Burke to the waiter, as he passed, and for some minutes neither spoke.

The clock chimed a quarter to two, and Burke started to his feet.

"I must be going," said he, hastily; "I should have been at the Porte St. Martin by half-past one."

"Salute the Jacobite Club, *de ma part*," said De Vere, with an insulting laugh, "and tell them to cut every body's throat in Paris, save old Lafitte's; he has promised to do a bill for me in the morning."

"You'll not need his kindness so soon," replied Burke, "if you are willing to take my advice—forty thousand francs——."

"Would he make it sixty, think you?"

"Sixty!" said Burke with animation; "I'm not sure, but shall I say for sixty you'll do it?"

"No, I don't mean that; I was only anxious to know if these confounded rigmaroles I have to copy sometimes, could possibly interest any one to that amount."

Burke tried to laugh, but the hollow chuckle sounded like the gulping of a smothering man.

"Laugh out," said De Vere, whose voice became more and more indistinct, as his courage became stronger; "that muttering is so devilish like a spy—a rascally, low-bred——"

A heavy blow—a half-uttered cry followed, and De Vere fell with a crash to the floor, his face and temples bathed with blood; while Burke, springing to the door, darted down stairs, and gained the street before pursuit was thought of. A few of the less interested about the table assisted me to raise the fallen man, from whose nose and mouth the blood flowed in torrents. He was perfectly senseless, and evinced scarcely a sign of life, as we carried him down stairs, and placed him in a carriage.

"Where to?" said the coachman, as I stood beside the door.

I hesitated for a second, and then said, "No. 4, Place Vendôme."

#### CHAPTER LX.—DISCLOSURES.

I HAVE more than once heard physicians remark the singular immunity a fool's skull seems to possess from the evil effects of injury, as if nature, when denying a governing faculty, had, in kind compensation, imparted a triple thickness to the head thus exposed. It is well known how among the educated and thinking classes many maladies are fatal, which are comparatively innocuous among those whose hands alone are called on to labour. A very ingenious theory might be spun from this fact, to the manifest self-gratulation of fox-hunters, sailors, gentlemen who assault the new police, tithe-proctors, and others; for the present I have no further use for the remark, than as it bore upon the head-

piece of Lord Dudley de Vere, whose admirable developments had received little or no damage from the rude assault of his companion. When he awoke the next morning, he was not aware that something unusual had occurred; and gradually by "trying back" in his sensations, he remembered every particle that took place—but the clearest recollection of the "run upon red"—knew the number of bottles of champagne he had partaken of and was only puzzled by one thing—what could possibly have suggested the courage with which he confronted Burke, and the hardihood that led him to insult him.

As to any awkwardness at being brought home to the house of the

person he had himself so ill-treated, he never felt any thing approaching to it ; the extent of his reasoning on this point only went to his satisfaction, that "some one" took care of him, and that he was not left to lie on the floor of the "salon."

This admirable philosophy of his served in a great measure to relieve me from the constraint I felt in presenting myself before him, and soon put me perfectly at my ease in our interview. After learning that, except some head-aching sensations, the only inconvenience he experienced was an unconquerable thirst, I touched slightly on the cause of his misfortune, when, what was my astonishment to discern that he not only did not entertain a particle of ill-will towards the man who had so brutally ill-treated him, but actually grew warm in his panegyric of Burke's consummate skill and address at play—such qualities in his estimation being well worthy to cover any small blemishes of villainy his character might suffer under.

"I say, don't you think Burke a devilish sharp fellow? he's up to every thing, and so cool—so confoundedly cool; not last night, though: no, by Jove! he lost temper completely. I shall be marked with that knock, eh? Damn me, it was too bad; he must apologise for it. You know he was drunk, and somehow he was all wrong the whole evening; he wouldn't let me back the 'rouge,' and such a run—you saw that, I suppose."

I assented with a nod, for I still hesitated how far I should communicate to him my knowledge of Burke's villainy towards myself.

"By-the-bye, it's rather awkward my being here; you know your people have cut me: don't you think I might get a cab to bring me over to the Rue D'Alger?"

There was something which touched me in the simplicity of this remark, and I proceeded to assure him that any former impressions of my friends would not be remembered against him at that moment.

"Oh! that I'm sure of. No one ever thinks it worth while to bear malice against a poor devil like me; but if I'd have backed the red——"

"Colonel O'Grady is in the drawing-room," said a servant in a low voice to me at this instant; and leav-

ing Lord Dudley to speculate on the contingencies of his having "backed the red," I joined my friend, whom I had not seen on the previous day.

We were alone, and in ten minutes I explained to him the entire discovery I had fallen upon, concealing only my affection for Louisa Bellew, which I could not bring myself even to allude to.

"I see," said Phil, when I concluded—"I see you are half disposed to forgive De Vere all his rascality. Now, what a different estimate we take of men; perhaps—I can't say—it is because I'm an Irishman—but I lean to the bold-faced villain Burke; the miserable, contemptible weakness of the one is far more intolerable to me than the ruffian effrontery of the other. Don't forget the lesson I gave you many a year ago: a fool is always a blackguard. Now, if that fellow could see his companion this minute, there is not a circumstance he has noticed here that he would not retail, if it bore to your disadvantage. Untouched by your kindness to him, he would sell you, ay, to the very man you saved him from. But, after all, what have we to do with him? Our first point is, to rescue this poor girl's name from being ever mixed with his; any thing further is, of course, out of the question. The Rooneys are going back—I saw Paul this morning—the 'Cruiskeen Lawn' has been their ruin—all the Irish officers who had taken Madame de Roni for an illustrious stranger have found out the true scent; and so many distinguished persons are involved in the ridicule of their parties, that the old *chef de police*, my friend, has sent them a private order to leave Paris in a week. Paul is in raptures at it—he has spent eighteen thousand in two months—detests the place—is dying to be back in Dublin—and swears that except one Cossack officer he hasn't met a pleasant fellow since he came abroad."

"And Mrs. Paul?"

"Oh! the old story. I put Guillemain up to it, and he has hinted that the Empress of Russia has heard of the Czar's attentions—that there's the devil to pay in St. Petersburg—and that if she doesn't manage to steal out of Paris slyly, some confounded boyard or other will slip a sack over her head and carry her off to Tobolsk."

Elizabeth and the Exiles has formed part of her reading, and Madame de Roni will dream every night of the knout till she reaches her dear native land. But now to business. I, too, have made my discoveries since we met. De Vere's high play has been a matter of surprise to all who know him. I have found out his secret—he plays with forged *billets de banque*."

"And has the wretched fellow gone so far as this?"

"He doesn't know it—he believes that the money is the proceeds of bills he has given to Burke, who affects to get them discounted. See here—here are a handful of their notes—Guillemain knows all, and retains the secret as a hold over Burke, whose honesty to himself he already suspects. If he catch him tripping——"

"Then——"

"Why, then, the galleys for life. Such is the system—a villain with them is worthless if his life isn't at their disposal—Satan's bond completely—all, all. But show me De Vere's room, and leave me alone with him for half an hour. Let us then meet at my hotel, and concert future measures."

Having left O'Grady with De Vere, I walked out upon the boulevards, my head full of the extraordinary facts so suddenly thronging one upon the other. A dash of hope, that for many a day had not visited me, was now mingled through all my meditations, and I began to think that there was yet a chance of happiness for me.

I had not gone many paces when an arm was thrust into mine, and a hearty chuckling laugh at the surprise rang in my ear. I turned—it was Mr. Paul Rooney, taking his morning's promenade of Paris, and now on his way home with an enormous bouquet for madame, which she had taught him to present to her each day on her appearing in the drawing-room.

"Ah! captain, the very man I wanted. We haven't had a moment to ourselves since your arrival. You must come and take a bit of dinner with us to-day—thank heaven, we've no company. I have a leg of pork, smuggled into the house as if it was a bale of goods from Alexandria. Nobody knows of it but myself and Tim."

"Tim! why, have you brought Tim to Paris?"

"Hush!" said he in a low cautious voice; "I'd be ruined entirely if madame was to find him out. Tim is dressed like a Tartar, and stands in the hall; and Mrs. Rooney believes that he never heard of a civil bill in his life. But here we are."

So saying, he opened a small wicket with a latch key, and led me into a large and well-trimmed garden, across which we walked at a rapid pace; Paul speculating from the closed shutters of his wife's room that he needed not have hurried home so fast—

"She's not down yet—one o'clock as I'm a sinner. Come along, and sit down in the library; I'll join you presently."

Scarcely had Paul left the room when I began to think over the awkwardness of my position should I meet Miss Bellew; what course to follow under the circumstances I knew not; when just at the moment the door opened, and she entered. Not perceiving me, as I stood in a deep window recess, she drew a chair to the fire and sat down. I hardly ventured to breathe—I felt like one who had no right to obtrude himself there, and had become, as it were, a spy upon her. A long-drawn breath burst from me; she started up; I moved slightly forward, and stood before her. She leaned her hand upon the arm of the chair for support, her cheek grew deadly pale; and a tremulous quiver shook her lip.

"Mr. Hinton," she began; and then as if the very sound of her voice had terrified her, she paused. "Mr. Hinton," resumed she, "I am sure—nay, I know—if you were aware of the reasons of my conduct towards you, you would not only acquit me of all blame, but spare me the pain of our ever meeting."

"I know them—I do know them," said I passionately; "I have been slandered."

"No, you do not, cannot know what I mean," interrupted she. "It is a secret between my own heart and one who is now no more."

The last words fell from her one by one, while a single tear rolled from her eyelid, and trickled along her cheek.

"Yes, yes, Louisa, I do know it—I know all: a chance has told me how your dear father's name has been used to banish me for ever from your sight



—how a forgery of his hand-writing——”

“What! who could have told you what my father's last note contained?”

“He who wrote it confessed it in my hearing—Ulick Burke: nay, I can even repeat the words——” But as I spoke, a violent trembling seized her, her lips became bloodless, she tottered, and sank upon the chair. I had only time to spring forward and catch her in my arms, and her head fell heavily back, and dropped on my shoulder.

I cannot, if I would, repeat the words which, in all the warm eloquence of affection I spoke. I could mark by her heightened colour that the life's blood again coursed freely in her veins; and could see that she heard me. I told her how through every hardship and suffering, in all the sorrow of disappointed ambition, in the long hours of captivity, my heart had ever turned to her: and then, when we did meet, to see her changed!

“But you do not blame—you cannot blame me, if I believed——”

“No, if you tell me now that but for this falsehood you have not altered—that your heart is still as much my own as I once thought it.”

A faint smile played on her lips as her eyes were turned upon me; while her voice muttered—

“And do you still love me?”

I pressed her hand to my lips in rapture, when suddenly the door opened, and Paul Rooney rushed in.

“Another candidate for the leg of ——. Eh? what's this?” said he, as I rose and advanced to meet him; while Louisa, blushing deeply, buried her head in her hand, and then starting up, left the room.

“Captain, captain,” said Paul gravely, “what does this mean? Do you suppose that because there is some difference in our rank in life, that you are privileged to insult one who is under my protection? Is it because you are the guardsman, and I the attorney, that you have dared to take a liberty here, which in your own walk you couldn't venture on?”

“My dear Mr. Rooney, you mistake me sadly.”

“If I do not mistake you I'll put a hole in your body as sure as my name's Paul,” was the quick reply.

“You do, then, and wrong me to boot. I have been long and ardently

attached to Miss Bellew. From the hour I met her at your house, I loved her. It is the first time we have met since our long separation, I determined it should not be lost. I've asked her to be my wife.”

“You have! And what does she say?”

“She has consented.”

“Rum-ti-iddity, iddity,” said Paul, snapping his fingers, and capering about the room like a man deranged. “Give me your hand, my buck. I'd rather draw the settlements, so help me, than I'd see the warrant to make me master of the rolls. Who'd say there isn't luck in a leg of pork? She's a darling girl; and beautiful as she is, her looks isn't the best of her—an angel as sure as I'm here. And look here,”—here he dropped his voice,—“seven thousand a year, that may be made nine. Hennesy's farm is out of lease in October: and the Cluangoff estate is let at ten shillings an acre. Hurroo! maybe I won't be drunk to-night; and bad luck to the Cossack, Tartar, Bohemian, or any other black-guard, I'll let in to the house this day or night. Sworn, my lord.”

After some little discussion, it was arranged that if Louisa would give her consent to the arrangement, the marriage should take place before the Rooneys left Paris. Meanwhile, Paul agreed with me in keeping the whole matter a perfect secret from every body, Mrs. Rooney herself included. Our arrangements were scarcely concluded when O'Grady appeared. Having waited for me some time at his hotel, he had set out in search of me.

“I'm your man to-day, Paul,” said he. “You got my note, I suppose?”

“Allright,” said Mr. Rooney, whose double secret of the marriage and the leg of pork seemed almost too much for him to bear.

“I suppose I may tell Phil,” said I in a whisper.

“No one else,” said Paul as we left the house, and I took O'Grady's arm down the street.

“Well, I have frightened De Vere to some purpose,” said O'Grady. “He has made a full confession about Burke, who was even a deeper villain than we supposed. What do you think, he has been the spy of the Buonapartist faction all this time, and elling old Guillemain as regularly as

the others. To indulge his passion for play, he received the pay of four different parties, whom he pitted against each other exactly as he saw proper. Consummate clever scoundrel! he had to deal with men whose whole lives are passed in the very practice of every chicanery and deceit, and yet he has jockeyed them all. What a sad thing to think that abilities and knowledge of mankind should be prostituted to the lowest and most debasing uses; and that the sole tendency of talent should be to dishonour and disgrace its possessor! Some of his manufactured despatches were masterpieces of cleverness."

"Well, where is he now? Still in Paris?"

"No. The moment he had so far forgotten himself as to strike De Vere, he forged a passport, and returned to London, carrying with him hosts of papers of the French authorities, which to our foreign-office will be very acceptable. De Vere meanwhile feels quite at his ease. He was always afraid of his companions yet can't forgive him his last indignity."

"No! A blow!"

"Not at all! you mistake—his regrets have a different origin. It is for not backing the 'rouge' that he is inexorable towards him. Besides he is under the impression that all these confessions he has been making, establish for him a kind of moral insolvency act, by which he is to come forth irresponsible for the past, and quite ready to contract new debts for the future. At this moment his greatest point of doubt consists in whether he should marry your cousin Lady Julia or Miss Bellew; for, in his own phrase, 'he must do something that way to come round.'"

"Impudent scoundrel!"

"Fact, I assure you; and so easy, so unaffected, so free from embarrassment of any kind is he, that I'm really quite a convert to this modern school of good manners, when associating with even such as Burke conveys no feeling of shame or discomfort. More than could be said some forty years ago, I fancy."

It was the hour of my mother's morning reception, and we found the drawing-room crowded with loungers and fashionable idlers, discussing the news of the day, and above all the

*Roni fête*—the extraordinary finale to which gave rise to a hundred conjectures: some asserting that Monsieur de Roni's song was a violent pasquinade against the Emperor Alexander. Others, equally well informed, alleging it was the concerted signal for a general massacre of the allies, which was to have begun at the same moment in the Rue Montmartre. "She is a Buonapartist—a Legitimiste—a Neapolitane—an Anversoise," contended one after another; my only fear being that some one would enlighten the party by saying she was the wife of an Irish attorney. All agreed, however, she was "*bien mauvais ton*;" that her *fête* was, with all its magnificence, anything but select; her supper superb, but too crowded by half; and, in fact, that Madame Roni had enjoyed the pleasure of ruining herself to very little other purpose than that of being generally ridiculed and laughed at.

"And this niece, or ward, or whatever it is—who can tell any thing of her?" said my mother.

"Ah, *pardieu!* she's very handsome," said Grammont, with a malicious smile.

"Perfect," said another, "quite perfect; but a little—a very little ungraceful. Don't you think so?"

"Why, what do you mean?" said Lady Charlotte, as her eyes sparkled with animation at the thought of a secret.

"Nothing," replied the last speaker carelessly; "except that one always detects the '*dansée*;' she was there when I saw her at Naples."

I whispered one word—but not into his ear, and his face became purple with shame and confusion.

"Eh, what is it?" said my mother eagerly. "John knows something of her too. John, dearest, let us hear it?"

"I am in your ladyship's debt as regards one secret," said O'Grady interrupting; "perhaps I may be permitted to pay it on this occasion. The lady in question is the daughter of an Irish baronet, the descendant of a family as old as any of those who are here to hear me. That baronet would have been a peer of the realm, had he consented to vote once—but once—the minister, on a question where his conscience told him to oppose his refusal was repaid by neglect—

others were promoted to rank and honours before him; but the frown of a minister could neither take away the esteem of his country, nor his own self-respect. He is now dead; but his daughter is the worthy inheritor of his virtues and his name—perhaps I might interest the present company as much in her favour by adding, she possesses something like eight thousand per annum."

"Two hundred thousand *livres de rent*!" said Grammont, smacking his lips with astonishment, and perfectly insensible to the tone of mockery in which O'Grady's last words were spoken.

"And you are sure of all this?" said my mother.

O'Grady bowed deeply, but without speaking, while his features assumed an expression of severe determination I had never witnessed before. I could not help remarking, that amid the dismay such an announcement created amid that gossiping and calumnious assembly, my cousin Julia's eyes shone with an added lustre, and her whole face beamed with a look of proud and exalted beauty.

This was now the time to tell O'Grady my secret: and drawing him towards a window, I said—

"Phil, I can wait no longer—you must hear it. I'm going to be married."

The words had not left my lips, when O'Grady started back, his face pale like a corpse, and his whole frame trembling with eagerness. By a violent effort, however, he rallied; and as he clutched my arm with his fingers, he said—

"I must be going! these good people have made me forget an appointment. Make my respectful homage to her ladyship—and the bride. I shall see you before I leave."

"Leave! Why, where are you thinking of going?"

"To India."

"To India!" said Julia, starting round as he spoke.

"To India!" said I in amazement.

He nodded, and, turning quickly round, left the room.

I hastened after him with all my speed, and dashing down stairs, was making for the *porte cochère*, when a shadow beside the door-way caught my eye. I stopped. It was O'Grady:

he was leaning against the wall, his head buried in his hands. A horrible doubt shot through my heart—I dared not dwell upon it, but rushing towards him, I called him by his name. He turned quickly round, while a fierce wild look glistened in his eyes—

"Not now, Hinton—not now!" said he, motioning me away with his hand; and then, as a cold shudder passed over him, he drew his hand across his face, and added in a lower tone—"I never thought to have betrayed myself thus. Good-by, my dear fellow, good-by! It were better we shouldn't meet again."

"My dearest, best friend! I never dreamed that the brightest hour of my life was to throw this gloom over your heart."

"Yes, Jack," said he, in a voice low and broken, "from the first hour I saw her I loved her. The cold manner she maintained towards me at your father's house——"

"In my father's house! What do you mean?"

"When in London, I speak of—when I joined first. Your cousin——"

"My cousin!"

"Yes, Lady Julia. Are you so impatient to call her wife, that you will not remember her as cousin?"

"Call her wife! My dear boy, you're raving. It's Louisa Bellew."

"What! Is it Miss Bellew you are to marry?"

"To be sure——"

But I could not finish the sentence; as he fell upon my shoulder, and his strong frame was convulsed with emotion. In an instant, however, I tore myself away; and calling out—"Wait for me, O'Grady!" rushed up-stairs. I peeped hastily into the drawing-room, and then hurrying along a corridor, opened a door at the end. The blinds of the windows were down, and the room so dark that I could scarcely perceive if any one were there, had not my steps been guided by a low sob, which I heard issue from the end of the sofa.

"Julia," said I, rushing forward—"Julia, my dearest cousin! this is no time to deceive ourselves: he loves you—loved you from the first hour he met you. Let me have but one word. Can he—dare he hope that you are not indifferent to him? Let him but see you—but speak to you. Believe

me, you have bent a heart as proud and haughty as your own; and you will have broken it if you refuse him. There, dearest girl!—Thanks—my heart's thanks for that!"

The slightest pressure of her taper

fingers sent a thrill through me, as I sprang up and dashed down the stairs. In an instant I had seized O'Grady's arm, and the next moment whispered in his ear—

"You've won her!"

#### CHAPTER LXI.—NEW ARRIVALS.

MR. PAUL ROONEY'S secret was destined to be inviolable, as regarded his leg of pork; for Madame de Roni, either from chagrin or fatigue, did not leave her room the entire day; Miss Bellew declined joining us; and we sat down, a party of three, each wrapped up in his own happiness in a degree far too great to render us either social or conversational. It is true, the wine circulated briskly, we nodded pleasantly now and then to each other; but all our efforts to talk led to so many blunders and cross answers, that we scarcely ventured on more than a chance phrase, or a good-humoured smile. There were certainly several barriers in the way of our complete happiness, in the innumerable prejudices of my lady mother, who would be equally averse to O'Grady's project as to my own; but now was not the time to speculate on these; and we wrapped ourselves up in the glorious anticipation of our success, and cared little for such sources of opposition as might now arise. Meanwhile, Paul entered into a long and doubtless very accurate statement of the Bellew property, to which, I confess, I paid little attention, save when the name of Louisa occurred, which momentarily aroused me from my dreaminess. All the wily stratagems by which he had gained his points with Galway juries—all the cunning devices by which he had circumvented opposing lawyers, and obtained verdicts in almost hopeless cases, however I might have relished another time, I only now listened to without interest, or heard without understanding.

Towards ten o'clock I received more than one hint from O'Grady that we had promised to take tea at the Place Vendôme; while I myself was manœuvring to find out, if we were to adjourn for coffee, what prospect there might be of seeing Louisa Bellew in the drawing-room.

It was in that dusky twilight we sat, which somehow seems so suited to the quiet enjoyment of one's claret with a small and chosen party; where intimacy prevails sufficiently to make conversation more a thing of choice than necessity; where each man can follow out his own path in thought, and only let his neighbour have a peep here and there into his dreamings; where some vista opens, or some bold prospect stretches away: next to the blazing fire of a winter's hearth, this is the pleasantest thing I know of. Thus was it—when the door opened and a dusky outline of a figure appeared at the entrance.

"Is Master Phil here?" said a cranky voice there was no mistaking as Mr. Delany's.

"Yes, Corny. What's wrong?—any thing new?"

"Where's the captain?" said he in the same tone.

"I'm here, Corny," said I.

"Well; there's them looking for you without," said he, "that 'ill maybe surprise you, pleasant as ye are now."

A detestable effort at a laugh here brought on a fit of coughing that lasted a couple of minutes.

"Who is it?" said I. "Where are they?"

A significant gesture with his thumb over his shoulder was the only reply to my question, while he barked out—"Don't you see me coughing the inside out o' me."

I started up, and—without attending to Paul's suggestion to bring my friends in, or O'Grady's advice to be cautious if it were Burke—hurried outside, where a servant of the house was in waiting to conduct me.

"Two gentlemen in the drawing-room, sir," said he, as he preceded me down the corridor.

The next instant the door opened and I saw my father, accompanied by another person, who, being wrapped

up in travelling equipment, I could not recognise.

"My dear father," said I, rushing towards him; when suddenly I stopped short, as I perceived that, instead of the affectionate welcome I looked for, he had crossed his hands behind his back, and fixed on me a look of stern displeasure.

"What does this mean?" said I, in amazement; "it was not thus I expected——"

"It was not thus I hoped to have received my son," said he resolutely, "after a long and eventful separation. But this is too painful to endure longer. Answer me, and with the same truth I have always found in you—Is there a young lady in this house called Miss Bellew?"

"Yes, sir," said I, as a cold perspiration broke over me, and I could scarcely support myself.

"Did you make her acquaintance in Ireland?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Did you, at that time, use every effort to win her affections, and give her to understand that she had yours?"

"Yes, sir," said I, more faintly than before; for already some horrible doubt was creeping on my mind.

"And have you now, sir," continued he, in a voice elevated to a higher pitch—"have you now, sir, when a prospect of a richer alliance presents itself, dishonoured yourself and my name, by deserting the girl whose affections you have so gained?"

"No, sir—that is untrue."

"Stop, young man! I have one at hand this moment who may compel you to retract your words as shamefully as you have boldly said them. Do you know this gentleman?"

"Father Loftus!" said I, starting back in astonishment, as the good priest unfolded a huge comforter from his throat, and stood forth.

"Yes, indeed—no other," said he, in a voice of great sadness; "and sorry I am to see you this way."

"You, surely, my dear friend," said I—"you cannot believe thus harshly of me?"

"If it wasn't for your handwriting, I'd not have believed the pope of Rome," was his reply, as he wiped his eye. "But there it is."

So saying, he handed to me, with

trembling fingers, a letter, bearing the Paris post-mark.

I tore it open, and found it was written in my own name, and addressed to Father Loftus, informing him of my deep regret that, having discovered the unhappy circumstance of her mother's conduct, I was obliged to relinquish all thoughts of an alliance with Miss Bellew's family, whose connection with my own had been so productive of heavy misfortune. This also contained an open note, to be handed by the priest, to Miss Bellew, in which I was made formally to renounce her hand, for reasons in the possession of Father Loftus.

In a second the truth flashed across me, from whom this plot proceeded; and scarcely permitting myself time to read the letter through, I called out—

"This is a forgery! I never wrote it—never saw it before."

"What!" said my father, starting round, and fixing his eye on the priest.

"You never wrote it?" echoed Father Tom. "Do you say so? Is that your word as a gentleman?"

"It is," said I firmly. "This day—this very day, I have asked Miss Bellew to be my wife, and she has consented."

Before my father could seize my hand, the good priest had thrown his arms round my neck, and given me an embrace a bear might have envied. The scene that followed I cannot describe. My poor father, quite overpowered, sat down upon a chair, holding my hand within both his; while Father Tom bustled about the room, looking into all the glass and china ornaments for something to drink, as his mouth he said, was like a lime-burner's hat. The honest fellow, it appeared, on receiving the letters signed with my name, left his home the same night, and travelled with all speed to London, where he found my father just on the eve of leaving for Paris. Very little persuasion was necessary to induce him to continue his journey further. On their arrival at Paris, they had gone to O'Grady's hotel, where securing Corny's services, they lost not a moment in tracking me out in the manner I have mentioned.

O'Grady's surprise was little inferior



to my own, as I introduced General Hinton and Father Loftus ; but as to Mr. Rooney, he actually believed the whole to be a dream, and even when candles were brought, and he had taken a patient survey of the priest, he was far from crediting that my parent was not performed by deputy, till my father's tact and manner convinced him of his mistake.

While the priest was recounting some circumstances of his journey, I took occasion to tell my father of O'Grady's intentions regarding Julia, which with all the warmth of his nature he at once responded to ; and touching his glass gaily with Phil's merely added—"with my best wishes." Poor O'Grady caught up the meaning at once, and grasped his hand with enthusiasm, while the tears started to his eyes.

It would lead me too far—and perhaps where the good-nature of my reader might not follow me—were I to speak more of that happy evening. It is enough to say, that Father Loftus was every moment on my father who, also was delighted with the hearty raciness of honest Paul. Their stores of pleasantry and fun—so new to him—were poured forth with profusion ; and a party, every member of which was more disposed to like each other, and be pleased, never met together.

I myself, however, was not without my feeling of impatience to reach the drawing-room, which I took the first favourable opportunity of effecting ; only then perceiving that O'Grady had anticipated me, having stolen away some time before.

#### CHAPTER LXII.—CONCLUSION.

It would be even more wearisome to my reader, than the fact was worrying to myself, were I to recount the steps by which my father communicated to Lady Charlotte the intended marriages, and finally obtained her consent to both. Fortunately, for some time previous she had been getting tired of Paris, and was soon brought to suppose that these little family arrangements were as much "got up" to afford her an agreeable surprise, and a healthful stimulant to her weak nerves, as for any other cause whatever. With Mrs. Rooney, on the other hand, there was considerable difficulty. The holy alliance she had contracted with the sovereigns, had suggested so much of grandeur to her expectations, that she dreamed of nothing but archdukes and counts of the empire ; and was at first quite inexorable at the bare idea of the "*messaliânce*" that awaited her ward. A chance decided what resisted every species of argument. Corny Delany, who had been sent with a note to Mr. Rooney, happened to be waiting in the hall while Mrs. Rooney passed out to her carriage, escorted by the "Tartar" of whom we have already made mention. Mrs. Rooney was communicating her orders to her bearded attendant, by a code of signals on her fingers, when Corny, who

watched the proceeding with increasing impatience, exclaimed—

"Arrah, can't you tell the man what you want ! Sure, though you have him dressed like a wild baste, he doesn't forget English."

"It is a Tartar !" said Mrs. Rooney with a contemptuous sneer at Corny, and a forbidding wave of her hand ordaining silence.

"A Tarter ! Oh, blessed Timothy, there's a name for one that comes of decent people. He's a county Carlow man, and well known he is in the same parts. Many a writ he served—eh, Tim ?"

"Tim !" said Mrs. Rooney in horror, as she beheld her wild-looking friend grin from ear to ear with a most fearful significance of what he heard.

"It wasn't my fault, ma'am, at all," said the Tartar with a very Dublin accent in the words—"it was the matter made me."

What further explanation Tim might have afforded, it is difficult to say, for Mrs. Rooney's nerves had received too severe and too sudden a shock. A horrible fear lest all the kingly and royal personages by whom she had been for some weeks surrounded might only turn out to be Carlow men, or something as unsubstantial, beset her—a dreadful unbelief of every thing and

every body seized upon her, and, quite overcome, she fainted. O'Grady, who happened to come up at the instant, learned the whole secret at once, and with his wonted readiness resolved to profit by it. Mrs. Paul returned to the drawing-room, and ere half an hour was fully persuaded that as General Hinton was about to return to Ireland as commander of the forces, the alliance was, on the whole, not so deplorable as she had feared.

To reconcile so many conflicting interests, to conciliate so many totally opposite characters, was a work I should completely have failed in without O'Grady's assistance. He, however, entered upon it *con amore*; and under his auspices, not only did Lady Charlotte receive the visits of Father Tom Loftus, but Mr. Paul became actually a favourite with my cousin Julia; and finally, the grand catastrophe of the drama was accomplished, and my lady mother proceeded in all state to wait on Mrs. Rooney herself, who, whatever her previous pretensions, was so awed by the condescension of her ladyship's manner, that she actually struck her colours at the first broadside.

Weddings are stupid things in reality, but on paper they are detestable. Not even the *Morning Post* can give them a touch of interest. I shall not, then, trouble my reader with any narrative of white satin and orange-flowers, bouquets, breakfasts, and Bishop Luscombe; neither shall I entertain him with the article in the French *Feuilleton*, as to which of the two brides was the more strictly beautiful, and which more lovely.

Having introduced my reader to certain acquaintances—some of them rather equivocal ones, I confess—I ought perhaps to add a word of their future fortunes.

Mr. Ulick Burke escaped to America, where, by the exercise of his abilities

and natural sharpness, he accumulated a large fortune; and, distinguished by his anti-English prejudices, became a leading member of Congress.

Of Lord Dudley de Vere I only know that he has lived long enough, if not to benefit by experience, to take advantage of Lord Brougham's change in the law of imprisonment for debt. I saw his name in a late number of *The Times*, with a debt of some fifteen thousand annexed to it, against which his available property was eleven pounds odd shillings.

Father Loftus sleeps in Murrana-kilty. No stone marks his resting-place: but not a peasant's foot, for many a mile round, has not pressed the little path-way that leads to his grave, to offer up a prayer for a good man, and a friend to the poor.

Tipperary Joe is to be met on the Kilkenny road. His old red coat, now nearly russet colour, is torn and ragged: the top-boots have given place to bare legs, as well tanned as their predecessors: but his merry voice and cheerful "Tallyho!" are still as rich as of yore, and his heart, poor fellow! as light as ever it was.

Corny Delany is the amiable proprietor of a hotel in the neighbourhood of Castlebar, where his habitual courtesy and amenity are as conspicuous as of yore. He has requested me to take this opportunity of recommending his establishment to the "Haythens and Turks" that yearly perform tours in his vicinity.

The Rooneys live, and are as hospitable as ever. I dare not venture to give their address, lest you should take advantage of the information.

O'Grady and his wife are now at Malta.

Jack Hinton and his are, as they have every right to be—

Your very grateful and obedient  
Servants.

#### ENVOY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—You must often have witnessed in the half-hour which preludes departure from a dinner-party, the species of quiet bustle leave-taking produces. The low-voiced announcement of Mr. Somebody's carriage—

the whispered good-night, the bow, the slide, the half-pressed finger, and he is gone. Another and another succeed him, and the few who linger on turn ever towards the opening door, and while they affect to seem at ease,

are cursing their coachman and wondering at the delay.

The position of the host on such an occasion, is precisely that of the author at the close of a tale: the same doubts are his, whether the entertainment he has provided has pleased his guests; whether the persons he has introduced to each other are mutually satisfied;—and, finally, the same solitude which visits him who “treads alone some banquet-hall deserted,” settles down upon the weary writer, who watches one by one the spirits he has conjured up depart for ever; and, worse still, sees the tie snapped that for so long a period has bound him to his readers, and while they have turned to other and newer sources of amusement, he is left to brood over the time when they walked together, and his voice was heard amongst them.

Like all who look back, he sees how much better he could have done, were he again to live over the past. He regrets many an opportunity of interesting you lost for ever—many an occasion to amuse which may never occur again. It is thus that somehow—insensibly, I believe—a kind of sadness creeps over one at the end of a volume: misgivings as to success, mingle with

sorrows for the loss of our accustomed studies; and, altogether, the author, little to be envied, who, having enjoyed your sympathy and good wishes for twelve months, finds himself at last at the close of the year—at the limit of your kindness, and obliged to exclaim “Good-by!” even though it condemn him to solitude.

I did wish, before parting with you at this season, to justify myself before you, for certain things which my critics have laid to my charge; but, on second thoughts, I have deemed it better to say nothing, lest, by my defence against manslaughter, a new indictment should be framed, and convict me of murder.

Such is the simple truth. To my faults—the very great faults of my book I am as well aware of, as I am myself unable to correct them. But in justice to my monitors, I must say that they have less often taken me to task when tripping, than when I stood upon good and firm ground. Yet, let me be grateful for all their kindness which, for critics, is certainly but ill-deserved, and that I may still continue for a season to enjoy their countenance and yours, is, the most sincere desire of your very devoted servant,

HARRY LORRAINE.



## THE BATTLE OF THE EYES.

"A contesa eran Venuti  
Gli occhi azzuri, e gli occhi neri."

BERTOLA.

Once on a time—'tis a very long time ago—  
The story's not mine, for I read it in rhyme I know,  
And unless that I fail  
In my mem'ry, the tale  
Is told by a certain Aurelio Bertola,  
A worthy old joker, *credete per certola*,  
Who lived, let me see—but I think that I hear  
Some young miss, with a toss of her head interfere  
To stop my narration at once with a pert "Oh la!  
"What's this about  
"That you make such a rout,  
"Pray give us your tale if there's any thing in it;"  
Then my tale's at your service, fair ladies, this minute.

Well, once on a time—we have no such times now at all,  
When birds, beasts, and fishes could chatter—but how at all  
They found out the way  
No one ever could say,  
Though Doctors of Medicine, Law, and Theology,  
By Physics, and Ethics, besides Demonology,  
Have puzzled their brains to discover the law  
By which animals once were permitted to jaw;  
But now, lack-a-day!  
'Tis quite out of the way  
(Except at Saint Stephen's or here on Burgh-quay,)  
To light on a case of loquacious zoology;  
Nay, I'll lay a round sum  
That if Balaam should come,  
And swear that his donkey could preach—by the mass,  
'Twould be said that the man, not the beast, was the ass.

Well, once on a time—but I think that my rhyme  
Goes somewhat too jinglingly on in its chime,  
So I'll come to the point,  
And no longer disjoint  
My yarn with parentheses—once on a time  
When not only the whole of the *γυναικες* 'and *ανδρες*  
And *αυτοι* *ζων* were reckoned *μετα*,  
But each member and part had discovered the art  
In figures and tropes all their thoughts to impart;  
When the chin and the nose  
And the fingers and toes,  
Would meet in a friendly palaver together,  
To talk of the heat or the cold of the weather;  
And even the—— (belly I was going to write,  
But the word, I opine, is not very polite;  
And "ventre" or "viscera" 's not more befitting)—  
Was known to have made  
A most wondrous tirade  
Before dinner of course) at an aggregate meeting  
Of the members arrayed  
From the heels to the head,

And threw off his *stomach* so great an oration,  
That the alderman bothered the whole corporation.

Well, once on a time, a *set-too* most sublime  
Between *two sets* of eyes, in most Billingsgate rhyme,  
Came off in some far away eastern clime.  
One pair was as black and as round as a sloe,  
And as bright as the back of a raven or crow;  
The other was blue as the light clouds that fly  
In a summer-day's noon o'er the sun-lighted sky,  
But humid and soft as the beam of the moon  
When seen through the dews of an ev'ning in June.

My eyes!  
It defies,  
Any man who relies  
On his knowledge of pupils or knowledge of dyes  
To propound in which orbits the stronger spell lies,  
Or to say 'twixt the two,  
Were they passed in review,  
Which expression or hue,  
Bright or soft, black or blue,  
In his ocular judgment would merit the prize.  
So you well may believe, if it puzzles you quite  
To choose eyes that are darkling or eyes that are light,  
Or soft eyes and sweet glance, or bright eyes and fleet glance,  
Or coy eyes that shrink, or bold eyes that advance,  
That these rival enchanters each claimed as her own,  
The glory of reigning superior alone.

Now I'm sorry to say, that when Beauties contend  
For hearts, purses, or apples, or aught to be gained,  
They go on by degrees,  
From proud airs to a breeze,  
Till they end in a storm that would tear up the trees.  
So these eyes on a day scarce had met, though by chance,  
When they eyed one another with scornful glance;  
Then a look brought a word,  
And a second a third,  
Till from haughtily viewing each other askance,  
Right to it, together they went by the ears,  
With reproaches and sneers, and clamour and tears,  
And those feminine arts  
Which kind Nature imparts  
To relieve the full hearts of such passionate dears.

"Pert Hussey!" says blue eyes, restraining a tear,  
"So black and unmeaning, and yet so *fière*."  
"What a soft mawkish creature," says t'other; "I swear—  
"Skim-milk eyes!—they're but fit for a milk-maid to wear."  
"Black means ev'ry thing vile, *black-guard*, *black-log*, *black-bai*."  
"And a pair of *black eyes* is the vilest of all——"  
"Blue stockings, *blue-devils*, *blue-ruin*, no doubt  
"Are charming, and blue eyes are but '*blue look-out*.' "  
"Oh! gracious!" says blue eyes, "how shockingly low"—  
Then addressing her foe—  
"Ma'am, I'd have you to know,  
"For all your black looks you are not quite the go,  
"For Pallas and Juno,  
"And that too well you know,



" Have eyes just the hue  
 " Of my own in their blue,  
 " So that settles the question, I think, ma'am, *parbleu* !"

" Oh ! *par exemple* !!!——"  
 Cried black eyes, breaking out  
 In a most joyous shout  
 Of insolent laughter that lasted about  
 Five minutes or more,  
 I should fancy, before  
 She was calm, or could hinder the tears running o'er—  
 " Ha ! ha ! ha ! did you ever—  
 " He ! he ! he ! no, I never  
 " Heard any thing half so delightful or clever—  
 " What ! that funny old maid !—she's a regular dust,  
 " She that wears the steel boddice half-eaten with rust ;  
 " And stiff Madam Juno, so proud and severe,  
 " With her peacock and goose, and her old-fashioned air,  
 " That I'll venture to guess,  
 " She hasn't a dress  
 " That was made up, or turned since the days of Queen Bess.  
 " Your *Αἴνη γλαυκῶντις*,  
 " And *Ἡρα βῶντις*,  
 " Are about as nice girls, *a mon goût*, as the Pope is ;  
 " Well—'tis likely enough that they've both got blue eyes,  
 " For they take such good care to go out in disguise ;  
 " One's wrapt up in a veil,  
 " From the head to the tail ;  
 " And the other, to cover her eyes, which she's right in,  
 " Puts over her face—with two holes to let light in—  
 " A thing like a mask,  
 " Or a visor or casque,  
 " Or those brass hats that men long ago used to fight in ;  
 " But ah ! had you seen  
 " Love's own beautiful queen,  
 " With her orbs of deep hazel so lustrous and bright,  
 " Like the stars flashing out from the dark vault of night,  
 " You scarcely would dare, Miss,  
 " I guess to compare, Miss,  
 " Your blue to my black ; and I think if you're wise  
 " You'll for once just go peep into Venus's eyes,  
 " Then retire to some convent where no one appears,  
 " Or take courage and drown yourself—in your own tears."

'Tis noon—a stilly summer noon,  
 And the hot sun-light now is falling  
 In broken showers of gold among  
 The olive trees and vines that throng  
 Thy groves, fair Italy—recalling  
 The fabled tale whose legend veiled  
 A holy mystery of eld,  
 How God upon earth's pure fair breast  
 Shed down his richest love, and blest  
 With golden streams of sun and showers  
 Her teeming womb, till bright-eyed flowers,  
 And herb and fruit, and corn and vine,  
 Proclaimed their parentage divine.  
 'Tis noon—and deep the sun looks down  
 A broad and glittering stream upon,

That winds its slow and plenteous waves  
 'Mid deep green meads, whose fringe it laves,  
 And dove-white kine are browsing there  
 On the sweet herbs, and through the air  
 The wild bee roves with humming song,  
 And birds sit hushed the shades among,  
 And heaven and earth the sense disclose  
 Of sated Nature's calm repose——  
 What pity ! that so fair a scene  
 Should now be marred by strife between  
 Those most contentious eyes, I ween !——

Hush ! hush !——

What a rush !

What a fluttering and twittering of wings !  
 See the birds how they fly  
 All in pairs through the sky,  
 While the air with their wild chirping rings,  
 And the oxen rush mad by,  
 As if stung by a gad-fly,  
 Male and female in couples frisk one with another,  
 And a fresh balmy breeze  
 Sets the leaves on the trees  
 A-jostling, and whisp'ring, and kissing each other.  
 There's something portentous, I guess, in this pothor !  
 I'm greatly inclined  
 To suspect in my mind  
 'Tis one of the gods that is "*raising the wind.*"

Lo ! quick as a flash,  
 With a bound and a dash,  
 Breaking out o'er the tops of the trees with a crash,  
 Comes a beautiful child, fresh, sportive, and wild ;  
 But there lurks in his eye  
 A something so sly,  
 And he has such an air *espigle* and gay,  
 So *riant* and *liant* you'd certainly say  
 He'll turn out the deuce 'mongst the girls some day.  
 He has wings on his shoulders, a bow in his hand,  
 And a quiver flung over his back with a band,  
 And straightforward he flies, to their no small surprise,  
 Till he pitches in 'twixt those belligerent eyes  
 Like a thousand of bricks—or, as old Homer sings,  
*Hoti glaukē*——Then shuts up his wings.

I.

Resistless Love ! nor strength nor art  
 Can break or blunt thy conquering dart ;  
 No breast's secure from thee.  
 The beast that roams the desert wild,  
 By thy soft influence beguiled,  
 Owns thy divinity.

II.

The virgin's damask cheek is made  
 Thy couch of rest, where thou art laid  
 Reposed 'mid blushes warm—  
 Thou haunt'st the woodland grotts and caves,  
 And speed'st across the trackless waves,  
 Nor fear'st the raging storm.

## III.

Nor Gods themselves escape thy pow'r,  
 Nor man, whose life is but an hour,  
     That hour can brave thy sway?  
 The heart that feels thy burning smart  
 With frenzied pain still bears the dart.  
     That eats its core away.

Now this I opine is a hymn very fine  
 To that troublesome urchin that men call divine;  
 And I'm "*tout à mon aise*" in thus giving my praise,  
 Because, save the translation, the thing is not mine,  
 But taken from Sophocles every line.

    If the book were before us,  
     I'd show you the chorus,  
 In the play of Antigone, page twenty-nine.

    "*Ἐγὼ κίναρ ἀμύχαν',*"

    It was thus it began

When I read it in college, a very young man,  
 (With more of such lore I've forgotten meanwhile,)  
 "Consule Planco," when the provost was Kyle.

Your poets are always bespattering Cupid  
 With praises—a practice I hold very stupid.  
 Yet I'm now in the vein and I cannot refrain  
 From adding my mite—so here goes at a strain—  
 But, just for variety's sake, I'll complain.

Ah, love! how many a bard in praise  
     Of thee has touched the silver string,  
 And thou, ingrate! hast paid his lays  
     With fiercer brand and deeper sting,  
 As, hanging o'er the melting lyre  
 Too close, he strains the fatal fire.  
 In vain the minstrel hymns to thee,  
     And hangs his laurels in thy fane—  
 The brightest wreath of minstrelsy  
     Is offering all too mean;  
 At nobler and more costly prize,  
 Than poet's breast, thine arrow flies,  
     And smites with deathful smart—  
 Then pales the brow—then fade the eyes—  
 Then falls the *human* sacrifice.  
 Thy sweetest incense are the sighs  
     That rend the breaking heart—  
 Ah! while 'mongst mortals thus you sport about,  
 Say, cruel! "Does your mother know you're out?"

Heigho!—but where was I?"—let's come back again  
 To my story—oh, yes—we broke off it just when  
 Love pounced, as I said, on the combatants. Then  
     With sighing and pouting,  
     And crying and flouting,  
 Each one of the other began to complain,  
 When Love with a grin chucked each under the *chin*—  
 "Hey, dey, *mes mignonnes!* what a passion you're in!"  
     "A truce, little dears,  
     " With your snivelling and tears,  
 " Your sneers and your flashes, and cutting *eyelashes.*"

"Hush, hush, let me hear no more sighs."

Then turning his head,

With great *sang froid* he said,

*Sotto voce*, however, of both, ["D—n your eyes,

"I've a very great mind just to let you go through

"With your fight till you pummel yourselves *black and blue*.]

"Pray keep yourselves quiet, and take my advice,

"I'll settle the point in dispute in a trice.

"I chanced, t'other day,

"In a very strange way,

"To come by some lines that I'll venture to say

"Are quite apropos to the question in court ;

"'Deed I think they are part of a MS. report

"By some briefless practitioner in *Banco Veneris*,

"From which *like some others*, the Chandler a gainer is."

Then composing his face with juridical grace,

He gave judgment (*ut seq.*) in this critical case.

"*Il primato in questi o in quelli*

"*Non dipende dal colore ;*

"*Ma quegli occhi son più belli*

"*Che rispondono più al core.*"

Which, in our vernacular, means, as I render it,

(Should any girl wish for Baretti I'll lend her it),

"NOT TO BLACK NOR TO BLUE, NOT TO SHAPE NOR TO HUE,

"IS PRE-EMINENCE GIVEN IN THE EYES—

"BUT THE EYES THAT AT ONCE ARE THE HEART'S BEST RESPONSE

"FOR BEAUTY WILL MERIT THE PRIZE."

My tale has its moral, and now, ere we part,

Wives, widows, and maidens, pray lay it to heart ;

And though it applies in *words* but to the eyes,

Yet 'twill serve for each charm in the fair sex that lies.

Be your eyes black or blue, be you blonde or brunette,

Be your tresses like gold, or the colour of jet,

Be your brows arched or flat, be your form plump or slim,

Young or old, tall or short, saint or sly, gay or prim,

Let your *mind* in its beauty shine out through each charm,

And, trust me, you'll each find some heart that will warm ;

And she that can win one fond heart for her own

Is a *beauty*—a queen on the holiest throne.

While the beauty that wins not—I say with regret—

Though *beauteous*, wants something more beautiful yet.

JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

## ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, UNTIL THE YEAR 1688.\*

THE history of the United States differs in many respects from that of any European nation. If we search into the origins of those nations which have exercised the greatest influence on the progress of civilization, with a single exception we soon lose our path in the darkness of early times. Of the foundation of the Roman Commonwealth we know nothing; of the early population of Greece we have only a few dim traditions; nor is our information respecting the migrations of the Gothic races of a more satisfactory nature. So obscure is the early history of some of our civilized communities, that the authentic history of the three northern European kingdoms does not reach farther back than the introduction of Christianity among them, in the tenth century. It is a curious and highly probable circumstance, that some part of New England was visited by the northmen in the eleventh century; and if so, the history of Massachusetts may be carried to nearly as high a date as that of Norway.

The early history of the United States is that of England. They possess no fabulous or heroic epoch, and present none of those changes and contests to which a progressive state of society in the Old World has ever given rise: they started into existence with all the previous experience of Europe for their guide; and the institutions of its freest nation constituted the basis on which their social edifice was built. This is, to a certain extent, an advantage, for we know intimately the history of the early colonists, the motives by which they were actuated, and can easily estimate the amount of merit or blame which they deserve. In the colonization of the United States we find nothing of the heroic age of a nation—the youth of its history. The wars with the aboriginal inhabitants can

afford no feeling of satisfaction to any well-constituted mind. In all cases they were the contests of might and weakness, and in too many that of might against right.

On the other hand, these colonies, founded at a period of great intellectual activity—when the Reformation had emancipated the mind from a debasing superstition, when natural philosophy began to be cultivated with success, commerce extending its influence, and questions of civil liberty began to exert a practical influence on society—gave occasion, from their very origin, to the solution of problems which had never been previously discussed by rulers. The very condition of establishing colonies in that age involved the discussion of many abstract questions, as, the degree of the supremacy due to the parent state, the contest for commercial freedom, on the one hand, and monopoly on the other. The very necessities of their position also taught the colonists to become legislators and politicians; they had to rely on their own exertions to defend themselves against the hordes of savages which hovered around them; and countless local circumstances required that the laws of England should be accommodated to the wants of the settlers.

The tendencies of the colonial establishments were, therefore, essentially democratic. The emigrants consisted chiefly of educated men of the middle class; and the value of labour, in a new country, removed the evil of absolute poverty, while the pursuit of agriculture afforded abundance of the necessaries of life, and was not favourable to the accumulation of great estates. What was thus the inevitable course of events in the North American colonies, was greatly accelerated by the characters of the early emigrants. They did

\* The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America, till the British Revolution in 1688. By James Graham, Esq. 1827.

History of the Colonization of the United States. By George Bancroft. 1834.

VOL. XX.—No. 120.



not establish themselves in America merely to better their condition, as is the case with the settlers in Canada and New Zealand at the present day; but each religious or political party in England sought an asylum from the ascendancy of their opponents.

These early English colonies differed from those of the Portuguese and Dutch in this important consideration, that in the establishment of the former, moral considerations were paramount, while in that of the latter a simple love of wealth was the only principle which gave consistency to their policy.

In those unsettled times when the English colonies were founded in America, the Wars of the League in France, the 'Thirty Years' War' in Germany, and the subsequent political and religious struggles in England, rendered all parties anxious to find an asylum in some more peaceful region. Accordingly we find at an early period that the Huguenots of France turned their attention to the New World, where they would be safe from the persecutions of an intolerant faction. In 1555, Coligni, the distinguished political chief of the French Protestants, formed a small establishment of Huguenots at Rio Janeiro, and committed its superintendence to Villegaguon, one of the ablest seamen, but at the same time most unprincipled men of his age. This establishment was soon crushed by the Portuguese, and the colonists expelled, or obliged to conform to the religion of the conqueror, or put to death as heretics. In 1562, Coligni made another attempt to establish his co-religionists in the New World. On this occasion Florida was selected, and this unhappy colony soon experienced a fate still more tragical than that which had overtaken the settlement at Rio Janeiro. A feeble and unsuccessful attempt, during the reign of Henry the Fourth, to found an asylum in Canada, is the last effort which the Huguenots made to obtain an establishment in North America.

The various sects and parties of England were more successful than

the French, and almost every one of them obtained a footing in North America. Virginia, long pre-eminent for its loyalty, was the favourite resort of the cavaliers during the ascendancy of Cromwell. The Church of England was established and endowed within its territories, and Puritan preachers were excluded from exercising their ministry. In the adjacent state of Maryland, the Roman Catholics sought an asylum from the rigours of the penal laws. In the New England States the Puritans took deep root, but not emancipated from the intolerance under which they had so severely suffered, they refused the boon of universal toleration. A discontented party among them formed the little State of Rhode Island on the grounds of the most complete democratic equality, and the most unlimited religious liberty. The people of Rhode Island availed themselves to the utmost of their liberties. They had no magistracy—every man did what seemed right in his own eyes; and as every man formed his own creed, they had no stated ministry or congregations: and the sarcasm of the Puritans was, that he who had lost his religion elsewhere would be sure to find it in Rhode Island. The Quakers, persecuted alike by all parties, obtained an asylum in Pennsylvania.\*

Although the most of these states were founded before the Restoration, that event gave a powerful impulse to their colonization. The English Nonconformists, to escape from the penal laws, took refuge among the Puritans of New England; and the Presbyterians of Scotland and Ulster established themselves in many of the states, especially in New York and New Jersey. The revocation of the edict of Nantz also afforded its quota of emigrants to the American colonies. Many settled in the New England states, but a still greater number in South Carolina. It is not a little remarkable, as Mr. Graham observes, that even the descendants of the most illustrious people of antiquity, sought a refuge in America.

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\* Penn, when he obtained his patent, modestly refused to bestow his own name on the province, and suggested that of Sylvania, from its abounding in trees: the king insisted that Penn's name should be prefixed, and hence the name, Pennsylvania.

from Turkish oppression. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Sir W. Duncan, an eminent physician, conceived the project of founding a Greek colony in America, and actually transported, for this purpose, several hundred Greeks to East Florida.

It is no easy task to give a condensed, and at the same time a perspicuous view of the progress of thirteen states, all possessed of many characteristic features, along with a general similarity of institutions and interests. The history of thirteen independent states presents, in some degree, that complexity of events which renders it so difficult to master the details of Greek history, or that of the Italian states in the middle ages.

As Virginia is the oldest of the English colonies in America, so its history is one of the most interesting. The difficulties it had to contend with could not be overcome by the aid of previous experience; and it was only after repeated failures that a permanent footing was obtained. In the early history of this colony there is much that is pleasing, combined with little of what is censurable; and when compared with the history of Mexico or Peru, and the contemporary conduct of Spain, is calculated to give Englishmen a high idea of the intelligence and morality of their countrymen. Raleigh, the originator of the plan of American colonization, it would be wrong to name in the same sentence with Cortez; and in Gosnold, Harriot, Hackluyt, and above all, Captain Smith, we find men, who while they could display all the enterprise and energy which characterised a Spanish conqueror, were guided by far nobler views, unstained either by avarice or cruelty.

Although the continent of North America had been discovered by the English, under the guidance of Cabot, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, no attempt was made to colonise any part of this vast region until the reign of Elizabeth, when the genius of Raleigh undertook to establish a colony of Englishmen in the New World. With the knowledge we now possess, we cannot entertain any feelings of regret that the settling of America was so long delayed. During the intervening period England had been

severed from the Roman church; Protestantism was established, and civil liberty had taken vigorous root, and one half of the New World was gained for the reformed faith.

Raleigh was destined only to lead the way in colonising America. His various attempts only proved his own unconquerable courage and perseverance, and obtained a store of knowledge and experience of the utmost value to succeeding adventurers. It would be too tedious a task to enter into any details respecting these preliminary attempts; we can only give a few illustrations of the spirit in which they were conducted.

In his first attempts Raleigh was associated with his near relative and friend, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who made two voyages to America. Both these voyages proved unfortunate, and their leader, Gilbert, was lost while returning to England. The manner of his death is too characteristic to be omitted. He sailed in the *Squirrel*, a small vessel of only ten tons. The weather proved so boisterous as to threaten the safety of his little vessel. He refused, however, to abandon his companions, by embarking in the larger ship. He was seen sitting in the stern, reading his Bible, and encouraging his men; and was frequently heard to say, 'Courage, lads! we are as near to heaven at sea as on land.'

The perseverance of Raleigh was not exhausted by the unfortunate issue of his expeditions; and he afterwards formed an establishment on the island of Roanoke, off the coast of Carolina, which he was at last obliged to abandon. These attempts, however, led to several important consequences. Harriot, the mathematician, was one of those early colonists, and his pursuits, during his residence at Roanoke, were such as enabled him to collect a great amount of valuable information respecting the resources of America, and to leave a favourable impression on the Indians of the English character. This excellent man collected information respecting the productions of the country, its climate, and the manners of its inhabitants; and illustrated his descriptions by the aid of the pencil. He gained the good-will and respect of the savages by displaying the effects of

fire-arms, and by exhibiting to them the wonders of the compass, the clock, and the telescope; but, far from desiring to excite feelings of awe towards himself, he constantly endeavoured to elevate the minds of his barbarous companions to the source of all knowledge and power. He attempted to fill their minds not merely with admiration for the discoveries of science, but also to improve their hearts by a knowledge of the Scriptures.

On their return to England, Heriot and his companions introduced a taste for tobacco, which they had acquired among the Indians, and thus created a demand for the staple product of Virginia. It is said that the introduction of the potato into Ireland was also the result of these expeditions; but it is pretty certain that this valuable root was cultivated in Italy several years earlier.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of Raleigh, and his successors in enterprise, the English, at the demise of Queen Elizabeth, had not effected a permanent settlement on the American continent. About the period of the accession of James, an event occurred which greatly facilitated future efforts of colonization in these regions. The voyage to North America had previously been tedious and inconvenient. The English navigators had followed the route taken by Columbus, and, sailing by the Canaries, and Gulf of Florida, had performed a voyage in three months, which, by taking the direct route, might have been accomplished in as many weeks. Bartholomew Gosnold, by taking the direct route, had the merit of bringing America and England nearer to each other, and thus removing one great difficulty in the way of successful colonization. This bold but simple proceeding reminds one of the similar exploit of Hippalus, in shortening the passage of the ancient traders between the Red Sea and the coast of India, by availing himself of the regular monsoons, instead of creeping timidly along the shores of India and Africa.

Soon after the accession of James to the English throne, a company was formed for the purpose of trading with Virginia, and establishing a colony there. The attempts of the company to plant a colony were ul-

timately successful, although after much blundering and many failures, such as naturally resulted from the absurd attempt to combine in one corporation a company of merchants, whose object was immediate gain, and a body possessed of political power for forming settlements, whose benefit could not be reaped for many years. The emigrants sent out by the company were, in general, a worthless race, more fit for the discipline of a penal settlement than for founding a new commonwealth. They consisted of goldsmiths, ruined tradesmen, cast-off retainers of great men, and profligate youths, who had disgraced their families, and were disowned by their friends. Under such circumstances the early hardships of the colony turned out to its ultimate advantage, and the incorrigible portion of the settlers soon disappeared.

On the other hand, many circumstances contributed to the success of the colony. It was the intention of the London company to establish it on the desolate island of Roanoke, where the attempts of Raleigh had so often failed, but happily a storm drove the new emigrants into the magnificent bay of Chesapeake, where the splendid rivers and fertile soil at once fixed their choice. Nor were the first settlers less fortunate in obtaining a leader, whose virtues and talents often saved them from ruin, and gave permanence to the colony. We allude to Captain Smith, one of those extraordinary men with whom England teemed during that energetic period. Smith, from his childhood displayed a love of daring enterprise, which led him, at an early age, to enter the Dutch service, and to aid them in their struggle for independence. He then visited France, Italy, and even found his way to Egypt. He afterwards repaired to Hungary, and served against the Turks, until he was taken prisoner, carried to Constantinople, and sold as a slave. He was purchased by a Turkish lady, who, out of pity for his misfortunes, wished to restore him to freedom. The person to whom his mistress had committed him, and who treated him with the most barbarous cruelty. Unable to submit, Smith resented the usage, killed his oppressor in the struggle, and seizing a horse, he fled

to Russia, and, after many adventures of hardly inferior interest, returned to his native country. Notwithstanding his misfortunes, his love of enterprise was not diminished, and Smith eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of accompanying the first colonists to Virginia, where he was destined to meet with a series of adventures as remarkable as those of his early life.

On his arrival in Virginia, the eminent talents of Smith excited the envy of his companions, and it was not until their misconduct had brought them to the brink of ruin, that they placed themselves under his guidance. Under the command of Smith, dissensions were composed, peace maintained with the Indians, and supplies of provisions obtained; but the moment his advice and authority were disregarded, the colonists inevitably suffered the penalty of their insubordination and folly. During an expedition into the interior, Captain Smith was captured by the Indians, and sentenced to be bound to a tree and shot by arrows. On this trying occasion Smith displayed the superiority of courage and self-command over barbarism and cruelty. He did not solicit his life, or show feelings of alarm: he took out his compass, ex-

plained its properties to the wondering savages, and displayed the ascendancy of the white man's intellect. It was resolved to spare him until his fate should be decided by their chief, Powhatan. The chief sentenced him to have his head beaten to pieces with clubs; and again, as in the case of his Turkish captivity, he experienced the mild influence of female compassion. Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, after entreating in vain for his life, declared her intention of perishing along with him, and at last persuaded her tribe to send him back to the colony, accompanied by a supply of provisions for his friends. This event was some time afterwards followed by another result, no less useful to the colonists. Pocahontas became the object of a virtuous attachment to Mr. Rolfe, a young settler; and after she had been instructed in the Christian faith, the Indian princess was married to an Englishman. This marriage was pleasing to her tribe, who became reconciled to the strangers, and remained their steady friends for many years afterwards.\* The example was not imitated by the English, who, with the proud inflexibility of their national character, refused to ally themselves to a coloured race.†

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\* It is a curious circumstance, and one difficult to account for, that while the Spaniards, Portuguese, and French readily allied themselves to the coloured races, especially to Indians, the English have always held such marriages in abhorrence. In this respect the history of Brazil, Mexico, and Canada exhibit a remarkable contrast with that of the English colonies. Of all these nations the English were by far the most awkward and clumsy in managing the savage tribes; and while the French held Canada, their influence with the native tribes, even on the English frontier, was supreme. The great number of half-breeds in North America were of French origin, and consequently so many agents in the service of France. Even French officers have been known to carry their complaisance so far as to strip themselves naked while making a treaty with the Indians, in order to gain their good will. There are thousands of Englishmen who would not act thus even if the safety of the thirteen colonies depended on it.

† This interesting transaction requires to be read in the words of the original narrator to do it full justice. Rolfe had many a struggle between love, conscience, and the pride of the white man. He remembered that the children of Israel had been forbidden to marry strange women. How could he unite with "one of barbarous breeding, and of a cursed race." He then resolved "to labour for the conversion of the unregenerated maiden." She "openly renounced her country's idolatry, professed the faith of Jesus Christ, and was baptized. The baptismal font was a hollow cut out in the trunk of a tree." The gaining of this one soul, the first fruits of Virginian conversion, "was followed by her marriage, which was celebrated according to the forms of the Church of England. Pocahontas, now Mrs. Rolfe, accompanied her husband to London, where she died. Her descendants were among the best families in Virginia. This marriage, attended by so many advantages, offended no one but King James, who, with his characteristic meanness and folly, complained that one of his subjects had married a prince without his permission.

While the foundations of the colony were laid by the wisdom and virtues of Smith, his successors in the administration were, fortunately, men of similar character; and thus, although the company in London reaped no great pecuniary gain, the settlement became permanent under their auspices. The staple of the colony had now been discovered, and the colonists entered with avidity on its cultivation. Such was the desire of wealth that the streets of Jamestown were laid out as tobacco plots, and every other kind of cultivation so neglected as to threaten the planters with a famine.

Hitherto the colonists were unmarried men. To give them attachment to the country, a considerable number of respectable young women were sent out, and he who obtained a wife was required to pay to the company the expenses of her voyage. "The price of a wife," says Mr. Graham, "was estimated first at a hundred and twenty, and afterwards at a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, of which the selling price was then three shillings per pound; the subject of the transaction was held to impart its own dignity to the debt, which accordingly was allowed to take the precedence of all other engagements."\*

From this period down to the English revolution the colony continued to increase in prosperity, notwithstanding one civil war, which for a while arrested its progress, a bloody conflict with the Indians, and numerous instances of misgovernment, to which they were exposed from Charles the Second and his brother. At the period above mentioned the population amounted to about fifty thousand: upwards of eighty ships annually visited the harbours of Virginia for cargoes of tobacco. In 1676 Virginia exported upwards of twenty-five thousand hogsheads. Like the other American colonies of English origin, Virginia enjoyed a representative government, for the regulation of its internal concerns, and providing for its defence from foreign assailants. The

Church of England was established by law; the country was divided into thirty-eight parishes, and the minister's stipend was fixed at sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. Dissent was prohibited; Quakers were banished, liable to capital punishment if they returned. It is humiliating to reflect that by the laws of this colony a slave could be executed without the formality of a jury, while the murder of a slave by his master was not accounted felony. The colony that could frame such unchristian laws could also dare to enact penalties against Sunday-traveling, profane cursing, or profanely getting drunk.

The fine rivers which enter the bay of Chesapeake induced the colonists to scatter themselves along their banks; and the boats of the vessels came almost to their doors to take in their cargoes of tobacco. Living thus remote from each other, and with but a limited education, the intellectual character of the Virginia planter could not rank very high; and accustomed to the submissive obedience of his slaves, with scarcely any amusement but that of hunting, the Virginian was imperious and proud, but at the same time courteous and hospitable. In such society a stranger was ever welcome, and it is said that the gentlemen used to send their servants to the highways to practise a sort of free-kidnapping, and to compel the traveler to partake of their hospitality. It is scarcely necessary to add that the growth of cities was very slow, and even as late as the American revolution the town of Williamsburgh did not contain more than two thousand inhabitants.

The southern states of North America being entirely agricultural, and obtaining the produce of their soil by the labour of their slaves, were less likely to take the lead in the social and intellectual progress of their country. The planter seldom possessed more than the simplest rudiments of education; he lived apart from his fellow-men and had few opportunities of exchanging his thoughts or of engaging in dis-

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\* It is curious to observe how the French acted in a similar difficulty, with respect to Canada. According to La Hontan, "On y envoya de France, plusieurs vaisseaux charges de filles de moyenne vertu;" and such was the demand, that within fifteen days they were all disposed of.



cussion, while slavery fostered his pride and mental indolence. It is in the bleak and barren regions of the New England states that the germs of American institutions were nursed and matured, and it was the impulse given by the Puritans in the reign of James the First that is still felt throughout the union.

In studying the New England colonies we may easily perceive that a strong democratic feeling was co-eval with their origin, and we may even perceive an inclination to withdraw from all dependance on the mother country before the first generation of emigrants died away. Every one is aware of the causes which induced multitudes of the English Puritans to seek an asylum in the wilds of the new world. The emigrants who founded Massachusetts did not consist of needy and profligate adventurers, they sought freedom of conscience, and for its sake abandoned the comforts of England. Many of the leading emigrants were men of affluent circumstances and aristocratic connections, in fact, country gentlemen, and some united by marriage to the noblest families in England. The early Puritans were not dissenters in the proper sense of that term, they merely objected to certain rites and ceremonies of the Established Church; and hence many of their ministers had enjoyed the benefits of a university education, and some of them held livings in the church for some time. We need not therefore be surprised that the first ministers who emigrated to New England were men of the highest literary character, some of them had been fellows of colleges in Oxford and Cambridge. The early settlers in Massachusetts were the friends and associates of those who a few years later took so prominent a part in the affairs of the long parliament, and a constant intercourse was carried on between the party in England and that in America. At one time the Puritan leaders in England

—Lords Brook, Say, and Sele, with Hampton, Cromwell, &c. had seriously contemplated settling in New England; on the other hand, after the meeting of the long parliament several of the emigrants returned to England, among whom were Sir H. Vane, Hugh Peters, &c.

In the early history of these New England states we discover some very curious anomalies and inconsistencies, based upon general principles, which if followed out to their consequences, would have led to very opposite conclusions. Establishing themselves in the American wilderness to escape persecution and obtain religious freedom, the early Puritans refused to tolerate any difference of opinion, and exiled all others, as they had been exiled themselves. Mr. Hutchinson was banished for antinomianism, and Roger Williams had to seek for freedom among the Indians of Rhode Island.\* Although the early Puritans could scarcely be considered as either churchmen or dissenters, they adopted the principle of a church establishment, and carried it out with a rigour unequalled in Europe, unless for a few years in Geneva and in Scotland during the brief period of the ascendancy of the Covenanters. In New England the church and state formed one homogeneous body, in which, of course, church and state were one and the same thing. No man was entitled to any political franchise unless he was a church member, and no church acknowledged but that patronised by the state. The admission of church members, which of course was also admission to the electoral roll, was left to the minister. On the other hand, the civil power insured to itself the right of appointing ministers, and providing in most cases their income. Previous to election a sermon was preached, which, as might be expected, partook of a mixed nature, partly religious and partly political.

If there is considerable room for

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\* The colony of Rhode Island was founded by Williams upon the basis of the most perfect toleration. The following anecdote illustrates the respective views of Rhode Island and the other New England states with regard to toleration. Rhode Island had been urged by the other states to co-operate with them in expelling Quakerism. They declined, on the following grounds:—The Quakers were a people that delighted to encounter persecution, and quickly sickened of a patient audience; and had already begun to loathe Rhode Island as a place where their talent for patient suffering was completely buried.—*Graham*. Vol. i. p. 353.

censure in many things connected with the history of New England, there is also much deserving of praise and imitation. The attention paid to the training of the youth assured to all the blessings of education. It is highly to the credit of the people of Massachusetts, that while their colony was struggling for existence they established a university, and endowed it with funds as liberally as their circumstances could possibly permit. Their attention to the welfare of the Indian tribes is also deserving of the utmost commendation. The lands obtained from the Indians were fairly purchased, and any outrages committed on the natives was severely punished. The conversion of the Indians was also attempted, and if not so successful as could have been wished, no blame can attach itself to such men as Elliot, Brainard, and Mayhew.\*

The domestic and social relations of the New England colonies present an agreeable contrast with that of the southern states. Happily for the New Englanders their country did not produce tobacco, cotton, or indigo; and hence, although they sanctioned slavery, the institution was nearly useless to them. The same circumstances prevented them from spreading over the country, they soon founded cities, and sought in fisheries and commerce for that wealth which the southern states drew from their plantations and slaves. These circumstances alone placed them far in advance of the other colonies, and their energy enabled them to hold the same place with respect to the other colonies which the mother country held to them all. The

barren soil of New England could not support a numerous population, and hence the continual current of emigration which has flowed from there almost since their foundation, so that the vast valley of the Mississippi over the greater part of its inhabitants is from this source.

The habits and manners of the early colonists were in harmony with the religious and political system. We have already mentioned that the church and state were blended in the most intimate manner, but what is still more remarkable, the Mosaic code, not the laws of England, was assumed as the basis of their legislation. Sabbath-breaking, denying the truth of the Scriptures, &c. were punished with death or banishment. Every thing tending to immorality or irreligion was strictly watched and severely punished. The following examples selected from Hutchinson, will afford some idea of the Puritan discipline. Josias Plaistowe, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, was ordered to pay them eight, to be fined five pounds, and to be called Josias, and not Mr. as formerly. Sergeant Parkins ordered to carry forty turfs to the fort, for being drunk. Edward Palmer, for extortion, is fined five pounds, and to be kept for one hour in the stocks. Captain Lovell is admonished to take care of light carriage. John Wedgewood, for being in company with drunkards, is to be set in the stocks. These views of religion and civil liberty continued to prevail until after the English revolution, when more liberal legislation gradually made its way.

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\* The humanity of the early colonists to the Indians is depicted in a variety of circumstances. The settlers were weak, and the Indians had not acquired the use of fire-arms. At a later period the provinces adjacent to Canada were exposed to all the horrors of Indian warfare; while the savages were supplied with arms by the French traders and encouraged by the French missionaries. The massacre of Deerfield, Haverhill, &c.—perpetrated by united bands of Canadians and Indians—caused a total change in the feelings of the colonists. The Jesuits and other priests in Canada had also their share in the guilt of these atrocities. It is deplorable to see these men on the one hand suffering death of the most excruciating nature with all the fortitude of primitive martyrs; on the other, employing their influence to let loose their converts to massacre women and children, instead of endeavouring to tame the ferocity of the savage. So well was the influence of the Jesuits understood, that while the exasperated colonies classed the Indian with the wolf, and set a price on his head, they also enacted that any priest found within their territories should be hanged.

† Mr. was then a title of honour and seldom bestowed: the common appellations in New England were good man and good wife.

All this strictness and narrow view of legislation, so incompatible with our notions of civil liberty, was, however, founded on the prevailing public opinion in the colonies, and was not felt as an evil, nor did it impede their prosperity; on the contrary, the progress of these colonies has not been exceeded in rapidity even in the present day in the case of Upper Canada or South Australia. The first emigration took place about the year 1628, and at the revolution in 1688, the population of the New England colonies probably exceeded one hundred thousand. In the first year of the eighteenth century Boston contained ten thousand inhabitants.

Their progress in literature also far exceeded that of the other colonies. Numerous works were published on the history of their settlements, and of the lives and characters of their founders. Their ministers were respectable for their virtue, learning, and useful publications. Some of their leading men possessed even a European reputation; thus Winthrop, the governor of Connecticut, and son of the first governor of Massachusetts, was a member of the Royal Society, the friend and correspondent of Boyle, and had the honour of having a volume of *Philosophical Transactions* dedicated to him. A very satisfactory proof of the state of intelligence in New England is furnished by the fact that previous to the revolution several booksellers in Boston had earned fortunes by their trade.

It is interesting to examine the political history of these New England colonies, for we can easily observe that from the first hour they effected a settlement in their new country their separation from the parent state was merely a question of time and opportunity. Of all the colonies of New England, Massachusetts alone possessed a charter to legalize its liberties: Maine, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island were colonised without any reference to the supremacy of England, or even of Massachusetts. Connecticut and Rhode Island did not obtain charters until the restoration in 1660. The Massachusetts charter was granted by Charles the First in the early part of his reign (1629); when he probably contemplated no other object than of ridding England of a

portion of his refractory subjects. The government was vested in a corporation of proprietors residing in London; and not a word concerning religion is to be found in the charter, though tacitly permitting them to take what he did not choose expressly to grant. At all events, both parties were satisfied that in the meantime this delicate question should remain in abeyance. About this time an attempt was made which exhibited no small degree of boldness and political sagacity. Mr. Winthrop and several gentlemen of rank and fortune had formed the plan of migrating to Massachusetts, but anxious to obtain the utmost security, they stipulated that the charter should go out along with them, and all the chartered rights be exercised in the colony. This extraordinary and apparently illegal attempt succeeded, and the charter remained the cherished constitution of the colony until abolished by Charles the Second. But there could be but little confidence between Charles the First and the emigrants to New England. His attempts to interfere in their concerns were interrupted by the troubles in Scotland. It is curious to observe the spirit which the colony displayed even at this early period. In 1633, on the first alarm, six hundred pounds were voted to repair their fortifications; "the assistants and deputies discovered their minds to one another"—they agreed "to defend their lawful possessions, if not to avoid and protract."

Of course the New England colonies embraced the cause of the parliament in its contest with Charles, but with characteristic caution carefully avoided every thing which might, even by implication, acknowledge the right of parliament to interfere in their concerns. In the year 1643 the colonies entered into a confederation for mutual defence against the Indians; and the conditions of this league are similar to those of the congress of 1774, of which it was the prototype. In the following year Massachusetts assumed another act of sovereignty in establishing a mint and coining money. During the protectorate the colonists enjoyed their full share of Cromwell's favour. On one occasion he offered to establish them in Ireland, as a powerful Protestant colony; and on the conquest of Jamaica he offered them the

possession of that island. In both cases they had the good sense to decline the tempting but dangerous offers.

The restoration could only be regarded with feelings of apprehension by the New Englanders. On the Stuarts they had no claim for favour.\* Accordingly, we find that the colonists were repeatedly alarmed by the royal messages and commissions, and protected partly by the events taking place in England, which caused them to be forgotten; and partly by their own tact and procrastination, which enabled them to prolong the surrender of their charter until 1685. In the intervening period in 1676, a formidable war with the Indians threatened the safety of the colonies; but on this occasion they exhibited their accustomed policy. To apply to England for aid might in some way endanger their liberties, and they chose rather to encounter with their own resources all the horrors of a protracted Indian warfare. On the accession of James, he found the colony denuded of all political franchise, and such he was determined they should never possess. With an unhappy consistency of character, this monarch, within the space of two years, contrived to alienate irretrievably the affections of three kingdoms in Europe, and twelve colonies in America, and in the latter country the accession of William was welcomed as sincerely by the royalists of Virginia and the puritans of Massachusetts. The infatuated James followed up the footsteps of his brother, by issuing writs of *quo warranto* against the remaining charters of New England. At first, the notorious Kirke was intended to be sent as governor of the New England colonies. Kirke was retained at home, and Andros, a man of similar character, sent out to recall the other charters. In his attempt to obtain the Connecticut charter, Andros was foiled by the dexterity of the colonists. The charter was brought into the room, and laid on the table. The leading men addressed Andros in behalf of their charter, and the discussion was prolonged until evening, and candles were brought in. On a sudden the debates became angry, and the candles

were upset. Captain Wadsworth then laid hold of the charter and disappeared, and could not be found. After the revolution, the charter was taken from its place of concealment in the hollow of an aged elm, which was long regarded with veneration by the people. In Massachusetts the government of Andros proved so oppressive that an insurrection ensued, and the governor was deposed and sent to England to answer for his conduct; and William and Mary were proclaimed before any correct intelligence of the English revolution had reached Boston.

From the English revolution of 1688 until 1768, when that of America may date its commencement, a tranquil period elapsed, during which, however, the germs of separation were preparing. It is interesting to take a calm view of these preparatory circumstances. The first colonists of America had in most instances quitted their native country, not from physical necessity, but from the desire to enjoy that religious freedom which was denied them at home; and this consideration alone was sufficient, in some degree, to break those associations which otherwise they might have cherished for the land of their fathers. New attachments and local interests inevitably weakened the bond still further, especially in those who were born in the colonies. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the attachment of the southern states appears to have faded sooner than that of the New England communities. The cause of this, however, appears obvious, after a little reflection. The southern colonists, although the least influenced by religious and political motives, were at the same time the least intelligent. Scattered over the country as planters, ignorant and indifferent as to history and literature, their thoughts were seldom carried back to the great events which had honoured their parent state. They regarded it only as the emporium where the produce of their plantations was disposed of. The New Englanders, on the contrary, delighted to trace their origin to the pilgrim fathers. They enjoyed the

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\* Three of the regicides found a safe asylum in New England, viz., Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell.

poetry of Milton and Shakspeare, and considered their own history but as an episode in that of England ; and hence even at the present day the old country is viewed with a more kindly feeling among them than in any other part of the union. The effects of intelligence and literature, in healing asperities and promoting feelings of good will is still more apparent from the total want of it in the Spanish colonies. In these wretched and misgoverned countries the American Spaniard detests every thing relating to the mother country. The only names he remembers are those of the admiral and the marquis, Columbus and Cortez ; but the early history of Spain, and the splendours of Ferdinand and Isabella, or of Charles, are as uninteresting to him as the history of Sweden and Poland.

But other and more important considerations tended to alienate the affections of the colonies. Before the English revolution, the incessant attempts of the two last Stuarts tended to disgust the colonists with the mother country. Their charters were assailed, and their cherished liberties were threatened to be swallowed up in the same gulph as those of England. Charles the Second withdrew the charter from Massachusetts, which his father had granted, and exasperated the colony of Virginia, previously the most loyal portion of his dominions, either as respected the crown or the church. James the Second crushed the liberties of Rhode Island and Connecticut, which his brother had bestowed.

After the revolution, new grievances arose ; the governor and colonial assemblies were engaged in continual and irritating discussions. But a still more severe grievance, and one which they felt still more acutely, resulted from the navigation laws and commercial system then adopted by England. The colonies were interdicted from all intercourse with foreign nations, except through England. Thus, the demand for their commodities was kept down, while the price of what they imported was enhanced.

Two other circumstances, while at first sight they appeared to give security to the colonies, in fact contributed to hasten their separation—we mean the conquest of New York from the Dutch, and of Canada from

the French. Had the Dutch been permitted to establish themselves in New York, Delaware, and New Jersey, the northern and southern colonies of England would have remained separated by a foreign power, which never could have proved dangerous, and the question of independence would have been indefinitely postponed. The conquest of Canada was a far more important step in the same direction ; and indeed without this preliminary step the American revolution would not have taken place so early. We have only to inspect a map of the French possessions in North America, previous to the year 1760, to see what a powerful pressure they exerted on the loyalty of the English colonies. A line of French posts extended from Quebec to Lake Superior ; and Detroit, now the chief town in Michigan, was then a French garrison. On the other hand, their establishment at New Orleans gave them the command of the Mississippi, and posts upon the banks of that river connected the commerce of the Gulf of Mexico with that of Canada. Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, was then an outpost of the government of Canada. Such a state of matters could not be permanent: it led to either one or other of the following results. If the French retained their hold of the valley of the Mississippi, then the English colonies must have been confined between the Alleghanys and the Atlantic, retained in perpetual connection with England, and surrounded on the north and south by an ocean of French population, whose western limit was the shores of the Pacific. On the other hand, if Canada was wrested from the French, the valley of the Mississippi was opened to English colonists, whose independence became only a question of time, now that the fear of France was removed.

Such opinions were entertained by intelligent men even before the conquest of Canada. Kalm, a pupil of Linnaeus, who travelled in Canada and the British colonies, employed in the pursuit of natural history, observed this tendency of affairs:—

“The English colonies, in this part of the world,” he says, “have increased so much in wealth and population, that that they will vie with England. But to maintain the commerce and the power of the metropolis they are forbid to esta-



blish new manufactures, which might compete with the English; they may dig for gold and silver only on condition of shipping them immediately to England; they have, with the exception of a few fixed places, no liberty to trade to any places not belonging to the English dominions; and foreigners are not allowed the least commerce with these American colonies. These oppressions have made the inhabitants of the English colonies less tender towards their mother land. This coldness is increased by the many foreigners who are settled among them, for Dutch, Germans, and French are here blended with the English, and have no special love for old England. I have been told, not only by native Americans, but by English emigrants, publicly, that within thirty or fifty years the English colonies in North America may constitute a separate state, entirely independent of England. But as their whole country is, towards the sea, unguarded, and on the frontier kept uneasy, these dangerous neighbours are the reason why the love of these colonies for their metropolis does not utterly decline. The English government has, therefore, reason to regard the French in North America as the chief power in North America which urges their colonies to submission."

Such were the opinions of the intelligent Swedish traveller, in 1748: in 1760 Quebec was captured, and eight years later the stamp act commenced the drama of the revolution.

The thirteen colonies which threw off the English supremacy, even when under the rule of the parent state, enjoyed a high degree of happiness and prosperity: and although the government of the mother country was in many things unjust, it is fair to state that it was infinitely more generous, liberal, and indulgent, than that of any other colonizing and commercial country. It becomes, therefore, an interesting question to ascertain what have been the results of the change with respect to the colonies themselves. Two generations have passed away since the war of independence, and we have sufficient data for comparing the past with the present.

It is at once obvious that the United States have made vast strides in all kinds of physical prosperity. Their population has prodigiously increased, their country has been intersected by roads and canals; their marine and commerce is second only to that of

England. Their revolution gave them free trade, and the power of adapting their institutions to their local wants. In a higher sphere than that of commerce, they deserve credit for the value which they set upon elementary education. They have effected improvements in prison discipline which are creditable to practical sense. But the question recurs—has their intellectual and moral career been commensurate to what the world had a right to expect or they themselves pretend to? While England unquestionably made great progress in science, literature, and art, and what is far more, in morality, philanthropy, and religion, have the United States exhibited a parallel course? We have no hesitation in answering in the negative.

A very satisfactory conclusion may be obtained by comparing the characters of the leading men of the revolution with their successors of the present day. The leaders of the American revolution were not only men of great natural talents, but their minds were improved by education, and born in easy or affluent circumstances, their manners and feelings were those of gentlemen. Had they lived in England, they would have risen to eminence in any pursuit they might have chosen. A comparison of the presidents of the first and second generations presents a rapid deterioration in the materials whence American statesmen are constructed. Of Washington, the Fabius of America, it is needless to speak. His successor, Adams, was an elegant scholar, and a moderate and judicious statesman. Jefferson, with many grievous faults, was a man of energy, an astute politician, and a friend to literature and science. Madison, with a less ardent mind than his friend and predecessor, was a calmer and more profound thinker; and Monroe, who followed, was a man of respectable abilities. The degenerate presidents of the present generation exhibit a pitiful contrast with the race that preceded them; and, from Jackson to Tyler, we look in vain for any evidence of intellectual vigour or deep and clear-sighted policy. This inferiority is acknowledged by the Americans themselves.

This inferiority, if only intellectual, would be of but small importance. Great men are only required for great

occasions; and in tranquil times mediocrity may be preferable to energy; but feelings of duty and honour are alike necessary at all times, and on all occasions; and it is here especially that the degeneracy of the public men of America is to be lamented. Any one who has attended to American affairs must have been struck with the want of honesty, and even of generous gentlemanly feeling on the part of by far the majority of American statesmen. For evidence of this we need only refer to recent and well-known transactions. Several of the states have refused to acknowledge their obligation to pay their creditors, and have, as it were, incorporated swindling into their institutions. In the case of the Cherokees of Georgia, the most solemn national obligations were set at nought; because this could be done with impunity, the wolf broke his alliance with the lamb. We quote these because they are the acts of American statesmen and legislators, and evidences of the low degree of morality among them. But beyond this we have to complain of a total want among them of almost every spark of gentlemanly feeling. We need not allude to the semi-savages of the Arkansas or the Missouri, who most assuredly might learn a lesson of good breeding from the deliberations of the Iriquois chiefs round the council fire of their tribe; but at Washington, in the midst of the federal government, conduct is exhibited of which we have fortunately no parallel in Europe. Members of the senate will freely exchange the most insulting epithets, of which all but the very lowest classes in this country would be ashamed. It is not, however, the vulgarity and bullying of individuals that is to be regretted; but that the representatives of a nation will submit to witness it. In this respect what a contrast with the decency and decorum of their first congress! and who can deny that the national character has deteriorated since that period?

If we take another criterion, and examine the state of literature in the United States, we find abundant room for censure; but what will surprise those who have not reflected on the subject, the defects are such as appear, at first sight, most foreign to a democratic people. The leading charac-

teristic of American literature is timidity and servility, not only with respect to the affairs of their country, but even upon the most abstruse topics, and those most remote from popular interest. One of the great ends of discussion is to combat prejudice, to defend unpalatable truths, and, in short, within its sphere to promote truth and justice. There is a subject peculiarly the disgrace of the Americans—the treatment of the coloured races, and, we are sorry to add, it is also the disgrace of their literature. We do not allude to the speeches of Carolina slave-owners, or the statements of American newspapers, but to the discussions of their leading periodical, the *North American Review*. It is, we confess, humiliating to contemplate the manner in which the negro and Indian questions are discussed in this publication. Even putting aside the great duties of justice and mercy to the weak, and of reproofing the oppressor, in which this periodical has altogether failed, there are certain accessory questions in which its contributors are inexcusable for not taking a decided part. Freedom of speech and writing ought surely to be esteemed sacred by Americans. Slavery may be the most admirable thing in the world, but surely its opponents ought to enjoy freedom of discussion, and to be supported in this right whenever it is assailed. Under these circumstances, the character of the *Review* has been characteristic. A pious minister was assassinated in open day in Kentucky, and no attempt made to bring the murderers to justice: he was, unfortunately, a slave emancipator. In their own town of Boston an anti-slavery meeting was held by the ladies, and one would have thought that their sex and station in life would have prevented American matrons from being insulted by their own countrymen; but the gentlemen met, intruded themselves unbidden into a society of ladies, interrupted their proceedings, and insulted their persons. Under these, and many similar atrocities, the American *Review* kept silence. Freedom of opinion had been outraged by the murder of a clergyman, and assailed by an insult upon the female sex, and yet the prudent editor maintained a useful silence. Nor is this all; if the publication in

question had maintained a timid silence, it would have been deserving of compassion; we could sympathize in a contest between conscience and worldly loss. But in the present instance such is not the case; their opinions are easily ascertained; and the part taken is, to defend the slave institutions of the south in as far as their regard for the public opinion of Europe will permit.

The influence of this timid and disingenuous conduct is felt even in questions which do not possess any direct bearing on the great topics of the day. One would have expected that, from the nature of the American institutions, certain branches of science would have been regarded with peculiar interest. The philosophy of jurisprudence, political economy, ethics, and, in short, the vast field of mental science should have been their own—*hi tibi erant artes*. We cannot call to mind a single work or dissertation in any way remarkable for boldness or originality of thought. The only metaphysician they can boast of, Jonathan Edwards, died before the revolution. Every one accustomed to such investigations knows that there is scarcely a country in Europe in which independent thinking is not more common than in America. Any one who has attended to such questions must have perceived that in America a writer seldom undertakes to express an opinion, until he has observed how the current of criticism has set in London and Paris. This servile character of American literature, and habitual fear of offending public opinion, whether right or wrong, has the curious effect of reducing every thing to a uniform level of smoothness and timidity. Offensive matter is suppressed: in a biography all difficult questions or personal imperfections are omitted. If a troublesome subject cannot be avoided, something is omitted; and after a tedious speaking round about the affair, the reader finds every clear perception has evaporated.

The history of American literature, especially in its relations to their institutions, would afford scope for an interesting dissertation, but at present we must confine our attention to a brief notice of the two works quoted at the head of this article. The first of the works is by an Englishman, and has

the merit of being the first attempt to give a complete history of the United States. The work consists of only two volumes, and brings down the history of the colonies to the period of the English revolution. The author, Mr. Graham, was a native of the west of Scotland, and appears to have devoted his life to the investigation of American history, and to the kindred topic of slave emancipation. Although Mr. Graham was brought up among the Whig party, he has far more creditable connections to boast of. A man of deep piety and sincere philanthropy, the friend of Sir John Herschel and of the venerable Clarkson, was not likely to degrade himself by party relations. His last work, an interesting pamphlet on American slavery, dedicated to his friend Mr. Clarkson, was published, a few months ago, on the day of its author's death.

Of the merits of Mr. Graham's history it is easy to speak. Without attaining to any thing like the merits of Robertson, it possesses many points of excellence. In collecting his facts, he has been at no small labour and expense in consulting the rarest works and original documents. The narrative is in a perspicuous and unambitious style, and events are narrated with honesty and candour. His peculiar political opinions are stated with a sincerity which precludes all suspicion of evil motives or factious feelings. In short, it is a work which every one who reads it will perceive to be the production of an able and a good man.

We are sorry that it is altogether beyond our power to express similar opinions respecting the second work; and we shall therefore endeavour to lay before our readers the grounds on which a very unfavourable opinion has been formed.

Mr. Graham's work appeared in 1827, and the first edition of Mr. Bancroft's did not see the light until 1834. Now, under these circumstances, it is not a little surprising that no obligations or even allusions to his predecessor are expressed. The reader might peruse Mr. Bancroft's bulky and diffuse volumes, without being aware that any one had already surveyed the same ground. This is the more offensive, since it is impossible for any one to read the two books

with attention, without being at once aware of the obligations which the one owes to the other. Sometimes very nearly the same words are used, and at other times it is perfectly apparent that Graham's paragraphs have served as the skeleton around which Bancroft has constructed his. We shall quote a few parallel passages. Speaking of Sir Richard Grenville:—

“One of the most generous spirits of the time, and eminent for valour in the age of the brave.”—*Graham*, vol. i. p. 28.

“Sir Richard Grenville, the most able and celebrated of Raleigh's associates, distinguished for bravery among the gallant spirits of a gallant age,” &c.—*Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 95.

King James “attempted to civilize the more barbarous clans of his ancient subjects, by planting detachments of industrious traders in the Highlands of Scotland.”—*Graham*, vol. i. p. 39.

“He attempted in Scotland the introduction of the arts of life among the Highlanders and the Western Isles, by the establishment of colonies.”—*Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 120.

“After a lapse of a hundred and ten years from the discovery of the continent by Cabot, and twenty-two years after its first occupation by Raleigh, were the English colonists limited to one hundred and five; and this handful of men proceeded to execute the arduous task of peopling a remote and uncultivated land.”—*Graham*, vol. i. p. 45.

“In the year of our Lord, 1606, one hundred and nine years after the discovery of the American continent by Cabot, forty-one years from the settlement of Florida, the little squadron of three vessels, the largest not exceeding one hundred tons burden, bearing one hundred and five men destined to remain, set sail for a harbour in Virginia.”—*Bancroft*, vol. i. p. 123.

This is a sample of the mode in which Mr. B. has availed himself of the unacknowledged labours of his modest and conscientious predecessor. If our space permitted, we could easily show, by quoting whole paragraphs, that not merely the turn of expression, but even the turn of thought has been copied in like manner. It is needless to make any comments on this subject.

Among numerous other grounds of quarrel with Mr. B., we shall restrict ourselves at present to three very glaring ones—his indiscriminate flat-

tery of every thing American, irrespective of its intellectual or moral qualities; his extreme disengenuity on the subject of American slavery; and the great defects of his style and language. It is the duty of a historian to be the moral teacher of mankind: he must detail events with clearness, trace them with sagacity to their causes and to their results, and must speak fearlessly his opinion on every transaction. Unfortunately, Mr. B. can lay claim to nothing like mental independence: every thing that has the most remote relation to America derives therefrom a portion of glory; even Seneca, because he sang that there was a country beyond Thule, may be considered as an American citizen. This mode of feeding the often pernicious prejudices of his countrymen, renders its author their sycophant, not their panegyrist. Speaking of slavery, he has the following remark: “Our country might well have shrunk from assuming the guardianship of the negro. Hence the question of tolerating the slave trade and abolishing slavery rest on different grounds. The one related to the refusal of a trust, and the other the manner of its exercise.” (Vol. iii. p. 410.) In another place, this Filmer of democracy has the audacity to speak of the “*victories of the American mind in its contests for the interests of humanity.*”

In this depraved taste, the very disgrace of his country is transmuted into a subject of eulogy. Even when praise is bestowed upon what is more worthy of it, it is done with so little discrimination as to be of little value. Penn, Roger, Williams, Franklin, Raleigh, and a crowd of others, are bepraised, not so much for what was intrinsically good in their characters, as because they were some way connected with America, and their names can be rendered vehicles for doses of flattery addressed to his readers. As the object of praise, therefore, is not the worthies of by-gone days, but, in all cases, his modern American readers, its subject matter is always the same. Characters possess no individuality; and a dead level of mediocrity prevails, calling to mind the prairies and pampas of the new world.

Flattery, and its accompaniment, want of mental independence, are heavy faults, especially in a voluminous



history, and, unfortunately, the consequences to which they often lead are still more serious. In the present instance, they have certainly led to disingenuity, and, we are afraid, even to perversions of truth and justice. This charge relates chiefly to his most unfair account of the origin and growth of slavery in the southern colonies. Before proceeding to an examination of his statements, we shall give a few specimens of his opinions. In his first volume, Mr. B. enters into an elaborate apology for slavery: it prevailed universally in ancient times; the Greeks and Romans were slave-holders; it was permitted to the Jewish people, and not forbidden by Christianity. The irreverent and perverted sentiments of the author on this subject are best rendered in his own language. "To the southern provinces, mainly, *Providence* intrusted the guardianship and the education of the coloured race." "In the midst of the horrors of slavery and the slave trade, the masters had, in part at least, performed the office of advancing and civilizing the negro."—(Vol. iii. p. 408.) To these opinions of Mr. Bancroft we shall merely add the remarks of a wiser man. "The Romans," says Montesquieu, "accustomed to sport with human nature in the persons of their children and slaves, could scarcely comprehend that virtue which we call humanity. Whence comes that cruelty which we observe in the people of our colonies, but from this habit of punishing an unfortunate part of our race? When we are cruel according to law, what can be expected from natural kindness and justice?" Unfortunately, Mr. B. is an apt illustration of the truth of Montesquieu's remark. Where the civil law subverts natural justice, all discriminating perception of right and wrong is lost or obscured. The following association of ideas could never have occurred to a writer on this side of the Atlantic:—"The light that broke from Sinai scattered the corrupting illusions of polytheism; but slavery planted itself even in the promised land, on the banks of Siloa, near the oracles of God."—Vol. i. p. 160.

If the above-quoted passages pervert justice, what is to follow perverts truth. It is a favourite apology with Mr. B. and his countrymen, for the

existence of slavery among them, that the system was forced upon them by the mother country. We are told that the English continental colonies, in the aggregate, were always opposed to the African slave-trade, but it is added, with singular simplicity—that they became humane? no; that they became alarmed at the cheapness of their exports, caused by the abundance of slave labour. In this way Mr. B. constantly confounds slavery with the African slave trade, and slave labour with negro labour, with the obvious effect of perplexing his reader. The following statement, we hope, is an inadvertence: "The prohibition of the slave trade by the American congress in 1776."—(Vol. iii. p. 416.) To say this was intended to deceive the public might be a hard assertion: the following, however, is the correct statement. The American convention—not in 1776, but *twelve years later*—in 1788, decreed that the slave trade should cease, although not then, but twenty years later, and, accordingly, it did not cease until the first of January, 1808. To be brief; although England is deeply disgraced by the part she took in the slave trade in by-gone times, nothing is more certain than that she never forced it upon the American colonies. England did not force slaves upon America from 1788 to 1808. The last colony which England founded was Georgia, and, from its birth, slavery was prohibited; and it was only after being wearied for years by the importunity of the colonists that they were permitted to have slaves. The new slave states, such as Alabama, Missouri, &c., did not exist at the period of the American revolution, and, consequently, slavery in them did not arise from English avarice and oppression.

The only remaining topic for criticism is the literary and intellectual character of the work; but on this subject our remarks must be very concise. The style which Mr. B. has adopted is one which we cannot praise. It is obviously formed on two of the worst possible models—the artificial pomp of Gibbon, and the wordy transcendentalism of the Germans. Combined with these grave faults, there is a rage for giving oracular decisions on every collateral topic on which he touches, and the consequence is, that



he is often incorrect as to facts; and almost as frequently the most commonplace truism is expressed in all the pomp and circumstance of outlandish terms and logical formulæ. We shall give a few specimens. Two adventurous travellers—a French priest and a Canadian *voyageur*, sailed down the Wisconsin until they reached the Mississippi; and Mr. Bancroft, with due gravity, enunciates that “France and Christianity stood in the valley of the Mississippi.” We are told that only one of the Stuart kings of Scotland escaped a violent death. This is not true: three of them died in their beds. We are told that the self-respect of Bayle prevented him from accepting the patronage of Lord Shaftesbury. We were not aware that Bayle ever possessed that character. The following, to our Protestant ears, sounds very incomprehensible: “Beautiful testimony to the equality of the human race! the sacred wafer, emblem of the divinity in man, all that the church offered to princes, was shared with the humblest of the savage neophytes.” Such it is to be possessed by one idea—to find democracy in running brooks, and equality in every

thing. The “Protestantism was represented on the Continent by no great power. Frederick II., a pupil of the philosophy of Leibnitz and Wolfe, took advantage of the confusion, and, with the happy audacity of a youth, wrested Silesia from Austria.” Besides the strange jumble of ideas in this piece of nonsense, we may only remark that no individual could possibly be named who cared less than Frederick for Wolfe and Leibnitz. If he was the pupil of any one, it is of Voltaire and other French materialists.

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the subject, it may appear that we have entered upon it with more minuteness than it deserves. We have merely to observe that Mr. Bancroft's history is an elaborate work, consisting of three bulky octavos, although it only carries its narrative down to the year 1748. In America its success has been great, and it has run through at least three editions. We have bestowed on it the censure which its many faults deserve; and on this subject of American literature we have only to say, that we appreciate the merits of Prescott and Irving, while we dislike the false taste of Bancroft.

TO UNA—A MEMORY PAINTING.

“Hauntings from the infirmity of Love.”—WORDSWORTH.

My lost One! in the shadows of the night  
 And through the weary tumults of the day  
 Thy form is with me, and those eyes of light  
 Entrance my bosom with their kindly play;  
 Thy winning tones return; rich tresses stray  
 Adown that marble neck as e'en of yore;—  
 Those tender glances take my heart away,  
 And waken longings into life once more.  
 As roseate hues yet glimmer in the West,  
 Though the day-god no more make glad the sky;  
 As lingering murmurs haunt the ravished breast,  
 When Music's breathings in soft cadence die—  
 So Memory paints again things wont to be,  
 And silent as thou art thou livest still for me!

A DREAMER.

## THE THREE HALF-CROWNS.\*

POETS would be the happiest order of bipeds under the sun but for a single drawback from their felicity—to which we shall advert presently. As circumstances are, we know of no sort of people who pass a pleasanter time of it wherever they may be, or succeed with greater ease in converting the pilgrimage of life into a triumphal march. We do not believe one word of the common literary gabble about their melancholy and hypochondriacism; and we take it that the sneer of Horace against the *genus irritabile vatum* must have been levelled altogether at that swarm of small versifiers that infested Rome during the Augustan age—poor creatures who seldom netted over fourpence a day by the exercise of their fingers, and were in consequence as fidgety and restless as hens on hot griddles. As for Dr. Currie's insinuation, *à propos* of poor Burns, that there is a something in the poetical temperament that renders its proprietor a burden to himself and a bore to others, we laugh at it and leave it unanswered. It is sheer twaddle, capital as filling-stuff at the fag-end of a piece of meagre biography, but in any other respect not worth one puff of tobacco-smoke. The real fact of the matter is that poets are a gay, grinning, joking, jolly set of fellows, full of life, laughter, and waggy. To this all Dublin can testify. We appeal to the experience of every man, woman, and child between Rathmines and Drumcondra—between Beggars' Bush and the Fifteen Acres. Not one soul of them all, big or little, but must in honour admit that we stick like wax to the unvarnished truth.

Why it is that poets should be what we describe them is easily explained. Poets eat and drink without stint—and seldom at their own cost—for what man of mark or likelihood in the moneyed world is there, who is not eager to get their legs under his mahogany? Again—poets never fall in

love—their sympathies are of too cosmopolitan an order for the exclusiveness demanded by the tender passion—they are universal philogynists as well as philanthropists—and hence they remain invulnerable, even when Cupid points his arrows at them through eyes almost (not quite) as dazzling as any they sing of in their own roundelay. All this goes for something. Still, this is not it exactly. The real secret of the happiness poets enjoy is to be sought in their Imagination. This is the faculty to which they owe the possession of almost every thing they have, and the absence of almost every thing they ought not to have. It is this that elevates them, balloon-like, sky-high above the petty wants and cares that shorten the days of prosers. His imagination is to the poet what his Ring was to Gyges, or his Coat of Darkness to Jack the Giant-killer—by means of it he has the same power of withdrawing from “this visible diurnal sphere,” without putting himself to the trouble of an effort. It makes more than a monarch of him. It is his clew through the labyrinth of life—his tower of strength in peril—his guide, monitor, Mentor, oracle—his shield, cloak, truncheon, tabernacle, and house of refuge. It is in a word the mysterious curtain-cloud that interposes between him and all matters mundane, and prevents him from being affected by any thing, except perhaps the occasional vision of a dish or decanter.

“Which shines so cool before his eyes.”†

Such is imagination, as monopolised by the Poet. We have said that he owes almost every thing to it. By so saying we have left it to be understood that he now and then owes a little to other quarters. This, unfortunately, is the fact; and the admission at once casts us upon the proper subject of our article. Here is the drawback we spoke of awhile ago. Being, by a co-

\* I Tre Giulj; o Sieno Sonetti di Nicesti Abideno, P.A., sopra l'importanza d'un Creditor di Tre Giulj. In Roma; 1762.

† Lalla Bookh.

rious chance, always (in Ireland at least) a gentleman, though at the same time "lord of his lyre and of no land beside," the poet of course must get his lawn and velvet somehow. But Necessity hath no lawn—hath nothing but sackcloth—and hence he is too often driven to borrow a shilling from any one who may be possessed of a capital of two-and-sixpence. By degrees he gets involved, and loses caste and temper—though sometimes he manages for a long while to "keep never minding" his difficulties; and it may happen that some striking and decisive turn-up of Fortune's cards *à son égard* at length takes place, and makes either a man or a mouse of him. As long, however, as the annoyances arising out of debts and dunning continue, we may be certain that however smooth a face he puts on the matter, they must contribute a pretty considerably plentiful seasoning of wormwood to his wine-cup.

The case of Giam-Battista Casti, maker of the book under our thumb, is a melancholy one in point. If ever man stood fair for becoming eminent, Casti was the individual. As a poet of great and varied powers he might have looked forward to an European celebrity. As a Roman citizen he was endowed with every requisite to assume a toploftical position in civil society. As a man of general genius, literary and scienstuffical, he distanced all his townspeople by a long chalk—shining among them like a dollar amid a bag of halfpence. But "all that's bright must fade"—and so and soon did Casti's prospects. In a luckless hour he cast away from him, not knowing its value, that "pearl richer than all

his tribe"—his independence of mind. He went into debt for Three Giulii—a matter somewhat less than eighteenpence English—and dished himself for all the days of his years.

Poor Giam-Battista!—Ill-starred Casti! Yet there was more than one excuse for him. He had for some weeks before the fatal act been quite out at elbows, and his plans to raise the wind had failed like so many bankers. Like Leigh Hunt at Pisa, he "spent a gloomy time of it, walking about the stony alleys" in the suburbs of Rome, and meditating on the decided inferiority of two jugs of pump-water to one flask of Montefiascone. He had really no resource. He was in a "fix" with Fortune. It may be matter for grief, but is surely none for wonder, that he should have made the most of an opportunity one day thrown in his way by a *rencontre* with his Evil Genius, in the shape of an icemonger from the city, who came up to him, took him by a button, and began a conversation with him on the nature and properties of Tin. It was natural that, feeling himself unable to stand alone, he should have requested another to stand a loan for him. This was the whole "head and front of his offending." He could not have dreamt at such a moment that, like "the proud Count Palatine" in Byron's *Mazeppa*, he was destined "to dearly pay in after days" for his folly—to come down with heavy compound interest of tears and rhymes for the cash he had thus transferred from his friend's pocket to his own. Repentance, however, soon reared her snaky crest amid his roses. Hear how he began piping in a few weeks after the transaction:

[THE POET BEWAILETH HIS ILL LUCK IN HAVING CONTRACTED THE DEBT OF THE TRE GIULII.\*]

"Io non potrò dimenticar mai più."

I weep as I recall the day my Dun  
Lent me those fatal ~~Three Half-Crowns~~: he stood  
A full half-hour in shilly-shallying mood  
Poising them in his hand, and—one by one—  
Counting them o'er, as first he had begun.  
Even then I saw no human likelihood  
Of my repaying them—and I still see none.  
Small wonder, therefore, if I sometimes brood

\* In our translations we have taken the liberty of enlarging this debt to Three Half-Crowns. Things should always be made respectable. We applaud the taste of that painter, who, in representing Belshazzar's Feast, decorated the wrist of the Hand on the Wall with ruffles and sleeve-buttons.

With bitter tears over my dismal fate,  
 Besonnetizing and bewailing it,  
 Loathing my food, which at such seasons I  
 Exert myself in vain to masticate,  
 And suffering in such style as makes me fit  
 For nothing but to—go to bed, and—die!

Poor Casti, in fact, became thoroughly wretched—his only resource was to keep disburthening his conscience in sonnets, and of these he threw off two hundred, filled with the overflowings of a wounded spirit. You perceive as you read them that it is all up with him. He can't get the least ease. The weight of the Tre Giulii Debt lies on him, as the weight of the National Debt lay on Cobbett. Turn whither he will, the chilling image of the dealer in ice is ever on his beat. It clings closelier to him than his very

shadow—for (according to the German psychologists) a man's shadow doesn't accompany him into his dreams—whereas, even in his dreams, the poet still feels himself shuddering under the cold eye of the iceman. Nay, he thinks that if, like Dædalus or Icarus, he could make himself a pair of pinions and mount into the firmament, his tormentor would get another pair, and in the twinkling of a sixpence be at his shoulder. Thus he discusses this cloudy topic:—

[HE IS OF OPINION THAT HIS CREDITOR WOULD PURSUE HIM UNTO THE ISLE OF SKY.]

“Se Dedalo ingegnoso al fianchi unì.”

Yes!—doubtless 'twas delightful beyond measure  
 To Dædalus to sail, as in a skiff,  
 Through the blue seas of Æther, high o'er cliff  
 And tower! Worth more than all the golden treasure  
 Of Earth too, must, methinks, have been the pleasure  
 Astolfo felt, when, on his hippogriff,  
 He went sky-scaling, to discover if  
 He might mount to the moon, and there make seizure  
 Of the poor Paladin's abstracted brains.\*  
 And yet I wish not to be winged, or  
 Thus raised above Earth's petty pains and plains.  
 And why? Because I know that if I were,  
 The devil would dispatch my Creditor  
 Up after me, to dun me in the air!

He says in Sonnet X. that it is not of his Debt he complains, but of his Creditor.

“E mentre pur queste doglianze io fo,  
 Non mi lagno del Debito, bensì  
 Di te lagnando, o Creditor mi vo!”

The Debt, I grant you, is a thing to rue;  
 Yet still 'tis not of that I think the worst,  
 O cruel Persecutor,—but of you!

In Sonnet XVIII., seeing an eagle soaring over his head, he thinks how happy it is for the birds that they can pass from one country to another

without being arrested on their way by a demand for “Three Giulii.”

In the next a novel thought strikes him, and—

[HE PROPOSES A PLAN OF MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION TO HIS CREDITOR.]

“Tu mi chiedi danari, ed io non gli ho.”

You bother me for coin, and I've got none,  
 And so, you see, my time and yours are lost:  
 Well, then! I'll here propose t'ye, free of cost,  
 A plan, fair both for Debitor and Dun.

\* See the Orlando Furioso—Canto xxxiv.

Attend!—When one has got no money one  
 Can pay no money—that's as plain 's a post.  
 So, *you* shall cease to dun *me*, even in fun,  
 And I, *de l'autre côté*,—like a ghost—  
 Shall wait till *you* speak first. Thus, 'tis quite clear,  
 Peace will subsist between us,—and what more  
 Dare you desire? It is a horrid sin  
 Eternally to teaze and bait and bore  
 A poor Pilgarlic of a Sonnetteer,  
 Whose only crime is that he has no Tin!

The advantage derivable from this plan, however, being, like the handle of a teapot, all on one side, the Creditor, we suppose, objects to it; and so the Poet goes on lamenting and lam-pooning.

He says (in Sonnet XXIV.) that his Creditor's features are so stamped on his memory that he is afraid to marry, lest they should be reproduced in the faces of his children:—

“Forse che allora, o Creditor, poichè  
 L' effigie tua la fantasia m' empì,  
 Ed impronta indelebile vi fe;  
 I figliuoli farei simili a te,  
 E per casa girar vedrei così  
 Tanti Creditorelli intorno a me!”

Your image fills my mind so constantly,  
 And I'm so badgered by your scandalous dunning,  
 That I believe my children would resemble  
 Not me, but you; and I should surely see  
 A batch of little Creditorlings running  
 About my house,—a thought that makes me tremble!

In the twenty-seventh sonnet,

[HE WISHES THAT THE JEWISH JUBILEE COULD BE RE-PROMULGATED IN HIS TIME, THAT SO HE MIGHT GET SHUT OF HIS DEBT.]

“Mi ricordo aver letto in un Rabbi.”

I mind me to have read in some old Rabbi,  
 Touching past usages in Palestine,  
 Of one among them which, as I opine,  
 Was b'yond all doubt quite the reverse of shabby,  
 And gloriously illustrated that fine  
 Old liberal spirit, roomy as an abbey,  
 For which those Early Easterns took the shine:  
 I speak, friends, of the Jewish Jubilee,  
 When no one was permitted to wax gabby  
 Upon the strength of debts incurred or owing.  
 O, were such Jubilee proclaimed anew  
 To-day for Debtors—as it ought to be—  
 I guess there's no describing, and no knowing,  
 How I would——hold my tongue, vile Dun, with you!

In Sonnet XLI. the Poet apostrophises the happy days of the Golden Age,—  
*quand la Reine Berthe filait.*

“Felici tempi, in cui Berta filò!”

O, primitive times, when good Queen Bertha span!

There were then, he says, no I. O. U's, sheriffs' officers, or Court-of-Conscience summonses; such a coin as a Guilio could not be met with, and above all, his Creditor was as yet a nonentity; so

that the luxurious quiet enjoyed by people in those days must have been truly delightful.

In Sonnet XLVI. he discusses the question, Whether his Creditor be a



greater scoundrel than an Algerine Pirate; and thinks that he is, because the Pirate is satisfied with robbing a man of what he has, whereas his Creditor wants to rob *him* of what he has not, and never can have, namely, Three Giulii.

He remarks (Sonnet L.) that earthquakes, hurricanes, &c., have been

greatly on the increase of late years, and says that these and other signs of the times indicate that the end of the world is not far off. This being the case, he wonders that his Creditor hasn't something more serious to think about than dodging him all day for three paltry pieces of money.

A little further on—

[HE COMPARES HIS DEBT TO A SMALL PIMPLE, WHICH BY DEGREES GROWS TO THE MAGNITUDE OF A CABBAGE-TUMOUR.]

*"Se su le gambe, su la faccia, o su."*

Some fine May morn you 'wake, and find a small  
Pimple established on your neck—or nose—  
Thereof at first you think nothing at all,  
But weeks pass, and your jolly pimple shows  
Itself a tumour, the which grows and grows,  
Till, waxing bigger than a cannon-ball,  
Like that, it lays you on your back—nor goes  
Till you go with it—under plumes and pall.  
Thus 'twas and 'tis with Me in this case. When  
I first incurred my Debt it seemed a trifle—  
A nothing—a mere pimple, so to say :  
Now 'tis a tumour—an enormous wen—  
An incubus—a mountain—and will stifle  
My very life and soul, I think, some day !

One morning (so he relates) he goes to see an Exhibition of Sculptures, but is horrified by meeting among them a statue bearing a marked resemblance to his Creditor; whereupon he rushes down stairs with a vow on his lips never to enter such a place again.

He says that his Creditor has so often asked him for the Three Giulii that, let him (the Poet) talk on what subject he will, his first answer to a question is always, "I really haven't got them."

Being once alone in a place where there is an echo, he is surprised to hear a demand made on him for Three Giulii. He looks around, but seeing no one, he tries to recollect himself, and then finds that he has been unconsciously repeating aloud to himself the dunning-formulary of his Creditor.

He says that he finds bark a good specific in a fever, and that when he

has caught cold he derives great benefit from a cup of tea. His Creditor alone is a disease incurable by any remedy.

The Ternary Number, he thinks, is a mysterious one. There were three Graces, three Furies, and three Fates; Cerberus had three heads; Apollo was distinguished by his Tripod, or three-legged stool; and Neptune by his Trident, or three-pronged fork. He wonders, therefore, whether any part of what he suffers be attributable to the circumstance of his owing Three Giulii, and not two or four.

He is astonished that the world can continue to subsist if there be Creditors everywhere; however, on second thoughts he supposes that the debtor-worrying system may be a peculiar characteristic of Rome, just as hymn-singing is of Stutgard, and beef-eating of London. Sonnet LVII., on this head, is particularly good.

[HE ASSIGNS A PHILOSOPHICAL REASON WHY HIS CREDITOR SHOULD BE HARDER-HEARTED THAN ONE LIVING ANY WHERE ELSE.]

*"Che tengo certa indubitata sa."*

One fact I'm very clear I may set down  
As proved,—to wit, that—travel in what line  
You please, you'll meet no creditor like mine,  
Even though you ransack every land and town :

On which account I oftentimes opine  
 That if clime, skies, and temperature combine  
 To make some nations black and others brown,  
 This people fierce and t'other just as meek,  
 The Thracian proud and greedy of renown,  
 The Assyrian indolent, the Frenchman gay,  
 There may be in this Roman atmosphere  
 An influential something, so to speak,  
 Which renders Debtors averse to pay,  
 And Creditors remorselessly severe.

Sonnet LXIII. exhibits our Poet attempting that character of Conjuror in which so many a Great Man has failed. He tries his luck on the cards—and lo! the upshot is—as de-

clared by those dumb oracles—that he is destined to groan for ever under the debt of the Three Giulii! This “raises his dander;” and in the next page

[HE COMES DOWN WITH HIS PETTY PENNY-HAMMER ON THE ARMOUR OF THE CABALISTIC GIANTS.]

“Vano desio, folle pensiero nutri.”

Rutilius, Picus, and that herd of thinkers,  
 Who spent their groping lives in cabalistic  
 Research, are puffed in hugely eulogistic  
 Prose by your old blackletter pen-and-inkers:  
 Your Poets, too, who love Mist and the Mystic,  
 Have pilloried the clique in many a distich  
 As mighty Thaumaturgists and deep drinkers  
 At Wisdom's wells. Perhaps. To me, however,  
 They seem no better than a troop of tinkers,  
 Bungling and botching what they try to shape.  
 Talk of their Cabala! Bah!—Round my hat!  
 I wonder can they help me to escape  
 Being dunned for ~~Three Half-Crowns~~. 'Tis that's the chat!  
 Let them do that, and then I'll think they're clever!

One thing puzzles Giam-Battista. He cannot comprehend why it is that whenever he steps out on the *pavé* for a little unfresh air, his Creditor should

be always walking up the same side of the street which he is proceeding to walk down. This phenomenon sets him a-pondering, and after some time

[HIS OPINION IS THAT HE ATTRACTS HIS CREDITOR TOWARDS HIM BY A SPECIES OF ANIMAL MAGNETISM.]

“Dica chi vuol, l'Attrazione si dà.”

Let Doctors dissertate about Attraction,  
 And preach long lectures upon Gravitation,  
 Indulging thereanent in speculation  
 For which no human creature cares one fraction,  
 'Tis all mere twaddle-talk and iteration:  
 Of these mysterious modes of Nature's action  
 There never yet was any explanation  
 To anybody's perfect satisfaction.  
 However, this I stubbornly believe,  
 And for the proof thereof see no great need  
 To take down Isaac Newton from the shelf—  
 That, move whither I will—noon, morn, or eve,  
 I manage to attract with awful speed  
 My ~~Three Half-Crowns~~' Tormentor tow'ards myself!

Some people, who have no sympathy with suffering, may fancy they see something humorous in all this; and the worst of the matter is that we fear they are not quite in the wrong. As we get deeper into the poet's book we ourselves begin to suspect that we have a wag to deal with. It is certainly

very odd to find him pushing up every now and then to his Creditor, and, after treating the poor man to such a punch in the ribs as makes him stagger, turning about with his face to the public, and roaring as if not he, but the other, had been the assailant—  
*Ex. gr.*

[HE FLOORS HIS CREDITOR IN AN ARGUMENT ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.]

"Non già per impugnar la verità."

My Creditor, who is upon the whole  
No shakes of a philosopher, one day  
Disputed with me—as an ass might bray—  
Anent the nature of the human soul.  
"I guess," quoth he, "it must at length decay  
And die: ten thousand centuries may roll,  
But what begins must end; and 'twould be droll  
If things born yesterday should live alway.  
Beginning, I repeat, implies an end."  
Whereon I answered, with a deal of dignity,  
"That's all mine eye, my heterodoxish friend!  
You once began to dun me, yet *that* bore  
Ends not and will not end; your base malignity  
Feeds fat upon my torments evermore!"

[HE PROPOSES TO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ANY THING EXCEPT THE FACT THAT HE OWES THREE GIULII.]

"Spesso al mio Creditor vien volontà."

Anon, he'll call again, and, when he finds  
I don't "come down," he'll talk, as 'twere, with wonder  
Of Nature's works—ask all about the winds,  
And clouds, and water-spouts—what causes thunder—  
How far the earth and moon may be asunder—  
And fifty other queries of such kinds:  
To all which I—aware that muddy minds  
Will stupidly misunderstand and blunder—  
Content myself with answering, "My good Creditor,  
On these points you had best consult the Editor  
Of the New Farthing-Rushlight Magazine.  
For my part, all I know is this, that I  
Owe ~~Three Half-Crowns~~ to you, for which I've been  
Dunned night and day, and shall be till I die."

For cool impudence this, we think, may be pronounced matchless. The following is not much more modest:—

[HE ACCUSES HIS CREDITOR OF BEING MORE INHUMAN THAN EVEN HIPPOCRATES WOULD PERMIT A PHYSICIAN TO BE.]

"Non poche volte ho inteso dir da chi."

I've often heard it said by persons who  
Were deep in Galen and Hippocrates,  
That there be days (and those by no means few)  
On which, however threatening your disease,  
The Doctor mustn't bleed you. This, if true,  
Seems queer, considering what strange maladies  
These crazy frames of ours are subject to;  
But, letting you defend it, if you please,

I tell you this, in confidence—that *my*  
 Doctor makes no distinctions with regard  
 To me—but thinks that *every* day is good  
 For bleeding me—at least he labours hard  
 To drain my purse,—and that, you won't deny,  
 Is quite as bad as thirsting for my blood.

The sly rogue! It is plain that he is on the chousing tack after all. What is shameful is, that the more indulgence he receives, the more effrontery he exhibits. Being assured that no proceedings will ever be taken against him for the Three Giulii—

[HE BREAKS OUT INTO THE FOLLOWING SHOCKING ABUSE OF HIS CREDITOR.]

“Se pur così non m'interpelli, accio.”

You don't, then, mean to prosecute me? Good!  
 But what are you afraid of? Never think,  
 You hungry beggar, that I want to shrink  
 From paying you! I'd shoot you if I could,  
 But 'tisn't in my nature or my blood  
 To humbug you. I trust I wouldn't sink  
 My character so low! Get pen and ink,  
 And tott up all for which I could be sued—  
 What is it? ~~Three Half-Crowns!~~ A paltry nett  
 Amount of ninety pence! Can you believe  
 That I would bilk you for so very small  
 A lobb? No, no; I don't deny the Debt,  
 What I deny is this, as you perceive,  
 That I've got funds to settle it withal.

In a similar strain is the following, in which

[HE COMPARES HIS CASE WITH THAT OF JUVENAL'S “VIATOR VACUUS, QUI  
 CORAM LATRONE CANTAT.”]

“Passeggier, che soletto inerme e a piè.”

The tinless traveller, as he jogs along  
 The highway on some fresh September morn,  
 Strong in his pauperism, can laugh to scorn  
 The rich man's fears of robbery and wrong:  
 The footpad hears the rascal's merry song,  
 And lets him pass in peace, as one forlorn.  
 Yet you, O, pitiless wretch, with heart of horn,  
 Ring ever in my ears the dong-ding-dong  
 Of your vile ~~Three Half-Crowns~~, albeit I hold  
 My shrunken purse before you upside-down,  
 And turn my smallclothes' pockets inside-out,  
 And swear ten oaths that all my hopes of gold,  
 Silver and copper, in the shape of crown,  
 Pound, penny, or pistole, are down the spout!

We do not cotton to him, we confess, when he is in those vituperative moods. Let us look at what he is about some twenty pages further on.

[HE SAYS THAT IF THE TRANSMUTATION OF METALS WERE POSSIBLE, HE WOULD  
 CONTENT HIMSELF WITH COINING THREE GIULII.]

“Oh, quanto scioccamente vaneggiò.”

Those old Alchymic Dreamers!—rest their bones,  
 And be their souls eternally assoiled,  
 The Lullys, Arnolds, Gabors, who so toiled  
 To turn base metals into precious ones!

Sleepless and worn, amid retorts and cones  
 And crucibles, they fused and blew and boiled—  
 Alas, in vain!—their sulphurs, salts and stones  
 Exhaled in smoke—and they died fagged and foiled.  
 Yet, after all, why might not Art and Labour  
 Achieve the project? I don't know. Man's lore  
 Is vast, and Science day by day increases;  
 But this I know, that if, by following Gabor,  
 I could coin ~~Three Half-Crowns~~, I'd ask no more,  
 But break my furnaces and pots to pieces.

We have hitherto been looking in vain for any evidence of actual dunning on the part of the honest man upon whom Giambattista is pleased to pour out the vials of his indignation. At length we do meet with just one somewhat less vague than the rest—and thus it runs:—

[HIS CREDITOR IS COMPARED TO A CAT, WHICH FIRST PLAYS WITH ITS VICTIM AND THEN SLITS ITS WINDPIPE.]

“ Si mostra il Creditor spesso con me.”

My Dun occasionally condescends  
 To chat with me on politics and such  
 Impertinent concerns: he wonders much  
 What policy the Great Mogul intends  
 To follow—whether Spain's condition mends—  
 When Prussia shall have Hungary in her clutch—  
 And whether England means to swamp the Dutch—  
 Thus he begins, but regularly ends  
 In the old, shy, shabby, creditorial style.  
 “ *Mais, à propos des bottes*,” he'll say, “ pray, what  
 About those ~~Three Half-Crowns~~ you got last season?”  
 The scoundrel!—he reminds one of the Cat.  
 So, too, she mystifies the Mouse awhile,  
 And plays with him, and then—then slits his weason!

The poet complains that his Creditor has taken to learning French—for the sole purpose, as he believes, of being able to dun him in that language. This is a source of deep tribulation to him. He wishes he could have the horn of Astolfo, or the eloquence of Tully, that he might try the effect of them on his Creditor. Hear him in allusion to the great Roman Orator.

“ Ho inteso dir di Ciceron, che fu.”

They tell this most characteristic story  
 Concerning Cicero, called also Tully,—  
 That he, in virtue of his ora-tory,  
 Would never pay a debt, however fully  
 Made out,—but that, when badgered by a bore, he  
 Would mount the Rostrum—talk about his glory—  
 Protest that forking out the blunt would sully  
 His honour bright—in short so coax and bully  
 That even his Creditor walked off enchanted.  
 O, happy Cicero!—thrice-favoured man,  
 To whom this grand Gift of the Gab was granted!  
 Unlike to me, whose logic, for my sins,  
 Fails wofully,—for, twaddle all I can,  
 My Creditor—the blackguard!—only grins.

He consoles himself, however, by reflecting that the ancient, sententious



knock-down phraseology of the Lacedemoniacs is, after all, the real thing; and

[HE THINKS HIS CREDITOR OUGHT TO ADMIRE EVEN A REFUSAL, IF GIVEN IN PROPER SPARTAN FASHION.]

"La soverchia in parlar prolissità."

Longwindedness in prose and eke in rhyme  
 I horribly abominate: that short  
 Sharp, *tranchant* style of speaking is my forte  
 In vogue through Sparta once upon a time. .  
 Thus, when King Philip, thinking it no crime,  
 Requested from the proud Byzantine Court  
 A passage for his navy through their port,  
*Pour toute reponse* they sent him one sublime,  
 Brief, thundering NO!\* How far above all mean,  
 Small, sneaking, shuffling, diplomatic art  
 Such answer soars! Then, Creditor of mine,  
 When we twain meet, and you commence a scene,  
 And ask, "Pray, can you pay me even a part?"  
 And I shout, "NO!" count that intensely fine!

The poet has been so long wearying the general ear with himself and his Three Giulii, that old Father Tyber grows indignant, and rises from his

oozy bed to rebuke him. The sonnet embodying this conception is in very poor taste:—

[HE NARRATES HOW FATHER TYBER TAKES THE SUBJECT OF HIS DITTIES IN DUDGEON.]

"Allorchè questi il padre Tebro udì."

Dull Daddy Tyber doth not much admire  
 My songs: with manner any thing but bland  
 Some days ago he foamed up towards the land,  
 Shook his hoar locks at me, and spake in ire—  
 "Ennius and Virgil trod this hallowed strand;  
 Here burned the Mantuan and Venusian fire,  
 In times when Rome knew how to prize the Lyre,  
 And Valour and the Arts went hand-in-hand.  
 To me high bards in every age have sung;  
 Their themes were Kings, Chiefs, Dames, the Court and Camp,  
 Love, War, Time's changes, this world's ups and downs:  
 Why waggest thou, then, here that vulgar tongue?  
 Begone, thou hangabone three-halfpenny scamp,  
 And troll elsewhere thy catch of *Three Half-Crowns*.

Nothing daunted, however, by being snubbed in such an unceremonious manner, Giambattista again falls to work. In this instance

[HE ANTICIPATES IN FANCY THE OCCURRENCE OF ONE OF THE ACTUAL EXPERIENCES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.]

"La presso il Polo, nel più corti di."

It seems that at the Pole, in Winter-time,  
 When days are shortest, any thing you say  
 (It don't much matter whether prose or rhyme)  
 Dies on the frozen air unheard away,

---

\* To this the poet appends the following note:—Avendo Filippo il Macedone domandato ai Bizantini il passaggio per gli stati loro, essi gli risposero colla sola particola negativa Oò.

Till Summer comes,—when, on the first fine day  
 That visits that most hyperborean clime,  
 Same air dissolves, and without more delay  
 Out come the words of your past pantomime.  
 Pondering on this, I've sometimes fancied, if  
 My creditor and I were there together  
 Some Winter, and his talk were frozen stiff,  
 How much it would astonish and astound  
 The Polers when they'd hear, in warmer weather,  
 Ten thousand calls for ~~Three Half-Crowns~~ all round:

Talking somewhat further on of natural prodigies, such as ~~meteors~~  
 comets, &c.,

[HE SAYS THAT HIS CREDITOR IS A MORE TERRIBLE SIGHT THAN A COMET  
 BECAUSE HIS MOVEMENTS CANNOT BE CALCULATED ON BEFORE-HAND.]

"Cometa, che pel Ciel cinta sen va."

The blood-red Comet, which, in fiery sweep,  
 Burns round the welkin, threatening each beholder  
 With War or Plague ere Time be greatly older,  
 Bids, I protest, no deadlier terrors creep  
 Through my pale veins, nor makes my chilled heart colder  
 Than doth my Dun when, with a sly, bo-peep  
 Abord and aspect, stealthy as a sheep,  
 He taps me, catchpole-fashion, on the shoulder.  
 Such Comet is, no doubt, a terrible sight ;  
 Still, staring at it from one's tenth-flat attic,  
 One knows what time 'twill go, and come, and go ;  
 But where, or when, at morn, eve, noon, or night,  
 My Comet will flare up I never know—  
 His movements are so desperately erratic !

At last, gathering courage from despair itself,

[HE TELLS HIS CREDITOR THAT THE MORE HE'S DUNNED, THE MORE HE WOS:  
 PAY ONE STIVER !]

" Dunque mentre mi chiedi ! Gliall tra."

Since you've begun, O, teasingest of men,  
 To dun me every quarter of an hour,  
 'Tis clear that in nine cases out of ten  
 You act from habit—not Volition's power:  
 Your words may rattle out of you, but when  
 They do I hear them as one would a shower  
 Of pop-gun pellets levelled at some tower,  
 Whereof the guns know nothing there and then.  
 I lately read in some old Magazine  
 Of some Automaton of German breed  
 That used to speak by means of tubes and springs ;  
 'Tis thus You speak to Me, you mere machine !  
 So I'll not mind you further—and indeed  
 At best your eloquence is no great things.

We have now, as we think, indiffe- andrine metre in which all Sonnets  
 rently well fulfilled our duty as a *tra-* ought to be written, and we close in  
*duttore* by our friend Giambattista. book—yet not, we hope, for the last  
 One other Sonnet, in that noble Alex- time.

[HE THREATENS FINALLY TO ESCAPE INTO SOME DESERT, TURN JACK-ASS, AND  
 LIVE ON THISTLES.]

" O, inutile travaglio ! o vanità."

O, *mentis vanitas* ! O, assishness of Man !  
 What boots it me, alas ! that with enormous toil  
 I snore through Paracelsus, Plato, Bacon, Boyle,  
 And other humdrum humbugs ? Chasing the *vi Ille*

Of Knowledge, I have trudged from Bershebah to Dan,  
 And all is barren!—I have spent my midnight oil  
 For nought, and sown my seeds upon a stony soil,  
 And now the Mills of Science yield me only bran!  
 There-fore Philosophy, I guess, is not the ticket;  
 There-fore I'll cut and run from all my books, and seek  
 Some savage mountain-den or wild outlandish thicket,  
 And there keep cudgelling my brains from week to week,  
 Till I discover how, despite Miss Fortune's frowns,  
 I may, by hook or crook, make prize of *Three Half-Crowns*.

Giambattista Casti was born in 1721, and died in 1803. We find, on referring to the *Conversations-Lexicon*, that we were under a mistake in supposing him to have altogether dished himself by contracting the *Giulii Debt*; for in three years after the publication of his sonnets, he obtained the post of Court-poet to the Grand Duke of Florence, and was at a subsequent period patronized by Joseph II., Emperor of Austria, whose successor, Francis II., bestowed the Laureatship on him. Considering the length of his life, he cannot be called a very voluminous writer. His *chef-d'œuvre* is a political satire, entitled *Gli Animali Parlanti*, a portion of which has been lately translated into English by Mr. Rose. Casti appears to have lived on the best of terms with himself and everybody else: he died, however, in the odour of a somewhat doubtful reputation, occasioned by the

publication of another celebrated work of his, the *Novelle Galanti*, with which, we trust, the common hangman's hands may some day or other form an acquaintance.

As for his *Tre Giulii*, those who owe money themselves will, of course, think it but a dull joke. The rest of the world must, perforce, laugh, in spite of all other misfortunes. Yet, whatever the author's object might have been, the book in reality subserves a better purpose than that of sneering at sonnets and sonnet-spinners. There will always be a vast deal of sober prosaic truth in the homely apothegm, "Out of debt out of danger;" and it is pleasant to have *Three Half-Crowns* in one's pocket, and be at the same time able to look round the world without seeing anybody who has a more equitable claim to them than one's-self. As a capital old poet sings—

"Freedome [from Duns] yt ys a nobile thyng,  
 For yt makes men to have lykinge.  
 All solace unto men yt gives;  
 He lives at ease that freelie lives.  
 A nobile harte may have none ease,  
 Nor nocht else that may yt please,  
 If thys do faile yt, for free lykinge  
 Ys yarned above all other thyng.  
 O! he that hath ay livèd free  
 May not knowe welle the propertie,  
 The anger, nor the wretchit dome,  
 That ys couplèd unto thirldome;  
 But gif he had assayèd yt  
 Then all perqueir he myghte yt wit.\*

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\* BARBOUR's poem of *Robert the Bruce*.

## LETTERS FROM ITALY.—NO. IX.—CONCLUSION.

Rome, May, 1838.

AN unusual demand for post horses has given us a fair excuse to disregard the injunctions we had laid upon ourselves to depart. One day more we linger, and as your last letter reminds me I have said little of Michael Angelo, I employ a spare moment to tell you how much his greatness and sublimity have gained on my admiration. The stupendous paintings of the Sistine Chapel display a power of conception and execution all but superhuman, and fill the mind with astonishment and awe. The unerring hand has seconded so well the daring spirit, that it is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more sublime and imposing than the scenes from the Old Testament with which he has filled the flat compartments of the ceiling, or figures more majestic than the prophets and sibyls which occupy the spaces in its curves. And it is not in the grand and sublime alone that Michael Angelo has immortalized himself here. The scenes from the life of Mary in the arches above the windows display great tenderness of feeling; though the calm serenity of domestic love could have found, one would think, but an uncongenial home amid the passionate impulses and ambitious visions of his impetuous mind. The lofty wall at the end of the chapel is entirely occupied by the celebrated Last Judgment. The colouring has failed in many parts, by which the general effect is much impaired; allowing however for this, and admitting it to be a marvellous display of varied powers, I still think that in conception and composition it is one of the most disagreeable pictures I have ever beheld. The anguish, despair, and terror in the countenances and struggles of the condemned is expressed with too horrible a truth; the merciful Jesus himself appears as the wrathful and inexorable judge; and even among the blessed there is no hope, no joy. The whole work seems to me an exhibition of the artist's power much more than the expression of devotional feeling, though

it is said he often worked without remuneration—solely “for the honour of God.”

The tapestries for which Raphael prepared the seven cartoons now happily preserved at Hampton Court, and four others since lost, were intended to adorn the altar and side walls of this same chapel, and with Michael Angelo's paintings must have been the most glorious concentration of excellence ever presented by art to the contemplation of man. The tapestries are still hung in one of the galleries of the Vatican. As, however, you are familiar with the cartoons, I need not dwell on the faded but still beautiful reflections of those works—the highest triumph of dramatic art—the noblest monument of even Raphael's genius. His Transfiguration and Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome are considered the chief treasures of the picture gallery in the Vatican. I am dissatisfied with myself for being disappointed in the first, and will not venture to criticise what is generally considered the finest oil painting in the world.

How little I have dwelt on ancient Rome! You will think her living treasures have thrown into shade the mournful records of her former greatness. So in truth they have: a new world has been opened to me, containing stores of thought and feeling; revelations of spirit in new and beautiful forms; I have caught bright glimpses of the elevating tendencies of art, and secured, what to an invalid is perhaps the chiefest blessing of all, a never-failing spring of happy recollections, in whose pure waters the languid spirit may find refreshment in many a weary hour of despondency and pain. *This* bright world, too, needs no antiquarian lore to stamp a factitious value on its monuments, no historical knowledge to explore its pleasant paths; and it requires both to awaken enthusiasm amidst the very small remains of the republic which exist, and to decide on the discrepancies which puzzle and perplex even

the learned themselves in their endeavour to assign a locality even to once remarkable edifices. I must confess therefore that the profound and mournful interest which invests Rome in her decay arises very much from her touching beauty, from the sweet and pensive thoughts stirred within us by her singular loneliness and desolation, from the tender pity which is always awakened by fallen greatness.

In the Forum I had to deplore the impossibility of abstracting myself from the present, of realizing, amid every sight and sound that could scare away sentiment, that *perhaps* (for it is all a *perhaps*) I stood on the very spot hallowed by the living eloquence of Cicero. Among the gigantic remains of imperial luxury, on the contrary, one is glad to escape reminiscences of the past, to enjoy the singular beauty around, undisturbed by recollections of the cruelty and tyranny of man. Seated, for instance, this morning on a broken column—a relic of the former grandeur of the Cæsars' palace—a scene of sublime desolation and beauty lay before us which probably no other city could present. As the lower story is filled up with soil and rubbish, the entrance is on the second, through an artichoke garden, in which the vegetables are planted among fragments of marble columns, and tangled weeds spring up through marble pavements. From the highest point of the ruins we looked upon the wide and melancholy Campagna stretched out far and near—its waste and solitary plain varied only by majestic lines of broken aqueducts and fragments of massive brick work. Every where the eye rested on ruins touching in their solitary grandeur, on immense and shapeless fragments telling of the gigantic fabrics to which they once belonged, now overgrown with trees and shrubs. The spirit of desolation has passed over the pillared halls, the shattered columns, and the roofless temples, but her path is traced in lines of living beauty, and affects the imagination with all the varied power of poetry and harmony. Far beyond, the Latian plain is bounded by a graceful amphitheatre of hills which seem to touch the loftier chain of the deep blue Apennines, still sprinkled with their winter snow, and the tall dark

cypress rising among the distant tombs, contrast well with the bare, parched surface of the Campagna.

From every height in and near Rome the views are indescribably beautiful, combining in an unequalled degree the grand and sublime, with the varied and picturesque. From the Pincian Hill, in the midst of the modern city—where Claude studied his lovely evening effects, where he, and Salvator Rosa, and Poussin lived—the view is of singular and heart-stirring beauty. The defects of the modern buildings vanish at this distance beneath the grandeur which prevails in the disposition of the whole. Innumerable domes, palaces, and churches combine with the ruins of the ancient city, villas, vineyards, and clumps of trees; and in the morning scarce a sound or movement breaks the singular and impressive silence. Even in the evenings, when the people are more out of doors, it is like life in the desert—a something foreign to the place, as though the human forms were accidents of the moment, to pass away and leave all to their natural desolation. To-day we have seen the gigantic ruins of Caracalla's Baths, the Circus Maximus—in which the chariot course is still plainly traced, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the baths of Titus and their still fresh and vividly-coloured graceful arabesques, &c. &c.—but these you have often seen in description.

In appearance the lower classes are grave and dignified—their profile and figures fine—their movements quiet and stately. The men are not so handsome as the women; they are often gloomy and fierce in expression, always picturesque in costume, with the large cloak thrown over the shoulder, with an effect an artist might prize in his model. I do not know where the radiant creatures come from whom we meet in our evening drives, with bright, rich colour, sparkling eyes, classical nose, and pretty costume. Grace, indeed, seems the birthright of these favourites of nature. A day or two ago we were admiring a Narcissus, in Mr. Gibson's studio, when he told us he had modelled it faithfully from the careless attitude of a poor shepherd boy he had seen seated by a fountain, in one of his evening walks.



Mola di Gaeta, May 3.

Happy is it for us that even tender regrets fade away imperceptibly under the influence of change of scene and place—especially when such a radiant sun pours a flood of glory on such a sea, earth, air, and sky, as gladden our eyes at this moment. Truly it is a sad affair to say farewell to Rome. We are sorry for ourselves in leaving other interesting places, but our last look of Rome is filled with sadness for her. Involuntarily we invest her decaying monuments with the emotions that press on our own hearts, and imagine for a moment that they, too, are conscious of the ruin and desolation that weighs so heavily on our spirits.

For miles our road lay over the Campagna, silent, bare, desolate—heightening the mournful effect of the countless remains of ancient greatness scattered in every direction. Aqueducts, columns, trophies, tombs, “monuments, not of individuals but of generations, not of men but of empires.” Here they lie, not as within the city, in strange contrast with the life around them, but in the very sleep of death. Even nature herself seems sunk in the same dreamless slumber; no verdure, trees, shrubs, or even vineyards refresh the eye, or remind the stranger that he is journeying to the sunny south.

After a time, however, the spell seems broken, the country improves, and every mile is fraught with the interest which the beauty of nature sheds on the traditions of history. We passed through Albano, reserving our visit to its famed lake till our return from Naples, through Velletri. Slept at Cisterna, which we left this morning, with many a vow it should be the last time, and prepared ourselves for heroic resistance to the “fatal drowsiness” with which, on the faith of the guide-books, we expected to be assailed in crossing the Pontine Marshes. Dismal tales are told of the dangers of breathing this impure air. Though we did not experience the slightest inconvenience or inclination to sleep, despite the able assistance of the beds at Cis-

terna, you perhaps will consider that the effect actually produced by the monotony of these dreary twenty miles was quite as remarkable—were reduced to absolute silence.

The marshes are tolerably cultivated. The flax is in full bloom, and large herds of buffaloes were grazing on the rich pasturage—but not a human face or dwelling varied the wearisome and unnatural solitude.

At Terracina we were once again on the shores of the Mediterranean which, bright and lovely as ever seemed to smile a welcome in return for our hearty greeting. The beauty of Terracina is, unhappily, false and fair, as we could judge with profit from the wretched looks of the inhabitants. Old and young alike are victims of the malaria; and there is something beyond expression melancholy in the contrast between the smiling beauty of nature and the sallow, woe-begone appearance of the people. The neglected condition of the population of this part of the Ecclesiastical States is deplorable—at Fondi, the next post-town, it is wretched beyond all previous experience, and at Itri still worse. I never dreamt that the human face could look so fearful and repulsive; every wretched dwelling poured forth a swarm of importunate beggars, hideous, squalid, and clamorous. They are said to be the families of the brigands concealed in the neighbouring mountains. Precarious and miserable as is the subsistence of the human beings who depend on them, it is difficult to refuse them the money or demand with such ferocious eagerness and still more difficult to believe that a wise and well-ordered government might not mitigate the most pressing evils of their situation, if not altogether prevent the baneful effects—the malaria. It was some time that the rich loveliness of this most lovely district softened the painful impressions we had received—but the coquetry of nature was irresistible. The scenery is beautiful, and happily no harsh contrasts afterwards interrupted its sweet influences.\* . . .

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\* The writer of these letters has deemed it unnecessary to publish the correspondence from Naples, Venice, &c., as several notices of those cities have been recently given to the public by later travellers.

Milan, Oct. 24.

We arrived yesterday. The approach from the Simplon road, through a long avenue of large trees, terminated by Napoleon's triumphal arch, is very fine. By the change of a few heads and a few names, the arch is now doomed to celebrate the triumph of the allies over its founder. We spent our first hour and a half in the cathedral. We are here at an unfortunate time. The atrocities erected for the coronation are only in progress of removal: every point of view is spoiled, every vista obstructed by trumpery canvas arches, surmounted by canvas kings, tissue stars, and gilded crowns. I am so sadly disappointed! We shall be gone before the interior is itself again, as they are only removing these to make way for immense daubs, called pictures, celebrating the virtues of St. Carlo Borromeo—I wish he had never died. This morning we were just in time to catch some unimpeded views whilst the workmen were at breakfast. The rest of the party ascended five hundred and twenty steps, to the top of the central tower, and were well repaid in the nearer view of the three thousand statues, the exquisite tracery, and view of the vast plain of Lombardy. You so well know the exterior by engravings and descriptions, I need only tell you that a "forest" of pinnacles, is no exaggerated expression, and that every detail is rich beyond description. The view of the nave and aisles, from the entrance, is wonderfully imposing—the height and size of the piers immense. The roof appears to be ornamented with finely-carved stonework between the ribs of the vaulting—I did not like its effect, even before I heard that it was only painted—an unworthy artifice in such a noble edifice. Standing in the choir, where you catch the intersecting arches, and see the columns spring into the roof, from both nave and side aisles, the effect is as beautiful as any I have ever seen. Even for me, the height of the nave, and still more of the arches, is too great for the width,—the Clerestory windows so small as to appear a mere strip—rich niches for statues, supplying the place of capitals, have not a pleasing effect. One tries in vain to shut out the bar-

VOL. XX.—No. 120.

barous termination at the west end—the *square* centre window, the square-headed doorways, with heavy Italian architraves. Imagine the effect of this on the outside, amid all the beautiful Gothic pinnacles, niches, and tracery, which are rich to excess. The flying buttresses are sadly hidden, and are too flat; but, seen in twilight, or under the soft light of the moon, the whole edifice looks like the work of superhuman hands—light, graceful, yet majestic. The Brera was our next object—the Sposalizia, you will believe, the first in it. I certainly had to remind myself at the first glance that it was a very early work of Raphael's, for it is hard—but faith was stronger than sight. I took my seat before it, in full expectation that like all his works it would unfold its loveliness by degrees, and I was not disappointed. In execution there is no head finer than the high priest. The noble figure behind Mary is dignity itself. Mary, sweet and bashful. Joseph's profile reminds me of John, in the Foligno. The youthful Raphael himself not so sweet as in Longhi's engraving. But as usual there is a very magic in the whole—all the breathing sweetness and purity of Raphael, all his soul, in short. Over and over again I rose to come away, and again involuntarily seated myself before it. The rest of the pictures disappointed me, rather. There is one beautiful crucifixion, by Garofolo, some very soft saints, by Gentile, odd but good pictures by Crevelli, with real gold pillars, keys, and ornaments,—almost all the pictures of the early ancients. H—— did not like the collection—thanks to Kugler, it interested me very much.

The Da Vinci school predominates here: its best works are in the Ambrosian Library, which is remarkable, too, for its valuable MSS. and remains of ancient literature. Remarkable it is, too, for some precious original drawings and sketches: Raphael's Cartoon, for instance, of the school of Athens, with all his masterly ease, noble conception, and freedom of hand; studies by Leonardo da Vinci for his Last Supper, &c. &c. There are a few choice heads by him; others, his designs, painted by Luini, who of all his scholars seems to have imbibed most of the master's spirit. Saliano,

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another, appears but a clever copyist beside him. All the faces are of the same peculiar type—and I see it in the women here—oval, rather wide in the upper part for beauty, soft, rich black eyes, placid expression, but, in the living faces, more of pensiveness than of his unvarying smile: the black mantilla thrown over the head forms a very interesting drapery. A lovely Holy Family, with a warm brown tint in the carnation, is one of these joint works, and worthy of the master. The same ivory smoothness pervades all. Bianchi's celebrated oil copy of the Last Supper, executed two hundred and fifty years ago, when the fresco was already decaying, is here. I like its tone—but in expression, how far below the original! Oggioni's smaller picture I liked for itself, but not as a copy. Guido's crucifixion has all his wonted delicacy of colour, outline, and expression. The figure, too, in its aloneness, on a dark grey ground, is more touching than surrounded by the usual group of mourners. In the faded, injured, almost obliterated Last Supper, in the refectory of a suppressed convent, I see more that justifies the high place assigned to Leonardo da Vinci's mind and genius among the great men of old than in any of his easel pictures. Kugler says, you recollect, that not a trace of his own hand remains. I cannot believe it: none but a master's hand, an elevated heart and soul, could have designed this divine and touching head and face. It is in a deplorable state: a white efflorescence covers the whole surface, in many parts the plaster has peeled off, even when looking close it appears as if the first colour only had been laid on. The Christ, happily, is the least injured; the expression delightful—sweetness and dignity blended with a mournful tenderness inexpressibly touching. The calm, passionless forehead, the soft eye and hair, the rather compressed lips, and the left hand, are inimitable. The absence of shading impairs the form of the nose: Raphael Morghen's engraving does it no justice. Of John's sweet face there is little but outline left: the rest of the disciples are the work of other hands. Though a picture I can never forget, it does not grow in beauty: I felt the whole effect at once, and repeated visits added nothing to the

impression. I cannot tell why—can you?

The nobility are still at their villas, their palaces here closed; but Milan is a busy, lively city. The best streets are in the suburbs; several of the palaces imposing in their exterior, some highly picturesque, many modern ones rich and elegant. The gateways into various parts of the city very handsome. The large amphitheatre, an erection of Napoleon's, is oval, and serves also as a naumachia. His terrible exactions, though spent principally in decorating the city, were very burdensome and unpopular. You know the "Arco della Pace" too well to need any description from me. La Scala is a superb theatre. Milan is, I believe, the great seat of learning in Italy; and the fine arts, too, are more successfully cultivated here than in any other city. There is an academy of arts and sciences, public and very extensive libraries, and society of a far higher character than is to be met with in the other great cities of Italy. I am told that Longhi and Anderloni have worthy successors, if not rivals, in engraving. In the collections of engravings in the shops we have been disappointed. Artaria's here are very inferior to his brother's at Manheim, and to Bardi's at Florence. Como, the road hither, was perfectly flat, through a fruitful country. As our time is limited at this late season, we are forced to content ourselves with the lower part of the lake. We took the steamer as far as Candenabbia. Here the lake is narrow and winding, the points of land so projecting you frequently seem enclosed by a high chain of mountains. They are high and precipitous, rising abruptly from the lake, and so near that the effect is very imposing. The richly-wooded hills, the light and elegant villas so thickly interspersed on them, the flood of light in which every object is seen in this sunny land, and the bright colours in which it is arrayed, complete the beauty of this lovely scene. And the villa of Somariva is Italy itself—the Italy of the imagination. We walked to it between high hedges of flowering myrtle and borders of bigonia, through alcoves of orangetrees, long alleys of lemon trees covered with fruit, of geraniums, and trees of verbena, with such views of the lake

and mountains as make it altogether a very pretty version of paradise. And art has come, too, to put a crown of glory on this enchanting spot. Thorwaldsen's Procession of Alexander forms the frieze of the hall. I told you we had seen it in plaster at the Quirinal Palace: here we have the finished beauty of the marble. I more than ever prize Amsler's engravings from it; they are as faithful as they are beautiful. The figures, both men and horses, have true Grecian spirit, character, and simplicity. The head of Bucephalus is noble; the group in the boat is highly expressive; so is that of the Chaldeans—the old man hastening forward the children inimitable; and, in the touching group which watches with such mournful interest the triumphal approach of the conqueror, there is a truth of expression that goes to the heart like the lonely sorrow of Bendemann's Jews, as they sit by the waters of Babylon, and hang their harps upon the willows. He has scarcely been as successful in Alexander's own figure: the head is too much thrown back. The Victory guiding the steeds of his chariot is very beautiful. In an adjoining saloon is Canova's Cupid and Psyche—poetry embodied, perfect of its kind, though that kind is not the highest. Put away from your mind all we have not liked in the casts and alabaster copies, for they do no justice to Canova's ideal of love and beauty. The Cupid is grave and tender. Perhaps it is a defect that you only see the sweet profile of Psyche by raising yourself above the group. I can give you no idea of the grace of the outline in the delicately rounded limbs, in the interlacing arms; nor the marvellous, though, I think, misplaced skill of the sculptor, in giving the exact surface and grain of the skin. In another room is his Palimedes. Strength is not Canova's forte: though the attitude is good, the chest particularly, and the limbs are obtrusively muscular, as though he were trying to look powerful. Andromeda bound is a precious little antique. There are several pictures, none very remarkable; some Titians, but not the best in subject or treatment; portraits, but not of the class with the deep, unfathomable eye and commanding dignity of form and expression. A sweet female head by

Leonardo da Vinci, or perhaps Luini, reminds me of the Mona Lisa of the Louvre. On the opposite shore, we visited the Melzi villa; different, but very lovely views of the lake; no pictures; busts by Camole, a good pupil of Canova. Beautiful engravings in every part of the house, even on the walls within the French beds; some in a fine old style of engraving, by Audran, 1764; some still more beautiful amongst the moderns, by Garavaglia, a Pisan artist, Raphael Morghen, Longhi, &c. &c. We go to Parma, by Brescia, Garda, &c. &c.; and are only waiting the cessation of heavy rain to proceed.

You will wonder what has brought us to Pistoja this November 9th. At present I can only tell you we have been in what your friend A—— calls a predicament, and have got out of it by coming here. I hope you recollect we were waiting at the poor little town of Como (it is a twenty-minutes' walk from the lake) for the weather to improve—a circumstance not very agreeable, even for its novelty. We reached the lake of Lecco, which forms the right branch of Como, through a rich and beautiful country; passed through its prettily situated town on our way to Brescia. Here there are precious remains of antiquity, some only lately discovered. A temple of Hercules, with parts of its handsome Corinthian pillars standing in their original situation; numberless fragments of capitals, friezes, &c., strewed around. In some apartments adjoining, built for the purpose, are preserved and well arranged the more perfect and important remains—inscriptions, bas reliefs, figures of various sizes, bronze busts, &c. A beautiful bronze Victory, larger than life, but not colossal; the attitude fine; the wings, of which the feathery appearance is given with all the delicacy and sharpness of marble, rise gracefully from the back; the shoulder beautiful; the form of the head and face pretty; and, were it not for a Roman redundancy of folds, and an unnatural clinging of the drapery, the statue might pass for a Grecian. She carried a shield, on which she is supposed to have inscribed the victory of Vespasian over the army of Vitellius, but it has not been found. In the palace of Count Tosi there is the finest collection of engravings I have

ever seen. They are arranged on the walls of a small gallery, without any space between, each enclosed by a narrow gold moulding. Though the general effect is not good, it is a pleasant way to see them.

Of the late engravers, the finest specimens are by Longhi, after Raphael—the Sposalizia and Ezekiel; by Morghen, the Fornarina, Transfiguration, the Last Supper, and Guido's Aurora; Muller's St. John of 1808, very superior, certainly, to the retouched plate of 1812; Anderloni, after Titian, &c. &c. Excepting Felsing of Darmstadt, so successful in his engravings after Coreggio, it seems to me that almost all these artists are more intent upon giving their own manner than that of the painter whose works they profess to copy. The beautiful engravings of Sir Robert Strange seem to me much more prized on the Continent than at home. How much his admirable engraving of the flesh and the materials of dress is lost sight of in his frequently faulty drawing; and in the old Marc Antonio, on the contrary, how many faults of monotony, hardness, want of chiarascuro we excuse, for the truth and purity of his outline, which has preserved to us, perhaps, more of the real character, and has done more justice to Raphael's unequalled designs than the more finished, more beautiful works of modern engravers. The object of our visit, however, was not the engravings, but a small Christ by Raphael. I did not like it, though the drapery is fine, the colouring clear, and it is highly finished, without being hard. It has, however, a round German face, which, though of a sweet tranquil character, wants dignity. The old churches are all in the Lombard style of architecture, some erected on the sites of ancient temples. S. Afra has a fine martyrdom of the saint by Paul Veronese, arrayed according to his usual fashion in full ball costume, and a celebrated Titian, but not that known by Anderloni's engraving; for here there is no writing on the ground, nor the Pharisee stooping to decipher the characters. The Christ is like those we have seen by him in the Pitti—a dark Italian face, expression rather common, the colouring rich and deep in tone, the woman exqui-

sitely painted, but too large in form. The old cathedral is ascribed to the Lombard kings. S. Antonio has a fine round-headed door, a large saint over it, and busts of saints all round the arch. Brescia abounds in fountains, and, like Milan, in charitable institutions, in libraries, schools, &c. &c. At Verona, we began to find that even in Italy November is not a good month for travelling: it poured incessantly the day we remained there. On our way we saw the Lake of Garda, the largest in Italy, but could not venture upon it, as the waves were tumultuous and the wind high. It is a great expanse of water: the Tyrol bounds it on the north, where a grand chain of snow mountains rise in the distance. Ridges of mountains rise also on the east and west—a steamer goes up to Riva in the Tyrol every other day. I need not repeat what you well know of the amphitheatre and the tomb of Juliet. The architecture of the churches, principally Lombard, is highly interesting. We did not venture to wade into those which possess pictures, as our friends here speak doubtfully of the genuineness of the Raphael, and Kugler disparagingly of the Titians. Though G. Remondini has painted a great deal in Mantua there is little to interest. We crossed three draw-bridges over the lake which surrounds the town. We reached Parma in eight hours, and spent a whole day there. The streets are spacious, but deserted: the public buildings and churches, built of brick, are not remarkable. The Archduchess Maria Louisa (ex-empress) resides here: her government is considered mild and judicious. She has done a great deal for the academy, library, and charitable institutions. In the academy there are several casts, two fine antique colossal basalt figures, too large, however, for the room. The pictures are not generally interesting, but the Coreggios beautiful. Here, and in the celebrated cupolas, for the first time I have seen this great master's works in perfection. No painter pleases the many, probably, in an equal degree, and few can withstand the fascination of his brilliant tones, his vigorous conception of life, his softness and grace. None have equalled him in the varied play of his colour; nor the profound skill of his Chiaroscuro.



few surpassed him in his masterly power of foreshortening, though his passion for both appears to have carried him sometimes to the verge of mannerism, and often to carelessness in drawing. The soft fulness of his forms seems to me to give a passiveness, if not want of expression; while the extreme faintness and softness of his outlines approaches to indistinctness. The harmony of his colours is perfect, but certainly the flesh tints are more unmixed than in nature, the lights more concentrated, and the gradations stronger than the air perspective would permit. I cannot call him, as many do, the painter of grace, because he evidently *seeks* to display it, and the effort sometimes borders on affectation. Even his beautiful picture of St. Jerome, called "The Day," from the pure ethereal light that surrounds the figures, is not wholly free from this blemish. The Deposition is touchingly treated; and the Madonna della Scodella shows all the master's exquisite sensibility to beauty, tender affection, and grace of outline, while not even "The Day" shows his technical skill to greater advantage. I do not know if you are aware that Coreggio first carried to perfection the style of decorating ceilings. Raphael and Michael Angelo painted as though the subjects were fixed there instead of on the walls; but Coreggio endeavoured to produce the effect of the open air, where the figures, hovering or resting on clouds, appear foreshortened, as if seen from beneath. He has pursued this plan in the cupolas of the cathedral, and of San Giovanni. Alas, alas! what shall I say of these, his finest works. Those in the cathedral are so much effaced by damp, that after long and patient looking up, I could make out but a few figures and a quantity of legs. In San Giovanni they are less injured, but so wretchedly lighted, little can be seen. The figures of the four Apostles and four Fathers in the pendentives are finely painted. There are two noble portraits at the sides of the great door of the cathedral, of Coreggio and Parmeggianino painted by themselves. The frescos of Diana returning from the chase surrounded by genii, in the old convent of St. Paolo, are in excellent preservation. Nothing can exceed the sixteen com-

partments in the ceiling. Every group of two figures in each combine variety of attitude with beautiful drawing and such colouring, particularly in the flesh, as I have never before seen—it is not the colour of nature though, but with a bright rosy-tinted light shining upon it.

There is little more of interest in Parma; the Theatre Farnese, built entirely of wood, and in a few days, the largest, it is said, in the world, is fast going to decay. It must have been very beautiful. Parmeggianino, Coreggio's best scholar, is a great favourite here, and shows by his sad affectation how dangerous an example he had in his master; but his frescos display less of it than his easel pictures, and there is none of it, I think, in his portraits. Toschi lives here. I did not see any engraving at his studio which we had not seen before.

A rich fertile country lies between Mantua and Modena, the fields divided by long straight lines of trees, between which the vines still hang in graceful festoons: the hedges of acacia, kept low, are very pretty. Modena is a handsome town, the ducal palace a vast and noble-looking building. The gallery contains a good collection of the works of the Caracci, Guercino, &c. Bologna is one of the most deserted-looking cities I have ever seen. The low arcades at each side of the streets, however convenient for shelter, have a heavy appearance: there seems to be a passion for them here. The church of La Madonna di San Luca, on a hill three miles from the city, is joined to it by an arcade of six hundred and thirty-five arches. The Campo Santo is an interesting place; it, too, is surrounded by arcades.

At dinner, we were saluted by a band of musicians under our window, the usual Bolognese welcome to strangers. The people are cheerful and healthy looking, though the climate is uncertain, owing to the gusts from the neighbouring Apennines. The academy has a fine collection of the Caraccios and their school, the best pictures from the various churches being now collected in it. Here Ludovico founded his school, and here, as might be expected, one can best judge of its principles and effects. Though it had the merit of opposing the degenerate mannerism of the day,

it seems that its fundamental principle, *imitation* of the great masters, had a baneful effect on true art. If the Caracci restored the former simplicity of composition, and rejected the increasing superfluity of figures, they apparently aimed more at a pleasing arrangement than at richness and significance of invention. If they are justly awarded the merit of great accuracy and correctness, still their figures are more like academic studies than forms instinct with life. Even in Annibale's finest compositions, which certainly bear the impress of power, there is a want of grandeur and elevation of soul.

It is said that the Caracci brought the true method of painting in oils into disuse—as they employed the same thick coating of mineral colours, both for groundwork and finishing, which gives to their pictures the heavy opaque appearance, common also to those of their scholars, Guido only excepted. There is a *Pictà* by Ludovico, a Madonna and Child, a wonderful imitation of Coreggio, and one or two others, which are in parts very beautiful; by Agostina, who was less a painter than a teacher and engraver, an interesting communion of St. Jerome, from which Dominichino took the subject and arrangement for his best picture, that in the Vatican; and by Annibale a great number which, generally speaking, far surpass the works of his uncle and brother. Imitations there are in almost all of them, but admirably combined with his own manner; they often display fine arrangement of drapery, harmonious colouring, sometimes great sweetness and grace. There are numbers of pictures by Albani, who succeeds best in light graceful subjects, as he has neither depth nor character sufficient for those of a higher tone. He is most graceful in children, but they are eternally smiling, and very uniform in expression. Guido's pictures here are in his first manner, a strange contrast to his two succeeding ones. His dark colouring, in its violent contrasts and large masses, resembles Caravaggio, as do some of his powerful forms. His *Pictà* and Crucifixion have grandeur of outline and conception, with very majestic figures. Guercino's works, too, seem to fluctuate between those of the Caracci and Caravaggio.

He also changes his manner, but only in colouring, and adopted a lighter tone. He is a *material* painter; and though his heads have individual character, they have little of the expression of thought or feeling. His draperies are often fine broad masses; but he is fond of cutting contrasts of the lights and shadows, which cruelly offend the eye. I must pass over a hundred pictures of different masters that crowd the academy walls—all but Raphael's St. Cecilia, so much celebrated even among his works. There are others by his hand I admire much more; but the arrangement, conception, as a whole, and most unequalled harmony of colouring, are indescribable. To my taste the head and figure of the saint are seen too much in a front view; but her expression is beautiful, and the blending of the rich, I may say splendid colouring, is a wonderful triumph of art.

But now came our difficulty. To our dismay we found our progress to Florence through the Ecclesiastical States was opposed—a new regulation of which we had never heard, decrees that your passport must be *viséé* at the last residence of a papal nuncio—and this was Milan! Do not take the trouble of asking why—because it is quite as likely, emanating from papal authority, that there is no reason as that there is one—so frivolous, vexatious, and often incomprehensible are the restrictions imposed upon the intercourse of strangers with the subjects of the pope. We had the alternative of sending our passport back to Milan, by an estafette, at great expense, or taking a wild, not-much-frequented route through the Apennines, which descends from Mont Cimone, the highest point of the Etruscan Apennines, into the valley of the Arno. And this we determined upon, having first to return, disconsolately enough, to Modena. We had Veturini horses, as there are no post houses on the way; the road is excellent; the scenery beautiful. Once or twice an extensive view, on one side the vast plain of Lombardy. We were told, too, of the Adriatic in the distance; on the other, a great part of Tuscany, and the course of the Arno through it. The ascents and descents are gradual—the country very rich in oaks, vines, and whole mountains of chesnut. Once

only we were in the midst of snow for about a mile and a half, in bright moonlight. The first and last days were easy; the second very laborious and fatiguing. We reached our poor resting-place at twelve o'clock, four hours later than we expected; and the moon, which lighted us there, gleamed with a cold and sickly light as we left it at four the next morning. Nature has bestowed so much beauty on the scenery, she has apparently had none for the people. Through the mountains they were remarkably plain and dirty—multitudes of squalid-looking children, with most beautiful eyes, met us at every step; but at Pistoja, and thence to Florence, twenty miles, the men, women, and children are very handsome. Pistoja is a decayed-looking town; it never recovered, it is said, the feuds between the Bianchi and the Neri factions, so long carried on within its walls. I was too tired to go with the rest to see the old cathedral and other buildings. There is a clerical seminary of great repute, whose young inmates, I suppose, formed the very picturesque groups we met in the chesnut mountains, and in long files in our descent. Both men and women on our way to Florence, through part of the beautiful valley of the Arno, were seated outside their doors plaiting what we call the Leghorn straw. The women wear the prettiest and most becoming little black velvet hats; and all seemed flourishing and comfortably housed and clothed in this smiling tract.

Florence, November 27, 1832.

How little I expected when here last year to write to you again from this queen of cities—to look again upon all its priceless treasures. All our favourite pictures retain their place in my estimation; scarce a line, or tone, or expression had faded from my

mind. And to all these treasures of memory are now to be added the Niobe, whose hall was closed when we were here before. Unfortunately for the impression, these matchless works ought to make on the first glance, the arrangement is entirely at variance with the nature of the subject. Niobe herself stands at the head of the room, with the youngest child, who clings to her for protection; but all the other figures are ranged round the room, without the least regard to connection, grouping, or story. It has been long doubted whether the group was the work of Scopas or Praxiteles, and it is still more doubtful if they are the celebrated originals, or merely excellent copies of them. Several figures placed here have no connection with the rest; while some that are in other collections are believed to belong to them. Ten besides the mother are authenticated; and on Thorwaldsen's authority, the so-called Narcissus of this gallery is another. However these questions may be decided, every one feels the surpassing grandeur of the whole, and admires the unerring skill and the feeling for true art exhibited by the Greeks in every part and motive of this noble work. The terrible fate of the victims—the various expressions of grief, despair, and fear are delineated with such a delicate perception of the beautiful and pleasing, that no distortion or painful effort injures the noble character and expression of any of the heads or figures. The mother especially, is one of the grandest specimens of ideal beauty and lofty character ever conceived. . . . In another fortnight we hope to see ourselves once more at Nice.—Farewell.

[The remainder of the correspondence is suppressed for the reasons assigned in note, p. 696.]

THE POETS *versus* THE PUBLIC—DEFENDANT'S CASE.

It is a pity, for a multitude of reasons, but for one especially, that a magazine is not like an empire—like our good kingdom of the Great-Britains, for instance. If it were, we—since we must say *we*—should have more liberty of speech, with, perhaps, a trifle less of safety, and be able to attack this enemy, and defend that friend, without compromising or embroiling the royal personage who presides at the head of our councils and reputation. We are, as every one knows, a numerous and heterogeneous mass—the ministry of the magazine. We propose bold measures, ay, and carry them out, too; we tax income with increasing severity every month, without a complaint being heard—we inflict summary justice without fear or favour—and we are proud, instead of being ashamed, to enlarge and strengthen, in true Tory fashion, the authority of our sovereign, and let him enjoy the prerogative not only of opening and closing the session in person, but actually of taking the lead in all the debates, and of being in practice, as in position, the first estate in the realm. Still there is this drawback, that whereas actual majesty is screened from responsibility behind the royal dignity, our literary autocrat must have saddled upon himself all that appears in his pages, and take the credit—would that we could call it such in all instances—of the total amount of letter-press squeezed in between our yellow covers each month. Now, here, for instance, I (would I could make myself singular, and cast the pluralities upon the shoulders of my liege lord)—we, *I* mean, in our personal character, do not care a distich for all the English-speaking poets in England, Scotland, Ireland, and America; but how is it possible for us to set about sweeping our scythe in amongst the promiscuous growth that chokes our path, without running the risk of lopping a flower the favourite of our master—razing a *durus arator*—a little nest he has watched, or even shaving the ancles of a particular friend? *By'r la'kin, a par'lous fear!* We feel cabined, cribbed, confined;

we seek—in the only instance it could be our wish to do so—to get rid of this literary feudality, and make our ten or twelve pages of kicking and flinging what the old jurists would call *allodial*. Would it do to write a letter—Dear Mr. Editor, &c.? That we never deceive any one after Warren's monstrous take-in in *Blackwood*, when the "Late Physician" rising from his grave, appeared with the first number of his inimitable "Tittlebat Titmouse," as an unshaven youth timidly hinting to Professor Wilson the hope that he might perhaps, from his known liberality, be induced to admit his son into his magazine for nothing, considering he was "a youth—and so afraid!" The letter was well done—we confess we were ourselves mortified, and when we found out our ancient friend of the Inner Temple—captain of all messes, and generaliser of wit and good cheer—to be the real Simon Pure, we felt pretty much as the Yorkshire bumpkin when finding his scrutables bedaubed with paint, he discovered in the bay gelding he had bought from his father, the "old grey mare" he had sold him the week before.

A letter won't do, that's plain. We fear, in fact, that no editor can be exempt from the responsibility which the *magna charta* of periodicals casts upon him. It is not *voluntas*, but *non possumus*; we must, therefore, only perform our "journey-work" with discretion, and remember that the *demessorum ibia*—our pike-like appetites for our kind—must not induce us to devour what might stick in more aristocratic throats. For the rest, we are safe, we fear, from the only danger we might be inclined to court—that of having our bantling really fathered "within the purple;" and as that is what others ought most keenly to dread, we feel so far a humiliating security.

Indeed, we were not at first so sure that we should need any apologetic preamble at all. When the public—our readers—come to know that it is on *their* side we are enlisting ourselves

—taking up the cudgels, or rather throwing down the glove, for them, they will be surprised, nay, perhaps, offended, to think that we should sound any other than the trumpet of preparation, and ride, visor down and spear in rest, at any champion—all in the ring—in their cause. We are not apt to be craven either; we have splintered a lance with the best of them, and kept our shield unblotted, nor have we yet hung up our arms in the temple of peace, and been gifted with the rod, yet—yet when we think with whom we are about to enter the lists—but, pshaw! is it for us to care even for THE POETS? Have at them, we say, right and left—"passes, stoccados, and I know not what," small-sword, broadsword, broadside, cutlass, and boarding pike—every species of warfare, from the *coup d'épingle* to the much-injured Captain Warner's "infernal machine," and ply them, if it shall be found they deserve it, with red-hot shot and Congreve rockets.

THE PUBLIC! what a term! what a metaphysical, mystified, monstrous, magnificent generalization! What a shapeless, featureless, angleless, sideless, topless, bottomless shadow! What a shrouded, clouded abstraction! Implying multitude, majesty, magnitude, might! yet intangibility, immateriality, invisibility, incomprehensibility! All—all is contained in the magic noun—*public*; a word at which some have affected to scoff, and yet at which, like the elder gods of heathenism, angels and men in reality shake in their shoes! The public is indeed a wondrous remotion—an essence so transcendently wrapped in its own peculiar atmosphere, as to stand aloof from all support—to exist *per se*—to need neither the elephant nor the tortoise—to be, in the sublimest sense of the word, an independent power. Its opinion is the test of merit, its censure the brand of infamy, its verdict the only one against which there is no appeal, its business paramount to all other, its favour the highest reward the dreams of earthly ambition have ever suggested.

Now, one would think that this *no-minis umbra* stood as little in need of our good word as we are wholly dependent on its good will; but—mark the opposite—this very public is actually the worst-used, aspersed, back-

bitten, slandered joint-stock company that ever brought unsaleable shares to market; and suffers insults and "scorns" that its good-humoured unwieldiness alone prevents it from resenting; teased and attacked on all sides, and only shaking its ears occasionally, like a jennet in July, as the flies prove particularly waspish. It is from the literary force, however, that it receives the most unceasing and envenomed attacks, and as this writing train has, of course, exclusive access to the commissariat of pen, ink, and paper, the besieged party suffers from a continued fire which, strong as are its defences, it does not possess means or leisure to return, and which, consequently, is at last producing a sensible breach in the mud fort. The *poets*, as usual, lead the forlorn hope; the ladders are up, the bugle has sounded, and, reader—for *you* form one of the garrison—you will be taken by assault before you can look about you, if *we* do not step into the breach, and, like the pacific quaker in the gun-brig, pitch assailant after assailant over, with the words, "Friend, thou hast no business here!"

What is it, you will ask, that these rhymers are about, that you make such a pother about them? We will tell you: they are eternally complaining of you, abusing you to your face and behind your back, swearing that you have no taste, no education, no judgment; that you are nothing to your fathers; that you have neglected your learning, and taken to spinning-jennies and railroads; that you are without bowels; that, in short, like Launce's cur, Crab, "thou beest the sourest-natured dog that lives—a stone, a very pebble-stone." What would have made the last generation "lay the dust with their tears" you now peruse as you would your ledger, or cast indifferently by, like your Bible; and the touching imaginings that sent your "mother's breath up and down," open your jaws only to afford exit to a yawn.

It is just to set matters square between you on the one side, and these self-bemoaning malcontents on the other, that we have seized our quill, and "thrown our hat into the ring for love, to give a bellyful," like good Sir Walter, to a party that deserves a sound one.

"The row begun" in the year 1824,



when Lord Byron died; up to that moment they had (they allow) nothing to complain of. The public bought poetry and were supposed to read it. The public was "as it should be." Poetry was a thriving trade; poets had forgotten, in the feasting and fashion of the day, their usual fare—

"Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,"

And actually were able, from experience, to pronounce upon the falsehood of that profound observation of the Shaksperian worthy, that

"Dainty bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits."

Up to that fatal year all was well, and the public and the bards smoked the meerscham of peace together. The age was the Augustan age, the century was the nineteenth, *par excellence*, the world was becoming illuminated, the human mind was intellectualizing, the soul of man was becoming, in fact, as a climax—*poetical*; and under the influence of the excitement many a trashy book hurried through successive editions, and got its author—reversing poor Butler's fate—bread, at least, if not a stone in Westminster Abbey. In that year there were some half-dozen bards alive and writing, who had formed part and parcel of the character of the age preceding, who had written, and written successfully, and what is more, written well.

Tom Moore was a stout, active little man of some five and forty; his best literary child only seven years old, a fair-haired younger one only just born, and a muse apparently likely to have a large family; nevertheless she stopped short.

Rogers—the attic, accurate, accomplished Rogers, in letters the Addison of his day—had only a year before produced, if not his best, his most successful publication—Italy; and though then a sexagenarian, seemed to promise an intellectual life as vigorous and protracted as his natural one has proved. Not a bit of it. There he lay down, and has rested on his bays till he has almost flattened them.

Milman; let us see, was it so early

as 1824 that he stopped? We believe not: he was then little more than a *imberbis juvenis*; but he certainly became silent soon after, and has "no sign" since.

Proctor—the Barry Cornwall of a thousand annuals, should we say in himself a poetic *millennium*? but lately given to the world his best and brightest work—his *Miranda*, and bid fair, having written in an ascending course of merit, to culminate in excellence at no distant period. Some Joshua warned him to halt, and we have scarcely heard of him since.

Well, there was Wordsworth, who might have walked forth, relieved of that colossus that did bestride his narrow world, or rather that incubated the sat on his popularity—half real, half *prestige*—and kept it in duration *per auter vie*; who ought to have excused himself as much as he exceeded all of his school. Wordsworth, even now giving us, like Goethe, his boyish things to last, he held his tongue, or sung of those mountains which he celebrated pretty much after the fashion of the lake rhymster—

"Helvellyn and Cashedecam,  
The highest peaks that ever man climb"—

admitting echo alone for his *amoenensis*.

There was Southey;—ah, poor Southey, where is his mind now? It is a puzzling question, and needs the legal fiction of being in *abeyance*, or *gremio naturæ*, in *anubus*, &c., to help answer it. What was he about for the ten or fifteen years of his intellectual existence after that period? He was then just half a century old. No—he stopped too.

Coleridge; he was another *late* and a year older than his reformed brother pantisocratist, Southey; but he had great poetry in him even then and lived many a year after. Eighteen hundred and twenty-four put him out as completely as it extinguished the light of Byron at Missolonghi—yet a snuff remained.

Did we mention Wilson? A shaker, though more for the rod than the line—his style not being by any means fresh water, but his sailing dashing as Scale Force. Why, the City of the Plague—his *magnum opus*

—was only seven or eight years in being; and in Blackwood he was Homer, Horace, Virgil, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, and all—as Christopher North. But all this was not enough. Whether ten years of peace had emasculated the bards, and that they could not tune their lyres without Thebes and the Atreidæ, it is hard to say; but he, too, placed his candle under a bushel, or under the *Dispatcher*, to serve the purposes of toasting cheese for the future.

Campbell was farther on from his meridian, but he has lived and *written* for eighteen years since. Alas! in turning to his theme, the Pleasures of Memory would have been more appropriate than the Pleasures of Hope, as applying to his poetical career. It was all over with him.

We should not mention Scott, whose answer to the question “why he did not continue to write poetry” was unanswerable—“Byron *bet me*”—but for the quaint, quizzical bibliomaniac Dibdin’s mild query, put in the very year in question—“May I gently ask, whether the harp which hath sent forth such sounds (he had been enumerating his poems) is ‘hung up on the trees’ (by the waters of the Tweed) *never* to be taken down and restrung? Is his ‘sweetly-smiling and sweetly-speaking Lalage’ discarded for ever?” It was; and yet he lived and wrote years afterwards.

Our countryman, Croly—he is at this day preaching, full of health and strength, in St. Stephen’s, Walbrook, with the fame of his Angel of the World trailing behind him like a comet, twenty years long, or more; but we hear nothing of poetry now, except in his sermons. He is defunct, too.

Let us see. There are other names—James Montgomery, “the bard of Sheffield,” “the man of considerable genius,” had not arrived even near his grand climacteric, and had no reason to be discouraged, as the *Edinburgh*, his *bête noire*, was going down, and all his admirers “looking up;”—there was the Ettrick Shepherd, “a fellow of infinite fancy,” a hale Arcadian, ready, one would suppose, with crook, knife, or quill, to drive sheep, bolt mutton, mend a pen, or make verses equal to the Queen’s Wake of ten

years before;—there were venerable old Crabbe and stout old Sotheby—Bowles, too, the “Invariable Principle” Bowles—Bowles of the Pope controversy, who had the honour to hold his own against Byron—Bowles might have done more than written a *requiescat* on his foe;—there was the princess of passion, Joanna Baillie, elderly, no doubt, but then eighteen years younger than she is *now*;—there were others of promise—Heber, then the Marcellus of poetic and Christian hope—Leigh Hunt (we are nearly run out when we come to him)—our own little Shiel (for, reader, he *had* written before the days of Long Orchard and Greenwich Hospital);—there were, no doubt, others who do not occur to our memory at the instant, all brave poets and poetesses, in high writing, fame, and favour, up to the date we have mentioned—the 19th day of April, 1824. And yet these latter nine *poetæ minores*, along with all we have forgotten, pulled up with one consent, as if they, as well as their great leaders, had seen an angel in the path. Not all the belabouring in the world, cudgelling, spurring, and abusing, could get them on an inch; and they were content, like Balaam’s ass, to turn round, and in asinine prose to plead their former services as an excuse for their present derelictions. Ever since, these worthy personages (for most of them are yet alive) have continued to bray in the same strain, till you, reader, begin to be convinced that they must have reason on their side, and that you are after all but little, if at all, better than an ass.

As we are the *amicus curiæ* on this occasion, and have undertaken the profitless task of defending you, against a very powerful “bar”—“town against gown,” university fashion—we must proceed with our “case” in a methodical way, and make it as strong as possible, ere the other side have the word again. We have already specified somewhere about twenty names—all dear, more or less, to the muse and the public—of men of whose works it might be said the latest was still the best—men averaging from five and forty to fifty years of age, hale in health and strong in spirit—men most of them still alive, corporeally and mentally, after nearly twenty years,—

and yet, their twenty harps are hung on twenty willows, by twenty waters of Babylon, to the present moment, till not a string is left to answer the breeze, or the question—*Why the d—l don't you write a poem?*

One circumstance, certainly, did it exist, might by possibility form an excuse and a reply—Scott's reason—that they were "*bet*" out of the field—that, high as they were, they were forced, as we all are liable to be, to give place to other and better actors on the same scene, and that the pause at the close of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century only called forth the sublimities of yet higher genius, in still loftier flights, and formed, as it were, the resting-place whereon the soul of poetry took breath a moment before starting into the more heavenward recesses of the clouds. But instead of all this, comes the humiliating truth down upon our pride—that poetry, like the earthquake or the volcano, is paroxysmal, and that short moments of activity are succeeded by long periods of slumber. Scarcely a voice has come up out of the "*vast profound*" worthy of the name, in all that interval of peace and plenty; and in spite of cheap knowledge, cheap travelling, and cheap puffing, we have not enough of classic verse, including the smallest sonnet, hymn, or epigram that was ever read twice, to transfer from the circulating to our domestic library, as much as one decent-sized volume, to be lettered—*"The poetry of our day."*

Do we complain of this, gentlemen of the jury? Not at all. It would be as unreasonable to fret over the demolition of our cabbages by the caterpillars, or to rail at Providence because Boreas has blown in our bed-chamber window, as to be vexed, or even to wonder that that bright prophecy of the Bard of Hope is not yet fulfilled—

"Yes, there are hearts, prophetic hope  
may trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordained to fire the adoring sons of  
earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of  
worth,

Or, warm with fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all but Shakspeare's name  
below!"

But we *do* take it ill that the swarm

of versifiers should turn round on us, and say, "*Here we are, here are our poems;—what is the matter with you that you don't read them, and praise them, and buy them?*" Why does Murray refuse epics, and Saunders even dramas, but because these bibliopoles know that your hearts and pockets are buttoned up against us?"

Why, my good legion, (for ye are many,) are ye not ashamed to take this tone, and stretch one hand in declamatory eloquence towards us, while the other squeezes the little miserable versicles you upbraid us with despising? Milton sold his copyright for five pounds, and thought himself right well off, though we don't quite agree with him. Why do we not? Not because it was an epic in ten books, (it was ten at first,) but because it was *PARADISE LOST*. Why, the only enduring thing that has passed through the press in our time, bearing the character, consequence, or form of epic—heavy, tiresome, crude, cold as it is—has been gulped down, edition after edition, (last year the sixteenth appeared,) to the dead author's living heart's content—the *Course of Time*. Poor Pollok! But three years after the fatal period, he died, and left what some one called the *eternal Course of Time* to an admiring public, who, originally stimulated to nibble at it by the weight of the Blackwood dynasty, then in its full influence, had their appetite kept up by the same means we use to make a beggar relish his crust—giving them nothing else. He was called a Milton till people thought he was really one,—as like the immortal bard as the lock of a canal to the falls of Niagara—a lead pencil to a cedar of Lebanon.

That is true, we had very nearly forgotten—as, no doubt, our readers have long ago—a great poem—something *extra flammantis memis memi*.

"I sing of heroes, sing of kings,  
In mighty numbers—mighty things"

The Descent into Hell! That, we believe, was the name—the nature was certainly of the inclined plane; the art of sinking had been studied to perfection, and *re sedes* sounded to its bottomless bottom, as may be easily seen, by referring to our sixth volume. Herald

achieved the exploit, and, like Theseus, became fastened by his *de quoi* to the pavement of the place he visited. *Superas evadere ad auras* was beyond him; and even Lord Mahon will not sever the adhesion. The public, who helped him to his chair below, said to him, as Dr. Johnson did to the Euphuist—"Sir, I leave you there;" and both he and his book—ay, and his condemned "Judgment of the Flood," and his illegible "Legend of St. Aloy" are likely—but we are premature;—our printer's *devil* informs us that whatever abyss the books may have reached, the author has not followed them yet; and we have only to wish him as many more descents as he shall accomplish poems, and that "alacrity of sinking," which, "if perseverance gain the diver's prize," will result from repeated plunging exercise. We could name epics, too—which probably the public could not—by Miltons whose only claim to the title lies in their lack of vision, and whose amanuenses we pity even more than their admirers. But we will not do so, because our criticism cannot be *read*, and, if it is *heard*, it will only destroy an hallucination that at least gratifies one gentle spirit. But there is no lack, we are bound to say, of great poems, if greatness is to be measured by bulk, grandiloquence, and puffing. Look at Reid's *Italy*—one of the many works emanating from the gentle laboratory of his brain. In every thing but genius it is a beautified Byron: Lady Morgan, even Granville, scarcely pressed more hotly into pseudo-notice. The author's design was as bold, and almost as extensive as Spenser's or Wordsworth's, of whose mighty conceptions the Faery Queene and the Excursion are but fragments. There is Landor, too—Walter Savage Landor—he of the Imaginary Conversations, who publishes by the mile verses so wholly intended for eternity and immortality as to escape the notice of time and mortals altogether. These are but a few of the worthies who have committed the *σύγγραμμα ἀμαρτημα* of failing in great attempts; and of all the rest it may now, once for all, be predicated, that they have succeeded but in small ones. Master Robert Montgomery we affect not, in spite of "Satan"—that is, in spite of the devil. He hath a mighty way of propounding

simple things, which is not according to the "Invariable Principles" of good poetry. "Luther," which hath but just stalked from the press, cannot, and ought not to raise a monument to its author. All Oxford is conciliated by the bare title; but it is not a Tract for these Times, or for any other. We are, perhaps, not spiritual enough to do him justice. His sublimities, seen

"Through the haze carnality effects,"

(see the poem) appear to touch the confines of—shall we say, the ridiculous?—no, the dull, the affected, the frigid; and we are inclined to dismiss him, where no doubt he would consign us, to some sphere where (again in his own words)

"The mind may grow,  
And learn to build its intellectual being  
up!"

*Au reste*, "Luther" will never convert us from the true faith; and will find its way, we take it, to the "Diet of Worms," without having caused any considerable schism in the catholicity of the "public" opinion as to Mr. Montgomery's merits.

The drama is the limb of the muse most alive. She gives a galvanic twitch there occasionally;—and let us here mention with respect the name of Talfourd—the classic, cultivated Talfourd, who has in Mason's track avoided most of his errors, and made all his perfections his own, falling in midway between him and the great Greek models of antiquity. Far be it from us to underrate his deserts; and far be it from us, if they were lower than they are, to bear harshly upon one who has so perseveringly and energetically laboured in the cause of literature, and achieved so signal a triumph over illiberality, ignorance, and barbarism—Hume, Wakley, and the rest of *his own party*. On Saturday, the sixth day of last August, it appears that the learned sergeant and his coadjutor, Lord Mahon, were feasted by the literature of the lower house on the glorious occasion, and eloquent speeches were made by some who might, and many who could not, derive benefit from the copyright act;

and we would we could get at the short-hand notes, as we might probably find such criticism of the learned dramatist's works as would save us a deal of trouble, and yet not overstate our sentiments. As it is, we point to Ion as the most favourable specimen of his genius, and feel, as we should, the many beauties it contains. What can be more touching than the words of the Prince of Argus over his father's couch, when he intends to murder him—

“He's smiling in his slumber,  
As if some happy thought of innocent  
days  
Played at his heart-strings: must I  
scare it thence?”

He is grand where the blast is made  
to “whirl” its “flashing shreds”

“To the startled depths  
Of forests that afar might share its  
doom!”

And Ion's vow and address to the elder gods is classical as Sophocles. Such are a few of the beauties that occur to us; but—with every wish to conciliate the coif, and the strongest leaning towards the father of extended copyright—we must not forget that we are retained, or at least acting as counsel for the public, who cannot, for the soul of them, do more than screw a little complacent smirk upon their countenances even for the author of Ion, and yet who are so completely brow-beaten by his friends that they dare not, for their lives, utter their sentiments, except through some such hardened practitioner as ourselves, to whom they have whispered, in the lowest tone imaginable, that *they are not satisfied*. Why? we cry; state your reasons. Their first is a whimsical one. Oh, they say, for a great fault! We never saw a work of genius that did not possess one. All is cold and correct. Its grandeur is

“Throned in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity;”

Its beauties are, like Addison's, rational and tame; it is, with one exception, without a single just portrait of natural feeling. The knee-breeches peep out, too, beneath the Grecian stole, on

more than one occasion;—witness much of Clemanthes's discourse; witness the incongruous junction of pastoral simplicity with stern and mysterious energy in the hero himself; witness the evident clap-traps, which prove that, in spite of the original boast of “private circulation,” the piece was designed from the first for the stage,—ay, and worst of all, to serve, on that stage, *party purposes*. See the palace invidiously contrasted with the cottage all through—a standing army disbanded with a breath, and a dying king opening his estate, and making his kingdom a republic by his last will and testament. Witness—hold, hold!—the instructions to counsel are full to overflowing, and more particulars would not be *pro bono publico*. You have said enough, my worthy client, to exculpate yourself on this head, and the case is an important one, since the argument is an *à fortiori* one against all other dramatic productions of the day. Knowles, we verily believe—and he is a fine fellow—does not *himself* consider his plays *literature*. They act well—so do Bulwer's; but oh! in the study they do not answer in a succumbing chair. For ourselves, we were obliged to read them on one of the heavy, high, hard, horse-hair machines of the olden time, intended to give a zest to mental indulgences, we presume, by contrast with the acute bodily torture they inflict. With this assistance we have attained the fifth acts of several of them—most of Knowles's, all of Bulwer's, (already noticed by one of our body,) and many others, pretty, so so, tiresome, and execrable; but none strictly, either in subject, scene, mode of treatment, diction, imagery, sentiment, or any other essential, “a good classical play.” The things are creditable—very creditable to the authors, and no discredit to the age; but, after all, what are they as evidence against the public? And yet, it is in this branch that most has been done. Oh, we had forgotten Mr. Willis—the new-world Willis. He has really written a pretty play, Bianca Visconti, in English—an unheard-of feat for an American, although they have tried it, too. To say that it is weak and washy, is merciful; to acknowledge it sweetly versified, is but justice. The author shall not



complain of us ; we will give in full the only two passages we should think of transcribing, were we set to devote a sheet of letter-press to exclusive laudation of his drama :—

“ SARPELLIONE. Have you ambition?

“ PASQUALI. Like the wings  
Upon a marble cherub—always spread,  
But fastened to a body of such weight,  
'Twill never rise till doomsday—”

nor even then, we would observe.  
Speaking of a name, Bianca says—

“ They  
Who take it by inheritance alone—  
Adding no brightness to it—are like  
stars  
Seen in the ocean, that were never there  
But for the bright originals in heaven !”

We have admitted that the Americans write English—and, could it help out our adversaries, we would willingly suffer evidence to be adduced, drawn from parts “beyond the jurisdiction ;” being determined not to take advantage of any point for our own purposes. But who would go across the Atlantic for great or good poetry? Pretty verses, some good thoughts—some fine ones—have flowed detachedly from our distant brothers. Maria Brooks is a very respectable Sappho. A spark or two of inspiration proves them of Adam's race, and of British descent. But even Bryant and Dana, (and the best things from the pen of the former at all events, date farther back than the “year of extinction,”) what are they to make a national reputation, a classic celebrity! We cannot quote them—we cannot feel deeply with them. Their pictures are abstractions—their landscapes are great prairies and great mountains, without the presence of a wigwam or a settler—their thoughts, the vast dreams of the desert, unilluminated with passion, uncondensed into reality. Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, ultramarine blues, are desperately thrust upon us by what we are really sorry to call the affectation of Washington Irving, who, we think, must have aimed—and we applaud the object, if it was the single one—at an imitation of Southey, in editing juvenilities into a posthumous reputation, as in Kirke White's case. (Oh! that this latter great author had not used

the maudlin designation, “*Henry!*” when speaking of the “unhappy White!”)—But, let us see—Kirke White, Southey, Irving, Davidson—why, where have we got to? So much for digression ; but, in truth, from the American rhymsters one steals back home involuntarily at any provocation. Rufus Dawes!

“ Phœbus! what a name  
To fill the sounding trump of future  
fame !”

Rufus Dawes, a hardened rhymster, has just appeared as one of a library of American poets. Look on his portrait, reader, an' thou canst get access to the book, and judge for thyself. He would—oh! indeed he would be a poet ; but as he sings himself,

“ ————*This weight of clay*  
Clings to the soul, and mocks the vain  
desire !”

The head, a half-begotten thing between a blacksmith and a Jupiter—the forehead, a bursting phrenologic tumour, surmounted with a little frizzled top, “Hyperian curls,” which seem to represent the godlike portion of the visage predominating over the “clay”—the features, where sublimity is forcibly injected into a mould of innate, indomitable, irredeemable vulgarity—all point at the name, *Rufus Dawes*, as their most perfect exponent, “as one would say precisely, even thus I would name a dog!”

But, indeed, if the trumpet of fame be not “of triple brass,” it may well be expected to burst in transmitting to immortality sounds like these—

LYDIA SIGOURNEY!  
LEVI FRISBIE!!  
FITZGREEN HALLECK!!!  
CARLOS WILCOX!!!!  
LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE!!!!!  
TIMOTHY DWIGHT!!!!!!

Moderate specimens, however, we assure ye, of the bardal nomenclature of the Yankees.

But let us give the terrestrial globe a swing, and get it round again from the great prose continent of Columbus to the little poetical twin islands, which form so insignificant a geographical item in the account of this sub

lunary sphere, and where our last tread before the *salto mortale* was on the pretensions of the dramatic authors. We had omitted one, who really deserved favourable notice, a light pressure; but now that she has escaped us for the present, we will reserve her for her proper place, among the "blue belles" of England.

The Rev. Thomas Dale. This respectable versifier stuck to the annuals to the last; and his poetry, indeed, is scarcely to be considered perennial. Nevertheless he is—a great merit—wholly unobjectionable; classical, correct, harmonious, and pious. "The Widow of Nain," is precisely the subject best fitted for his muse, and he has accordingly in it produced his best specimen. His most important work, "Irak and Adah," was too much for him. Some of our best poets had failed to give great interest to antediluvian scenes. There needs, except in the sublime severity of epic, something of nearer interest to catch our notice; and we as little feel for or with the ideal characters of that obscure and remote state, as we do with the sauri and theria of still more distant geological date.

We ought to refer Merivale, we believe, who styles himself the "Sexagenarian Judge of Bankruptcy," rather to the former than the latter of our divided periods. His labours in the field have been indefatigable and honourable. As a translator he deserves the thanks of his countrymen. Few have been better qualified for the task—few more indefatigable in pursuing it—few more successful in accomplishing it. Indeed, we only mention him here, because he is one of those who, having done his best in the bright period, did not completely succumb beneath the benumbing influence of that which succeeded it. His play of "Richard, Duke of York" was acted in 1814. The "Minstrel" (in continuation of Beattie) was much earlier; and many things published later may, we are assured, be referred back beyond 1824. Like Southey, however, he continued to labour with credit and honour, in spite of advancing age and affluent circumstances; and had he not, though less rigidly than Blackstone, so far bid "farewell to his muse," as to give her only occasional admission, in the short

leisure of high professional avocations, he might have attained a far higher name than he has.

Moultrie we suppose we must mention. He has written; but no one, even for an instant, will rank him with the greater lights which may be expected to direct or mislead the public. He, like Dale, and a host of others, form stars in the milky-way of poetry, contributing to the radiance amidst which they are undistinguishable.

Aweel, aweel! we begin to be perplexed. Whom shall we call up next? Is our case closed? No; we must "withhold nothing;" and, therefore, we allow the defendant to produce Alfred Tennyson. But we beg—in spite of the reviews, which seem one and all to have been obliged to create him a great poet, as a *pis aller*—to insist upon what lawyer's call a *duces tecum*, and oblige the witness to bring with him *all his poems*. We fancy our opponents, if they get him on the table, will be the first to bid him "go down"—which, indeed, in spite of some very pretty poetry, he will be likely to do by his own gravity in a short time.

The annuals, O Watts! the annuals, were a sore blow to great poetry. What Goldsmith says (but, bless our souls! Goldsmith is an old-fashioned fellow)—that fancy, restrained by verse, may be compared to a fountain, which plays highest by diminishing the aperture, we say of verse, restrained by some check on publication. The air was darkened by the flight of Honourable and Right Honourable annualists, cooing soft nonsense, like *mock-turtle-doves*. Numerous they were, and short-lived as the locusts, although the *read-sea* was scarcely their fate. But they left the soil barren behind them—they ate up every thing; and the manuring of years will not restore wholesome fertility to the fields.

Great poetry is out of the question—great in design, thought, and illustration. It is not extinct—it *must* exist somewhere: the statue is in the marble, though it is not hewn out. But poets there are, who, even in the limited form in which they have revealed themselves, we must, with an anxious look for higher manifestations, hail as gifted with the true spirit of poetry. What lover of song but must

wish that Keble, he of the "Christian Year," would leave his "Tracts for the Times" to the powerful support of others, who are less able than he is to create poems for eternity? No one in the present era has thrown such deep and powerful thought into such glowing language as the ex-professor of Oxford; and he has, besides, accomplished what Heber began, and *proved*, against the highest authority, that it is possible to give poetical and literary interest to sacred subjects. Although he has palpably moulded his style on Byron's, he has so happily applied it to new thoughts and new purposes, as to claim and deserve the merit of originality, just as much as Byron himself stands clear of Spenser, Beattie, and Thomson, in his *Pilgrimage*. These hymns of his (for we refer to the collection called "The Christian Year") display a strength restrained and tempered down to the subject—not straining up at an inaccessible one; and it is on this account we wish for greater things from him. Why should not he redeem the age from the very charge we are making against it? We verily believe that he is the only one who could; and if doctors Newman and Pusey could spare him to us, we should not despair of making him a great poet. What subjects he has, too, in his own line! now that the "picturesque," the "romance" of religion, is in vogue! But all this is *dehors* the record.

In ballads you might produce the feeling, tender, and elegant Bayly—successful in his way to the highest pitch—yet miserable, unfortunate as his spinster namesake, frittered away in a thousand songs, and without even swan-like satisfaction in his death. That class he represents, as its most favourable specimen. Then we have the grotesque and whimsical originalities of "Ingoldsby," in *his* way, too, unrivalled, and deserving our best thanks for removing Lord Francis Egerton from all claim to be noticed in this paper. You might bring up (for we object to *translators* as not fairly admissible to examination, otherwise there are high names: look at our own Anster, for instance—able to walk alone, too, if he would let go the hand of Mein Herr German)—you might bring up abundance of good versifiers,

VOL. XX.—No. 120.

authors of elegancies, beauties, classicities without number;—nay, we doubt not our own editor's study is besieged with poets, coming in one after another with an armful of epic, and inflicting on him their long faces, long names, long hair, long coats, long poems, and, worse than all, long speeches, all to the same tune. "When will the public relent? Will their wrath burn for ever?" But still, we are not afraid of *them*; but there is a class as yet unnoticed, though deserving precedence of notice, which, above all other, we feel a difficulty to meet, convinced as we are that in it, if anywhere, is to be found *that* which will reclaim the age, and cast it upon our great client to show *why* it is not to be called indeed a poetical one—we mean the FEMALE POETS of England. They—they have stepped in, and filled the post deserted by the other sex—need we say with credit and with honour? The holy and exalted Hemans, the bright and fanciful Landen, and, above all, the almost sublime Norton,—these form together a formidable array, and we dare scarcely cross-examine them too *searchingly*, lest the ungracious invidiousness of our position should work more against us than any thing we could make of their testimony would effect in our favour. Nevertheless, without presuming to treat them with the *nonchalance* of the worthy vicar—"Thou art a controversialist, I see, child; therefore, go and help thy mother to make the gooseberry-pie"—we are still confident that the poets will not require us seriously to enter into the question—has a great, effective, classic poem, or series of poetry, been put forth by any one amongst them? They have done wonders, but they have not done this; and, therefore, they have not produced, or tended to produce, a poetic era. Felicia Hemans, indeed, had done her best before 1824, and only continued to repeat her own sweet strains in echoes that died imperceptibly away in childhood's hymns, and light though lovely lyrics. And though the same cannot perhaps be said of Mary Russell Mitford, yet she belongs, as a poetess, in part to the golden age of poetry, although her genius has lived through so much of the iron, and, indeed,

achieved its dramatic triumphs exclusively during its continuance. In it have appeared (we believe) Julian, and certainly Foscari, Rienzi, and Charles I., the last mentioned but one having a success and popularity attained but by one or two dramatic productions of late years besides ;—and that it deserves all its success and all its popularity, we do not deny. It is better than a score of Bulwer's and Willis's tragedies, and yet these are the literature of the stage at this time. Still—but here are fair candidates for notice crowding in upon us. Really, Miss Browne, Miss Cooke, you write exquisitely, divinely ;—we have not words—Sapphos, Wortley Montagues—we will call ye and think ye any thing ; but ye will please to recollect that our object is not a general review of all that is worth reviewing in the present day, a task that would ask an hundred Jeffrey-power of criticism, but simply to ascertain whether the word GREAT can justly be applied to any one work or any one author, and, as depending on this question, whether our readers are a set of tasteless ignorant bores, or only a little particular and nice in their appetites, requiring a relish superior to the capabilities of your cuisine. One of you we must address singly. Caroline Norton—we wish to tell you how truly your fate is read in that name—"The Undying One," which served to mark you ere "The Dream" brought us farther forward in your arrowy career. To you it belongs to rescue the female name from the charge of feebleness and inferiority in the great walk of poetry, and to show that, with the softest and most feminine propriety of sentiment, may be blended the vigour and reach of man's boldest efforts. You have performed that rarely-achieved task—sustained the weight of an illustrious name, without discrediting it, and have proved that, in singular instances at least, genius, like the gout, may skip a generation, and exhibit as intensely as ever the ancestral constitution. You are an unhappy woman, in whatever light we view your personal history—unhappy, above all, in having your domestic affairs made matter of public interest, the worst lot that can befall the "homestead" of any one. You have strong passions and a feeling

heart, on the evidence of your verses ; which may, perhaps, by the rule of Shelley, owe their origin—or, at least, their excellence—in your sex as well as in the other, to the burning of the soil from whence they spring.

"Most wretched men  
Are cradled into poetry from wrong ;  
They learn in suffering what they teach  
in song."

Uphold, advance your literary fame, we charge you in the name of the public—study, think, feel, compose, indite, publish. We long—we beseech you to believe us—for good poetry : we will buy, we will praise. We will put our praise on record. We will embalm your works in our archives, and your memory—when memory shall be all that remains—in our hearts and affections. If you will but credit us, the world longs, pants, gasps, for sublimity in verse : it is ready to drain any thing approaching it with avidity ; throw something before it worthy its swallowing—it will appreciate it, and bear you on, in its re-invigorated strength, like the wind towards fame and immortality. Avoid, as you seem inclined to do, the affectation of fashion, the whimsicality of clique, the monotony of self-satisfied mannerism—dare to be original, great and free, and you will yet be the Sappho of modern song, as you are already the Helen of aristocratic contention.

A great work must be so esteemed by the WORLD : not a contracted coterie of prejudiced critics—not a maudlin tribe of love-sick sentimentalsists—not an overbearing phalanx of bullying partisans—but by the great undefinable myotic man of all classes, all ranks, all tempers, and all creeds, which pronounces the great fiat of eternity upon successful genius, and slowly affixes to its creations the mighty seal, whose motto is—*esto perpetua*.

We revert to our great propositions, that a work of this nature has not appeared, in the poetic department, for nearly twenty years—that some nine or ten names, famous till that time, ceased to render themselves additionally renowned afterwards—that some twenty or thirty authors

and authoresses, who have flourished since, do not constitute, collectively or separately, a great poetic force; and, as a corollary and a consequence, that there is a departure in interest on the part of the public from poetry and poets, which latter body, however, have for a long time been endeavouring to make it appear that the fault does not lie at their doors, but is to be traced to steam-engines, railroads, political economy, and Whiggism. The effect which the last-mentioned circumstance may have had, it would be interesting to calculate, as in case it is allowed influence, the period put to its domination may leave way for a restoration of taste into the old channels from whence it had been forcibly extruded, and give us hopes that the commencement of a brighter political era may likewise mark the outset of a new poetical period, in which the genius of Britain may be vindicated from the charge of deadness and apathy, now too truly, we think it has appeared, fastened upon her. At all events, it will serve so far to test the validity of the poet's excuse, since, the cause being removed, it is for him to prove its connection with the effect, in the change observable in the latter, resulting from it.

The coincidence of this period with the introduction of the new law respecting literary property, will prevent us from ever ascertaining beyond a doubt whether, if there be an alteration in the price of poetic consols, it is due, wholly or in part, to the restoration of order to government, and talent, integrity and magnanimity to their proper place at the head of affairs; but we may in all such cases safely conclude that the combination has much to say to the change wrought out, and that each may claim the merit of having a share in the wished-for effect. We have, we maintain, much to hope,—and we strain our eyes forward with interest to the probable appearance of many a good and a great creation, which has struggled unborn in the womb of genius, or dragged on its unknown existence, poor and neglected, through an infancy of discouragement and shadow.

Let no heart be discouraged by the idea that the public are inexorable.

They are ready to join any *émeute*, of which the object shall be to dethrone indifference and re-establish a republic of letters. They are thorough rebels to the domination of dulness, whatever the poetasters of the day may pretend.

"If a poem have genius," says Dryden—no bad opinion, either—"it will force its own reception in the world; for there is a sweetness in good verse which tickles even when it hurts: and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted."

There is a very curious circumstance, reader, which is the result of this anomalous and extraordinary state of things, and which makes our argument (if it deserves the name of one) stronger than any thing we could say. And that is, that the craving of an unsatisfied appetite has caused the world (by no means a ruminating animal by nature) actually to disgorge the half-digested food it had swallowed years and years ago, making it, though bolted at first with comparative indifference, again the subject of its occupation and interest. We allude to the resurrection (for such it may in another metaphor be termed) of Wordsworth into fame. We call this a very singular circumstance, not as far as it is a late notice of an eminent writer, but as a due appreciation of an author, *during his life*, after a whole generation of neglect. This eminent man deserves the great praise of having originated a revolution in the whole body and soul of poetry. He began, like the earlier reformers, prematurely and intemperately, and became himself a martyr (so we deemed him) to a good cause. He exaggerated the simplicity he meant to inculcate till it became puerility;—he spiritualised the sentiment he wished to infuse until it escaped our keenest faculties. On this delicate attempt a boy—full of passion, romance, prejudice, and power—stung to madness by an unknown enemy, and indifferent whom he struck at, so he included his tormentor—came down with the heavy hand of satire, which, gloved with the *Cæstus* of



his own mighty and magnificent genius, crushed the fine and airy structure of the philosophical poet to the earth, and left its fragments to be trampled on by the meanest of the crowd who were carried away at the wheels of Byron's triumphal car. There they lay, through the whole period of that extraordinary man's existence, hopelessly in the dust, and all but forgotten amongst men. If a fragment was raised by a solitary hand, and admired for its beautiful carving and refined materials, it was sure to excite the derision of the by-standers, and was dropped as hastily as it had been picked up. A period went over—the period we have been examining—in which the influence of the noble bard, living beyond the grave, held men in the wake of himself and his followers, and negatived the hope of celebrity for the Wordsworthian school. And had that period been filled up with names worthy to succeed him and carry forward his school by means of able disciples, in all probability the position of the poet of the "Excursion" would be now what it was twenty years ago; and, if he had ever come up from the gulf of unpopularity, it would have been after that interval which has made fame in so many instances *posthumous*.

"Then comes renown—then fame appears—

Glory proclaims the *coffin* hers—  
Ay, greenest over sepulchres  
Palm-tree and laurel rise!"

But the period was a blank—a void—and the echo of notes heard long ago and afar off, came back in the silence. The moon had been long in the sky, but was too near the sun to be any thing more than a pale and uncertain glimmer, till that glowing orb had sunk from the heavens. Then, however—in the *vacant* heavens—we recognised the luminary which was itself, too, descending, and hailed the beauties and the mild glories of her beam, not the less gratefully that we had panted and burned beneath the blazing glow of a fiercer fire. Wordsworth's publications, with few exceptions, we believe, belong to the poetic period antecedent to 1824, except his lately-published collection,

and of its contents the greater part are of a very distant date. He is now, however, almost the only living author, whose works are discussed, reviewed, quoted, published, and sold, in somewhat the style of other days. We are unfashionable if we have not read him, we are obtuse if we do not understand him, we are barbarians if we do not admire him. We have waded through, and thrown by, the "Excursion," perhaps, in our "hot youth, when George the Third was king." We are forced, in self-defence, to take it up in our cooler age, and glow with an enthusiasm to which our boyhood was a stranger. We acknowledge our early error—we *were* prejudiced, we admit, and we read our recantation—which, after all, is easier read than the poem; but we must here—in the face of fashion, the press, the reviews, the critics—enter our protest against the insinuated depreciation of *Lord Byron*, almost always to be found accompanying the justification and eulogy of Wordsworth. Natural it may be in the personal friends and adherents of Wordsworth; but it is the worst way they can take to give a just and stable place to their favourite poet in the temple of fame. No writer ever sprung from the ashes of another, who did not find his feathers singed by the flame he arose from; and the tenderest point in Byron's reputation was his own arbitrary suppression of Wordsworth. It is to us disgusting in the extreme to witness the late repeated attacks of literary criticism upon the memory and merits of the illustrious bard, as a poet; for as a man, we adventure not ourselves in his defence,—and we indignantly raise our voice against the common cry, that he is now beginning to find his place—that he must give way to cool reflection—that he was more a fashion than a taste—that he owed his fame to his history, and such like sapient observations. Butler has sung something very like—

"Ay me! what perils do environ  
The man who meddles with—*Lord Byron*!"

Lord Byron—let us record it on the pages of this magazine, as it is already graven in the rock of fame, by the

blended hands of reason and enthusiasm, there to be legible to the whole earth throughout the duration of man's intellectual life—Lord Byron's is the name which stands incontestably next to those of Shakspeare and Milton on the muster-roll of British genius. We scorn to mince the matter. There has been much shuffling and fighting shy of fair dealing of late on this question—it must be set at rest. And here we, for our part, once for all, declare ourselves ready to enter the lists with any who will undertake to maintain the opposite opinion; and to devote the best of our energies in argument and eloquence to the question. We think shame and scorn of those who have once eulogised his presence, and now affect to disparage his memory. The multitudes who writhed beneath his satiric lash might, perhaps, be expected to revenge themselves on him, but—honour to them all—those of them who survive are they, who, the highest names yet among us, are still his warmest and most generous advocates. No, it is a class who were unnoticed by him either in their insignificance or from their juniority, who now profess to form a new school, and, because the limpid element of Words-

worthian poetry has been filtered into utter tastelessness through an hundred porous brains, affect a disgust at the sublime and nectarous gushing of the wine-press of Byron's genius. These infirm constitutions, who fear that a copious indulgence or a potent infusion may intoxicate the public brain, from the effect of shallow draughts upon their own, dilute every thing before they recommend it, and exclude the mere and unmixed strength of genius as too raw and fiery to be borne. Miserable milk-sops! ye know not how much you lose, and how little you gain! For while we appreciate and almost understand Wordsworth in the midst of our enthusiasm for Byron, ye, in professing a full and intimate communion with the bard of Rydal, abjure connexion with the other, and keep your heads wilfully down from a height whence ye might behold prospects—oh, how glorious! We would it were our province to vindicate the bard of our heart by argument and illustration, but as this is a solemn argument—the defence in the case of poets *versus* public, writers *versus* readers of verses—we have, perhaps, nay certainly, said too much, and so “close here.”

THE HUSBAND-LOVER.

A TRUE STORY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

“ And Briton's virtuous queen admired  
Our maid, and in her train  
Of ladies willed her to remain.  
What more could young ambition have desired?  
But like the blossom to the bough,  
Or wallflower to the ruin's brow,  
Or tendril to the fostering stock,  
Or seaweed to the briny rock,  
Or mistletoe to sacred tree,  
Or daisy to the swarded lea,  
So truly to her own she clung,  
Nor cared for honours vain, from courtly favour sprung.”

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE short autumnal day had almost entirely closed before the widow Leary and her decrepid guest entered the cabin of the former. The dark and heavy masses of cloud which had been gradually forming during the

afternoon, were seen passing rapidly across the sky, as though driven by powerful currents, and the whole appearance of the horizon indicated that the night would be wet and stormy. The rain, indeed, had already com-

menced, and the large drops which fell at intervals, admonished the travellers to use their utmost speed, in order to reach the house before it descended in torrents.

Poor old Joan Cassidy trembled all over with cold, as she placed herself on a low straw seat, close to the cheerful fire, and extended her lean and withered hands almost over the flame. It was indeed a pleasant thing to watch the bright blaze, as it ascended from the well-filled hearth, not only diffusing warmth around, but also affording such occasional glimpses of the substantial fare prepared for the evening's feast as made her very heart within her sing for joy.

"Nelly, Nelly," she exclaimed, as soon as she had slightly recovered from a violent fit of coughing which threatened to have choked her, "there's not the least use in talking, but 'tis yourself that is happy to live near the bog. Oh, wisha, wisha! if I had as much turf as you have down on the hearth, blazing away in them heavenly flames, I'd think I had fire for twelve months. But, Nelly, asthore, we can't be fortune-tellers entirely; and I'm sure when I went to live in that house that's so cold and so miserable, 'tis little I thought I'd ever be the lone woman that I am now. Oh! 'tis I that was happy and comfortable within in them four walls, for I was like the green grass that grows near a spring, with my three fine young men sons, and my dutiful daughter, that never athwarted me from the hour she was born until she went under the sod. Oh, my own darlings! ye that was the light of my old eyes, and the veins of my heart, 'tis ye that are lying together, the four of ye in one grave, in the lonely churchyard; and when I feel the hunger and the distress pinching me, and the wind going through me, like a knife, I think it's no sin just to pray the Almighty God to put me along with ye soon."

"Indeed and indeed, Joan, you're to be pitied," said her neighbour, in a tone of genuine sympathy: "and when I'm fretted and vexed about the trouble of the world, and working myself to an oil about nothing at all but what's foolish, I think how ungrateful I am to Him that gave me the children I'm slaving for, and I pray

God to give me as much patience as Johanna Cassidy."

"Patience, Nelly! And why shouldn't I have patience? Sure, good as they were, and graceful, (and heavenly Father! 'tis they that were graceful, and that my two eyes doated down upon,) they weren't too good for Him that took them. He gave them when it was his blessed and holy will, and he took them again when it plazed him; and hadn't he a right to do what he liked with his own. Oh, my darlings! what I said when I saw ye stretched on the table before me, won't I say it for ever? 'Welcome be the will of the Lord God of heaven!'"

As she uttered the last sentence, the bereaved parent folded her withered hands over her working features, and remained for a few moments perfectly silent, realizing in her own desolate heart the affecting exclamation of the sorrowing prophet. "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him."

"What is that?" she at length suddenly exclaimed, as the noise of approaching footsteps awakened her from the reverie into which she had fallen, and which had rendered her wholly insensible to what was passing around her. "Who's coming at the hour of the night, I want to know?"

"You forget, Joan," said Mrs. Leary, gently, "that we're going to have a wedding to-night, and I suppose this is my brother that's coming to give away the bride."

"Let him in, Nelly, quick, for I hear it raining like mad. I'm full sure 'tis more than twenty years since I laid my eyes on honest Joe Sullivan. Oh, yeh! wisha, 'twas them was the good times! All that was good, and plenty of it, 'tis that was the word then—full, plenty, and lavings; but that's past and gone, and I suppose Joe Sullivan wouldn't know old Joan now if he met her." The traveller had by this time reached the door, and was admitted by his sister, who wished him a hundred thousand welcomes as she affectionately greeted him.

"And how are they all at home. Joe, big and little?" she said, shaking him warmly by the hand as he entered. "Sure I ought to lay green flags under your feet 'tis so long since

you came near us: faix, 'tis good for sore eyes to see you."

"Thank you, Nelly, thank you," said Joe, as he shook the rain from his rough coat, and stamped on the floor, in order to get rid of the superabundant moisture from his shoes: "we're all as fresh as four year olds, above at the house; and as for my old woman, she's as hearty as a buck. But tell me where's Ellen, for I'm not far from ascertaining that there 'ill be no fun at all without her."

"Don't bother your head or be wearying your tongue with Ellen awhile, Joe. Sure she's only making a raal beauty of herself below in the room; and faix 'tis a beauty she is and no lie."

At this moment the sound of several voices was heard without, and an instant after Denis Murphy, his brother-in-law, and his sister presented themselves at the door. The three children, with whom Denis was an especial favourite, immediately rushed forward tumultuously to meet him, shouting with delight, and quite overpowering him with their boisterous caresses; while Kate, who had studied her part to admiration, ran into the middle of the cabin, and, seizing the widow Leary by both hands, and kissing her violently, (although she had not opened her lips to her for twelve months,) wished her every luck and happiness for every day in the week, and Sunday; and shaking her from top to toe with the vehemence of her congratulations, told her she looked mighty well, and asked "how was every inch of her carcase," as though determined to ascertain for herself that there were no broken bones.

"Ellen, Ellen," shouted her mother, extricating herself after a few desperate struggles from the iron grasp of Kate Connor, "come up here, this minute, or I'll go stark staring mad. What, in the name of Old Scratch, you're doing, holding yourself down in that room, passes my knowledge. Come up, I say, at wanst, or tell me is it dead or asleep you are?"

Thus gently and affectionately summoned, our heroine quickly made her appearance before the assembled guests. And certainly when she did so, it would have been impossible even for the most fastidious to say that the

encomiums passed on her beauty had not been deserved. Her slight figure was shown off to advantage by a plain dark brown stuff dress, sufficiently short to admit of a very satisfactory glimpse at an exceedingly well-formed foot and ankle, while her rich dark hair was neatly braided underneath the identical net cap which Judith Malony had so severely taken her to task for hanging over, and which became her modest and blushing countenance so well, that she had no reason to regret the time she had bestowed upon it.

"Ellen, darling!" exclaimed her uncle, gazing at her with undisguised delight, "by the piper that played before Moses! you're enough to knock a man down! Bedad, you are handsome, no doubt."

"Divil a doubt of that," interrupted Denis, whose eyes had been rivetted on his bride from the moment of her entrance; "sure, Ellen dear, 'tis my heart that's fluttering inside in me, like the pendulum of a cuckoo clock!"

This burst of admiration from the bridegroom set the whole party laughing; and Joe Sullivan, declaring that the rain was a little lighter, proposed that they shouldn't be "kicking their heels there any longer, but be off at once to the priest."

Ellen was of course extremely reluctant to fetch her cloak, which was accordingly brought by her mother, who tied it on herself, whispering, all the time such words of encouragement as only mothers know how to speak. Just, however, as they were setting off a new difficulty arose, and occasioned a short delay. Little Paddy insisted upon it that he should be of the party, and on his mother telling him to hold his tongue, and be quiet, he declared that he'd do no such thing, for that Denis had promised him, no later than yesterday, that he should "see him kiss Ellen before the priest." A hearty cuff from the broad open palm of the slandered Denis, gave Master Paddy a practical comment on the maxim, that "truth is not to be spoken at all times;" and a second, from his enraged mother, sent him sprawling on the floor, where he lay kicking and screaming in a very uproarious manner. The most singular part of the whole matter however was, that it was Ellen

whose compassionate nature was first roused on his behalf, and that it was a corner of his sister's apron that dried his tears, while she endeavoured to conceal her burning blushes by bending over the still sobbing child, and gently stroking the long fair curls which hung over his neck. Denis stoutly declared, he for one wouldn't be bothered with taking such a liar as that! But Joe Sullivan said, that if Paddy was a good quiet boy, and minded himself, he'd let him come; and in a few moments the party set out, the now happy child holding slyly on by the coat-skirt of the still happier Denis.

The widow Leary soon after set about the preparation of the little feast in good earnest, and began to place on the fire the several pots and saucepans containing the viands she had taken such a long walk to procure, and Joan Cassidy, withdrawing her pipe from her mouth and deliberately depositing it in a hole in the wall, "quite convenient," rose to give all the little assistance in her power to her friend.

Two hours had nearly passed away, and the anxious mother was beginning to wonder what kept the party so long, when her quick ear caught the

sound of approaching footsteps, and the next instant the door flew open, and Ellen ran hastily into the house.

"Mother, mother," she exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees before her, while the big tears coursed one another down her cheeks, "won't you bless your own Ellen, that never left you 'till now?" Oh, mother! who's to do for you, in place of poor Ellen? Give me one kiss, and tell me you're not angry; for I know I had no right to leave you, and indeed, indeed, my heart is ready to burst!"

"The blessing of the widow be on you, my own darling child!" sobbed her parent, as she folded her in her embrace. "May your own children be as good to you as you've been to me, in all my distress and trouble, and then you'll know what it is to be as happy as I am now."

"And what will you say to me, ma'am?" said Denis, as he wiped the tears from his eyes, with the sleeve of his coat, and gently withdrawing his wife from her mother's arms enfolded her in his own. "I suppose if you aren't happy I'm not happy either; but faix I believe we're both pretty well, I thank you; for indeed I'm as blind as a bat with joy."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"Alas! how slight a thing may move  
Dissension between hearts that love;  
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
And sorrow but more closely tied;  
'That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
Yet in a sunny hour fall off.  
Like ships that have gone down at sea  
When heaven was all tranquillity!  
A trifle light as air—a look  
A word unkind, or wrongly taken,  
Oh, love! that tempests never shook  
A breath, a touch like this has shaken."

DINNER was now smoking on the board, and the whole party, with the exception of Joan Cassidy, who declared she'd eat hers "alongside of the fire," sat down to partake of the widow Leary's hospitable repast. The two mould candles were lighted with almost as much superstitious ceremony as if the persons who were about to rejoice in their light were genuine Fire Worshippers. The piece of beef which graced the head of the table was mounted on a perfect mountain, or what is techni-

cally termed a "boulster of cabbage;" *vis à vis*, the piece of salt pork was perched on the summit of another tumulus of the same vegetable, and looked not very unlike a tomtit on a haycock, so extremely disproportionate was it to its base. In the centre of the board a large dish of well-boiled potatoes showed their smiling faces through sundry rents in their dark-looking skins, called by the Irish peasantry their jackets, but surely more correctly designated their *overalls*. Mirth, good-humour, and



contentment were the ruling deities of the hour ; and though the real *native* had not yet flowed from the narrow neck of the stone jar, which might be seen sily peeping out of his hiding-place behind the tumblers and lemons on the dresser, yet the party seemed sufficiently happy without its inspiration.

The well-filled dishes soon began to look what Joe Sullivan called rather *sick*. One rather singular circumstance was, that there was no drinking-vessel placed upon the board, which might have induced the uninitiated to suppose that the Irishman, like the camel of the desert, does not require to drink when he feeds. But any one who had ever sniffed the fresh breezes of the Emerald Isle would conjecture that the absence of any liquid to quench the thirst, while engaged in the process of eating, was merely in order that they might reserve their capacities in the drinking line for the discussion of “a handsome jug of punch.”

“Well, Denis,” said Joe Sullivan, as the table-cloth having at length been removed, his sister proceeded to place before him the necessary ingredients for the composition of an Irishman’s glory, “I hope you’ll pitch into the punch, like a Christian.—Tell me, which would you like it thin and genteel, or strong and hearty?”

“Why, if it’s all one to you, I think we’d want something pretty stiff to wet our hearts after the day, and we might as well have it half-and-half.”

“Oh, Denis! you’ll kill me entirely,” said Joe; smiling, however, as though the proposition were by no means distasteful to him. “By the hole in my coat, (and by the same token there’s two of them,) I couldn’t swallow two tumblers of that without being drunk, supposing I had a steel head.”

“Well, Mr. Sullivan, I’m sure I don’t care how it is; and maybe it would be too strong for the women, for somehow Ellen here doesn’t look well, and more betoken she didn’t speak a word since we sat down.”

“That’s thrue for you, Denis; but maybe she’d have tongue enough, and to spare after this, for I’m telling you wanst for all that there never yet was bounds to a woman! Faix, I believe

you should get up very early in the morning to come up to their thricks. Man-and-ages! when once they begin, you might as well try to stop them as to fly into the sky; and maybe ’tis often hereafter you’ll ax Ellen to take her tongue off of you, before she’ll be said or led by your words; for—

’Tis beyond the art of man,  
Let him do the best he can,  
For to make a scolding wife hold her tongue!

“Come, Ellen, tell truth—won’t Denis get many a lacerating before he’s done with his wife?”

Ellen, who had been kept silent, partly by diffidence and partly by the recollection of her emotion when imploring her mother’s blessing, made no reply to her uncle’s questions; and as Joe Sullivan could not bear that his witty speech and apt quotation should not elicit any approbation, he turned to the bridegroom to hear his opinion. To his surprise, however, there was no expression of assent from Denis, whose eyes were rivetted on the downcast countenance of his wife with a searching and suspicious look. The fact was, that Joe Sullivan had hummed a verse of the very song which Father Mulcahy had amused himself in the morning by repeating, and it at once brought to his mind all his jealous fears—these slumbering snakes from whose envenomed fangs he had suffered such keen anguish during the day. Poor Ellen felt the unkindness of his look, though her eyes appeared fixed on the table, and would have given worlds to have covered her face with her hands; she, however, controlled herself, and sat perfectly still. Joe, who felt that something was very wrong, though for the life of him he could not think what, now endeavoured to change the subject to something more agreeable, and thinking nothing could be more delightful to a favoured lover than to hear of the discomfiture of his rival, said in a laughing tone:—

“Well, Denis, we ought to wish a good wife to Tade Ferall, any way, for you’ve got the flag fairly over him now. By my own song! he’s beat to a sop. I saw him to-day as I was coming over here, and I warrant he’s properly down in the mouth.”

The mention of the name of Tade Ferall made Ellen start and colour violently; for she, too, remembered the dark hints of the malicious Judith Malony, and the consciousness that her husband's eyes were rivetted upon her, only added to her confusion.

"Murder in Irish! what's all this about?" said Joe, finding his last hit even more unsuccessful than the former one. Why, Ellen, you look as if you were going to sink down through the ground, so you do. Come, Denis, rouse yourself, man, and pour out a glass of that punch for your young wife, to knock life into her heart."

Denis took the jug which Sullivan handed to him, and mechanically filled a tumbler, which he pushed towards his wife, but without at the same time altering the expression of his countenance. It was the first look of *real* unkindness that Ellen ever had to bear, and something rising in her throat told her that she could not even open her lips to swallow what was so rudely offered.

"Well, Ellen! I suppose you won't drink it after my giving it to you; and I was a fool to think you would," said the jealous husband, whose rage was fast rising into fury.

Ellen cast an imploring glance at his inflamed countenance, but just then she could not speak.

"So you won't take it, Ellen; or even give me a civil word, or look me straight in the face, as an honest woman should. Well, well! 'tis my own fault, after all; for sure I might aisy know, first and last, how it was; and I'll engage if Tade Ferall offered you that much, you'd take it, and thanks."

Ellen made no answer, but buried her face in her apron, and the next moment the tumbler which Denis offered was dashed to ten thousand atoms on the floor, and she had sought refuge in the inner room, the door of which she bolted.

"You had no right to say that, Denis," said Mrs. Leary, as her daughter disappeared: "no right in the world; and if I thought you'd ever be *imputing* Tade Ferall, or any one else to my Ellen, cut the two hands off of me down if you'd ever set foot on my *flure*."

"No matter, ma'am, whether I set

my foot on it or not," said Denis, whose anger was still at its height; "maybe if it isn't the first time with me it might be the last; for if the cap fits your daughter she may wear it; and I'll engage, ma'am, I'll lave her to you entirely; so you need never say wrong I done."

"Come, come, Denis," said Joe, to whom the whole scene was a perfect enigma, and the bland expression of whose countenance indicated that he had not been wholly inattentive to the charms of the punch; "didn't I tell you before, there was no compel upon women! I'll engage before one little tin minutes is over, you'll kiss and be *frinds*, and what else would you do? for sure you couldn't be fightin' and scratchin' for ever; though to tell God's truth of my sister, she's nearly as cross as the cats."

So saying, Joe filled another tumbler for our hero, who soon began to think that the women were not quite so much to blame as he had been himself, and to wish heartily that the name of Tade Ferall had never been mentioned before him. He had complied with Sullivan's request, in taking another glass of punch, some of which he ventured to present as a sort of peace-offering to his mother-in-law, and was listening with apparently pleased attention to a most excellent song, which Joe declared should put them all in good humour, when a slight noise from the inner room attracted his notice. No one else, however, appeared to pay it any regard; and as he was now intent upon proving to Mrs. Leary what an excellent son he would make, he did not like to disturb her in the quiet enjoyment of her "drop of comfort," by making any remark upon it. Half an hour passed away in this manner, and the party in the kitchen had completely recovered their equanimity, when Joe said he supposed Ellen was come to her senses by this time, and that 'twas a shame for her she didn't come up long ago; and Denis, with tears in his eyes, begged Mrs. Leary to step down to the room, and to tell he'd be long sorry for what he had done, and that he was ready to ax her pardon on his two knees down.

Armed with this commission, the widow went towards the door, which she shook violently, desiring Ellen to

open it at once, and come out, for that Denis was dying to see her. No answer was returned, but the ill-fastened door yielded to the shake, and gave way with very little resistance, almost precipitating the now terrified parent into the little sleeping apartment where her daughter had concealed herself.

"Heavens above!" she shrieked, rather than exclaimed, "there isn't a sign of her. Oh! Ellen, Ellen! where did you go from me, or where are you, at all? Sure you hadn't wings on you, that you could fly through the roof?"

The whole party now rushed into the little room to discover, if possible, the cause of Mrs. Leary's exclamation, and what was their surprise to find that Ellen was no where visible, while the open window seemed to indicate that she had made her escape through it, although the frame was so small that it seemed scarcely possible that any one could have passed through the aperture. All was now confusion and distress, and it was difficult to decide whether Mrs. Leary or Denis were most to be pitied. The grief of the latter, however, was of a more active character; for while the sorrowing parent seated herself on the bed, with her hands clasped together, and gave vent to the

agony of her feelings by apostrophising her daughter in the most endearing terms, the young husband rushed out into the road, followed by Joe Sullivan and Ned Connor, determined to pursue the fugitive with all possible speed. The night was dark and stormy, and as the three men had no clue whatever to guide them in their pursuit, it will not be considered strange when we state that it proved wholly abortive. Morning dawned before they wholly abandoned their search; but Joe Sullivan giving it as his opinion, that it was probable she had gone to the house of some one or other of her relations, and that it would be better for him to return to his own house, and despatch his sons to all their kindred in order to inquire for the fugitive, Denis reluctantly yielded to his arguments, and agreed to make no further efforts for the recovery of his wife until he had obtained some information as to the place of her retreat. Accordingly, with many solemn injunctions to Joe Sullivan to lose no time in making his inquiries, he slowly, and with a heavy heart, turned his steps towards his own house, while Sullivan undertook to see his sister as he passed, and acquaint her with their want of success.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"Oh! woman's love, at times it may  
Seem cold or clouded, but it burns  
With pure undeviating ray,  
Nor ever from its idol turns;  
Its sunshine is a smile; a frown,  
The heavy cloud that weighs it down;  
A tear its weapon is. Beware  
Of woman's tears—there's danger there!  
Its sweetest place on which to rest  
A constant and confiding breast;  
Its joy to meet—its death to part—  
Its sepulchre a broken heart."

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN Ellen Leary, or rather Murphy, as we must now call her, quitted the table at which the bridal party were assembled, her mind was in a perfect tumult of apprehension and distress. Having bolted the door of the little room so as to secure herself from intrusion, Ellen seated herself on the low bedstead (for there was no chair) and

gave vent to her over-wrought feelings in a passionate flood of tears.

Had Ellen been longer married and had had time to reflect on the obligations which she had taken upon herself by the vow she had so recently taken in the solemn ceremony which her church looks upon as a sacrament, her sense of duty would have controlled

her actions, and induced her to pause before determining on so unadvised a course, but the human mind seldom comprehends at once all the bearings of any particular change of situation, and in deciding on instant flight, the young wife thought and reasoned as if she were still free to choose her own path, and accordingly felt little or no self-reproach at the rash step she was about to take. No sooner had the idea of escape suggested itself to her mind than she rose hastily, and, collecting the most valuable portion of her scanty wardrobe, and disposing it in a small bundle, prepared for immediate flight. The little casement window had never been intended to open, but it was so frail that a very slight effort was sufficient to detach it from the wall, and it was while she was engaged in doing so that Denis had heard the slight noise we have before mentioned. Once, and once only did her resolution falter, and that was when her eye fell on her mother's crucifix which hung suspended by a black string from the head of the bed. Tears filled her eyes as it met her glance, but brushing them hastily away and muttering to herself—"She'll know who took it," she detached it with trembling eagerness from its situation, and with one long, deep sob, concealed it in her bosom. The sharp night air blowing through the now open window recalled her to a recollection of her fatal resolution, and throwing her bundle through it she prepared to follow it herself. The aperture was so small that it was not without considerable difficulty that she accomplished her purpose, and a projecting stone cut her right hand so deeply that she reached the ground with blood flowing copiously from the wound. The rain descended in torrents, and the night was so dark that she could scarcely discern her own injured hand, but she had never been either of a timid or irresolute disposition, and now the die was cast, and she would not have returned if it had blown a hurricane. When she commenced her flight she had not determined upon her destination, but as she walked forward it occurred to her that an aunt whom she had once seen, and who resided near the city of Cork, distant about eighteen miles, might shelter her for a few days, and accordingly quitting the high road and fol-

lowing an unfrequented path which led through the fields, she walked onwards as quickly as the inclemency of the night would permit, trembling in every limb and fancying that in the moaning of the now raging wind she could distinguish the shouts of those whose pursuit she dreaded, and who were as yet unconscious of her flight. It was not more than ten o'clock when Ellen commenced her journey, and although she was a strong country girl, well accustomed to walking, yet such was the circuitous road she took and the severity of the weather, that it was eight o'clock the following morning when, wet, weary, and exhausted, she arrived at the comfortable-looking cabin of her aunt.

Bridget M'Carthy was already hard at work, and was engaged in washing a large pot of potatoes before the door when the figure of her niece presented itself before her. She was a little, dark-eyed, active-looking, middle-aged woman, with a good-humoured smile, and a cheek the colour of a flamingo's wing. She was much shocked and surprised at the appearance of her niece, but finding by the incoherent replies she received to her numerous inquiries, that Ellen was completely incapable of answering them distinctly, she contented herself by kissing her affectionately, and giving her a warm and hearty welcome.

The poor girl returned her salutation with grateful emotion, and would have given worlds to have laid her head upon her kindly bosom and wept like a child, but Mrs. M'Carthy, who saw by the universal tremour of her frame that something very painful had occurred, repressed her curiosity, and good-naturedly led the way to the house, forbearing, for the present, to ask any further questions as to the cause of Ellen's visit or her too evident affliction.

"Take off your wet cloak, child, and dry yourself, like the best of good girls, and set down there along side of the fire, while I warm a small sup of sheep's milk. Oh, yeh winta! 'tis you're the holy show this blessed morning, and miserable enough you looks to plaze all the inimies that ever you had. I wondher at your mother, to let you come such a journey in all the rain. Stir the fire there, Ellen, a cwidh, and help me, for 'tis like

the idle housekeeper, it no sooner gets any liberty than it's sure to go out."

Prattling on in this manner, Bridget contrived, with the assistance of her apron, which performed the part of one bellows, and her mouth, which did the work of another, and (which though the oldest invention was far the most effective of the two,) to make the almost expiring embers on the hearth again begin to burn brightly, and she was just in the act of placing a small pipkin of sheep's milk upon the fire, when a slight noise attracted her attention, and before she had time to lay the vessel out of her hand, her niece had fallen forward on the floor in one of those long and death-like swoons which, betoken some fatal shock to the nervous system, and which in this case was perhaps partly brought on by extreme bodily fatigue, so true is it—"que le dernier pas ne fait pas la lassitude—il la declare."

"Oh, blessed hour!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Carthy, in real terror, "what will I do now? Ned M'Carthy, Ned M'Carthy, I say, come here to me at wanst, I tell ye, or you'll dhrive me distracted! Come up here, I say, for if Ellen Leary isn't dead entirely I'm sure she's almost gone."

Thus summoned, Ned M'Carthy soon made his appearance from the cabbage garden behind the house, and with his assistance the unfortunate and now insensible girl was laid on the bed in the inner room.

"Well, Ellen, thanks be to the Almighty God, you're finely to-day," said Bridget, as she placed the chair near the fire for her niece. "I can tell you, I won't be the betther of the wicked fright you gave me this long time. Why, girl, you turned all of a sudden as white as a sheet, and there wasn't a stir in you no more than there'd be in a corpse."

"I'm sorry indeed, aunt," said Ellen, endeavouring to speak calmly; "I'm sorry to my heart that I was so troublesome to you and gave you such a fright, but, God help me, I didn't rightly know what I was doing, and indeed I hardly know yet, for my head is very bad entirely—just ready to split—and I feel as if I was drunk."

Here the poor girl paused, and putting her hand to her forehead, re-

mained for a few minutes perfectly silent. At length making a violent effort to command her feelings, she added in a lower tone—

"I can't tell you, aunt, how thankful I feel for all your kindness to one like me. If I lived ten thousand years it would never be out of my heart, for your breath was like the soft summer shower to the thirsty ground, and you looked at me and spoke to me like—like the mother that's far away." Here she gasped for breath, but again struggling with and repressing her own emotions, went on rather more rapidly than before. "But as I was saying, aunt, your goodness to me I can never forget, and I think the last I ought to do, now is to tell you what brought me here, though your kindness wouldn't let you so much as ask it."

"Oh, don't say one word about it, Ellen dear," interrupted her good-natured but thoughtless relative. "As for the fright, the trouble, and the distress of my mind, 'twas all nothing but pleasure I'm sure, and as for the rest sure Joe Sullivan was here this morning at grey daylight looking for you, and I told him you were safe and snug below in the bed, and how you were a'most dead from the fretting; and he ran away home with himself as fast as ever he could to tell Denis."

"Oh, blessed queen of heaven," exclaimed Ellen, leaning back in her chair and turning deadly pale, "I'm destroyed entirely! Oh, aunt, aunt, what was it that made you say that! I wouldn't see Denis now for all the world—it would kill me indeed, indeed it would."

Poor Mrs. M'Carthy was quite shocked at the effect of her own imprudence, and dreading a recurrence of the fainting fit which had terrified her so much before, endeavoured as far as she could to re-assure her niece and repair the mischief she had done.

"There, there, Ellen, don't cry," she said, as she wiped the big tears from her pale face, which she affectionately drew to her own bosom. "Don't cry any more like a good reasonable girl; and sure if you don't like to see Denis, I'll engage you'll never see his hind leg within my hall-door. Do you think that Ned M'Carthy would let him touch you with a pair of tongs if you didn't like it yourself, so don't



break your heart about the vagabone thief: that's my own darling child."

"Where's my uncle?" said Ellen; "I didn't see him to-day."

"No, darling, you didn't, for he went off at the first light to Jim Mahony's, to see him and his wife before they sail off for America, they'll be on the salt say before night, poor things."

"Jim Mahony!" said Ellen, with some appearance of interest. "Why he's an old neighbour of ours, and an honest, dacent man he is. I wondher what's taking him so far away."

"How could I tell you, child. New fashions I suppose. When I was young the people would stop at home in their own little cabins, and mind their little pigs, or their little hens, or any other little valuables they had, like dacent Christianable people as they wor; but now 'tis running and scampering over the wide ocean they are, like a parcel of rabbits, and 'tis hey fellow well met they are with the black blacks, and the blue blacks, and the tawny blacks, and every other black of them they comes across."

At this moment a sharp knock was heard at the closed door, which made Ellen start violently and cover her face, and the next moment the latch was raised and a small dapper-looking little man walked into the house, with a neat basket on his arm and a yard measure in his hand. The stranger was dark-complexioned and wore a most formidable pair of coal-black whiskers, which fairly planted out the wrinkles which would have otherwise been very visible in his sallow cheeks, and which would have made him look fierce but for the good-humoured expression about his mouth, mingled with no step-child's portion of real inborn and most ineffable conceit. The professional flourish with which he carried his yard, as well as the basket on his arm, proclaimed him to be, what he was indeed proud of being, a travelling pedlar.

"Is that yourself, John?" said Bridget M'Carthy, bustling up to him with infinite glee: "sure it's good for sore eyes to see you; I'll lay the green rushes under your feet for a welcome. Why, man, I'm this whole month that's passed without one single tatther of as much as a six-penny handkerchief to tie round my neck; and I thought 'tis the way you forgot me

entirely, and that you'd never come next or near me again, so I did."

"Why, ma'am, you see," said the pedlar, as he laid his basket and measure on the snow-white table, and wiped his face with a gorgeous yellow and green cotton pocket-handkerchief. "I declare I'm very sorry to disappoint you, but I can't entirely help myself always, ma'am, with the ladies, they're so fond of me. Indeed, ma'am, 'tis the most disagreeablest thing in the world to be so unregular as I am, but it really surpasses me to do more than I do, I'm so pulled and dragged here and there, and so distracted in my mind from every call that I believe I must cut myself in twenty pieces at last to come up with them all; 'tis only, 'Mr. Murphy, my dear, what the dickens kep' you so long,' and 'I declare to my heart, Mr. Murphy, we're lost women without you,' wherever I go."

"Well, John, what have you to-day to timplt us?" said Bridget, sliding towards the basket, one of the two covers of which she attempted to raise.

"Oh, ma'am, ma'am, dear, don't do that if you plaze; I've a lark, ma'am, in that side."

"A lark, John! why what in the name of Saint Peter do you var with that?"

"Why you see, Mrs. M'Carthy, there's a young gentleman, a friend of mine, in Cork, (he's a son to Mr. Donovan in Grafton's-alley, the boy that sells beer,) and he's entirely given up to singing birds, and so, ma'am, he axed me if I could at all come at a lark, and I'm rearing this young little one for him, and you see I keeps one side for the bird, and the other for the goods." (The whole basket was about a foot and a half long.) "I can tell you, ma'am, I've most delightful things to-day. Here's an uncommon six-penny handkerchief, maybe it would serve your neck."

"Yes, John, it will do well enough though to tell truth, 'tis as dear as twelve eggs a penny, but tell us, haven't you a word of news at all? 'Tis as well with John Murphy but to have something up on his string."

"Nothing worth you're bearing, ma'am; only as I was coming down apast Ollen's well, I heard something about your niece, Miss Leary, that I couldn't believe."

"Oh I know all about that, John," said Mrs. M'Carthy, anxious to spare Ellen's feelings.

"Well, ma'am 'tis all about the country in every direction that she lost her senses after Tade Ferall, that Denis Murphy—(that was her husband's name, Mrs. M'Carthy)—is fit to be tied, and that he swore, out of all jokes, that he'd murder them both, and indeed I believe he would, for though my friends say I'm a peaceable little man when I am'n't vexed, I know the Murphys—egg and bird—are rather too near to their passion, and as for Denis, they say he's as wicked as the devil himself when his blood is wanst properly up."

Poor Ellen's heart died within her as she listened to this confirmation of her worst fears; she, however, remained perfectly still, and her aunt anxious to prevent her talkative friend, the pedlar, from continuing his gossip, said she was just going to step to Ep. Shinkwin's to buy a few hundreds of white and green savoy's to put in the cabbage garden, proposed to John Murphy to accompany her part of the way.

No sooner had Mrs. M'Carthy and the pedlar left the house than the unfortunate girl cast herself upon her knees on the ground and exclaiming aloud—"Good God of heaven what am I to do now!" burst into an agony of tears. It never occurred to her that John Murphy's narrative was merely the idle gossip picked up in the course of his wanderings, and dressed up with sauce *piquante* to suit the palate of her aunt, she therefore received the whole narrative as literally true, and the image of her enraged and jealous husband filled her with terror and dismay. She had no friend near her to speak words of comfort and encouragement, and giving way to the feeling of the moment she determined on making her escape from her present abode before the return of her aunt. Whither was she to turn for refuge? She recollected that Jim Mahony and his wife were to sail for America that evening, and in an instant she had determined on accompanying them. No sooner had the idea occurred to her than she ran into the sleeping apartment for her little bundle, and was soon on the road leading to the city of Cork.

Mahony and his wife were at first very unwilling to let Ellen accompany them, but she begged and prayed so earnestly that they would not leave her behind, that they at length acceded to her request. As at the time we speak of government allowed a free passage to any young female going out under the protection of a married couple to any of the American colonies, there was no difficulty in procuring Ellen's passage, as Mahony and his wife were to sail in a vessel bound to St. John's, Newfoundland, although their ultimate destination was the United States. With the assistance of Mrs. Mahony our heroine pledged her cloth cloak for the few necessaries requisite for her voyage, and in less than an hour from the time of her quitting her aunt's residence all her arrangements for a journey of five thousand miles were completed. She could not, however, bear to leave her native land without writing one line to her mourning parent to assure her of her safety, and as, although she had not been long at school, she was able to write a little, she occupied the time which intervened before the Mahonys left their lodging to go on board the ship, in endeavouring to pen a letter to her mother. Luckily the servant girl at the wretched lodging house was an old acquaintance of hers, and to her she entrusted her letter, giving her at the same time the last sixpence she had and an earnest charge to deliver it to Mrs. M'Carthy as soon as possible after the vessel had sailed, and to beg her to send it to her mother.

The sun had nearly sunk beneath the horizon before the voyagers repaired on board the vessel which was to sail with the evening tide. There were many emigrants to sail with them, and the scene on the quay was of the most heart-breaking description. Groups of country people were assembled in little knots on various parts of the quay, gazing around them with wild and terrified looks, and then suddenly turning once more to embrace their relatives and friends.

But of all the unhappy beings who crowded the fore part of the ship as she began to move the most wretched was Ellen Murphy. She had done wrong; she had, in a moment of phrenzy, abandoned her native land

and planted a dagger in her fond parent's heart, without taking one hour to consider the consequences of her rash conduct; and as she sat on the deck of the vessel which was bearing her quickly from the home of all she loved on earth, and she gazed with wistful eyes on the lovely shores of the country she was leaving perhaps for ever, the scalding tears of repentance chased one another down her cheeks till she could gaze no longer. Then, too, her husband; was it not possible that the pedlar's account of him might be false, and that he had long since repented of the only hasty expression he had ever used; and then, oh, how he would grieve to hear that the sea was placed between him and his first and only love, and that by her own free and deliberate choice she had separated herself from him for ever. It was all over now, the door of reconciliation was irrevocably closed, and she must go forth and eat the bread of dependance, a stranger in a foreign land. What would she

give to see him once again, though it were but for a moment, to lay her head on his bosom, or even to kneel at his feet and implore the forgiveness from him which she could not accord to herself, but the time had now passed away, and in the very depths of her soul she felt that her repentance had come too late. There are some derelictions of duty which bring with them their own punishment, while with others the consequent suffering which is sure to all comes more slowly. Poor Ellen's act had been of the former description; at the very instant of her departure from her mother's dwelling the barbed arrow was within her heart, and she was now to bear all the misery which follows in the wake of precipitation. With her eyes rivetted on the lovely scenery which decorates both banks of the river Lee, she remained motionless until darkness concealed every object from her view, and in an hour afterwards the increased heaving of the vessel announced that she had entered on the open sea.

## CHAPTER X.

"Oh! do not say farewell,  
Though we be doomed to sever,  
'Tis like the sullen passing knell  
Of pleasures gone for ever."

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN young Sullivan returned to the dwelling of the widow Leary fraught with the intelligence of her daughter, the bereaved parent was almost beside herself with joy.

"Run, Paddy, darling, run like a divil this very minute over to Denis Murphy's, and bring him with you at wanst. Tell him our own Ellen is found out at last, and that she's a'most dead from the bare dint of fretting, and that I'm cracked with joy."

Armed with this comprehensive and remarkably intelligible message, little Paddy darted off like lightning, and before the widow thought her messenger could have been half way, the breathless and delighted Denis ran into the house.

"Oh, Mrs. Leary, ma'am," said he, as he shook his mother-in-law by both hands, "amn't I the happy Denis? We've found her at last, and all our trouble is over. Sure, ma'am, Paddy says that her heart is a'most broke,

and isn't my own in twinty small pieces ever since I said what I done. Indeed, ma'am 'tis no lie, for 'tis in babby-rags it is ever since that misfortunate night."

"Well, Denis, 'tis all over now," said the widow, as she wiped the bright drops from her cheeks with the corner of her blue apron; "'tis all past and gone, and I just sent for you to tell you that I'll be off at the first light in the morning, and maybe you'd be after sending some word or two of a message to Ellen."

"Message, ma'am! the divil fly away with the message you'll fetch or carry between me and my wife. No, no, as cute as you are you'll never do that; 'twas I druv her from you, like a thief as I was, and with God's help 'tis I'll bring her back. And so just mind yourself, ma'am, and your own business, and take care of your cabin and your little substance, till she walks into the doore. I'm going now;

Mrs. Leary, and I'll engage the green grass won't grow undher my feet till I sees her once more."

"Maybe you're right, Denis, for I declare what with the blisters I have on my toes, and the age, and the trouble, and the weakness, I'm hardly able to wag, and so I'll just be spinding the time claneing the little house, for, faix, I didn't do a hand's turn to it since my child runn'd away, only sit over in that corner and stick my two knees into the ashes, like a cricket, and if Ellen was to see the place in that form and figure she'd murdher me she'd be so vexed."

"That's the calico! Ma'am, dear, 'tis now that you speak as if you had some trifle of sinse. God bless you, Mrs. Leary, and I won't say good-by, for as sure as a gun I'll rowl in the doore to you back again before I gets there!"

It was almost dark when our traveller reached the narrow lane leading to the residence of Bridget M'Carthy, and as he was fearful of alarming Ellen by his sudden appearance, he determined to wait at the bottom of the lane until some person passed by whom he could send forward in order to prepare her for his arrival. He accordingly seated himself on a large mossy stone by the side of the road and waited as patiently as he could until he could descry some one to whom he could entrust the long message he had determined on sending to his wife. He had been seated about half an hour, and was beginning to grow extremely weary of his tantalizing position, when his quick eye detected the figure of a woman coming down the lane slowly towards him and bearing a large pitcher in her hand. The moment that he perceived her approach he started suddenly to his feet and advanced rapidly to meet her. Her eyes were swollen with weeping and fixed on the ground, and as she passed she scarcely seemed to notice the cheerful "God save you, ma'am," with which Denis greeted her.

"By your lave, mistress, I wanted to speak two or three little words to you before you goes on, for I suppose that you're aunt to my Ellen."

"Aunt to your Ellen!" exclaimed Bridget, stopping suddenly and regarding our hero with surprise. "Sure it isn't Denis Murphy that's

speaking to me at this hour of the night?"

"Yes indeed, ma'am, it is; and when I heard of the poor creature, and of how miserable she was, and of your kindness, Mrs. M'Carthy, and of how happy and comfortable you made her, I didn't think my two legs could bring me fast enough till I'd thank you for what you done. Tell me how's every inch of her, ma'am, and is she quite well?"

"God help her and you, Denis," said Mrs. M'Carthy, regarding him with tearful eyes; "I'm sure I don't know whether she's sick or well, for she's not with me since morning."

"Not with you?" said Denis in a feeble voice; "then for the love of God tell me at waunst where is she, or I'll die on the spot."

"I wish to my heart of hearts, Denis, I could; but I don't know any more than the child unborn what she did with herself when I turned my back. God knows I never left her out of my sight from the day that she walked in till I went up this morning to Shinkwin's to get that misfortunate cabbage; and when I come back 'tis the empty walls I had staring at me, and neither tale nor tidings of Ellen. But there was a little girl brought a letter here about nightfall, and she told me to send it in all speed to her mother, and 'Ellen Leary,' said she, 'desired me to give you that, and to tell you she'd never forget your kindness as long as she'd live, and that she sailed off to America with Jim Mahony and his wife with the evening's tide.'"

"Sailed off to America!" exclaimed Denis, wringing his hands in despair. "Oh, Merciful Father of heaven, 'tis now that I'm settled! Ellen, Ellen, darling, was it in your heart to lave me as you did? Didn't you know that if you went from me 'twas my heart's life that went? Oh! wirrahsthue! what will I do now?" So saying, he turned and fled from the spot.

It was about twelve at night when he reached the cabin of his mother-in-law, having performed his long journey without taking any rest. The widow, who had not calculated on his return before the next morning, had long been buried in deep repose, and it was not until after knocking re-

peatedly that he aroused her sufficiently to demand "who was there?"

"'Tis I, ma'am—Denis Murphy; let me in quick, for I'm ready to drop."

"Thank God, for he's good! Oh, children, get up—our own Ellen is come, and we're all happy now! Welcome, my own darling, welcome!"

So saying, the old woman rose, and, with hands tremulous from eager anxiety, managed to unfasten the door.

When, however, she had done so, and she perceived her son-in-law by the clear light of an October moon, and discovered also that he came alone, she shrank back with terror, although from the manner in which he had shaded his face with his hat he did not permit her to notice the pale and haggard expression of his face.

"Where's Ellen, Denis—where's Ellen? sure I thought you brought her with you."

"She's not coming, ma'am—I couldn't bring her," said Denis, struggling to command his voice.

"You couldn't bring her, and you came here yourself. Oh, Ellen, darling, there's something in all this that isn't right."

"Not right, indeed, ma'am, far from it. There's neither tale nor tidings of her at her aunt's, and I hear she's gone off to America with Jim Mahony and his wife, and that she sent this letter to you."

"Gone off to America! 'Tis a lie for whoever that said it, supposing that it was the priest! she'd never lave me that way, she wouldn't. But I'll light the candle for you, and then you can read the letter."

With considerable difficulty a candle was at length ignited from the embers of the almost extinct fire, and the widow seated herself on a low stool near the hearth, with her chin resting on her hand, and waited in silent anxiety while poor Denis prepared to read the letter of his wife. It was almost illegible from the agitation under which it was written, and as her husband slowly perused aloud every word fell on the heart of the bereaved parent like a bolt of ice. The letter was as follows:—

"MY OWN DEAR MOTHER—My heart is reddy to bust when I rites you these few lines. Oh, mother, darling, you'll never forgive your poor girl for using

you so shamefully entirely, but i'm a'most mad, indeed i am, from thinking of what John Murphy tould me. God bless you, my darling, and think of me when I'm far off on the salt say and the wide ocean around me. *And Tell Him i'll never forget him,* and that i'd never go to Ameriky only for what John Murphy said, and that indeed, indeed, I'm entirely distracted, and don't know what I'm doing, God help me. Pray for me, mother, and may the God of Heaven bless you all. Your beloved daughter,

"ELLEN."

"Oh, Denis, Denis, she's gone, indeed she is," said the heart-broken mother, when he had finished reading the above letter. "'Tis myself was the natural idiot that ever left you next or near her, you robber of the world, that tuck my poor child away from me, and left the lone woman to cry. Oh, I wish I was as strong as a castle till I'd fall a top of you down, and let you see what you done."

"Don't say that, ma'am, or any thing else; I'm miserable enough without having you down on me too; and if 'twill do any good I'll just kneel down here and swear that I'll never stop aisy till I brings her back again, supposing I travelled the world."

"Will you indeed?" said the unhappy parent, catching at the idea thus thrown out: "if you'd only follow her and bring her back, I'd pray for you as long as I'd live, and I'd die with your name in my mouth."

"Well then, Mrs. Leary, I'll go home, and sure 'tis myself that has the sorrowful heart to take with me; but good night, ma'am, and God send us better times."

In a few days Denis had disposed of his pigs, and with the money he obtained for them, and the whole of his little savings, he again started for Cork, leaving his sister and her husband to take care of his house till his return. His disappointment was great on finding that the last ship for the season had sailed for America, and that he must either make up his mind to wait patiently until the following spring, or embark for Liverpool, where he might be perhaps in time to sail in some vessel bound to St. John's from that port. The idea of waiting until the following spring was not to be



endured, and he therefore determined on proceeding to Liverpool at once. On his arrival there he found that a vessel was to start for St. John's in about a fortnight, but that not being an emigrant ship the passage money would be considerable. Although greatly annoyed at the delay, he was obliged to engage a passage in this vessel and endeavour to wait as patiently as he could until it sailed. Knowing how much he would require money on his landing in America, in order to enable him to prosecute his inquiries after his wife, he endeavoured to live as economically as possible

during the tedious interval which was to elapse before the vessel's sailing: yet even with the greatest care his little stock diminished rapidly; and the expense of his passage to Liverpool, and his residence there, made such inroads on his purse, that when at length he went on board the "Eliza Anne," and, seated in the fore-castle as the ship passed rapidly along the shores of Cheshire and Lancashire, counted over his little hoard, he found that after deducting his passage money he should have rather less than five pounds, out of fifteen with which he left home.

## CHAPTER XI.

"L'amaro e molto  
D'amor nel gioco  
Il dolce e poco  
Chi il puo negar?  
Ma poi quel dolce  
Benche si raro  
Tutto l'amaro,  
Ne fa scordar."

CLEMENTINO VANNETTI.

It was the latter end of November, when, after a rapid voyage, the "Eliza Anne" reached the place of her destination, and landed her passengers at St. John's; and in a few days afterwards, the long winter season set in with unusual severity. Poor Denis, who had been wholly unused to so rigorous a climate, and who exposed himself incautiously to the weather in his endeavours to obtain some intelligence of his wife, suffered severely; and the very day on which he learned from a fellow-countryman that she had set off for Boston with Mahony and his wife a few days before his arrival, he was seized with a violent inflammation on his lungs, which placed his life in imminent danger, and which confined him for three weeks to his bed. When he recovered he was obliged to lay out his remaining stock of money in the purchase of warmer clothing; and, as he was considerably in debt to the woman with whom he lodged, and who had attended him during his illness, he was forced to seek some employment in St. John's, instead of directly following the steps of the fugitive as he had intended. This was a grievous disappointment, and for some time his

heart quite sank under it; but he had surmounted so many difficulties that he would not suffer himself to despair of final success, although at times the lamp of hope burned but dimly in the socket. The recollection that he had been enabled thus far to trace his wife successfully encouraged him to perseverance; but he could not bear to write to his mother-in-law until he could communicate the joyful intelligence that the wanderers had at length been found.

The long winters of North America at length passed away. During the continuance of the frost he had managed to earn a precarious subsistence by occasionally obtaining employment about the barracks; but he had frequently been for weeks constrained to remain in unwilling idleness, during which time he suffered very severe distress. When, however, the glorious spring burst forth in all its beauty, and the mantle of snow which had for months covered the face of the country melted and disappeared, while ten thousand wild flowers sprung up in every direction, wooing the breath of a light air, soft as that of an English summer eve, he felt that the moment had indeed arrived when he might

prosecute his inquiries with success; and the toils, the privations, and the sufferings of the last six months were forgotten at once. It was on a bright morning in the early part of the month of May, that, accompanied by two other emigrants—who, like him, were bound for the States—he set out on his journey to Boston, determined either to obtain an interview with his wife, or to remain an exile for the remainder of his life. The way was long and wearisome, and they performed the whole of their journey on foot. At one time they had to travel through a forest nearly a hundred miles in length, and where their lives were several times endangered by the attacks of bears, then just leaving their winter quarters, and perfectly ravenous for food. All three, however, were well armed with hatchets, and succeeded in defending themselves, killing several of those which ventured to approach the places where they slept. There are few difficulties which stout hearts and strong hands are not able to overcome, and towards the beginning of June our travellers reached the city of Boston—penniless, indeed, and rather foot-sore from their journey, but able and willing to work when employment offered itself. Our hero being a particularly stout, fine-looking young man, was soon employed to chop fire-wood by a gentleman, who resided at a distance of about three miles from the city, and at the end of about a fortnight, he had the delight of hearing that Ellen was actually living with a lady, whose house was only at the distance of about six miles, and that he might see her at the Roman Catholic chapel, not far from the residence of her mistress, where his informant stated that she attended regularly every Sabbath day.

This was indeed information sufficient to repay him for all the hardships he had undergone; but now that he appeared about to be rewarded for his perseverance and constancy, a strange feeling of timidity made him shrink from at once communicating with his wife. Still he knew that she loved him: the little feeling of jealous suspicion which had marred the happiness of his life had long since passed away, and he had the most unbounded confidence in her affection. The words of the poor girl's letter were ever ringing

in his ear, and whispering comfort to his heart. "Tell him I will never forget him." Yes! that one simple sentence had given him resolution: overcome every difficulty, and sustain every hardship, and now, when his courage failed, and he almost dreaded to meet his wife, they bid him hope for the happiness he had so strangely lost. After much consideration he at length determined on endeavouring to see his beloved Ellen at the chapel on the following Sunday; but as he dreaded the effect such an abrupt disclosure of his arrival in America might have upon her, he resolved not to reveal himself to her until he had previously given her some intimation of his proximity to the place of her abode. In pursuance of this design, he set off at an early hour on the following Sunday morning, and had succeeded in placing himself in a niche inside the door of the chapel, just as the congregation began to assemble for early prayers, gazing with eager eyes and a palpitating heart at those who entered, while he carefully concealed his own person from observation. He had not long to wait, for among the first persons who entered the place of worship he descried the being whom he still so fondly loved, and for whose sake he had left home and country to suffer many things in a strange land. She was very pale and thin—paler and thinner than he could have supposed: possible she would ever have become: and as she threw herself prostrate before the altar, he fancied that he could perceive a tear gather slowly in her large dark eye, and then fall upon her hand, which held a small crucifix, suspended by a black tape, and which he at once recognised as the one which she had taken from her mother's house. She remained in this position for a few minutes, perfectly still, and then raising the little relic to her lips, pressed them fervently against it, while Denis perceived with surprise that the emaciated hand that held it was most deeply scarred.

During the celebration of the service Denis had determined upon quitting the chapel before his wife, lest the agitation of his feelings should hurry him into a premature disclosure of himself, and, accordingly, before Ellen had risen from her knees, he had passed through the outer door, and

was bending his steps in the direction of his present abode. After mature consideration, he resolved to write on the following Saturday a letter full of expressions of contrition for the past, and assurances of his unabated affection, and requesting her to meet him at the chapel on the ensuing Sunday, could she indeed make up her mind to forgive him for the unjust and injurious suspicions which he had only entertained for a moment, and by which he had destroyed his own happiness for ever. On the Sabbath morning he repaired at an early hour to the chapel, and, full of anxiety and apprehension as to the effect which his letter might have produced, stationed himself in the same niche he had occupied on the first day. The congregation had not assembled when he arrived, and, as the place of worship slowly filled, his eye sought in vain for the only being in the moving crowd whose presence there could have the slightest interest for him. Ellen came not, however; and when, after an interval of the most torturing suspense, the magnificent organ suddenly burst forth and proclaimed that the service had commenced, he felt as if the whole scene were some splendid phantasmagoria, conjured up in mockery of his sufferings, and he was obliged to lean against the wall for support. At that moment he would have rushed out of the building, and returned in sullen despair to his master's house, but hope whispered the oft remembered words, "*Tell him I will never forget him,*" and he determined, at all events, to wait the conclusion of the service.

The mass was nearly over, when a slight noise attracted his attention, and the moment after the door of the chapel was pushed gently inwards, and his wife stood within a few paces of the spot where he was concealed. Her step tottered as she advanced slowly up the crowded aisle, and she seemed with difficulty to sustain herself from falling. After having proceeded a little way in this manner, she knelt down, and, raising her eyes, gazed earnestly around her, as if in search of some one; but Denis had carefully withdrawn himself from her view, and, in a few moments, with an air of disappointment, they were again cast down.

The service was soon terminated,

and Denis now advancing from the place of his concealment, stationed himself in the porch of the chapel, so that his wife must pass close to him as she went out. The crowd for a short time intercepted her from his view, and before he was aware of her approach, she was standing by his side, and would have passed on without perceiving him, but that he touched the corner of her shawl. A faint scream escaped her lips, and she would have fallen to the ground, but the arm of her husband was already encircling her waist, and the next moment she found herself laid at full length on one of the tombstones in the chapel yard, while Denis knelt beside her, and chafed her cold hands in his, with all the tenderness and affection of his own honest heart.

"There, there, Ellen dear," he said, as she revived a little, and, resting her burning forehead upon his bosom, burst into tears; "cry enough, darling, 'twill do you a power of good; and, indeed, 'tisn't rivers, but oceans that's running out of my own two eyes. But, Ellen dear, why don't you spake, and tell me once for all if I have your forgiveness for all that I done."

"Forgiveness, Denis! 'tis that that *I* hopes for; and God knows I have been punished enough for my pride. Oh, darling, could I ever hope or think you'd spake to me so kind again, or look at me as you do now?"

So saying, she nestled her head in his bosom, with a confiding tenderness which spoke volumes to her husband's heart.

"Punished, indeed, you've been, Ellen, sorely punished," said Denis, as he gazed mournfully at her altered countenance, and clasped her emaciated hand; "you're nothing but bare skin and bone, but, by the blessing of God, we'll be happy enough now we're together again; and when we gets back to ould Ireland again, 'tis you'll be as fat as a fool."

"And will you indeed, Denis, take me back to my own darling mother?" said Ellen, gazing eagerly at the radiant face of her happy husband—"will you indeed take me back? Oh, if I lived tin thousand years, I'd never forget your goodness to me this day!"

"Ay, Ellen, 'tis that one little word that brought me tramping hot

foot over the salt say, and kept the life in my heart ever since—didn't you say in that blessed litter to 'tell Denis you'd never forget him?' and wasn't it that very saying that put Denis on the spot he is now? Oh, Ellen! only for that I'm full sure I'd be a corpse long ago, for every morsel of victuals I tuck went against me entirely, and I didn't eat as much for a month as a thrush. Well, 'tis all over now; and if ever you plays me such a trick again, why I think I'll run away too."

"Oh! never, never!" said Ellen, as she affectionately returned the good-humoured smile of her husband, and motioned him to assist her to rise. "But I must go home now, for my mistress will wondher what kept me so long."

"And I suppose poor Denis mustn't go along with you at all, at all, or even see you a piece of the road; but, faix, though lave is light, I believe I won't ask it to-day."

It must be confessed Ellen did not seem *very* angry at her husband's determination to accompany her home; and, as they walked on, they busied themselves with the arrangement of their plans for the future. It was agreed that Denis should immediately write to and acquaint the widow Leary with the successful issue of his journey, and that as soon as their united savings amounted to the sum requisite to defray the expenses of their passage to Europe, they should set out on their return to the Emerald Isle.

Some months passed away before they could effect their object, and it was not until the commencement of autumn that the re-united couple took their departure from New York in a vessel bound for the city of Cork. Their voyage was a prosperous one, and, on a lovely evening in the early part of September, the ship entered the magnificent harbour of Cove; and as the travellers stood together on the deck, and gazed with delighted eyes at the beautiful scenery of the river

Lee, they thought that in all their wanderings they had seen nothing to compare with the green shores of their native land.

Immediately on their landing at Cork, they set off for the dwelling of Mrs. M'Carthy, who received them with open arms, and welcomed their return to the country of their birth with real and unaffected delight. Here, however, a sore trial awaited poor Ellen, who learnt from her aunt that her mother had been dead about three weeks of a malignant fever, then very prevalent in the south of Ireland. This was, indeed, an unexpected bereavement; and the devoted and repentant daughter mourned for her lost parent with all the intensity of her affectionate nature, and all the bitterness of self-reproach. It was, however, some consolation to learn that Mrs. Leary had received the letter they had sent from America some time before her illness, and that she had died blessing God for his goodness to her absent child, and in the full assurance that her son-in-law would protect and cherish the helpless orphans that she left behind.

In a few days the travellers left the vicinity of Cork; and when they knelt together on the grave of the mother they had both so truly loved, and Ellen heard her husband's solemn vow to be a father to the weeping children who were standing near, she felt that though she had indeed been severely punished for her erring conduct, yet the blow had been mercifully dealt; and long and fervently did she pray that her future conduct as a wife might be some reparation to that husband for the sufferings he had undergone on her account.

Need we add, that the prayer thus fervently poured forth was not unheard; and that the after lives of Denis Murphy and his lovely wife afforded ample proof of how abundantly it was answered.

## CANADA.

CANADA, Canada, is at present the all-engrossing subject. The tariff and the corn-laws, China and Affghanistan, are all forgotten in the absorbing interest of the question which every thoughtful man, who has pondered the condition of our colonial empire, puts to himself, namely, what is to be the upshot of the recent doings in that country, in which her majesty's representative has capitulated to convicted traitors?

Undoubtedly England has entered upon a new era in colonial government: whether for the better or for the worse, it might be precipitate to say; although we do not disguise that it is a subject upon which we ourselves have strong opinions. But that the late political appointments, by which the good folk at this side of the Atlantic have been so startled from their propriety, and which have, no doubt, caused bitter heart-burnings at the other amongst the soundest portion of the population, ought not to have taken any reflecting politician by surprise, must be clear to the plainest understanding, as they were but the foreseen and natural consequences of the recent changes in the legislative constitution of the colony, by which the principle of responsible government was admitted; which implied, of necessity, in that country as well as in this, an administration which should be, both in men and in measures, acceptable to the majority of the representatives of the people.

That such alterations should have been made, involving consequences so momentous, not only as affecting the condition and the allegiance of the people of Canada, but of every other colony of the British crown—all this, it should be held in mind, is not to be laid to the charge of her majesty's present advisers. If these new arrangements are fraught with benefits, they are not entitled to the credit of having originated them:—neither, if they are pregnant with evil, are they chargeable with the guilt or the error which may have led to their adoption. For ten

long years they were exiled from the councils of the sovereign. During those years, a system of government was entered upon, and perseveringly prosecuted, by their supplanners the Whigs, in many respects the opposite of that which they would have approved of; and which led, both at home and abroad, to what can scarcely be described as any thing less than a bloodless revolution. Over the course of policy thus instituted they could exercise no control. For its consequences they are not responsible. They must have remained out of office, and consented to see the empire utterly ruined by Whig misgovernment; or, in assuming office, assume also the responsibility of fairly giving effect to the measures, the principle of which had been carried by their predecessors against their sturdy reclamation. The tree was planted and watered by others; it was not for them to determine the fruit which it should produce, but only to watch over its growth, and to see that while nothing was done to let or to hinder its natural development, its progress towards maturity should so be regulated as might best conduce to the prosperity of the colony, without bringing into question the authority of the British crown.

In our judgment, the men whose misgovernment caused the late outbreak in Canada, should have been held responsible for their misdeeds, and their conduct should have been brought before the high court of parliament. This was not done. The days of impeachment were considered to have gone by, and ministers, with a majority at their back, were considered as entrenched behind an impregnable rampart, which must render vain and fruitless any hostility that could be directed against them. In all this we cannot help thinking that there was much to lament in our Conservative leaders. Granted that a majority in the House of Commons was not to be hoped for, the ears of the country were beginning to be wide open to the incapacity and the profligacy



gacy of the culprits in office ; and a stern denouncement of their misdoings would be echoed from one side of the realm to the other, until a storm of indignation was excited, against which no ministry could stand. Instead of this, a degree of forbearance towards them was manifested, by which, we believe, they were surprised almost as much as many honest men were offended. And instead of having been driven with ignominy from the councils of the sovereign, they were suffered to remain, to bring to such termination as they could the rebellion by which that noble colony was convulsed, and to initiate the legislative measure by which from thenceforth it was to be governed.

Lord Durham, a haughty, shallow, radical aristocrat, who was supposed to represent the feelings of that large section of the community upon which the then government chiefly depended for support, was sent out as a sort of colonial dictator, to make his report upon the state of the country, and to advise such measures for its future government, as should to his judgment seem expedient. There can be no doubt that to his report is traceable the new constitution which that colony now enjoys ; and as little, that the recent changes which have taken place in the cabinet of the chief governor are directly referable to that new constitution, which requires that the colonial government should be locally responsible to the house of assembly, that being supposed, like the House of Commons in England, to represent the opinions of the people.

When it was once resolved that Dublin should have a popish and radical corporation, it would be foolish to quarrel with O'Connell as lord mayor. That should have been a foreseen consequence of such a concession, and as necessarily and inevitably resulting from it as any other act by which the true character of the new institute could be displayed. And so it is in the case of Canada also. The parties properly responsible for recent events are those by whom the new constitution was given to that colony, and whose rash and heady policy had caused disorder to proceed to such a height, that the present ministry, then in opposition, felt they scarcely had

an option in the matter, and were constrained to adopt that new constitution as the lesser of two evils.

So intent were the wretched Whigs upon the trial of their perilous experiment in Canada, (either from a foolish persuasion of its wisdom, or a wicked desire to embarrass their successors, by throwing all that was truly loyal and British in the colony out of the frying-pan into the fire,) that a delusion was practised both abroad and at home, which more resembles the conduct of profligate gamblers than of British statesmen. In England, they well knew that the project of responsible government, propounded by Lord Durham, would be met with indignation. Accordingly, in parliament it was disclaimed ; while in Canada, the revolutionary party were to be cheated by a make-believe "responsibility," in which, while the word of promise was kept to the ear, it was to be broken to the hope. This detestable juggler was managed in this wise. Lord John Russell sent out two despatches to Lord Sydenham, both bearing date 16th of October, 1838. In one of these the shadow of responsible government was conceded ; in the other, the substance of it was withheld. Lord Sydenham, be it remembered, was a responsibility governor—he was a governor after Lord Durham's own heart. And what does he do—no doubt having received his instructions from home ? He publishes the first despatch, which he knew would exercise an influence favourable to his views over the elections, which were about to take place ; and the other is not suffered to see the light until the 13th of March, 1840, when all the elections are over ! Upon the appearance of the first despatch, an unequivocal did the determination of government seem, that the solicitor-general, an honest loyalist, resigned his office, and Mr. Baldwin, an advocate of "responsibility," and a friend of M'Kenzie, was chosen in his place. This latter stood for the town of Toronto, the very seat of government, openly upon the principle of "responsibility." Could any other impression be made by all this, than that that principle was countenanced by Lord Sydenham in his character of chief governor ? And yet the document was at that very moment in his lordship's

possession in which such an idea was emphatically disclaimed!

Is it, therefore, surprising, that the Duke of Wellington should complain, in the House of Lords, that the people of Canada were taken by surprise?—that no fair opportunity was afforded them of expressing a deliberate judgment upon a matter so momentous?—that while in Lower Canada no opinion could be expressed, the constitution being suspended, in Upper Canada the assembly was packed, by false pretences, with furious and factious partizans, who echoed, indeed, in their address, the speech of the governor, but by no means gave expression to the honest opinions of the people? Such was the substance of the noble duke's complaint, and surely never was any complaint better founded.

Alas! alas! this is miserable work. If in one sense of the word the days of responsible government have come, in another and a more salutary sense they have ended. Where is the responsibility which would bring the authors of such a trick as that which we have just exposed, before the bar of public opinion? We stick a wretch in the pillory who filches a pocket handkerchief. But honours and rewards, ribbons and garters, places and emoluments are the portion of those who practise a disgraceful fraud which may end in the loss of our colonies, and the ruin of the empire!

This is not the place to discuss the question of an union of the two legislatures, which was so crudely and so hastily made; but we deliberately say, that such is the distance between the parts of that country and any seat of government that could be named, and such the difficulty of travelling from one place to another, (a difficulty which could not be obviated with reference to one season of the year, without being aggravated with reference to another,) it would be found more convenient and practicable to have the colony represented by members sent to the British parliament. Now that steam navigation has abridged the voyage by two-thirds, we are by no means of opinion that this might not have been done; in which case the local parliaments might be confined to strictly local purposes, and the dangerous notion of responsibility would not have been heard of. But it is use-

less now to advert to what was rendered impossible before the present ministers came into power. The union is now what the French politicians call "a fact accomplished." We must take it for better for worse; and think ourselves but too happy if it does not turn out, like the negro's wife, to be only "for worse and worse." It is something, however, if we cannot untackle the revolutionary horses which have been harnessed to the chariot of state, that they are no longer driven by a drunken coachman.

Well—with the motives or causes which led to this measure we have at present nothing to do, except so far as to exempt from blame the men upon whom devolved the perilous responsibility of sustaining the burden of government in an empire which had been brought to the verge of ruin. When the case of a patient, labouring under heavy disease, has been aggravated by the tampering of an unprincipled quack, the most skilful physician who can be employed must be content to accomplish far less than might be certainly hoped for had no such charlatanry given a malignant character to all the symptoms. So it was with her majesty's present advisers. They came into office when the colonial mind had been so thoroughly drugged with the nostrum of responsibility, that any abrupt reversal of the policy of their predecessors would have given rise to heart-burnings which could not easily be allayed. That union of the provinces, which had just been carried into effect, must be regarded as the basis of their future proceedings, and thenceforth they must feel themselves constrained by a power which they could not withstand, no longer to shape the constitution to their measures, but to accommodate their measures to the spirit of the new constitution.

And here it would not be right to pass over the solemn protest of his grace the Duke of Wellington against the doctrine of responsibility, as propounded by Lord Durham and others, and which we are fain to believe the Whig ministry most reluctantly adopted. His grace observed that it was a doctrine, in his judgment, incompatible with the permanency of British rule. He alluded pointedly

to that party in the country whose views of political economy led them to regard our colonies as an expensive incumbrance. Of the unsoundness of such a theory he expressed his strong conviction; and intimated that the doctrine of responsibility was very consistently maintained by such reasoners as a means to an end; and that, in his judgment, no other results were likely to follow from it than aggravated difficulty in the government of all our colonies, which must render it very uncertain how long our authority over them could be maintained. But while thus expressing himself, the noble duke fully admitted the embarrassment which he felt, in consequence of the course which was adopted by his friends in the House of Commons; and foreseeing that, under these circumstances, some such enactment must be passed, declared his readiness, should he be defeated upon the principle, to bestow his best consideration upon its details, and do what in him lay to increase its benefits and to diminish its evils. We do not here profess to give the words of the noble duke, but only the impression which was left upon our minds by his manly and characteristic observations.

Upon the conduct of the Conservative leaders in the House of Commons, we will not at present offer any lengthened criticism. Their advent to political power was near at hand, and they naturally felt a desire to be disembarrassed of any vexatious questions, the unsettled state of which might give their adversaries an advantage. Amongst these, the condition of Canada held a foremost place. The state of anarchy into which that country had been thrown, the mischievous mismanagement by which its confusion had been worse confounded, the mania of democratic government which had been encouraged by the movement party at home, all these things must naturally have presented to the minds of the men about to succeed to the cares of office an idea of the difficulty of restoring the reign of good government, which might well have reconciled them to any project by which such an object could be attained. And seeing that there was no medium between what was proposed, and a further suspension of the representative constitution, to which they felt irre-

concilably adverse, and by any advocacy of which they would be damaged in public opinion, they gave in their adhesion to the measure of ministers, and to their suggestions, we believe, it is chiefly owing that it is not far more mischievous than it has as yet proved.

Upon the whole, the case was one respecting the merits of which the best and the wisest men might have been divided. Judging after events, we do not fairly estimate the difficulties of those who were compelled to form their judgment, and that speedily, while events were yet in the womb of time, and when every thing which art and violence could do was done to represent the sentiments of the colonists as favourable to the intended union. The subject was no longer *res intacta*. The case was very different from what it would be if such a measure had not been proposed. We believe, if the truth were known, that a large majority in both the provinces would have been found against a legislative union. But so it did not appear at the time when ministers brought forward the proposal to that effect. Sir Robert Peel and others were fully justified in supposing that they only faithfully echoed the sentiments of the colony; and seeing the great inconvenience of farther delay, and the difficulties which must attend any arrangement which could be proposed, it is not surprising that he and his friends became parties with ministers to the passing of an act, which, if not a positive good in itself, might, with much plausibility be represented as the lesser of two evils.

In the year 1828, Mr. Stephens, junior, who described himself as counsel to the colonial department, a gentleman of very great ability, and of very extensive experience in colonial affairs, in his evidence before the committee on the civil government of Canada, recommended an union of the provinces pretty much upon the basis on which it has since been made. His idea was conveyed in the following words:—"I would bring the French and English representatives, with an equality, or some approach to equality of numbers, into the same legislature. I would appoint over them a governor, possessing temper and wisdom enough to moderate between the two parties. By maintain-

ing a severe regard to justice, and to the constitutional rights of the king's subjects of every class, he might acquire a large and legitimate influence. This, I know, is a task not to be committed to vulgar hands. But I am much mistaken if a great and permanent accession of power to this country would not be derived from the mild, firm, and just management of the two great parties, equally balanced and counterpoised in the same assembly."

Thus, the two great parties in Canada were to become, as it were, a balance-pole in the hands of a skilful governor, who, while he was supported by neither, could contrive to manage both, and convert their mutual antipathies into an additional bond of British connection. A vain and chimerical notion; but not the less, on that account, likely to recommend itself to Lord John Russell. Indeed it is remarkable that when an union of the Canadas was talked of, the apprehension almost universally seemed to be that the French Canadians would be overpowered; that an influence would become predominant by which their peculiar usages and institutions would be endangered; and that British feelings, British principles, and British interests would spread and flourish at their expense, until there was no longer any room for them or their descendants in their native land. Taking a large and distant view of the subject, such results are very likely to take place. It is impossible that activity and intelligence can long co-exist with ignorance and idleness, without encroaching on its domain. The very same principle which leads to the gradual extinction of the savage race in the neighbourhood of civiliza-

tion, guarantees the progress and the perpetuity of the freeborn settlers from the British dominions, as compared with, or opposed to, the tardy and sluggish advances of a race who seem to possess no desire beyond that of remaining as they are. Of the former it may be said to be the law, that they must increase; of the latter, that they must decrease. Of this we believe no wise man entertains a doubt. But, between the present period, and that final consummation when such results may be brought about, "through what varieties of untried being, through what new scenes and changes" will not that country have to pass? Will not emergencies arise which must render it very difficult to maintain British authority? And is it not but too likely that, in the motley legislature thus created, there will be a suspension of mutual animosities for the sake of some combined effort by which the authority of the mother country may be overthrown? It is not until *that* object is accomplished that the contest of the races will in reality commence, when the French *habitans* will begin to feel that they themselves have contributed to destroy the only influence by which they could be preserved from extinction.

In Upper Canada the House of Assembly was unequally divided; a strong minority (who had been once, and might become again, a majority) being favourable to the M'Kenzie policy, by which British authority would be overthrown. The majority were anti-republican; and so long as the *separate* legislature was maintained there was a security that in that portion of the colony the legitimate authority of the mother country would be respected.\*

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\* The following are two of the reasons contained in the protest of the Duke of Wellington against the bill for a union of the two houses of assembly in Canada, in which the reader will recognise the prophetic sagacity of that illustrious man:—

"25. Because the difficulties existing in the government of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, under the provisions of the act of the 31st of Geo. III., which led to insurrection and rebellion, were the result of a party spirit, excited and fomented by the leaders of the legislative assembly in each province, acting in later times, in communication, concert, and co-operation with citizens of the bordering provinces of the United States.

"26. Because the union into one legislature of the discontented spirits heretofore existing in two separate legislatures, will not diminish, but will tend to augment the difficulties attending the administration of the government; particularly under the circumstances of the encouragement given to expect the establishment, in the united province, of a local responsible government."

In Lower Canada, a Papineau majority, and that an overwhelming one, was sure to be returned, when, no doubt, the old game would be played, by which, under the influence of that old revolutionist, the country had been so recently precipitated into treason. If an union could be effected, by which, of necessity, the upper province must give the tone to the lower, and the British feeling in the one be made to predominate over the French and republican feeling in the other, this danger might be avoided—but at the expense of engendering much bitter discontent amongst the *habitans* of Lower Canada, which must strongly indispose them to British rule. Better by far would it have been to leave the constitution suspended, and govern them by the edicts of a governor and council, whose authority, if mildly and firmly exercised, we are disposed to think they would respect, than insult them by a mockery of free government, in the practical working of which they would find themselves powerless. In the one case, however arbitrary they might deem the act, they would recognise the representative of the sovereign as a legitimate authority who was entitled to a respectful obedience; in the other, however apparently liberal the concession, they could not but regard the new constitution, by which their political influence was overlaid, as one which, while it kept the word of promise to the ear, broke it to the hope, and by which, while the name of liberty was used, the essence of tyranny was practised. We are therefore of opinion, that if a system of representation for both divisions of the colony in one chamber *was* to be adopted, that would not have been a wise one by which the representatives of the lower province would be swamped; and that the course which has been actually taken was preferable upon the whole, notwithstanding all its disadvantages and all its dangers. Let us repeat, however, our solemn conviction that better, far better, would it have been to continue, for some years longer, that suspension of constitutional liberty for which the Lower Canadians had proved themselves unfitted, and which they had so fearfully abused.

And here we desire to record our solemn protest against that notion

which at present obtains so universally amongst popular politicians, that self-government, through the medium of representative assemblies, is that which is best calculated to secure the well-being of any people. All government is but a means to an end;—the end being security, tranquillity, happiness, and improvement. Society will naturally divide itself into sections distinguished by the different degree in which they have advanced in the social scale, and characterized by different habits contracted from the various pursuits or callings in which they are severally engaged for the promotion of their separate advantage. Of these, some are of a more, others of a less liberal kind. Some have reference to the labour of the body, others to the labour of the mind. Some are of a sordid and narrow character, and of necessity involving an unfitness for those higher exercises of thought which take cognizance of the common weal; others are of a loftier and more ennobling kind, such as leads to a comprehensive survey of the world and the capacity of man, and prompts a natural desire for the accomplishment of such arrangements, moral, social, and political, as may best conduce to the highest interests, or consist with the dignity of our common nature. Now, it is only in proportion as these classes are commingled, so that the latter shall predominate over the former, and insure a just ascendancy to the rational and moral endowments and attributes over the merely animal and physical qualities and properties by which, in their several grades, they are characterized, that the experiment of free or representative government can be a successful one. For the government must take the type of the body which predominates in its election. It will, therefore be liberal, or illiberal, narrow or enlightened, according to the elements of the one kind or the other which prevail in its formation. If the elements be of the servile character, although a democracy, it will be servile; if they belong to a more enlightened class, they will not fail to impart a corresponding influence to any modification of the monarchical or the aristocratical principles with which they may be united.

But, not to be led at present into an:



wider digression upon a matter of abstract and speculative interest, what was there in the condition of Canada, at the time when a representative constitution was conferred upon it, to justify wise men in concluding that such a concession must be an advantage? Absolutely nothing. The people were an unenterprising race, subsisting upon their agricultural produce in a kind of contented poverty, of no native energy, such as distinguishes the families of British blood, and retaining a fond partiality for the laws and the usages of the seignorial system, which had been established under the old French regime, and by which they had been, as it were, stereotyped into a fixity of antiquated prejudice, which must, as long as it remained, resist inveterately the progress of improvement. Added to this, these people professed the Roman Catholic religion, and were completely subservient to their priests. Such was the condition and the character of the people of Canada, when, in 1791, our parliament passed the act which empowered them to assemble a local house of representatives, upon a basis which amounted practically to universal suffrage. Are we, therefore, to be surprised at the results which have followed? Would it not, on the contrary, be rather surprising if ignorance and prejudices were not made available for the purposes of ambitious and designing men, who used their powers and facilities under the new constitution to raise themselves to station and influence, or to forward the spread of those republican principles, which prompt the desire of national independence? Thus the free institutions, prematurely conferred upon the colony, have only had the effect of opposing additional difficulties to the removal of those peculiar habits and usages which distinguish the French inhabitants from the rest of the British-American population.

But a by-gone question of this kind should not now detain us from the consideration of that practical one with which we have to deal; nor would it have been adverted to but for the light which it serves to throw upon the difficulties with which this intricate subject of colonial government is surrounded. They have all arisen from a too facile compliance

with popular requirements. They have all arisen from an unreasoning concurrence with the spirit of the age. They have all arisen from regarding the *best means of good government* under one condition of society as the *only end of any government* under another. But well we know that that may not now be practicable, which might, in the first instance, have been advisable; and that to be governed at all, Canada must be governed through the instrumentality of free institutions.

Of these, and of the spirit by which they are at present actuated, the newly-assembled legislature must be regarded as the exponent. It cannot be denied, and should not be concealed, that in that body the principle of democracy has had a signal triumph. Our whole system of government has been, to a great extent, republicanized. The authority and influence of the crown is but the shadow of what it was. The new House of Assembly constitutes the real sovereign, to which, henceforth, the Canadian people will feel that they owe allegiance. Yea, the crown itself must now regard with a species of deferential homage the new authority to which has been practically transferred the responsibility of its constitutional advisers.

Such was the aspect of affairs under which Sir Charles Bagot has felt himself constrained to take into his confidence, and to associate with himself in the cares of government, individuals who had but recently stood in the character of attainted traitors. But, in point of fact, these gentlemen must rather be considered as admitting Sir Charles Bagot into *their* confidence than as being admitted into his. In the government of the colony, he was thenceforth but as a cipher. These gentlemen were at the head of a tyrant majority in the House of Assembly, the constitutional representatives of public opinion, in obedience to whose dictates the government must now be conducted. They are no longer to be governed from abroad, but from at home. All substantial power has been departed with on the part of those who were heretofore entrusted with the chief authority, and the respect of men must naturally turn to those to whom it has been transferred. In the present case these men, Mr. Lafontaine and his associates, were

lately obnoxious to the penalties of high treason. But what of that? The conciliatory system has put the defeated rebel in substantial possession of most of the objects for the attainment of which he was led to rebel, and he is in a position to dictate terms to those by whom he was so recently proscribed. Are these terms to be refused? The governor who refuses them does so at his peril. But little advantage can be gleaned from provoking the hostility of the parliamentary majorities, by which he is sure to be assailed. Better at once to make a virtue of necessity, and while the grace of concession yet even appears to remain, make a show of adopting from choice a course which, unpalatable though it be, must still be regarded as the lesser of two evils. All this we say, without for a moment admitting that England does not possess an overwhelming power by which, if she thought fit to exert it, her refractory colonists might be reduced to obedience. But such would not be to act in the spirit of the constitution which had been given to them, and of which, until they had flagrantly abused its privileges, they should be permitted to enjoy every advantage.

But there is another feature of Sir Charles Bagot's policy to which the minds of most honest men are still less reconciled than that in which he has made common cause with convicted traitors. That is, the cool manner in which the able councillors of state, whose only crime was their unconquerable fidelity to the British government, have been abandoned. In this, also, the excuse of the governor is the same with that of Romeo's apothecary. In the act, which is so well calculated to move our indignation, we recognise his necessity and not his will. He was not in a condition to make battle for his ostracised functionaries, and he best consults their interests by throwing them upon the generosity of their enemies. Doubtless, they themselves, also, must in the end be better pleased that their interests were thus consulted at the expense of their feelings, than that a barren contest on their behalf should be maintained, from which no possible good to themselves would arise, and which could only generate acrimony and resentment. The very same circumstances, over which he

could exercise no control, and which compelled him to capitulate, almost at discretion, to Mr. Lafontaine, compelled him also to leave to the mercy of that gentleman the disposal of his friends, under a secret assurance, no doubt, that they should not fare the worse because he thus appeared to withdraw from them his protection. In all this we can discern a prudence and a policy which the chief governor may have done well to employ. A pettish and testy refusal to act upon the behest of the leaders of the new assembly, could only be followed by a refusal to accede to the terms which he proposed; and that must have led to a legislative war which would have again embroiled the colony in confusion, and given the friends of the new order of things an excuse for saying that no fair trial had been given to the experiment of responsible government, as the very first act of the chief governor was one in utter defiance of the expressed wishes of the representatives of the Canadian people.

We have been led to dwell thus minutely upon this part of the case because in this country but too little account has been taken of the embarrassing position in which Sir Charles Bagot, was placed, and, in consequence, too little allowance made for the concessions which were extorted from him. He was the first who was called upon to make trial of a responsible colonial government; and it would ill become him to throw down the gage of hostility to the colonial assembly upon the very first occasion upon which the principle of responsibility was proposed to be tested. That would be to put himself decidedly in the wrong. That would be to give the agitators in the new parliament a clear advantage over him. It would be to begin by giving them a plausible excuse for complaining of a new grievance, which would not long remain unredressed; and would be sure, before it was finally disposed of, to generate other grievances, by which a ferment would be created in the colony, which must render it a source of weakness rather than of strength to the British empire. We cannot, therefore, but think that her majesty's representative, all things being taken into account, acted with commendable discretion in thus avoiding any early

rupture with the new assembly; making it clearly manifest that there was no intention on his part either to evade the spirit, or to frustrate the provisions of the new constitution.

As yet, as far as appearances go, this policy has been successful. Sir Charles has succeeded in "smoothing the raven down of blackness" until it has "smiled." All, but the loyal, are in good humour with him. How long is this to last? It would be invidious to predict any limit to the happy relations and the good understanding at present apparently subsisting between the governor-general and the new house of representatives; but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that they are founded upon concessions which have taken from the local government much of the power which it before possessed, and that they will continue only so long as the newly-acquired authority which is now vested in the popular representative body is not materially "let or hindered" by the local executive in the prosecution of Canadian objects.

The crisis in Canada, at the present moment, is not unlike that which took place in Ireland in 1789, and from that to 1793, which commenced with the establishment of free trade, and ended with the concession of the elective franchise to the Roman Catholics. We know that, during all that time, while the parliamentary leaders appeared to be perfectly satisfied, there was an under current of seditious discontent which had secretly resolved to be propitiated by nothing short of separation from Great Britain, and fraternization with France. We know that during a considerable portion of that time the organization of the United Irishmen was going on, and that popery and infidelity, divesting themselves of their mutual antipathies, met and embraced, upon the principle of hatred to the Protestant religion, and fierce and unrelenting hostility to monarchical institutions. All this while the government were flattering themselves that they were laying the foundation of lasting gratitude, and insuring future tranquillity, by the liberal concessions which they made, and the manner in which they had even anticipated the demands of the disturbers. Let the rebellion of 1798 tell how vain were all their calculations.

In Canada recent events have fully disclosed to us that there is a republican party who will never rest satisfied until that country is identified with the states of the union. Responsible government has now been conceded to them, and this concession, we may be certain, this party will regard but as a means to an end. In the United States, we may be sure, they will not want for "sympathisers." Whatever can be done by open or secret encouragement will not be wanting to foster the prejudices and disseminate the principles by which a revolt from the mother country may be occasioned. We know not the events, yet in the womb of time, by which such pernicious machinations may be favoured. Any change in the government at home which afforded any prospect of re-instating the late profligate ministers in power, would be hailed with delight by the republicans in the colony, who could not but regard it as a precursor to the success of their most sanguine expectations. Any reverses either abroad or at home which materially impaired our power, would, in the same proportion, operate as a stimulant to sedition in the colony, and encourage the disaffected openly to make light of their allegiance. But whatever may be the accidents of time or circumstances by which the revolt of our colony may be more or less facilitated, of this we may rest assured, that there is a party who will leave nothing undone to aid in the accomplishment of such an end, and who regard all that has been as yet done for the security of responsible government as valueless unless as it is conducive to such an object.

That such were the views of Papi-neau and M'Kenzie, no doubt can be entertained. And the ascendancy which the former obtained over the minds of the French population in Lower Canada, sufficiently demonstrates how accessible they are to the advances of the seducing spirits by whom they may be drawn from their allegiance. The domination of the Roman Catholic priesthood is also a circumstance which deserves to be very heedfully regarded. Under a vigorous government, by which every seditious manifestation would be promptly repressed, we have very little doubt that they might be the instruments of much good. By their influence and autho-

rity they might contribute much to the stability of social order. To the sovereign *de facto*, as long as he rules with undiminished power, they may in Canada, as well as elsewhere, exhibit a dutiful obedience. But when that sovereign becomes a tyrant majority in the assembly of which they are themselves the creators; that is, when they themselves begin to feel that, in addition to their spiritual functions, they exercise something like a sovereign power, we are not to be surprised if a corresponding transfer of their allegiance should take place, and that thenceforth they should be aiding and abetting in the work of dismemberment and revolution.

There are many alive who will remember the change which has taken place in the views and character of the Romish priests in Ireland since the repeal of the penal laws. At one time they were amongst the most tranquil and the most loyal of his majesty's subjects. None, than they were, more opposed to seditious agitation. Now what is the case? Let only a favourable opportunity present itself of striking a fatal blow at English ascendancy; only let a wicked ministry assume the reins of office, and depute to a Normanby or a Fortescue the power of again misgoverning this country, and it will speedily be seen with what cordial alacrity they will aid in the accomplishment of measures by which the established religion may be rooted out, and British influence overthrown in Ireland. Indeed, notwithstanding the ascendancy of Conservative principles under the present enlightened government, the animus of that body may be clearly seen from the manner in which they do not hesitate to identify themselves with the repeal of the union. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to calculate that like causes will produce like effects, and that that *may* take place in Canada which *has* taken place in Ireland.

In Belgium it was by a junction of the papal with the liberal party that the revolt from Holland was rendered successful. The one was actuated by political fanaticism—the other by religious bigotry. As long as ever the aid of the revolutionists was useful to the priests in shaking off the Dutch yoke and assisting in the vindication of

national independence, so long it was sedulously courted. But as soon as their turn was thus served, the liberal dupes were cast aside, with as little scruple as they had themselves evinced in disregarding the authority of their lawful king. Thenceforth it was clearly manifest that the Belgian clergy were bent upon popish objects, and that to any liberalising principles by which their influence might be undermined, they were prepared to oppose the most determined resistance. The republicans by whom they were aided have been either driven from the country, or compelled to recant their strong opinions; and the sovereign by whom they have consented to be governed is much more their puppet than they can be called his subjects.

Such was the result of the experiment in Belgium. How it will eventuate in Canada, time is yet required to know. But that the popish party will be distinguished by an unity of purpose and a steady perseverance for the accomplishment of one great object, it requires but little sagacity to divine. If O'Connell succeeded in repealing the act of legislative union, and a house of commons were assembled in College-green, how great would be the activity of the Irish priests in filling it with plighted partisans? This we know, from the zeal which they have already exhibited in compassing heaven and earth in order to procure the return of such partisans to the imperial parliament. And can we suppose that their brethren in Canada will be less active in securing the services of political retainers in that country, or less exacting in their demands upon them to attend to the interests of their church? No, truly. The Canadian priests will find no difficulty in returning a vast majority of the members for the lower province by whom their behests will be regarded with especial observance. And it would very much surprise us if an attempt at least were not made to manage the chief governor in Canada as Leopold is managed in Belgium; to confine his personal influence to the mere arrangements and circumstances of his court, while all the weight derivable from his office might be employed in promoting their own domination.

When the importance of the de-



magogue can only be maintained by magnifying Canadian interests and exasperating Canadian prejudices, we may be very sure that such a mode of enhancing his own value will be unscrupulously adopted. The ignorance and the credulity of the *habitans* in the lower province render them liable to any extent of delusion; and their spiritual advisers, who wield the resources of two worlds, will be at no loss for topics by which to excite them to any pitch of mutiny, which the accomplishment of any given object upon which they might set their hearts, *or to which their attention might be directed by a foreign power*, would require. We know not the exigencies which may arise in which such an exercise of their power might be critically important.

There is no doubt whatever but much will depend upon the ability and the personal character of the chief governor, as was observed by Mr. Stephens in his evidence, as already quoted, before the committee upon the civil government of Canada, which sat in 1828. There are various interests mutually affecting the people of the upper and the lower provinces, respecting which an agreement of opinion is not to be hoped for; and by mediating upon these, a skilful chief governor may contrive to play the one against the other, so that while *they* are respectively intent upon colonial, *he* may accomplish British objects.

It should, however, be his first object to see to what extent the British and the French parties are likely to draw together in their common hostility to that paramount authority of the mother country, which, according to what would seem to be a general law in all such cases, in proportion as it is lightly felt, will be keenly resented. It is not to be supposed for one moment, that an assembly flushed with recent success, and possessed of unaccustomed powers, will not exhibit some of the caprice and some of the perverseness of spoiled children. That should be calculated upon even in the case of far more accomplished senators than the wilds of Canada can send forth; —but when we consider the ignorance, the restlessness, and the frivolity which characterise the French race in that country, and the strong and even

rank republican spirit by which the opposition in Upper Canada was distinguished, we should prepare ourselves for the possibility, at least, of a course of proceeding which may bring to rapid maturity those seeds of colonial discontent and jealousy which are pregnant with innumerable evils. Against such heady and intemperate movements, the governor-general cannot be too much upon his guard. He should narrowly watch the currents and the counter-currents to which the vessel of state may be exposed, and note every rock and quicksand an approach to which would be attended with danger. Above all things he should study the rising spirits in the assembly, and seek, by every legitimate means, to influence, through them, the deliberations of their brethren; as responsible government no longer permits him to carry on the administration with a high hand, and it is only by managing their humours that he can keep upon such terms with them as may enable him to govern the country at all. But here, we would say, he will have powerful rivals in the priests, who, if we greatly mistake them not, will take very good care that *their* members shall never be the passive tools of any administration.

As long as the Romish clergy feel that they are governed, and that a power exists by which any irregular movements on their part may be controlled, so long they will be good subjects. There are no people in the world who eschew more cautiously the perils or the disgraces of driftless and unprofitable sedition, or who abstain more carefully from kicking against the pricks. This was strongly exemplified by their deportment in Ireland during the whole of that period when we had a strong government, and also by their conduct in Canada, down to the very outbreak of the late rebellion. So long as the supreme authority really resided with the representative of the British sovereign, so long were they disposed to exhibit a dutiful allegiance. But when a revolution has been effected, by which the relative positions and importance of the parties governing the country have been essentially changed, this keenly observant body will soon perceive that the real sovereign is that assembly which now exercises a para-



mount control over all colonial arrangements. They will, therefore, as in duty bound, pay their court to that, as to the rising sun; and not the less cheerfully, because in the election of such an assembly they feel that they can act a conspicuous part, and that their influence with the people enables them to return, for the lower province at least, a majority of the members. The government is thus placed upon a new basis. What was loyalty becomes nationality. Before, the governor and council exercised a substantial power, by which the movement spirit in the popular assembly was held in check, and nothing permitted to pass into a law by which the interests of the parent state might be seriously injured. So long as this was the case, the Romish priests were little disposed to trouble themselves with political concerns. But now that the lower assembly has become all in all, and that a governor and council will not venture upon any strong opposition to that course of government upon which they may resolve, the clerical body will feel more at liberty to act upon those professional impulses which they had wisely held in abeyance as long as they were effectively controlled; and what, in their new position, their course of proceeding is likely to be, cannot be very doubtful to those who have bestowed any attention upon the conduct of their brethren, when they were raised, by circumstances, to political importance in Belgium and in Ireland.

Much has been done to settle the questions which might have led to angry collisions between the upper and lower provinces. The navigation of the St. Lawrence has been regulated in such a way as to preclude, in future, all grounds of dispute;—and an act has passed respecting the clergy reserves, by which that vexatious question has been disposed of—an act, we are free to say, by which the interest of the Church of England has been sacrificed, while but little has been done by it to propitiate dissent, or to provide for the effectual ministration of true religion.

It remains, however, to be seen how far, by any machinery which can be contrived, British supremacy may be rendered compatible with the working of the new constitution. The

democratic impulse has been increased, without any compensating increase in the power by which the colony might be kept within the limits of imperial rule. The centrifugal force, as it were, has been augmented, while the centripetal remains the same; so that unless some counterpoising influence should be generated by which the balance of empire may be preserved, every thing at present tends to unsettlement and confusion.

Of this we are persuaded, that if the Whigs returned to power, our American colonies would be lost to the mother country before ten years;—another decade of their misgovernment, and our foreign dependencies would rapidly pass away, until not a shred remained of our once mighty empire. It is, therefore, upon the maintenance of a Conservative administration that any hopes which we entertain of the preservation of our colonies are founded. And most difficult is the task which is now imposed upon the wisest minister, as to manage the unruly spirits, both abroad and at home, whom the licence of the times has called into activity, and to whom it has given a pernicious importance, as that while they may not have an excuse for complaining of any undue interference with their admitted rights, they may yet be compelled so to exercise them as that the public tranquillity may not be endangered.

In governing Canada henceforth, the principle of responsibility must be respected. We are free to confess, that startling as the late official appointments have been, they are not, in the new circumstances in which the colony has been placed, without a colourable justification. A great change has taken place in its internal government, and it was, perhaps, but fitting that there should be no angry retrospect of the past. The new order of things would not have had a fair trial if it commenced with any vindictive animadversion towards those who might have been betrayed into excesses by which their loyalty was compromised during the recent rebellion. If only there were good grounds for believing that the concessions which were made were received with gratitude, and would be productive of lasting content, we could recognise

both the wisdom and the magnanimity of the proceeding, which, by conferring office upon the demagogue, disarmed him of his terrors, and ranged him upon the side of social order. Such is the experiment which has been made. What the issue may be remains still to be seen. If the overture of government be received in the spirit in which it has been made, great and beneficial results may proceed from it, and the colonists may be inspired with a spirit of confidence and love which would long set at nought the machinations of the traitorous disturber. Should the contrary take place, and this overture be regarded as a symptom of weakness and of fear, from which, by a bold and confident advance of pretensions, further concessions may be extorted, in that case no time should be lost to convince the misguided colonists of their mistake, and to show them, by reasoning from which there could be no appeal, that England lacks neither the power nor the will to vindicate her imperial rights, and that when her kindness has been abused, her justice and her severity may be expected.

And this view of the subject it is, we confess, which could alone reconcile us to what has been done. Great Britain has now made it clear that she will use no coercion in the government of her colonies which is inconsistent with constitutional freedom. Her whole course of proceeding indicates that she gives, not grudgingly or of necessity, but with a cheerful and a hopeful mind, the boon upon which they profess to set so high a value. There has been no tardy falling short of the required measures of favour and confidence by which she would manifest her affiance in their loyal attachment, but rather an anticipation of their demands, and even a disposition to go beyond their requirements. Well:—in thus acting, she stands clear in the eyes of Europe and of the world of any niggard or novercal legislation in her treatment of them. Should the results be answerable, and a filial and dutiful demeanour be exhibited in proportion as she thus manifests a parental kindness, she will have much reason to congratulate herself upon the course which has been pursued. But should the colo-

nists again exhibit a refractory and rebellious spirit, and instead of using their new constitutional rights for their own improvement, employ them as engines by which the authority of the mother country may be overthrown, in such a case it will be perfectly clear that they are unworthy of the privileges which they enjoy; and we trust the power of Great Britain will be put forward with an energetic determination to punish and to repress their insolence, and teach them, in the only way in which they can be taught, that her recent clemency did not proceed from weakness, and that her recent concessions were not the result of fear.

It is only when a man is known to be strong, that he is able to be merciful. It is only when a nation is known to be both powerful and resolute, that its lenity will be taken for moderation. But this truth being fully admitted, we can recognise the wisdom, in the management of restive and intractable subjects, of postponing force to conciliation. Why? Because, to use the language of our illustrious countryman, Edmund Burke, "conciliation failing, force remains; but force failing, no further hope of conciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms, by an impoverished and defeated violence."

Nor let it be for a moment supposed that, in asserting the supremacy of the imperial parliament, we would countenance any such minute or jealous supervision of the colonial assembly, as might humble them in their own esteem, or mar the completeness of their constitutional freedom. In all their acts we would hold them strictly bound to this principle, that the integrity of the empire must be preserved; and so long as that was observed inviolate so long should they be permitted, in all the details of government, to take their own appointed mode of accomplishing their own lawful objects. Neither would it savour of wisdom to regard with any captious criticism the language or the demeanour of those who are called upon to exercise the functions of senators under the new arrangements. It often will happen in the best regulated assembly that a troublesome or

an intemperate individual may contrive to give a character to its proceedings, which, in its general working, may be very little deserved. In all such cases, it would be the silliest pedantry to note with any vindictive severity the vapourings of a seditious extravagance, which can only be formidable by being thus distinguished. A full allowance should be made for the free spirit of debate. We find that the case amongst ourselves. How many bills of indictment might not be drawn up against Mr. Hume, or Mr. Roebuck, or Mr. O'Connell, in the imperial parliament, if their words were to be noted with the perverse ingenuity of a special pleader? But experience has taught us that such troublesome folk are most harmless when least interfered with; that the bane is accompanied by its appropriate antidote; and that there is more protection to be found in the general good sense and loyalty of the body to which they belong, and whose privileges they abuse, than in any penal enactment. So it must be in other places also; in which an abstinence from all vexatious interference should be even the more scrupulously observed, inasmuch as it may be more sensitively apprehended.

But, never for one moment forgetting the spirit of liberal indulgence with which our Canadian fellow-subjects should be regarded, in all that relates to the exercise of their constitutional rights, a steady eye should be constantly kept upon the conduct of the movement party amongst them, and ample provision should be made by which a check may be placed upon their profligate sedition. Into the details of any such provision we cannot at present enter. They should originate with the colonists themselves. It much concerns them that their legislative assembly should proceed in harmonious co-operation with the British parliament; and against any course of proceeding tending to disturb the happy relations at present subsisting between the colony and the mother country, they should be prepared to act with a promptitude and a vigour proportioned to their sense of the blessings they now enjoy. But we are persuaded that that danger should be very imminent indeed, before the re-

medy for it was sought in any act of imperial legislation.

It seems but reasonable that the powers of self-government now confided to the colony, should be accompanied by a confidence that they will not be abused. Such a confidence very frequently produces the results which it presumes, and nations as well as individuals often exhibit an exemplary fidelity from feeling that they are trusted. But should such reasonable expectations be disappointed, the whole course which Great Britain has pursued, so marked by lenity and indulgence, only renders it the more incumbent on her to show to her colonists in every clime, and to the world at large, that insolence and ingratitude will meet with no favour at her hands, and that she knows how to cause her just authority to be respected.

The statesman will take but an imperfect view of the relations subsisting between England and her colonies, who regards them merely as the outworks of empire, or the nurseries of commercial opulence or naval strength, or the outlets of redundant population. In all these respects, no doubt, they are valuable, and deprived of them Great Britain would be like the strong man shorn of his hair. We trust the day is yet far distant when the economists may prove as prevailing as Delilah; for the slumber into which they would fain lull the public mind respecting our colonial interests is one from which the nation would only awake to servitude and degradation. But great and important as are these interests, it is to our *duties* we would chiefly direct the attention of our readers, and the solemn obligations that are imposed upon us, in consequence of the lofty position in which we are placed. Let the statesman ask himself this question—is there a Providence that governs the world? And if the answer be, that assuredly there is, can he hold himself unconcerned in the moral results which may be made to flow from extended empire, or exonerated from all responsibility respecting them, while yet the means are abundantly at his disposal, for shaping the course of government in such a way as to make civil rule not only compatible with, but conducive to, religious improvement? No wise and

good man could assent for a moment to a proposition such as that. If great means in the hands of an individual are loaded with a corresponding responsibility, much more is that so in the case of nations. Look to Great Britain upon the map of the world, and see what a speck she is in comparison with the other nations. Then contemplate her extended dominions, her empire upon which the sun never sets; her empire by which, if it could be consolidated, she herself could become a mighty continent, a counterpart to one of the great compartments of this terrestrial globe—and say whether it is of mere accident that such vast territorial acquisitions have been permitted; and whether it can be an indifferent thing in the eyes of the Supreme Power, in what manner the influence of England, over countries so vast and so various, is to be exerted? Sanity is not compatible with such a thought. How, then, should it be used? Doubtless in the communication of all her moral, and social, and political advantages: and not of these only; for there are other nations from whom the lessons might be learned which would teach all that concerns the useful and the ornamental in arms and in arts, and much which would contribute to lay the solid foundation of civil polity, and to give its highest embellishment to social existence. Other and higher blessings are there, of which Great Britain may be the dispenser; and which neither France, nor Spain, nor Italy, nor Austria, nor Russia, nor Prussia, have the power to communicate—even that knowledge by which a wisdom unto salvation is to be attained, and without which men may be said to be without God in the world. May she withhold the precious knowledge? Should she neglect this bounden duty?—or can she be said to perform it aright, when she turns her subjects loose upon a wilderness, without any light or any guidance which would point out to them the way in which they should go, or sends them into the arena of sectarian conflict, and leaves them to the Babel strife of tongues, which only serves “to darken counsel by words without knowledge,” when she might exert a most prevailing authority, and when every wanderer from the fold of faith should hear her warning voice,—“This is the

way, walk ye in it, when they turn to the left hand, or when they turn to the right.”

But this, we are told, would savour of a dominant religion. Yes, of a religion dominant for guidance, but not for control; of a religion which would bring the precious truths of the Gospel near to every man, while it forced them upon no man; of a religion which, while it was itself established in the supremacy which is its due, would yet neither let nor hinder the labours of other missionaries who acknowledged not its authority, as long as they were conducted in a spirit of peace and love. The hardship of a dominant church, in the only sense in which we could contend for it, would exactly resemble the hardship of conferring upon a people the best of God's gifts, in the mode most likely to be productive of the greatest advantage.

Indeed the cry of a dominant church is seldom used except by those to whom a church in any sense of the word is most distasteful. It is used by the infidel, who rejects—by the Socinian, who perverts the Gospel; it is used by the leveller, the incendiary, the republican, who feel that it opposes a strong barrier to their aggressions against our social edifice, and that it is a buttress to our monarchical constitution. And the cuckoo-note which is thus resounded, is taken up by the idle, the ignorant, and the irreligious of every denomination, to whom spiritual things are of little moment as compared with the attainment of any temporal object. Thus, the cry of a vast multitude, who know not what they do, has caused a laxity and indifference in our rulers in a matter which should ever have been held sacred in their regards; and the stinted and niggard supplies for the maintenance of the established religion in our colonies are the natural result of that latitudinarianism, and that spirit of hostility to our apostolical church, which is, unhappily, characteristic of these our times.

And it will be well if, while we starve religion, we do not pamper superstition. This subject is a large one, and we can merely touch upon it at present; but what mean those grants and those endowments for the teaching of popery, not merely in Ireland and in Canada, but in Newfour

land, in the Cape of Good Hope, in the East Indies, in Van Dieman's Land, and in New South Wales? Was it for this that England was raised up to be as a queen and a mistress amongst the nations? Was it for this that her vast colonial empire has been acquired? But we forbear. What we deplore is the fruit of religious indifference; an indifference which would sacrifice the end to the means; an indifference which would purchase the privileges of governing at the expense of the most precious blessings, for the attainment of which good government is most desirable. But we call upon every candid and rational observer of the signs of the times, to say whether our colonial embarrassments have not kept pace with our neglect, as far as the colonies were concerned, of our first and highest duty? Whether they are not obviously traceable to that ignorance and restlessness which are always characteristic of the community in which church institutes are either undervalued or abused; and whether they are not seriously aggravated by the active and malignant hostility of the very sects and factions who have been nursed by our unwise benevolence into their present importance?

It is our solemn conviction that if Great Britain is to be maintained in her present aggrandisement, it will only be because she is conscious of her high destiny, and determined to fulfil her important moral obligations. Already the symptoms are apparent which show that the enlightened members of the Church of England are conscious of this. Funds have been already provided by private zeal and benevolence which have done much to remove the reproach to which we were exposed for leaving whole communities, which are subject to our laws, destitute of the appointed means of grace, by which the great message of truth and of mercy might be made available for their salvation. But much yet remains to be done; and we trust that those who have undertaken the good work, upon which a divine blessing already seems to descend, will not leave off until a feeling and a spirit has been awakened in the country which may re-act upon our rulers, causing them to feel that even temporal ends are not to be attained by the neglect of religious

duties, and that their best hope of maintaining their position in the regard of the best portion of their countrymen, must be founded upon a manifested determination no longer to subordinate religion to policy, but to consecrate policy by subordinating it to true religion. This they would find the cheap defence of the nation against internal and external foes, as well as the true Conservative principle by which our vast colonial empire may be preserved, an honour and an advantage to ourselves and a blessing to the world.

In Canada a great mistake was committed when reserved lands were instituted in lieu of tithes. They have proved, as might have been foreseen, unproductive as a source of ecclesiastical revenue, and a grievous impediment to civilization. To part with them now for whatever they may bring, and to husband the proceeds as best we may for the maintenance of the ministers of the Gospel, is the best course which can be pursued; but no time should be lost in procuring statistical returns exhibiting the spiritual destitution of the country, as preparatory to a strenuous effort both abroad and at home to raise funds in order to meet it. It is towards the upper provinces the stream of emigration chiefly flows; it is there our laws, our language, and our religion chiefly prevail; it was there that government found its firmest support during the late disastrous outbreak, when its authority in the lower provinces was a wreck; and it is there, accordingly, that we ought to do all that in us lies to strengthen the habits and usages, and foster the predilections which attach the colonists to British rule, and which operate as so many antiseptics to the contagion of the republicanism by which they are surrounded: nor can we do so more effectually than by providing for their moral wants, by establishing amongst them our scriptural church, and securing to them and to their children all its inestimable advantages.

Enough on that part of the subject for the present. Of this we may be sure, that the legislative experiment which is at present being tried, is one by which both the power and the wisdom of the parent state will be severely tested. Already the disaffected in all



our colonies are on the tip-toe of expectation that the authority of England is near to its latter end, and that events are rapidly hastening to a crisis which must lead to their emancipation. We trust, and we believe that they mistake the temper in which the late concessions have been made. England has felt herself so strong that she could afford to be very mild; and they mistake her mildness for a proof of weakness. Would that they may discover this mistake, before they necessitate, by acting upon it, any strong measures for its correction. But of this let our rulers be assured, that there never was a period in the history of the country when it was more incumbent upon them to evince an unflinching determination to maintain the supremacy of British rule, than it would be if the recent concessions caused our colonists to halt in their allegiance. Of such a result we have no fear. But as the contingency is one which enters into the calculations of the profligate and seditious as within the range of probability, it is one against which it becomes those in whose hands is reposed the precious deposit of British liberty to be well prepared.

In Ireland, the arch-demagogue is holding forth the promotion of those who were of late rebels in Canada, as a powerful encouragement to the agitation which he recommends. England, he says, never made any concession to Ireland but from a motive of fear. And he would impress upon his followers the policy of an organization which would hold them prepared for any contingency, and which might, when the proper time arrived, enable them to express their wishes with an energy that could not be resisted. Only think, he says, of what might be done if we had been in a condition to take advantage of the embarrassment of England, when our late friends the Whigs left the empire in a state of confusion at home and of trouble abroad; with a failing revenue, crippled commerce, and a starving and insurgent population. If Ireland could *then* have shown two or three millions of repealers, determined by a peaceful agitation to enforce their demands, think you, he asks, with a swaggering confidence, we could not have wrung from her a repeal of the union? Think

you another year would have passed over without seeing a parliament sitting in College-green? And well this bloated compound of mendacity and mendacity knows, that he is dealing all this time in arrant falsehood. No one will catch him, like old Papi-neau, poking his head into a halter. He is far too sagacious not to have learned by this time, that any serious attempt at rebellion in this country would be met by an indignant loyalty, by which his knavish devices would be frustrated, and his wretched dupes put to shame. There is nothing that he dreams of less. But the topic is a good one to keep discontent and sedition up to blood heat, and to inspire the vague and shadowy hopes by which, as by a phantasmagoria, his hearers are best amused and deluded. Daniel seeks to fill his coffers, and gives, like our friend "The Commissioner," for his penny to the ragged man, and for his half-penny to the starving man, a ticket of admission to the moon. But not the less should a wise government be on its guard against the mischievous charlatanry by which the peace of a kingdom is thus wantonly disturbed, and a profligate mountebank enabled to drive a profitable trade by working upon the passions and the prejudices of a mercurial people.

But there are other places in which the same preservative does not exist in the state of society against the machinations of the public disturber. Of this we may be sure, that throughout all our colonies a spirit has been diffused, since the Durham mission and manifesto, by which their hope of liberal institutions had been excited, which will render the extreme of caution necessary in their management, until they shall have passed the crisis of the political fever. The thunder clouds are rolling around them, surcharged with elemental strife, and most skilful should be the disposition of the conducting rods by which the discharge, when it does take place, may be rendered harmless. The result of the experiment in Canada is pregnant with consequences which can scarcely be deemed too momentous. Should it succeed, the project of responsible government must be tried in all our colonies; should it fail, a ferment may be the consequence, such as might render it very difficult to maintain them as

appendages to the British crown. Of this we have no manner of doubt, that if the Whigs were in power, our colonial empire would not be worth five years' purchase. Our only hope of treading with safety the perils which beset us on every side is, that our affairs are now in the hands of men who are not dependent upon the dregs of a populace for support; and whose interest it is not, to drug that populace with deleterious doctrines, both moral and political, so as to render them ten times more the children of sedition than they were before.

Yes, readers, if you desire not the dismemberment of the British empire, rejoice that we now have Conservative rulers. Let no little dissatisfaction that these rulers have not, in all things, acted agreeably to your wishes and expectations, disturb the settled conviction in your minds, that upon the firm maintenance of them in power at the present moment depends our preservation. The only other alternative is one fearful to behold, and from which, if we can forget our recent providential deliverance, we must be both stolid and unthankful. No; a due allowance must be made for the difficulties of ministers, occasioned by the extent to which the work of a disorganizing sedition had been suffered to go on before it could be arrested. The taint had been communicated; the disease had appeared; the poison was working in the whole system, when the attendance of Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues was required. They could not perform miracles. The very utmost which they could venture to undertake for was, to render the nostrums of the former quacks in the least possible degree injurious. With the condition

of the patient, as affected by these nostrums, they have now to deal. The Canadian constitution had been fixed; responsible government had been practically conceded: all *that* was managed before the Whigs were shaken from their convulsive grasp of power. Such was the state of things over which the present premier was called to preside; and if he has found it difficult to manage matters without appearing to give a triumph to the disaffected, how much more would not sedition have waxed strong and vigorous, if it continued still under the protecting patronage of those from whom it derived its being. That is the true way to look at the question. If a Conservative ministry have been obliged to go so far, how much farther would not the Whig-Radical have willingly gone?—and how much farther still would they not have been *compelled* to go by the anarchists and levellers who consented to *appear* to be their slaves, only that they might be, in reality, their masters.

Such, reader, is the true state of the case. We cannot part with the present ministers without getting worse. Sir Robert Peel, we have no doubt, will act with his characteristic caution; and while he keeps good faith with the colonists, will not be wanting in his care of the interests of the empire. But he can do nothing effectually unless he is powerfully sustained; and if the Conservatives rally around him as they ought, we have very little doubt that, as he has shown us the way out of financial embarrassment, he will do all that can be done to render responsible government in the colonies compatible with the security of the British empire.

## INDEX TO VOL. XX.

---

- Abideno, Nicesti, *I Tre Giulj, o sieno Sonetti, &c.* reviewed, 682.
- Addison, C. G., the Knights Templars, reviewed, 197.
- Affghan War, narrative of the, in a series of letters of the late Col. Dennie, C.B., &c., 327, 459.
- Alison's History of the French Revolution, vol. X., reviewed, 583.
- Azores, a winter in the, 227.
- Bancroft, George, History of the Colonization of the United States, reviewed, 665.
- Barry the Painter.—Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen—No. XIV., Part I., 274; Part II., 443.
- Battle, the, of the eyes, 659.
- Belgium—Continental Countries, No. I., 403.
- Boucher, P., *L'Homme en face de la Bible*, reviewed, 109.
- Bowden, John William, the Life and Pontificate of Gregory VII., reviewed, 161, 299.
- Bullar's Winter in the Azores, and Summer at the Baths of the Furnas, reviewed, 227.
- Canada, 735.
- Carleton's Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, new edition, with Introductory Preface and Notes by the Author, reviewed, 422.
- Carl Stelling, the Painter of Dresden, 59.
- Continental Countries—No. I. Belgium, 403.
- Costello, Louisa Stewart, a Day at the Rock of Polignac, 415.
- Cymbaleer's Bride, the, from the French of Victor Hugo, 400.
- Dennie, the late Col. W. H., Letters of, containing a Narrative of the Affghan War, 327, 459.
- Dream-Tryst, the, 362.
- Exeter, the Bishop of—Sketches of Public Men, No. II., 221.
- Eyes, the Battle of the, 659. ;
- Flower growing out of a skull, lines suggested by seeing a, 58.
- Follett, Sir William—Sketches of Public Men, No. I., 117.
- Freiligrath, Ferdinand, the Lion's Ride, 151.
- Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen, No. XIV.—Barry the Painter, Part I., 274; Part II., 443.
- Geibler, Emanuel, Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moonbeams, 150.
- Gilfillan, Robert, Song inscribed to his niece, Miss Marion Law Gilfillan, 39.
- Graham, James, the History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America till the British Revolution in 1688, reviewed, 665.
- Half-Crowns, the Three, 682.
- Hugo, Victor, the Cymbaleer's Bride, 400.
- Husband-Lover, the, a True Story, 556, 717.
- Income-Tax, the, and New Tariff, 364.
- Irish Character, by an Anglo-Iberian, 422.
- Italy, Letters from, No. V., 155; No. VI., 352; No. VII., 598; No. VIII., 605; No. IX., Conclusion, 696.
- Jack Hinton the Guardsman—Chap. XXVI., The Dinner-Party at Mount Brown, 1; Chap. XXVII., The Race-Ball, 4; Chap. XXVIII., The Inn-Fire, 10; Chap. XXIX., The Duel, 15; Chap. XXX., A Country Doctor, 19; Chap. XXXI., The Letter-Bag, 21; Chap. XXXII., Bob Mahon and the Widow, 25; Chap. XXXIII., The Priest's Gig, 28; Chap. XXXIV., The Mountain-Pass, 127; Chap. XXXV., The Journey, 133; Chap. XXXVI., Murranakilty, 140; Chap. XXXVII., Sir Simon, 143; Chap. XXXVIII., St. Senan's Well, 253; Chap. XXXIX., An Unlooked-for Meeting, 258; Chap. XL., The Priest's Kitchen, 263; Chap. XLI., Tipperary Joe, 266; Chap. XLII.,

- The High Road, 268; Chap. XLIII., The Assize Town, 271; Chap. XLIV., The Bar-Dinner, 379; Chap. XLV., The Return, 381; Chap. XLVI., Farewell to Ireland, 383; Chap. XLVII., London, 387; Chap. XLVIII., An Unhappy Disclosure, 390; Chap. XLIX., The Horse-Guards, 394; Chap. L., The Retreat from Burgos, 398; Chap. LI., A Mishap, 509; Chap. LII., The March, 513; Chap. LIII., Vittoria, 515; Chap. LIV., The Retreat, 518; Chap. LV., The Four-in-Hand, 525; Chap. LV., St. Denis, 528; Chap. LVII., Paris in 1814, 530; Chap. LVIII., The "Roni Fête," 635; Chap. LIX., "Frescati," 642; Chap. LX., Disclosures, 648; Chap. LXI., New Arrivals, 654; Chap. LXII., Conclusion, 656; En-voy, 657.
- Kishoge Papers, No. III., Levawn's Eye, 321; No. IV., The Monk and the Devil, 574.
- Kügler's Handbook of the History of Painting, reviewed, 47.
- Letters from Italy—No. V., 155; No. VI., 352; No. VII., 598; No. VIII., 605; No. IX., Conclusion, 696.
- Levawn's Eye, a Legend, being No. III. of the Kishoge Papers, 321.
- Love, Characteristics of the Passion of, as modified by the Poetical Imagination, 552.
- Madden, R. R., M.D., The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times, reviewed, 485.
- Man and the Bible, 109.
- Maxwell's Life of Wellington, reviewed, (concluding article,) 75.
- Medical Charities of Ireland, 88.
- Monk, the, and the Devil, being No. IV. of the Kishoge Papers, 574.
- Mörrike, Eduard, My River, 149.
- Nursery Rhymes, by J. A. — 1. Der Wirthin Töchterlein. 2. Song from Goethe. 3. Der Rechter Zeit, 614.
- Nuts and Nutcrackers, No. V., A Nut for "Gentleman Jocks," 31; A Nut for Younger Sons, 32; A Nut for the Penal Code, 34; A Nut for the Old, 36; A Nut for the Art Union, 36; A Nut for the Railroad, 37. No. VI., A Nut for the Doctors, 205; A Nut for the Architects, 207; A Nut for the Belgians, 207; A "Sweet" Nut for the Yankees, 209.
- Our Mess, by Harry Lorrequer, 1, 127, 253, 379, 509, 635. See Jack Hinton.
- Our Portrait Gallery, No. XXXII.—Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B., &c. &c., 102.
- Passports, the Two, being a Passage in the Life of Karl Eisenkrafft, Artisan, of Esslingen, in Suabia, 290.
- Pauline Butler, 173.
- Pictures and the Picturesque, 212.
- Poetic Childhood, Recollections of a—Characteristics of the Passion of Love as modified by the Poetical Imagination, 552.
- Poetry—Song by Robert Gilfillan, 39; Poems by the late Robert Charles Welsh, Esq., 40; Lines suggested by seeing, in a churchyard, a flower growing out of a skull, 58; My River, from the German of Mörrike, 149; The Secret, from the German of Schiller, 150; Charlemagne and the Bridge of Moonbeams, from the German of Geibler, 150; The Lion's Ride, from the German of Freiligrath, 151; The Brother and the Sister, from the German of Von Herder, 153; Song, by Robert Gilfillan—Our Ain Burnside, 298; Levawn's Eye, a Legend, being No. III. of the Kishoge Papers, 321; The Dream-Tryst, 362; The Cymbaleer's Bride, from the French of Victor Hugo, 400; Recollections of a Poetic Childhood—Characteristics of the Passion of Love as modified by the Poetical Imagination, 552; The Monk and the Devil, being No. IV. of the Kishoge Papers, 574; Nursery Rhymes, by J. A., 614; The Battle of the Eyes, 659; To Una, a Memory Painting, 581.
- Poets, the, *versus* the Public; Defendant's case, 704.
- Polignac, a Day at the Rock of, by Louisa Stewart Costello, 415.
- Premier, the, and his Measures, 234.
- Price, Sir Uvedale, on the Picturesque, edited by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., reviewed, 212.
- Propagande Protestante, de la, en Belgique, reviewed, 109.
- Reviews—Handbook of the History of Painting, from the Age of Constantine to the present time, by Dr. Franz Kügler, translated from the German by a Lady, Part I., 47; Life of Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c., by W. H. Maxwell, (concluding article,) 75; L'Homme en face de la Bible, par P. Boucher, 109; De la Propagande Protestante en Belgique, 109; The Life and Pontificate of Gregory VII., by John William Bowden, M.A., 161, 299; The Knights Templars, by C. G. Addison, Esq., of the Inner Temple, 197; Sir Uvedale Price on the Picturesque, edited by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., 212; Wanderings in North and South Wales, by Thomas Roscoe, with Illustrations, 212; A Winter in

the Azores, and a Summer at the Baths of the Furnas, by J. Bullar, M.D., and H. Bullar, of Lincoln's-Inn, 227; Belgium, since the Revolution of 1836, by the Rev. W. Trollope, A.M., 403; Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, by William Carleton, new edition, with Introductory Preface and Notes by the Author, 422; The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times, by R. R. Madden, M.D., 485; History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, by Archibald Alison, vol. X., 583; Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B., with a Brief Memoir of his Life, by John A. Russell, M.A., Archdeacon of Clogher, 8th edition, 618; The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America, till the British Revolution in 1688, by James Graham, Esq., 665; History of the Colonization of the United States, by George Bancroft, 665; I Tre Giulj, o sieno Sonetti di Nicesti Abideno, sopra l'Importunità d'un Creditor, &c. 682. Roscoe's, Thomas, Wanderings in North and South Wales, with Illustrations, reviewed, 212.

Saint Sinan's Warning, a Legend of the Lower Shannon, 341.

Schiller, Friedrich, The Secret, 150. Sketches of Public Men—No. I., Sir William Follett, 117; No. II., The Bishop of Exeter, 221.

Slingsby, J. F., The Battle of the Eyes, 659.

Stopford, Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert, Our Portrait Gallery, No. XXXII., 102.

Stray Leaflets from the German Oak—Fourth Drift, 149.

Sub-Editor's Snuggery, the, 123.

Tariff, the new, 364.

Trollope's Belgium since the Revolution of 1836, reviewed, 403.

Two Passports, the, being a Passage in the Life of Karl Eisenkrafft, Artisan, of Esslingen, in Suabia, 290.

Una, to—a Memory Painting, 681.

Von Herder, Johann Gottfried—The Brother and the Sister, 153.

Walton, Izaak, an Hour's Talk about—first half hour, 432; second half hour, 537.

Wellington, the Duke of, Life by Maxwell, reviewed, (conclusion,) 75.

Welsh, Robert Charles, Esq., poems by 40.

Wolfe's (Rev. Charles,) Remains, with Memoir of his Life, by Archdeacon Russell, 8th edition, reviewed, 618.

## END OF VOLUME XX.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

Portrait of Admiral the Hon. Sir Robert Stopford, G.C.B., opposite page 102.

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